

A Kobold's Quest I	2
A Kobold's Quest II	26

# Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Adventure Mode Discussion => Topic started by: AlanL on October 07, 2007, 09:31:00 pm

Title: **A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 07, 2007, 09:31:00 pm**

I was inspired by the story of Urist and other stories, so i figured why not.  
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This is the story of Fale Thimaiyilo, "Fale Siegedriven", a Kobold adventurer.

She was born into a warrior class, hence her last name. She would have likely been given a crossbow, and set at post for some adventurer to slaughter, had it not been for her ambitions. For millennia, the kobolds have been looked down upon as skulking filth, nothing but a nuisance, training fodder for new adventurers. Fale sought to change this, to prove once and for all that kobolds are a formidable race and deserve respect. She sought to do this diplomatically, to prove that kobolds were not stupid and malicious, and in preparing for this persuit, she had spent time putting her mind to use, learning the language of the main civilizations as best as she could.

These ambitions were not strong enough at first, they would have been lost. But, on the 3rd of Granite, 1050, before she had begun any training at all, a dwarven adventurer came in and slaughtered everyone in the entire cave, including all of Fale's family. She fled the cave, escaping with her life, but that was the only thing she had escaped with.

Without weapons, armor, skills (save for language), or even clothes, she was forced to roam the forests, nearly melancholic over the loss of her family. As days and nights of aimless wandering and subsistance on insects and vermin passed, her depression turned into hatred against dwarves, and all of dwarfkind. She would live, to fulfill her dream of proving the kobold race by force if needed, to strike down the vile, bloodthirsty dwarven murderers, or die trying.

First though, she would need the tools and skills for the job. She had never seen a human before and had never known their ways, but on the 12th of Granite, she had spotted a human town. She approached, and arrived on the 13th. The first signs of trouble appeared immediately. Two human children stopped their playing and looked curiously at her. A swordsman behind them looked right at Fale, and gripped the hilt of his sword, muttering something about "filth", but never drew it. On the bright side, the mule ahead disregarded her presence.

:p

[ October 07, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

[ October 07, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Savok** on **October 07, 2007, 09:51:00 pm**

It could turn out to be a superb story, remembered by many for a long time, as Urist is, or it could turn out to be a nothing.

Given the current information, I suspect the former, but there's no way of knowing until you finish it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 08, 2007, 01:28:00 pm**

Seeing as my only reply is a good reply, I guess I'll be putting up more in a bit :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 08, 2007, 01:58:00 pm**

Brilliant, just brilliant!  
this has the potential to be juta as good as "one dwarf against the world" by Eiba.

Actually, I have long thought that the only thing really missing from this game (when you include all the planing) is some more complex morality than "goblins are evil, you are the good guy, therfore you ca kill goblins all you want and still be good". :(\ :(\ :roll:

[ October 08, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Fishersalwaysdie** on **October 08, 2007, 02:06:00 pm**

Your other reply is also good.  
Believe me I would know.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 08, 2007, 03:59:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
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Fale walked to the top of a small hill, and surveyed the surrounding region.

:p

[ October 08, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 08, 2007, 04:59:00 pm**

I like the way this is going. Keep it up, please. :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Savok** on **October 08, 2007, 10:46:00 pm**

quote:
Needless to say, an unarmed, unskilled, size 4 adventurer going into a cave alone resulted in some 'unconventional program exits'

Remember to restore backups, especially in adventure mode.

I'm really glad people enjoy this :)  
edit- and yes, I'm using a save backup batch file :p

2 in the same day, thanks to fall break :p  
-----

Fale watched the stars, and aimed herself southwest. Several hours passed, and the sun rose again. She had toughed it out through the freezing cold, but the temperature skyrocketed as the sun's rays baked the sands once more. She changed direction, the ruins being straight west, and, thankfully, also the end of the desert. She crossed the boundary between desert and swamp, and what the swamp lacked in heat, it made up for in humidity. She continued west, stopping in the area adjacent to the ruins. It was hot, she was panting just to keep cool, but this is where she told herself she would have to train. Dry grass and shrubs littered the area. For a swamp this still remained very much like a desert in appearance. She walked through the area, wondering if she would ever find somewhere to rest, and spotted a pool of mud, surrounded by trees. Fale then thankfully took refuge in the forgiving shade of one of those trees, and slept, being a nocturnal creature. She awoke with the full moon visible in the eastern sky, beautiful stars out, and then, being related to canines, promptly howled at it, a measure of celebrating a new kobold month. In the official calendar, it was the opposite, the exact middle of the month, the 15th. She stood up, and searched for water, she was quite thirsty. Seeing none anywhere, she decided to trek to an adjacent area for water. Why not train on the way? She grabbed a rock, and hurled it into the darkness to see if she could hit that lump out there. It whizzed by the hump, and made a loud THUD! Something had been disturbed from its sleep, and looked right at Fale, growling. It obviously really loved to sleep, because even though Fale had never seen this kind of creature before, she knew it looked pissed. Very pissed.



*So much for luck, I guess the lords of luck have thrown a test my way? I can either fail with valor and honor... or cheat and pass.*

The beast growled at Fale and accelerated to a run, Fale, not intent on fighting this thing at all, had already started running full speed away from it. Another beast of the same type appeared out of the darkness, making 2 pursuants.

*I think the administrator of this test is watching me cheat...*

She darted away diagonally then cut forward again, somehow managing the same pace as her unwanted followers. After a few endless minutes of frantic running, the beasts growled at her one last time, and ceased pursuit, apparently more interested in sleep than in making a meal out of a kobold.

Fale continued southward, and drank the muddied water on the way. Day broke again. Those dang beasts had ruined a perfectly good night, and it was the night of the full moon too..... But, luck seemed to give Fale a good rating on that test, as when she had arrived, it was quite a bit cooler, the sun blocked by clouds as rain fell. Fale took refuge next to a willow, and on a patch of chalk rocks, and begun practicing. She knew that she would be torn to ribbons if she tried to fist fight a swordsman, so she needed something with a little more range, even if it was a simple thrown rock. She aimed and threw at a distant tree. The rock grazed through the tree, and hit the tree behind it, sending a bird against its will into the air, which flew away, squaking at Fale. She aimed at a bush and threw, it arced beside the bush and past, landing in the dirt and driving a big cloud of dust in the face of a curious rat, who squeaked annoyedly and retreated back into its burrow.

*This is going to take a while... good thing I have all the time in the world.*

She threw, threw, and threw some more rocks, keeping going even as she tired herself. The sky cleared, the sun burned down, she kept on going. She kept on throwing until she was completely out of breath, unable to stand. At that point, she rested, confident in her improvements. When she no longer felt tired, she stood up and continued further, pelting random inanimate objects at will, and spreading into other training exercises. It began raining yet again. It stopped raining yet again. The clouds rolled by and the sun passed through the sky. Fale's hatred for those who murdered her family was proving to be a limitless supply of determination, she kept training. She threw and threw until she could knock a bee off a flower from over 50 feet away. She ran to and from, using trees to mark a course, her future self racing against her past self, and winning every time. Night passed. She had been sneaking around until not even the birds could tell of her presence. She jumped, jumped further, and eventually jumped far enough to cross from under one tree to the other. The rugged conditions and the sun baking down toughened her as she honed her skill in throwing and her agility to perfection. But, miraculous as it is that Fale accomplished all this in such a short timespan, the lords of her luck gave her another test. Another beast, the same as the last, appeared after the sun had set. This time, fale wasn't so helpless against the thing. She snuck about, the beast entirely unaware, and grabbed a rock. A rock in each hand, she raised one hand in front of her, targeting the beast between her fingers, and a rock at the beast. It just grazed by its head... but missed by an inch. She hurled the other, it struck it in the left rear leg, battering it. The beast yowled and growled, Fale stood dead still, and the beast overlooked her. She snickered under her breath and took up 2 more rocks, carefully maneuvering as to not be discovered. Yet again, one grazed yet managed to fly too far to the side, and the beast jumped in Fale's direction, but didn't find her. She threw again. Another grazing shot!

*Each so close, neither hitting. The wind plays cruel jokes.*

Hiding in a bush, she threw yet another. The beast's right rear leg was battered. It jumped right next to the bush that Fale was hiding in, and growled, sniffing at the bush... but it didn't notice Fale sneaking away, just a few feet back, and taking her precious time to line up another shot, a free hand to aim with. She held the rock like a baseball pitcher holds a baseball, and then threw again, imparting a spin on the rock which caused it to curve through the air.



Bullseye!

Excited with her new found advantage over the ravenous beast, she proceeded to grab and chuck as fast as she could, breaking both of the beasts rear legs, causing it to fall over. She grabbed another rock, but kept shooting too high now that the beast had fallen over, so, she approached. Her feelings of superiority had cooled when the beast looked straight at her, right into her eyes. She had been spotted. No matter now, the beast was at a third of its normal speed, and Fale had nearly doubled her speed through agility training. Whenever the beast moved, she would come in and bash it with the rock, then dart away before it could attack back. She had forgotten one aspect... she had not strength trained. Her hits were glancing away... but eventually, she got a hit in on the back of its head, further injuring its brain and its neck. It fell unconscious, Fale bashed it repeatedly but didn't manage to damage it much. It regained consciousness and Fale began to continue the attack, but she had left too late once, the beast snapped down on her arm, badly ripping it, but she broke free and jumped away. Fale began to tire, the beast was fleeing, and Fale pursued anyway. The hunter is now the hunted.

Looks like I've been promoted!

Unfortunately, the beast still packed much more ability to harm than Fale, it turned back and bit Gale's hand, tearing it. Forget this! Fale threw the rock, striking the beast. Threw another, and another, blasting one into the beasts lower body, knocking it back with the force of the blow. The beast gave into pain. She punched at it, and as that was doing no good, she wrapped her arm around the beasts throat, and strangled it to death. Apparantly, grabbing and doing various mean things with a foes body could prove more effective than punching, Fale thought. She made a note to try this out on any foes she encountered in the ruins. The beast was puking blood, and Fale had not strengthened much, but despite all that, she picked the corpse up and dragged it over to a tree to cook it. She took a bush apart, using it as tinder and the largest branch from the adjacent tree to start a fire for cooking. The fire grew nicely, and Fale propped the corpse up over the flames. She rested against the tree and watched the fire grow in a lively manner. It grew some more, and started burning the corpse directly. Fale kicked dirt on it. It grew some more. Fale looked curiously. It grew some more. Smoke rose and made it hard for Fale to breathe. It grew some more.

Dammit! No!



SH\*T! DAMMIT! ERRRRRRR!

Fale walked away, growling a bit under her breath.

Now when the hell will I get to eat a real meal?

As she walked away, her frustration cooled, as she realized... she was one of the only kobolds ever to have been able to defeat a Large Predator.

[ October 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

[ October 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 09, 2007, 04:26:00 pm**

Hmm, no posts, have I done something wrong with the last one? Either way, I'll be continuing it soon.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 09, 2007, 05:30:00 pm**

This is great! :)  
Fale is probably the best character in any DF based story yet, possible challenged by Urist.

However, I think you do use a bit to many exploits, or at least use them to openly. :D

Keep up the nice work!  
Or as Fale would have said;  
"Thanksie for the great storie, keepsy it uppsie being great writsie"

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 09, 2007, 05:39:00 pm**

Yeah, well i'm not a hardened 1337 player so i'm bound to use exploits to get going at least, don't worry though, i'm not gunna be lame the whole way. :p

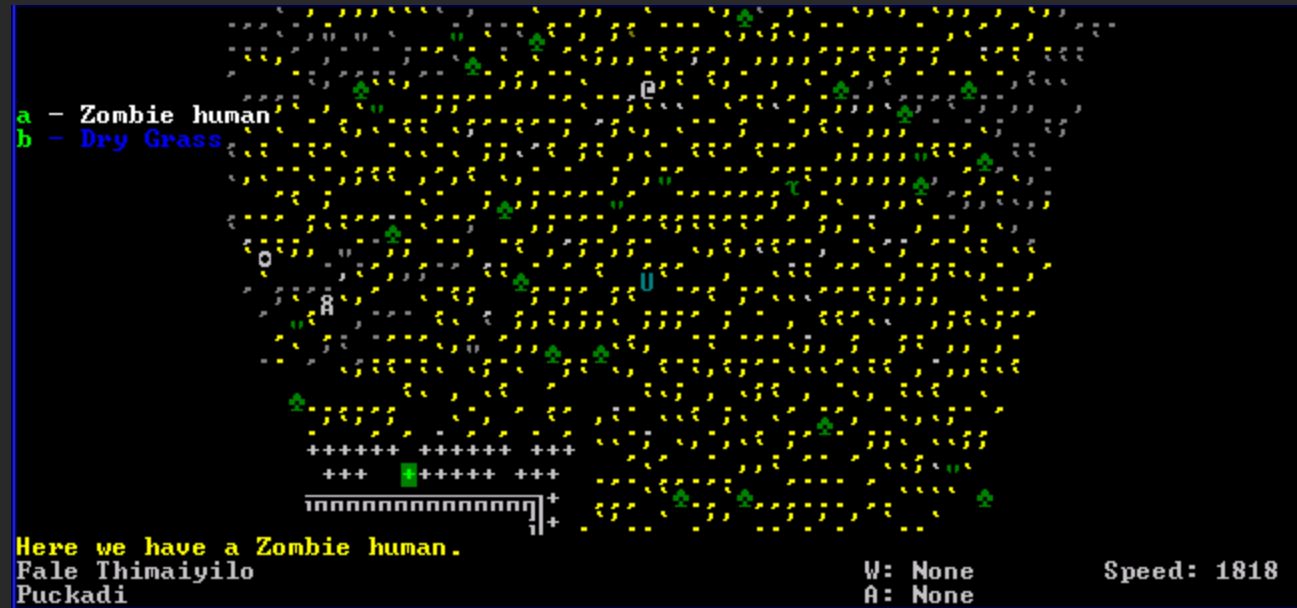
I'm glad you like it, and I'll be putting up another one soon (did i say that last time? i should get on it XD)

Also, some things I'm just poking fun at DF with, like the 'magical healing' :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 09, 2007, 08:09:00 pm**

Fale walked northwest towards the ruins, and licked her lips, thinking about the meal that could have been. Ah well, rat stew was better than starving to death. The sun rose over the swamps as Fale approached the ruins, walking down a small hill and into what seemed to be a plain full of run down, cracked buildings that at one point or another must have been a glorious human town, a skyline full of monuments, workers and tradesmen buzzing about left and right... but, that had all poofed away to dust in the wind, was it starvation, or was it warfare? Nobody knew. Only these few buildings, shadows of their former selves, are all that remain. Fale surveyed the site, the spotted a human in front of her.

She shouted "Hello der!" and rushed up to it...



...but as she approached... she noticed the human wore rancid, tattered clothes, and was in pieces, an ear missing, heart exposed, and not beating, and.... guts missing? It looked at fale and moaned softly, slowly moving toward her. Fale stood there, utterly disgusted with the sight.

*Ugh... they'd look better if they just went to hell.*

But... Fale spotted items off to her right. They were ancient, decorated, masterful idols and wearables galore! Above all else... they were valuable. It was pointless to try to sneak away from there, the xombie was looking streight at Fale. Fale moved behind a tree, and, leaving the zombie to think she was still behind the tree, snuck away the other way. Zombies, zombies, and more zombies. The whole towns population must have been magically cursed. Fale picked up a cow bone idol... then dropped it by a wall. She had nothing to carry these things with, so she would make an easily recoverable stash. She walked back over and picked up a well crafted elephant bone bracelet, covered in superior quality cow bone spikes and finely crafted cow leather.

*I wonder if I could hypnotize the merchant with this?*

She wore it, and continued. She rounded the corner of the building, zombies unaware of her presence. At first, she saw the zombies as just another foe... but for some reason, looking at their horrid state, she felt sorry for them. It must suck being like that for all these years. Rings, idols, bracelets, amulets, each a superb symbol of a great empire that is now dust beneath Fales feet. There was a crunching sound, Fale looked over to a ramp going up the side of the pyrimid-like building, and stepping down it, a human, nothing but a skeleton. The skeleton passed a zombie, a demonic red glow emanating from its eye sockets, it kicked the zombie against the wall, and then walked away, an everlasting grin on its fleshless face. It nearly spotted Fale as it walked by, but luckily, had looked a bit too high to see her. It was the skeletons, the skeletons kept these zombies as slaves in their necro-power trip. Maybe it was one of these skeletons that caused the curse? Did the leader of this empire want everlasting power over his servants?

Fale pondered the situation, and walked up the ramp the skeleton had walked down from. As she walked back, collecting old relics on the way, she heard more skeletons on the move. Was this their castle? She found another ramp, and a skeleton was walking down it. This skeleton was not a mere noble, no, this skeleton was their obvious leader, a fallen king who refused to fall, this skeleton could be the source of the curse!



*I could sneak around her and grab the... or maybe.... ah hell, do I really wanna live for ever?*

She snuck behind her, following... but the skeleton queen walked to one of her fellow 'royalty', and if Fale fought then, it would be a guaranteed painful death. Fale backtracked, and picked up an earring she almost never noticed. It was small, it was light, it was all she had in her hands. She pressed herself against the wall, sneaking back and forth. She looked around a corner. Skeleton guard. Wrong way! She turned around and headed the other way. She was about to round the corner, when that same guard rounded the corner at the exact same time.

SMACK!

**You've been spotted!**

She bashed it and backed off from the guard, the guard missing her. She put some distance between her and the guard, held the ring, and, fully kobfident in its ability to do absolutely no damage whatsoever, threw it.



**The spinning -cow bone earring- strikes The Skeletal Human in the left upper arm!  
It is badly damaged!  
The skeletal human's left shoulder has been sprained!**

The skeleton stumbled a bit.

*Well I'll be darned!*

She ran up to the skeleton and eagerly punched at it, it returned the attack but yet again Fales kobold instincts led her to perfectly dodge. She dodged, and found that there just happened to be nothing but air beneath her. Realising the full implications of gravity, she yelled as she fell, and was stunned when she fell on the hard, smooth Gneiss floor below. The skeleton was still holding on to her from the floor above, attacking, so she tried to break free, but the skeleton was still holding her in place. Suddenly, a zombie with an axe shouted as loud as it could, but in monotone, under the force of its skeleton masters, "I am Numu Openthroat! Prepare to die!"

*Someone with an axe... and the last name of Openthroat? Bad news!*

The skeleton threw her, but this proved to be a big mistake. He no longer had a hold of her! Still stunned from the fall, she clumsily rose to her feet and stumbled back. She came fully back to her senses again. The skeletons were running after her!

*Ok, I dont wanna live forever, but i wanna live another day!*

She cautiously backed away, evaluating the situation. She ran past the zombies, picking up another ring and slipping it on. She chucked a rock at a persuing skeleton, chipping away a large chunk of its skull... but it didn't feel pain, it kept going anyway. If nothing else, she was going to take as many relics as possible out of the treasure trove of these skeletal tyrants. Fale ran through the swamp, and turned. There she was, the skeleton queen, once again. Forget the rest of the zombies and skeletons. This one was going down.

The skeleton queen stared at Fale, and spoke, "My bracelets, my amulets, my rings, my mother gave me that when I was 5! It-it's... it's being worn by a filthy... kobold." She laughed as if she were about to cry. He drew his sword, and screamed, "Prepare to diie!!!!" He ran at Fale, but Fale was far swifter than him. Fale replied, "I'sa prupair'd fer looong time! Are yooooou?"

Fale grabbed the queens sword and tried to wrench it away with her arm... that didn't work. Fale tried to grab the hilt away from the skeleton queen, but the queen blocked Fale with her shield. The queen brought the shield aside, revealing a raised sword, which she brought down for a counter strike. Fale had an impulse to jump left, an impulse to jump right, and a result of going nowhere. The skeleton queen hacked at Fale, striking her in the chest. Fale coughed and stifled a yell, finding it difficult to breathe. Despite lack of air, and loss of blood, Fale swung around and reached once more for the hilt, this time grabbing it. She struggled, but the queen wrestled it away. Fale darted away, then darted back, the queen blocking Fales attempts at disarming her. The queen tried to attack, but Fale had darted away once more. Fale darted back, grabbing the hilt of the sword and wrenching it away with all her strength. For a few seconds, the skeleton queen and Fale exchanged menacing grins, but the queens mouth opened shortly thereafter, in an expression of disbelief. She was no longer armed. Fale was the armed warrior now.ale slashed at the queen, landing a glancing blow, and chipping a bit of the queens skull off. The queen tacked into Fale, stunning her, but, being nothing but bones, bounced backward. Fale hacked and hacked and hacked, but hardly managed to do any damage through the queens shield, since this was the first time Fale had ever wielded a sword. But, luck cast down its vengeful smile. Fale hacked, and hit the exact middle of the queens knee. The queens right lower leg flew off in an arc! Fale stood over the queen, grinned, and started hacking away. Left upper leg flies off in an arc! But, unfortunately, the queens royal pains-in-the-arses came to her futile rescue. They punched at Fale, bruising her, but Fale drew the literally brainless skeletons away from who they were trying to protect, leaving the debilitated queen as open as the sky. A running pass, a skeleton gutpunched Fale. This stipped Fale, but not for long. Fale spat up blood and ran towards the helpless queen, leaving the guards behind.

Smash! Smash! The queens hand flies off in an arc. Smash! The queens lower body flies off in an arc, and she falls limp, the glow in her eyes disappearing.

**Ura Mellonel, Skeletal human Swordmaster has been struck down.**

Immediately, several other skeletons yelled, their glowing eyes becoming dark. These skeletons collapsed, never to move again. Many zombies stood still, their senseless expression turning into hardly noticeable smiles. These zombies turned limp, and collapsed, their souls, free at last, drifting upward like a fine mist. Fale clung the dead-again queens copper chain leggings over her shoulder, as they were far too large for Fale to wear, but would fetch a nice price from those human merchants. Fale looked down at the pile of human bones that used to be a tyrant, and kicked them into a mess. Fale spoke, "Have fun wit weather in Hell! I'sa sure Demon'z treaty ya reeel nice der!"

Laden with plenty of 'attention getters' to show to the humans, Fale walked away. Lightning flashed, striking in the distance behind Fale, and it began raining, washing the blood and rot into the ground. Fale aimed northeast, toward the human town. She smiled to herself, and smiled within. She had gone from getting her face punched in by frogmen to slaying undead tyrants. She was doing it! Her dream was coming true!

[ October 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 09, 2007, 08:12:00 pm**

Wrong Button! :/

[ October 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 09, 2007, 09:35:00 pm**

This story... is... AWESOME!!!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 10, 2007, 05:05:00 am**

Best. Story. Ever.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 10, 2007, 03:06:00 pm**

I'm really glad people are enjoying this. :)  
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Fale walked northeast, reaching the river, and followed the glistening waters downstream. Hours passed, and the sun set, for several minutes casting its red rays down at a shallow angle, bouncing off of the river. For a second, it appeared as if there were 2 suns. Fale was eager to reach the human town and trade the relics in, so she hardly slept at all that day. Strangely, she felt rested anyway as the moon rose. Looking forward to the fruits of this night, she entered the town. She walked towards the store, and noticed that the town seemed to be entirely devoid of life. Where was everyone? She noticed a child, holding painting supplies, sneaking by. The child had painted strange, provocative markings onto the side of a residential building under the cover of night.

*What a talented young artist!*

Fale entered the shop.



Where is everyone, on break?

Then, Fale realized the full implications of a detail she had overlooked. Humans are diurnal. Fale is nocturnal. Oops.

Fale left, and spotted a human merchant, tired, walking toward a residential building. Fale spoke, "Hey, hey trady guy! See me pricy tings?"

The merchant, tired to the point of headaches and blurred vision, replied, "Gah, can't you see its the middle of the goddamn night! Wait 'till I open my shop tomorrow." Fale replied, "Okie bye!" Fale walked away, thinking, humans are never going to be nocturnal, so she would have to be diurnal, for the time being. Fale walked into the bar, and saw various humans sleeping in the bed, but someone, in the dead of night, was counting change and assessing the monies-value of items. Finally, someone to talk to! All of these items were beginning to feel quite heavy to Fale.



Fale walked up to the princess, and spoke, "Hey trady lady! See my pretty tings?" The merchant princess raised her head up and looked down on Fale, replying, "Puh, a filthy kobold with a bunch of stone junk and rusted up copper crap? Try one of the merchant peons around town, and remind them to pay me their taxes! I have spending to do." Fale was beginning to become annoyed with this. She simply walked away from the Snob Princess, and went over to a bed. The bed was nice, kind of squishy, since it was made of Saguaro. Fale layed down on it and looked at her sword. It may be copper, it may be worn, rusted, and deteriorated over the years, but it was of superior quality craftsmanship, and encircled with bands of superior quality chimpanzee bone.

Junk my arse!

Knowing that some human drunk would probably try to take things, she tucked her belongings between her and the wall. If someone were to try to steal any of her belongings, she would be awakened, and they would be in for a 'healthy' dose of pain. Fale drifted off to sleep. Humans came in, and humans left Fale alone, the sight of a kobold with a sword intimidating them away from the valuables. Fale drempt, a sort of friendly sparring match between her conscious and her subconscious at times. She had one of the oddest dreams that night. Fale stood in a field in this dream, the animals around making conversation in perfectly audible language. In this dream, Fale saw a male kobold, wearing the oddest things of crystal and metal, passing underground, down to the heart of the world and through to the sky, above the sky. This kobold seemed to leap through reality itself, time and space irrelevant. This kobold landed right in front of Fale, and looked straight at her, and, somehow seemed strangely familiar to Fale. The human town she was familiar with stood behind him, the walls of the buildings turned to dust and blew away with the wind, leaving shallow ruins behind. The two kobolds smiled at one another, then, Fale woke up. She stood up, and yawned big, stretching. The sun was up. She gathered her belongings, and left the bar. What was that dream about? Who WAS that? She walked around, noting all of the shop-sized buildings. It would be stupid to try to carry coinage around for miles in her bare hands! She needed a backpack, so she looked around for a shop that sold one.



Someone left their breakfast. It was half-eaten scraps, trash that someone left for someone else to clean up, but to Fale...

Free lunch!

Fale snatched the warthog meat, and devoured it, licking her lips and smiling afterwards. Finally, real food. Seeing as this shop just sold accesories, she left, looking for any shop that had a backpack. There were turtle bones scattered outside of a residential building. What is it with these humans and their litter?

Finally, she entered a shop selling backpacks. She walked up to the merchant, and spoke, "Hey trady guy!" He looked down, and found the impulse to kick the kobold out overridden by the sight of such valuables. He grinned, and got that glint in his eye, classic and exclusive to human merchants, a glint that almost made gold coins appear in his eyes.

The merchant replied, "Welcome, kobold! I am Tor Growthglimmers."  
Fale responded, "I's Fale Siegedriven. Les trade, I see big baggy ting der." She pointed to the \$<<cow>>\$. She held up her salvaged x\*large copper chain leggings\*x as a trade item. The human said, "Perhaps if you throw in some more goods I can make an offer." Deep down he was thinking, *A little polish and wax and that rusted copper will look like gold. I wonder what fool I can get to mistake it as such? I'll be rich!* Fale took off 3 bracelets, and offered them in addition to the leggings. The human merchant snatched the goods, grinning widely. He spoke, "Wonderful! Thank you for your business!" He then thought, *And since no coins are involved, hehe, I don't have to pay taxes!*

Fale spoke, "Thanksey, bye!"  
The merchant replied, "Goodbye...", and continued in his head, *...lil' fuzzy sucker, heheh!*

Fale slung the backpack on, and left, entering the meat shop again.

The merchant saw Fale again, and yelled, "YOU AGAI--", he then saw what Fale was wearing, grinned, and got that specific glint in his eye, like the last merchant. He cleared his throat, and continued, "I mean... Greetings, kobold!" He stopped to clear his throat, and cussed quietly under his breath. "I am Kost Roughnessvoice." Fale replied, "Hi der! Coins f'r old pretty tings?" She took off what she was wearing and displayed them. Kost spoke, "How much do you want for them?" Fale shrugged, unfamiliar with the human currency system, and replied, "Un-ze million 'n one moneyz!" Kost was not amused, but he forced himself to maintain a grin. Kost replied, "I can't possibly accept, but how about this? A true bargain. 90 Monies."

*That's it? All this stuff and only 90? Theres no way, it sounds far too low. I'm being played the sucker here!*

The merchant seemed to especially eyeball the <<elephant>>. Fale noticed this, and smiled, watching his eyes follow it as she moved it. She spoke , "Ye'z likes't eh?" Fale suspended the earring off of a string coming out of her backpack, and dangled it before the merchant, letting it swing left and right. Kost eagerly followed the overly-valuable, ancient earring with his eyes. Fale asked, "90 whyz't only 90 eh?" Kost answered, "Ta-taxes... you pay taxes..." he seemed almost in a trance, but he snapped out of it, "gimme! It's 90! It's a bargain!" Kost seemed to be sinking back into a trance over the earring. Fale spoke, slowly, and calmly, "You'za do what I say!" Kost spoke, in a trance-like state, "Mon... mon... I'll do what you say... money..." Fale asked, "Now, how much'zt reely wort?" Kost answered, "290 monies..."

*I knew it! He wasn't even offering a third of its true value!*

Fale said, "When I'z snap mai fingers, you'z a put 290 monies on dat table, k? I give the tings and take dat moneys. Issa bargain!" Kost replied, "It's a bargain..."

Fale stopped, and snapped her fingers, snapping Kost out of the trance.

Fale gave Kost the ancient relics, and Kost placed a full 290 monies worth of coins on the table. 19 gold coins and a silver. Fale took the coins and put them in her backpack.

Kost spoke, "Thank you for your business!"  
Fale replies, "Na, thank-se!"

As Fale left, Kost spoke again, "Please come again!" Fale replied, "I'z tink I will!" Fale snickered as she left. She walked back to the bar. The mayor was standing there. He spoke, "You! You're still alive?" He heard the money jingling around in Fale's backpack. The mayor frowned and continued, "The day a kobold gets rich is the day I'll eat my cow leather cap!" Fale grinned and replied, "I'za hold ya ta dat! I got'n rid dat skel'ton queen baddie fer ya!" The mayor hesitated, "That was YOU?" The mayor smiled. Maybe kobolds weren't such filth after all. He laughed, and walked outside. He yelled, "Hey everyone, Fale Siegedriven is the one who broke the first curse!" Fale walked out, those in earshot were in disbelief. Fale pulled out 4 gold coins and held them between her fingers. She spoke, "Thes'r didn' come from outta da sky!" Still in disbelief, they looked at Fale, but eventually, started clapping, laughing at the ridiculous thought of this creature, half as tall as them, ridding them of the nearby skeletons, but unable to deny it, as nobody else had claimed to have done it, and this kobold was the only kobold they'd ever seen that had gold coins.

She had been rewarded for her deeds with something far, far more valuable to her than gold, she had been rewarded with respect. They continued to clap, and Fale stood proudly, smiling.

[ October 10, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Pitchblack** on **October 10, 2007, 04:11:00 pm**

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This is good keep it up!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Anti-Paragon** on **October 10, 2007, 07:33:00 pm**

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I feel I'm usually fairly methodical when I read; I allow mental imagery to dedicate what I read while showing no outward expression, but that last section of this story genuinely made me smile. This is a great little story you've pieced together. Or Dwarven terms, it's a ÆStoryÆ. One many are enjoying. Continue along and extend our rapture further!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 10, 2007, 11:36:00 pm**

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quote:
Originally posted by Anti-Paragon: <STRONG>Or Dwarven terms, it's a ÆStoryÆ.</STRONG>

I'm honored. :) Thanks for all of your replies, I'm really glad you enjoy this :D  
-----

The clapping died down, and the humans discussed amongst themselves. Back in the bar, someone shouted, "Fale! Heheheh! This one's on us." Fale turned around, and walked back in. The bartender had placed a big glass of beer on the counter. Fale walked up, and the bartender commented, "We changed the recipe a bit, you'll be the first to try the new batch with our, heheh, special ingredient." Fale responded, "Soundsy good t'me! Thanksey!" Fale took the glass, and took a sip, hesitated for a moment, then started chugging it. The brewer conversed with the tender, "Are you sure thats safe?" "Why not?" "There's enough booze there to get a 250 pound guard drunk, she's half my height." Fale finished the glass, and set it down, grinning. "She looks fine to me." Fale grinned, laying her ears down, her vision becoming blurred, and stumbled towards the door, bumped into the door, and opened it, stumbling through.





Fale spoke, slurring a bit, "Hello.. der, kittie, hehehe!" She kept grinning. The cat stopped licking its paw, and looked at Fale, tilting its head a bit. Then it meowed, "Mrrr. Greetings, mortal." The cat then stood up, raised its tail up and walked away. Fale scritchd her head, pondering the cat, then walked on, bumping into a horse, and promptly puking at the horses feet. The horse neighed annoyedly, and neighed again, "You're lucky I'm in a good mood today!" The horse kicked some dirt up, and walked away.

*Hehehehe, talking animals, this is good! Is it? Hehe!*

Fale walked behind the buildings, and stood, looking at the horizon. She found this view familiar, this is where she was standing in her dream!



A few moments passed, and Fale felt a rush of warm air, an arc of energy struck behind her. She turned around, there seemed to be a blue vortex of some kind opening.The vortex expanded, sending arcs of energy to and fro, but the energy seemed to be harmless. Out of the vortex came a rush of hot air as it became a ring, in the middle, a window into another place it seemed. The place this vortex led to glew red, magma sputering to and from, machines making a racket in the background, a jet of steam shooting up into the air, then cutting off. A kobold emerged through this vortex. This kobold was male, yet in several ways resembled Fale. He was wearing strange goggles and various other metal and crystal gear. He ran up to fale, and gave her a big hug. He spoke, eyes closed, tears on his face, "Mother! It's really you! It's a miracle!" He kept hugging her, then spoke again, "You have no idea how happy I am to see you again!" Fale replied, "I dun tink I... I ever got pregnant.... Say, youz'n older dan me." The other kobold replied, "It's been a long, long time since we've met..." Then, he realized, "for me, anyhow." Fale replied, "I d'no wasu meaning...?" The other kobold hesitated, and then replied, "It's... it's complicated. When you meet an axeman named Atek, ask him about a map. Trust me, you'll find it useful." A burst of warm air blew out of the portal again, and a poof of steam rose, a bell seemed to go off. The kobold told Fale, "I must leave... I love you, mom." Fale hugged him, and replied, "I wuv you too!" The kobold smiled, a tear running down his cheeks, and stood there. The bell became much louder, and a burst of steam flew through the portal. The kobold jumped, leapt into the vortex, and the vortex vanished in a burst of energy.

Immediately after, there was a burst of blue light, and an immaculately dressed human seemed to drift down from the sky. He spoke, "Seen a kobold, looks kind of like you come through here, acting like he was on a mission or doing anything suspicious?" Fale burped and replied, "He'z a gone back thru dat magicy portal tingy!" The human cursed under his breath, clenching his fist, "Damn!" The human looked straight into Fales eyes, and spoke forcefully, "You saw nothing!" Fale then smiled, felt a little sleepy, and then was out like a rock.

A while later...

Fale woke up, and stood up, feeling the aftermath of the drink pounding in her head and churning in her gut.

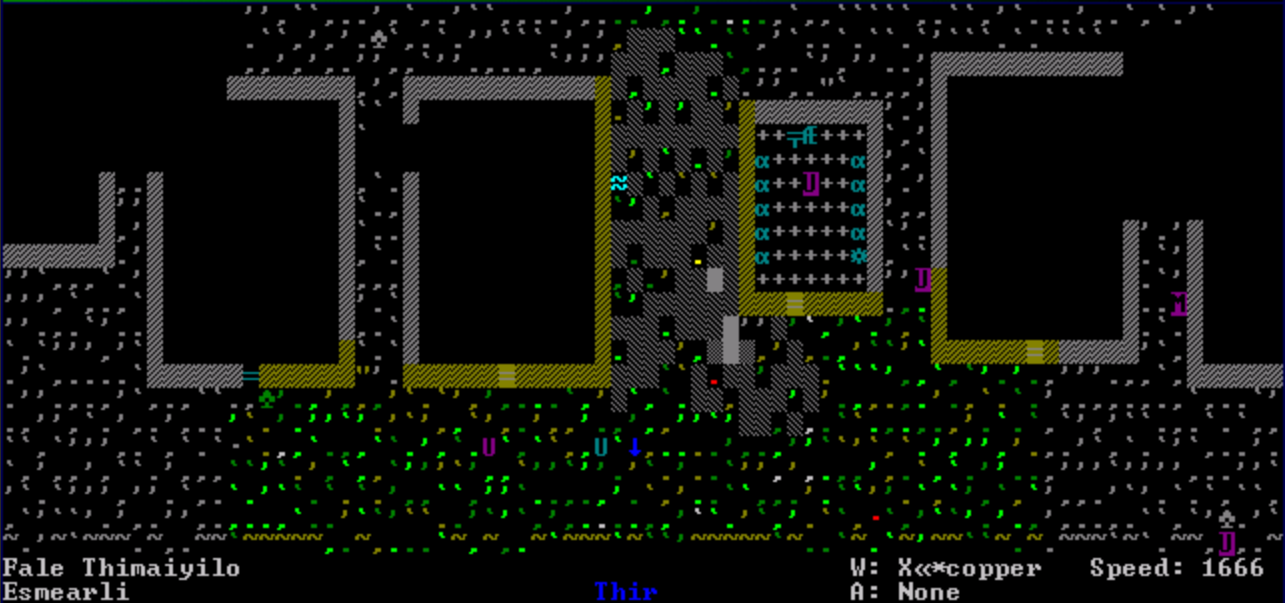
*Wow, when I retire after all this is over, I should get drunk more often and write one of those science fiction thingys that one of those humans was talking about! Hey, my dream was about what I'd see when I'm drunk! Clever!*

She began walking back to the bar, the feeling in her gut making her sicker and sicker. She put her hand over her gut and walked slowly.

*Ugh, I think my liver is throwing a tantrum...*

Slowly, she made her way back to the bar, but noticed an axeman before entering. She remembered something, axeman, something with an A... Oh yeah, Atek! She ran up to the guard, and met him as he walked around the corner of a shop. "Hello der! I'z Fale Siegedriven." The guard replied, "Pleased to meet you! I am Atek Rulestick." Fale tried to think... what was it she was going to ask for... why was she asking something based off a drunken dream anyway? Ah hell. Fale asked, "Um... map?" Atek replied, "Yeah, I used to be a High Master Cartographer before I joined the guards, in fact, I got a map I won't be needing anymore! Here, it's a gift!" He handed her a scroll, and she opened it. The map detailed the lands of nearly all of the known world. Handy that! Fale replied, "Wow, thanksie! Bye!" Atek proceeded, "Goodbye."

Fale returned to the bar, and asked the bartender, "Das good stuf! Wassu spec'l ting ya put in?" The bartender told her, under his breath, "We put rat weed in it." Fale replied, "Ahh, oki! Bye!" Fale left, and noticed something amiss. Very amiss. A shop was surrounded by flames, the flames creeping up the side. It was the same shop as the one she hypnotized the shopkeeper of!



Well, uh, there goes someones whole living up in flames, how nice.

The swordsman boomed, "THIS is what HAPPENS when you DON'T PAY TAXES!"  
The mayor added, "Let this serve as an example to the rest of you, never miss tax payments!"

Organized government? This is more like organized crime!

Fale had dedicated herself to punishing the Dwarves for their crimes, but it looks like it was time for a detour. Fale walked up to the mayor, and asked, "Where'z da tax moniez go?" The mayor replied, "The capital, the king receives it and spends as the king wishes." Fale asked, specifically, "Wher'z da Capital?" The mayor replied, paying more attention to the burning building and those around it than Fale, "Applehead is far to the southwest. King and Mace Lord Gustem Dinedraked is there." Fale grinned. Now she knew who to pay a visit. She snickered and said, "Bye na!" The mayor ended the conversation, "Goodbye."

She passed the merchant princess on the way out. She also spotted a caravan on the move. One wagon was behind the other, the one in back shouting "SPEED THE F\*CK UP!" at the one in front, and tossing the occasional handful of gravel to get the front wagons attention. Eventually, the back wagon moved into the lane designated for opposing traffic, and passed the other wagon, causing a horseman travelling the other way in that lane to leave the road and stop in the grass. The horseman yelled back at the speeding wagon, "YOU STUPID F\*CKING A\*SHOLE!"

If humans don't start respecting each other, I bet they'll still be doing that a thousand years down the road.

Fale began to feel a contempt towards the human merchants and nobles, nowhere near as strong as her contempt for dwarves, but they seemed like jerks, the whole lot, completely bent on enriching their own power, caring of nothing else. Fale knew she wasn't properly prepared to face the dwarves yet, but at least she could pay a visit to the most arrogant human of them all and make her complaints heard. She thought, it was an O.K. start to standing up to the sources of evil, and plus, by showing she had the guts to tell the king off, she might earn more respect among the serfs, and help prove that kobolds take a firm stand against corruption and evil. Speaking of guts... Fale still felt sick from that drink. At least it provided for one of the strangest experiences she had ever had. The sickness would lessen soon enough, and there was a long walk ahead. Fale sighed, and started walking into the wilderness, headed southwest to that imaginary point beyond the horizon.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 11, 2007, 01:21:00 am**

Haha. Nice.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 11, 2007, 04:56:00 am**

AWESOME!!!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 11, 2007, 10:05:00 am**

That story is definitely up there with Eiba's!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 11, 2007, 02:38:00 pm**

Your comments made me smile, and I need to do that more :~) Thank you very much! :D

Fale crossed the river, hopping from rock to rock, and left the river behind. She walked into the deserts, and down into the swamps. Night fell as she passed the now-curse-free ruins. Fale slept lightly, aware that a predator could pay her an unwelcome visit in her sleep. She continued on, through unfamiliar territory, territory clearly defined on the map she had. The capital was pinpointed on it, and Fale knew exactly where she was. How did her subconscious know to ask that axeman for a map? Lucky guess? Maybe. Fale crossed through a small region of desert, and day broke again. Night fell again, these swamps are truly vast, it seemed. There were 2 more human towns in view, near to the capital, potentially suburbs? Day broke once again, the capital was in the middle of a large desert, on the top of some hills. Night fell again, as Fale walked across the deserts, up a spiraling incline to the top of a large hill where the capital rested. Visible from this point was a land that seemed corrupt, rotten, something amiss about it.

:p

[ October 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Lightning4** on **October 11, 2007, 02:52:00 pm**

If you gave dwarves the [BABYSNATCHER] tag, then yes, the first is possible.

Though if goblins are still possess the tag, I think the world gen will pick one of the two available.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 11, 2007, 03:03:00 pm**

...and so the pig eats pork.

Great story, keep it up!

Edit: I think, if my memory tells true that there are several individually piked civs of all types, so although there are kobolts instead of dwarfs on your part of the world it MIGHT be dwarfs far far away.

[ October 11, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 11, 2007, 03:16:00 pm**

I didn't give dwarves the babysnatcher tag, but I'm thinking that the goblin tile may actually be the default and that it takes the civ controllable tag to make it have the dwarf fortress tile, meaning some of those goblin tiles are actually dwarf fortresses. Maybe not, if it's not then the story can still continue unhindered, just some things are changed around a bit. I'm glad you enjoyed the humor though.... IRL, I hear that human tastes like pork, and that cannibals refer to human as 'long pig'. :p

[ October 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Pitchblack** on **October 11, 2007, 06:02:00 pm**

Once again good story keep it up, how did you make it so that you could play as a kobold? can it be done with other species?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 11, 2007, 06:06:00 pm**

It can be done with any species in a variety of ways. The first way to make it playable in adventure, which is what i used, is to plop an [INDIV\_CONTROLLABLE] flag down in the entity entry. This'll get you the Play Now option. If you want the Play As option, you'll need to shift the civ around to make them a major civ, and that means shifting other civs around to make room and/or hoping that the world gen gives you the right civs. Although, if the species you're looking at doesn't have any entity entry, you'll have to make one first. In the default game, Kobolds, Goblins, Dwarves, Humans, and Elves have entity entries, the rest don't.

[ October 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 11, 2007, 06:11:00 pm**

Ok so this story is really good so far! From my knowledge it is possible to have several entities with the Babysnatcher tag, but the game NEEDS at least one. If you took away the civ\_controallable tag from the dwarves then there is a possbility that therer will be NO dwarves at all. The easiest way to check this would be to retire and check the civs in the adventure mode screen. If you see dwarves of whatever the nyou know at least there are some dwares out there. If not then the game didn't generate any dwarves at all. In my experience if you do not have an additional tag of some sort, like civ\_controllable, babysnatcher, or nuisance then the game will not likely generate your civilization.

To make any species playable just add an entity for that species in the entity\_default text file. Then put "[INDIV\_CONTROLLABLE]" to the entity. I believe that you need to start a new world for this to take effect although I am not sure.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 11, 2007, 06:16:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by ricemastah: <STRONG>In my experience if you do not have an additional tag of some sort, like civ_controllable, babysnatcher, or nuisance then the game will not likely generate your civilization. </STRONG>

Uh-oh... Oh well, I can double check, and in the case that it never generated dwarves, then I already know what I'm going to do. Thanks for informing me though. :)

Edit: Hmm... then again, I could just swap the tags on dwarves and goblins, so goblin forts are occupied by dwarves. Adventure mode goblins and dwarves make basically the same kinds of fortresses anyway

Edit II: Nah, that would make dwarves have goblin names and equipment, it wouldnt fit.

[ October 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 11, 2007, 07:24:00 pm**

This story will still be awesome, even without dwarves. Also, your update rate is UNHOLY.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 12, 2007, 12:57:00 am**

quote:
Also, your update rate is UNHOLY.[/QB]

That's a product of boredom and fall break :P

Thanks for all of your supportive comments, too :) I honestly never really expected people to like it this much :p

-----  
Fale debated, the ruins, or the cave? The cave, the inhabitants there like to attack passers by. They seem the fighting type, maybe they'll respect a good fighter? Fale looked at the map, then walked northeast. Day broke. Temperatures were scorching in the desert, but despite this, Fale felt good, still snickering over the king eating the remains of his own child. Night fell. Fale spotted something in the adjacent area, a disturbance in the terrain. Walking closer, she realized she had just found a cave on her own. She entered the area, and walked toward it. Curious about what lay within the newly discovered hole in the ground, she entered, and found herself surrounded by dry rock, tunnels leading every which way. So, she picked a direction... Behind her! She walked, and walked, until no more tunnels went north. And then, she saw a fuzzy inhabitant of this cave.

:p

2 close calls is 2 too many for a single day.

[ October 12, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 12, 2007, 04:30:00 am**

Tip: write it in something else than your web browser, notepad or something, Then just copy it into the post when you are finished, the forum is kind of buggy, as you said. And I don't have to tell you backup, do I?

And I really love the way Fale thinks! :D

quote:

*I think the administrator of this test is watching me cheat...*

*Looks like I've been promoted!*

*Ugh... they'd look better if they just went to hell.*

*Someone with an axe... and the last name of Openthroat? Bad news!*

*Ok, I dont wanna live forever, but i wanna live another day!*

*Where is everyone, on break?*

*Hey, my dream was about what I'd see when I'm drunk! Clever!*

*This is your consciousness speaking, Fale! Putting your sword away was dumb, truly dumb. Do I have to pound this into you with a <<iron>>?! RUN!!*

*Are you kidding?! Fale! You-  
Hello. This is your ol' pal adrenaline speaking. Let's GO ALREADY!!*

*Uh, consciousness? You're supposed to be part of me right? Am I going insane?  
You hit your head pretty hard on the stone floor back there, it must've broken us apart. I'll fix it, just finish up your... eh, business.  
Fine by me!*

And lots lots more! :D  
Absolutely awesome story about absolutely awesome kobold!

And actually I didn't think the pork joke was funnier than the others, rater les funny, it was just the only one I came up with a specific response to. :D

Edit: O, and I would like to bring your attention to the fact that the God of Blood bows at your feet.

[ October 12, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 13, 2007, 12:02:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Armok:  
<STRONG>Absolutely awesome story about absolutely awesome kobold!</STRONG>

Wow, thanks! :D

quote:

Originally posted by Armok:  
<STRONG>Edit: O, and I would like to bring your attention to the fact that the God of Blood bows at your feet.</STRONG>

That's something I honestly never expected to see. :p  
-----

Fale Walked into the center of town, and tossed the ettins head on the ground for all to see. Unfortunately, most of the town was asleep, but those who were awake saw, and they would spread the word. They began clapping, and even the guards clapped, aside from one. A strip of rope reed cloth drifted down from the top of the bar, and Fale, still feeling strange due to the missing eye, tied it into a bandanna, covering that one eye. A nearby swordsman spoke to Fale, "You have ridden us of that ettin curse, no longer will our villagers be drawn away, never to be seen again. No longer will we be attacked by hiddeous beasts at night! All thanks to our kobold visitor, ... erm, who are you again?" Fale replied, "I'z Fale Siegedriven!" The swordsman replied, "I never thought I'd see a kobold amount to anything more than filth. You've proved me wrong. Many of our town have tried to kill the ettin before, and you, a kobold, are the first to succeed." The swordsman smiled, "Congratulations, ally!" Fale raised her ears and smiled back at the swordsman. Those who werent asleep were discussing Fale, and some wrote this event down to paper. Fale grinned and looked around the town. She had little business in the town other than to show the results of her efforts in the cave, and had little intention of staying there. The humans may be worth earning respect from after all, but this is a secondary goal. Fales primary goal was to exact revenge on the dwarves, and killing the skeleton tyrant, killing the ettin, were all in preparation for this. Fale realized, so what if she wasn't an elite, if she didn't have the best sword. She just got done taking down a town menace. She was ready to take down the menace of her life. Fale spoke to the swordsman, "Thanksey! I'z only here to show da head, I'z a gotta go now, bye!" The swordsman replied, "Goodbye, and good luck!" Fale walked out of town, serfs and guards waving at her. she looked at the map. There were holes in the mountain just to the northwest. She proceeded into the wilderness once again, the town and the moon behind her. Day rose, Fale saw a river in the distance as she crossed the area of the ettins cave once more. Fale saw some trees, and glimpsed the mountain just behind them, directly to the north. She changed direction, walking directly towards the mountains.



Fale walked into the forest, and night fell. She exited into the swamps once more. Ascending into a treed area, she heard a rustling, and a growl. A reptilian beast stood off to her side, staring at her, mouth wide open.





Fale drew her sword as it approached, hungry for kobold flesh. Fale walked up to it. Fale had a similar event in mind as the reptilian beast, but one detail was a bit different...

*I've already been promoted, and now I can have food ON the job.*

Fale brought her sword down across its lower body, hitting a gap between scales and sinking in the blade. The beasts innards were badly cut up and its lower spine broken. The alligator fell over from the blow, and snapped at Fale, causing her to jump out of the way. Shot after shot glanced away, the beast snapped at her again, but fale jumped away, landing to its side. More shots glanced away, occasionally one doing some damage. The repetitive blows caused the beast to fall unconscious due to pain.ng at it, dismembering its right rear leg, mangling other parts, severing its left rear foot, and slashing its throat, the swipe continuing up the neck and punching into the braincase. Fale stood back and let it bleed out.

**The alligator has bled to death.**

Looking behind her, she spotted another alligator in the distance, looking at her, with the same intent in mind as the first. She walked toward it. It snapped at her, and missed. She slashed its upper body, piercing into it and slicing its liver and upper spine. She attacked as it ran at her, cutting its right rear leg, and jumping out of the way just in time to avoid getting bitten. Fale turned to face the beast, and thrust at it, breaking a hole into its upper body, She pierced its right lung and thrust right through its heart, the beasts upper spine stopping it, painfully. The beast growled and Fale pulled her sword out easily, since it had not stuck. wound, the beast snapped at Fale again, missing yet again, but allowing Fale to land a glancing blow before it fell over, gicing in to pain. Fale stepped back, and stood in a fighting stance. She grinned and saw her less-clumsy stance, sword properly in her hand. She was getting the hang of this.

**The alligator has bled to death.**

Fale smiled. She had remembered the incident with the jaguar while setting up a cooking area, and was more successful. That day she had roast -alligator meat- for lunch.

Fale continued northwards through the swamps. Several peaceful hours had passed. But, there was a few splashes and a certain growl. Yet another reptilian beast. Fale smiled, and licked her lips. She stood, sword drawn, in a fighting stance, letting the beast approach her. It walked directly to her, mouth open the whole way, and when it closed within range, Fale slashed at it. The beast closed for a bite, but Fale brought her sword down right into its neck. The beasts neck was broken, its throat parted from its body, but, in a blind determination generally exclusive to reptiles, continued anyway, biting Fale in the lower body. Fale yelled as it sank its teeth in, but apart from some bleeding and a bit of bruising to the spine, took little damage from it. It couldn't latch on, despite trying. Fale tried to pull her sword back, but found it had become stuck in the beasts neck. She pulled with all of her weight, but lost hold of it, stumbling backwards.



With enormous determination, the beast, despite a broken neck and no throat to speak of, a sword impaled in it, slowly dragged itself after Fale as she backed off. Eventually...

**The alligator gives into pain.**  
**The alligator has bled to death.**

Fale walked to the corpse, put her foot on its head, and yanked the sword with all of her strength. It took three tries, but she managed to finally dislodge it. Another meal of tasty -alligator meat-!

After eating, Fale continued northward. She passed a gorilla, and snickered to herself as she noted the resemblance between it and the more disrespectful guards. Fale was walkung uphill, and found a river. She walked alongside it, and continued northward. Walking towards the site indicated on the map, she saw some ruins through the trees, a fortress behind them. The design of those ruins seemed odd. The buildings were short, made by short people, made by dwarves.



She walked through the ruins. Bits of workshop were scattered about, workshops burnt to the ground. The entire place had been ransacked mercilessly, and dried blood was spattered against the remnants of the buildings. Fale looked around, and walked up to the torched remnants of a fishery. She saw virtually nothing was left, and kicked at a table. The charred XX-willow table-XX collapsed into rubble.

*Stupid violent dwarves, I bet they wiped themselves out in a wave of tantrums! This carnage was SUPPOSED to be of my doing!*

Fale sighed.

*Maybe someone else has already made the dwarves pay for their vile crimes.*



She continued north, and found herself facing the fortress. She was presented with a smooth wall, covered in dwarven blood. She entered the tunnel going into the mountain, and passed up a ramp. Nobody was here. There were no bodys, just the occasional splattering of blood. She found osme coinage on the ground, and picked it up. Fale found another stack of coins on the floor. She walked over and grabbed it, putting that in her backpack too. She heard snickering and laughter as she picked up the coins. A small, green creature took her by surprise as she dealt with the coins, and attacked. Fale jumped and yelled, startled by the sight of this creature in these bleak tunnels. She saw red, glowing eyes and a grin in the darkness behind. She saw it move, a bit.

Ka-KLUNK

Doors slammed shut in the distance, and fluids moved. Fale felt a sense of gloom descend upon her again. She grunted and hacked at the being. She hit it in the upper body, and clove it asunder on the second hit. Its blood spilled, and it never moved again. Another one! It made a high pitched giggle. Are these children attacking her? Fale walked, it walked up to her and threw a punch, hitting Fale right on the joint, spraining her left shoulder. Fale hacked at it. Her sword punched into its head, breaking its neck and nose, mangling its ear, and dislodging both eyes, but lodging itself in in their place. The creature fell over, unconscious, and fale split its face by twisting the sword in the wound. A third, a third child.

*What kind of race sends their children into battle first? It looks like dwarves have some competition on the evil-scale.*

Fale spoke, pulling her sword out, "Whyya tell kid ta fight me? Baddies! Showy up!" Fale heard a laugh from a corridor, out of her view, "Hahahaha, dwarven mother used her baby as a meat shield. We goblins slit her throat, made the baby drink her blood, then slit the babys throat. Kids make great fodder!"

*Ok, so we have evil... and evil... lets fight evil!*

Fale kept hacking at the unconscious goblin child. She sent a leg flying and mangled a left upper arm as the goblin child bled to death. The goblin in the corridor continued, the sound of moving fluids and burning in the background, "Dwarven lava machine give warm welcome to immigrants! Dwarven lava machine give warm welcome to nobles! Dwarven lava machine give warm welcome to goblins..." the voice laughed, "Dwarven lava machine give warm good-bye... to dwarves! Dumb dwarves make a fortress into a volcano! HAHAAHAHA!" The next goblin child attacked, blindly following its parents orders, and Fale slashed at it. Three hits in, and a hand had been dismembered, the fourth splitting the child in two.

The goblin in the corridor spoke, "Smart goblins found a secret entrance, found the lever, turned off Dwarven Lava Machine. Goblins killed all the rest of the dwarves, one by one." The goblin grinned, and continued, "Would you like a tour of the shooting gallery, where the crossbowdwarves used your kind as fodder, before we enjoy breaking every bone in your body and sinking a bolt into every joint?" Fale was filled with anger, and yelled, "No thanksey!"

*I'll be walking out of this with a <<goblin>>!*

A fourth goblin child! Fale yelled in fury and brought her sword down below its shameless, grinning face, and stabbed it in the chest, piercing through its heart and cutting its upper spine as the sword was stopped. Fale easily pulled the blade out, and walked away. The child threw a punch at Fale as she turned,blind to its wounds, missing, but Fale spun around and laid her blade into the goblin childs chest.

**It is cloven asunder!**  
**The goblin Child is propelled away by the force of the blow!**  
**The goblin Child slams into the goblin!**  
**Arstruk Baxkuda, goblin Child has been struck down.**

This goblin adult standing on the stairwell was the goblin speaking. The goblins menacing grin turned into an angry snarl as it wiped the blood of its own kind off of its face. Fale growled and snarled, running up to the goblin, blade ready. Fale brought the blade down on the goblins left lower arm, gashing it badly, and rammed the blade into its upper body. With the strength provided by adrenaline, Fale catapulted the Goblin back in an arc, ripping its chest apart. Gripping the hilt of her sword firmly, Fale walked up to the wall. By the wall was a finely made lever, with various engravings of enemies and items melting on the wall behind it. Acting out of anger, Fale kicked the lever. The lever shifted, then broke.

Ka-KLUNK-UNK-UNK-unk-unk-unk

A sense of dread fell right onto Fale. She looked down at the active, broken lever. What she had done was irreversable. There was a deep gurgling sound.

sss-sssSSSSSSSS!

There was a crackling and sizzling sound, and the corridors downward turned a hue of blood red. Fale looked in horror. The corridors turned bright red in front, yellow in deep. Fale stepped back, quicker and quicker. Magma was rising in the corridors. It began rising, faster and faster. Fale turned and ran desperately.

There was an evil laugh. TWANG!

**The flying iron arrow strikes You in the lower body!**  
**It is broken!**  
**Your stomach has been pierced!**  
**Your spleen has been mangled!**  
**Your right kidney has been badly pierced!**

Fale nearly fell over, but the sight of the rising magma made her keep running. She could feel her shredded flesh and bones grinding, blood spurting out of the wound. Fale yelled and forced herself to run as fast as koboldly possible. In the back of Fales mind, she began to feel sympathy for the kings dead child, in a way. Getting shot in the gut hurts, a lot. Fale ran around blindly, desperately avoiding the archer. The pain proved too much, and she collapsed. Luckily, she hadn't remained out for long, when she came to, the scent of fried goblin was in the air. Her fur was nearly burning, the heat added to her pain. The magma had nearly reached her, and it was still going. Fale immediately hopped to her feet, and ran town the corridor, sideways to the flow, the magma spattering all around her, and found her original path in. She took this path out. Red flaming death persued as she made her escape as fast as her legs would carry her. She took a corner right, and turned left, temporarily forgetting about her disfigured spleen. She leapt down the ramp, and upon landing, remembered it. Pain shot through her and she almost blacked out. Shaking, she forced herself to continue on. She ran to the bottom of the hill, near the old workshops, and stopped. She turned around slowly, and watched as the former fortress erupted as if it were a volcano, spilling lava all over the hillside. The arrow had never become firmly lodged, so Fale removed it immediately, stifling a yell as she did so. She placed her hand over the wound, and walked south at a higher than normal rate, the landscape glowing and bubbling behind her, the lava slowly expanding out. She looked at the arrow. the arrowhead was crude, rusty iron, barbed and spiked to increase shredding damage. Typical goblin design. Fale coughed and thought about what had happened, grinning and snickering.

*I bet the fact that I actually RUN from things like magma and fire makes me smarter than the average dwarf.*

It was better than nothing, for laughter was the only medicine Fale had.

[ October 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **October 13, 2007, 12:45:00 am**

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Wow. Fale sure is one heck of a tough Kobold. Also, this is quite a ✨Story✨. Not much else I can say about it, since I have no critiscms.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 13, 2007, 12:50:00 am**

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And the -Updates- continued into the night...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 13, 2007, 01:11:00 am**

Thanks :)

Fale does have the Tough attribute currently, but only one level of it. The engine only set her unconscious once too, despite that. Either its RNG luck or she's tougher than the info screen would lead me to believe :p

Hmm, I think I'm even getting attached to this enough to fit the ☼Story☼ rating.

And, looking at my start and end time, I think I really did continue into the night, technically. :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 13, 2007, 01:21:00 am**

I could make criticisms, but they would solely be of a spelling/grammar nazi sort, and the errors are obviously the work of your fey mood working feverishly. Fale is one of the toughest kobolds to ever live; may her story go down in DF history and never die. :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 13, 2007, 06:08:00 am**

[insert everything that have been said about this story here, including my previous posts]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Savok** on **October 13, 2007, 11:43:00 am**

\*Eiba\*'s got nothing on ☼this☼.

Also, do you use Firefox? If you do, and don't like the Armok banner at the top, you can download the addon Adblock, right-click on the image, and select "adblock image."

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Turgid Bolk** on **October 13, 2007, 01:58:00 pm**

Opera comes with a content-blocker built in, too.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 13, 2007, 03:32:00 pm**

I never thought I'd be getting reviews that are this good :)

I'm using firefox with adblock. I thought about adblocking it but enjoying the site in its complete form is worth leaving it.  
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Fale found herself walking slower and slower. Her spleen was making it difficult to continue as the adrenaline wore off, and she was bleeding internally, her stomach and right kidney having lost their function. She knew that even if her minds determination was limitless, her body had a limit. It just had to do. Just a little further...

5 minutes later...

Fale crossed the boundry between regions and stood. Her pain dulled, the arrow wound closing up, leaving only a faint scar. She felt like letting herself fall over, feeling the best she had felt in a long time during the magic healing, but she had spotted someone among the fringes of these workshops, and was intent on speaking with this stranger. She towards this human like being. He was well dressed, stood taller than a human, and was thinner, had large, pointy ears, and carried naturally-grown wooden equipment. He spoke to Fale first, "Greetings, Kobold. I see you've taken care of the goblin problem. You're very brave for your kind, you know that?" Fale grinned in acknowledgement, and replied, "Thanksey! Whys-a alone here?" The human-like being replied, "I'm the elven investigator from the northwest continents, I was tracking a band of criminals out here but they were annihilated when the dwarves covered the hillside in magma, turning everything to ash." The elf continued under his breath, "Those poor bushes and trees..." Fale replied, "Ders crimey guys? Why elf crimey guys goes'n to da dwarf fortress?" The elf responded, "We elves have had a nasty plague of problems involving roving, organized criminals lately. Often they will confront dwarves and demand the dwarves restrict their lumber use, and when the dwarves predictably violate the mandate... for some reason these organized crime groups even count the giant mushrooms those dwarves grow... they open fire on the dwarves. This has ruined diplomatic relations and caused conflict between dwarves and our normally peaceful race. Most elves find the behavior of the criminals plainly stupid. Little do the dwarves know, though, that by annihilating these bands of aggressive elves, they're actually helping us to solve our crime problem." Fale spoke, "I'z see, ya. Ders no more dwarfs after da magma ting?" The elf pointed into the swamps, "One dwarf escaped. He looked in a bad way, but he refused any offer for help from me. I understand dwarves have had a long history of abusing kobolds, so I would understand if you never spoke with him." Fale grinned visiciously, there might be some personal vengeance yet. She spoke to the elf, "Thanksey! Bye!" The elf ended the conversation, "Goodbye, fellow creature."

Fale walked directly to where the elf had pointed. After a couple of hours, she had left the ruins behind and had continued along the river into the swamp. She spotted the dwarf in the open swamp, near a puddle of water. She walked up to him, he turned his sad face to look at fale. A sudden mixture of hatred and fear rushed through Fale, this was the dwarf that had slaughtered her family! He stood, and spoke, "Yer the one that got away." He sighed, and continued, "I know why yer here." He raised his chin, exposing his vitals, and closed his eyes, standing still, "Get it over with." Fale drew her sword and ran up to him, but slowed as she progressed, coming to a stop right next to him. Something was wrong about this. Why did he want her to kill him. He shouted, "What are you waiting for?" Fale found herself empty of the drive to slaughter him, somehow. She asked, "Why-sa kill my ma? My dad?" The dwarf sighed and replied, "I owed debts to the hammerer personally, and if I didn't pay them, he would've paid 'his respects' to my wife and my two children. I looked everywhere for enough money to pay, but I was forced to accept a quest from the human king. He would give me the money to pay my debts, if I would get rid of the nearby kobold population. I had no choice! It was to no use, the day after they tested the magma gates... I was the one who linked the lever to the wrong floodgate... I killed those two hundred six dwarves, I killed my wife, I killed my children." The melancholic dwarf posed for his death, "I don't deserve to live, and living with my evil, stupid deeds over my head is a greater torture than anything you could ever inflict. Have mercy, and kill me." Fale hesitated, and replied, "Okie." Fale pressed the blade of her sword against his neck, lining up, and sighed.

*I never thought I would see someones last request be death itself.*

Fale no longer felt fear or fury, just a cold acknowledgement that she was about to kill the object of her hatred, which in turn was in the same situation she was in, that long time ago. Fale drew back, and sliced into the dwarfs neck, cutting nearly completely through and separating the spine. The dwarf fell over, and Fale brought her sword down, finally decapitating him. She sighed, and continued walking south. She felt no joy in that. The king put a price on the slaughter of her family. Her peers were killed over money and corruption. Fale had found a new person to direct her fury towards, Gustem Izrolronum, King. The more Fale thought about it, the more she was sickened by it. Hours passed, Fale heard the typical splashing and hissing of a hungry reptilian beast, and ignored it, walking away, the beast never showing itself. Fale continued thinking. It wasn't every human. The serfs, farmers, workers, were all honest people, subject to the abuse of the guards and nobility. She continued, marking the town she had last visited as a destination. She wanted to rally support from the serfs. Day broke. Fale found it difficult to sleep. She continued south, nearing the desert. An alligator came up from behind. Fale was beginning to be able to raise her mood, and didn't want a fight to bring it down again. Fale jogged away, outpacing the alligator. Night fell.

Fale had turned her cold anger into joyful thoughts of vengeance, snickering at the thought of what she would do to the King. Day broke again, and the sun burned down on the desert. Fale approached, then entered the town. She looked through the buildings as she approached, and saw many of the serfs and guards talking about "fried goblin fortress". She still held the goblin arrow, trusting it as proof. Fale walked into the dead center of town, in the middle of day. She held up the arrow, the arrow covered in her blood, the scar of the wound still visible on her. The humans, talking about the recently vanquished goblin horde, took notice of this. The serfs stood in awe, one commenting, "It's a miracle!" Several of the serfs approached Fale, and bowed. There was nearly silence, all eyes looking at Fale. Fale took in the aura of respect from the serfs eagerly, grinning, but found it was tainted by contempt, coming from the guards who had realized... she was overshadowing all of them now. The serfs discussed among themselves eagerly, and spoke to fale, "We were going to award a title to the first hero to come to our town, and by far, you deserve it! You're a true example of kobold-kind!" There was a synchronized round of applause from every building in town. The serf continued, "You have conquered an entire goblin fortress through might and genius fitting for a grand machine of war! You have pierced the heart of the enemy, showing us the true power of the kobolds! For this, we will forever remember your name, Fale 'Siege Engine' Siegedriven, the Ageless Purple Spear!" Fale grinned, and accepted a handshake. That one peculiar guard stepped out of the bar, holding a glass of beer. She had truly earned fame, and he had not. He grunted loudly in fury, his eyes wide open as if they were about to leave their sockets. He grasped his cup so hard that it shattered, sending glass everywhere.

For the next several minutes, Fale spoke with the excited serfs. She was very happy for the first time in a long time, for she had accomplished one of her main goals. The people here now had a deep respect for kobolds, and some nearly worshipped her. The guards frowned angrily, one shouted, "BREAK IT UP! Get back to work, ALL OF YOU!" The guards entered, hands on their weapons, and forced the crowd to disperse. The serfs went back to work, bitter towards the guards. The ropes that were holding the kingdom together were under strain, and were beginning to fray, slowly pulling apart in the middle.

A maceman approached Fale.



Fale walked up to him as he approached, he was steaming with anger, bits of glass sticking out of his are iron left gauntlet. He yelled, "I'm gunna rip you to shreads, and piss on your grave!" He pulled out his iron morningstar and held it alongside his iron shield.

*You're a real dumb sh\*t. One too many glasses eh?*

He rose his mace, but Fale charged in preemptively. Fale hacked the macemans left upper leg, badly hashing it, and getting it lodged in the wound. Fale collided with him, and the drunken guard tumbled over helplessly, dislodging Fales sword in the process. Fale jumped, bringing her sword down below her with all her weight and momentum. The maceman was cut in half, the lower part of his body flying off in a bloody arc. Fale stood in a fighting stance, and commented, "In da next life, gon' lay off da sauce, okie?"

The nearby swordsman was horrified by this, and drew his blade. Fale maintained her stance, sidestepping while the guard, weighed down by his heavy gear, slowly moved closer. Fale grinned menacingly and looked into the swordsmans eyes. When he moved in range, Fale lunged forward, hacking across his chest, piercing both lungs. Fale then smacked right into the guard, face first into his armor. Fale bounced back stunned, but the guard gasped and gagged, having trouble breathing. The swordsman gave into pain and fell over. Fale hacked at the swordsmans right upper arm, hitting the joint in the armor, severing the arm. She hit him in the hand, then hit him in the upper body, her sword glancing away from his armor. Then, she brought her sword up, and brought it down on his head. Both of the swordsmans ears were damaged, an eye slashed out, the nose cut, and, as Fale curved the strike downward, the swordsman neck was broken and its throat slashed open. The swordsman remained unconscious, drowning in its own blood, and soon thereafter, he stopped breathing, bled out. Fale looked down upon his corpse and grinned. Fale put her damaged, rusty copper sword away, and salvaged out of the pool of blood, a military-specification iron two-handed sword. Fale snickered and swung it, the swords blade gliding efficiently through the air. The sword was nearly as tall as her, and it was quite unwieldy, but it was heavy and sharp.

A peasant was pinned against the wall of the building, a guard holding him. The peasant witnessed the guards attack Fale, his newfound hero. She sae her defeat them. The guard screamed in his face, "TAXES!!! NOW!" He looked into the guards face. The guards attacked his hero. The guards abused his peers. The guards abused him, and threatened his children. The guard yelled, "Pay up if you know whats good for your kids!" The guard grinned evilly at the peasant. The abuse has gone too far for too long. The ropes holding the kingdom together was on their last threads. The peasant spoke, "I got your taxes right here." The peasant bent down, as if to get something out of his pocket, distracting the guard. He then pushed the guard away, stepped forward, and punched the guard right in the face with all of his strength. Having been a farmer, he had enough strength to knock the guard down. He yelled...

"F\*CK taxes!

F\*CK YOU!"

The guard and the peasant exchanged angry stares as the guard got up, weapon drawn, Fale in the background, grinning big, standing with her brand new sword drawn.

The Anthath Siset revolution of 1050 had begun.

I dont know whether its RNG luck, or just the way the game works, but without strength attributes and with only 1 toughness, and with only a novice swordsman skill, she's kicking ass without cheating here. O.o

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 13, 2007, 04:04:00 pm**

[insert everything that have been said about this story here, including my previous posts, including the last post looking like this]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **October 13, 2007, 04:43:00 pm**

H-H-H-Hoo.... ly...  
Wow. That goes, uh, beyond ☼Story☼.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Fishersalwaysdie** on **October 13, 2007, 06:09:00 pm**



\*is imagining all this really possible one day\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Karlito** on **October 13, 2007, 07:34:00 pm**

I laughed out loud at the part with the elves. Keep it up!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 14, 2007, 12:30:00 am**

quote:
Wow. That goes, uh, beyond ☼Story☼.[/QB]

I'm basically out of ways to say thanks to comments like that, so, thank you :p

This has proven to have turned out better than I had imagined really possible.

-----  
Grinning, Fale walked through the town. She was the one on patrol now. The peasant fought to the best of his ability but was proving to be no match for the guard, who had hopelessly trapped the peasant against the wall. Seeing this act of aggression, other farmers came off the field, ran up to the guard and tore him off, throwing him down and, working together, beating him to death. Several guards were attracted to the rioting mob, and conflict ensued. Several peasants were killed but the mob won. They took up the guards weapons and stormed across town.

A projectile wizzed by, grazing the back of Fales head. Fale immediately ran behind a tree and started sneaking, going from tree to tree, trying to spot whoever was shooting. She spotted the crossbowman, but he assumed he had lost his target and jogged away, getting a vantage point to fight the mob of peasants. A lasher rounder the corner, Fale stood up full, gripping her sword. Fale walked towards the lasher in a fighting stance, the lasher showing his almost chain-like iron whip. Fale hesitated, and evaluated her opponent.

*This... might get painful... painful for him!*

Fale took the opportunity to run at the lasher, blade first, grinning and yelling with the joy of vengeance.

**You charge at The human Lasher!**  
**You strike at The human Lasher but the shot is blocked!**  
**You collide with The human Lasher!**  
**You tangle together and fall over!**

Fale looked right into his eyes, face to face, grinning, and snickered. The lasher had obviously never in his life thought that a being half his size could take him down. Fale stood up, her feet pinning the lasher down. Fale raised the heavy two handed sword, and brought the iron blade down on the knee joint of the lashers armor. The lashers right lower leg flew off in a bloody arc, and he screamed into the sky, before falling unconscious due to pain. Fale struck, and struck again, landing a hit down the lashers face, tearing through his iron helm, dislodging both eyes and slashing open his neck. Fale kicked the lashers face and walked away, her feet trailing blood. A loud roar permeated the town, screams of pain and screams of fury, weapons clashing and projectiles whizzing through the air. Fire broke out, smoke and dust rose.

**Rel Niwirdether, human Lasher has bled to death.**

Fale walked between two buildings, past a fire, and walked behind the buildings, eye out for a crossbowman. Fale began sneaking around again, going tree to tree, sword drawn, looking for anyone with a bow. The canine was hunting the crossbowman.

**It is noon.**

Fale noticed several projectiles arc through the sky as if it were on cue, and began sneaking alongside the buildings to the location of the firer. She saw the crossbowman, the crossbowman was running between buildings, going from vantage point to vantage point. He got away again. Fale realized, she might have to show herself in order to get the crossbowman to stop. Fale got to the corner of a building, and looked around. A human swordsman was standing in the open, the troop standing next to the body of a dead peasant. Fale jumped into the open, and began running towards the swordsman. The swordsman turned around, and jumped at the sight of a kobold running towards it with a sword as big as its body. Fale hacked at the swordsman, but the swordsman blocked her. Fale bounced off the shordsmans shield, and jumped back. All around, weapons clashed between the rebellious serfs and the royal guard. Fale hopped side to side, the swordsman trying to keep up in the heavy armor. Fale took the opportunity to strike, and delivered a powerful blow, right into the swordsmans shield, causing the swordsman to fall over. Fale swung, but missed the swordsman, the swordsman attacking, but Fale brought her sword around and blocked the blow with the edge of her blade, sending sparks into the air. Fale remembered her old sword, took it out, and chunked it at the swordsman. The sword flew off into the distance, sending up a plume of dust as it landed. Now fale wished she had had both eyes again... Fale kept her distance from the swordsman, coming in only to strike. The swordsman blocked her, and blocked her again, jumping back with the third attack. This swordsman was trained in using shields and armor, it seemed. The swordsman grinned. TWANG! A bolt grazed Fales back, flying off into the distance. The swordsman had just been a heavily armored decoy! Fale would have been likely shot, but some peasants, now armed, ran in towards the swordsman and sneaking up behind the crossbowman.



Fale ran between the barrow passage between a shop and a residential building, sneaking against the side of the building. she moved out of view of the swordsman, and hopped back out, running towards the end of town, making quick eye contact with and exchanging nods with a peasant running the other way. Fale got to the edge of town and started sneaking. There was the crossbowman again! He walked toward Fale, fale walked toward him, he never saw Fale.

*So, shooter, how would you enjoy getting YOUR guts pierced into?*

The crossbowman turned, and saw Fale already throwing a swing. The crossbowman jumped and yelled.

*Gotcha!*

Since the crossbowman had jumped, the blow landed on the crossbowmans right upper leg, badly gashing it. The crossbowman loosed a bolt quickly, striking Fale in the left lower arm. Fale grunted, and gripped her sword tighter. Fale swung, and the crossbowman blocked the

shot with the metal front of his crossbow. Fale swung again, the crossbowman, not as laden down as his closer ranged peers, jumped back, evading the blow. Fale struck the crossbowman on the left forearm, slicing through the leather padding, but doing little damage underneath. Again, the shot was blocked by the metal front of a crossbow. This crossbowmans crossbow seemed actually quite large. As fale brought her sword back, the crossbowman tried to swat her with the butt of the crossbow, but missed. Fale quickly brought her sword down onto the crossbowmans right forearm, but the same result happened, torn leather, but little damage underneath. The crossbowman ratcheted the large crossbow twice, imparting little tention to the bow. The crossbowman fired as Fale raised her sword.

**The flying iron bolt strikes You in the left hand!**  
**It is badly pierced!**

Fale grunted loudly, the bolt falling out of the wound and to the ground. The crossbowman ratcheted back another bolt, this time ratcheting it several times. Fale found it harder to grasp the sword, but was intent on finishing this. Fale brought her sword down to the ground, in preparation for bringing it up into the crossbowmans abdomen. Fale looked up, and found herself staring down the body of the crossbowmans locked and loaded crossbow. The front of the crossbow only a few inches away from her forehead, Fale smiled defiantly at the crossbowman. She bumped the crossbowmans arm, causing the bolt to be loosed, flying away into the distance. She brought the sword up, grabbed it again with the other hand, and added force to the swing, slashing deep into the crossbowmans chest.

**The human Crossbowman's left lung has been pierced!**  
**The human Crossbowman's heart has been pierced!**

Fale stood tall, the sword raised directly above her, blood flying out of the chest of the screaming crossbowman. Fale stopped the motion of the sword, and reversed it, bringing it down.

**You hack at The human Crossbowman in the head with your iron two-handed sword!**  
**It is cut!**  
**The human Crossbowman's right eye has been slashed out!**  
**The human Crossbowman's nose has been cut!**  
**The human Crossbowman gives into pain.**  
**The human Crossbowman falls over.**

**Quogub Sanaenil, human Crossbowman has bled to death.**

No longer would the 'firing squad' be executing peasants. Fale sheathed her sword, and leaned over, picking up the oversized crossbow. To her surprise, the crossbow was an experimental contraption, a fusion of dwarven, elven, and human technology. There was a small magnifying glass mounted on it, and the body was long enough and the mechanisms complex enough to spend several minutes winding it up to a ridiculous tension. If the crossbowman had had the time to build up to the true maximum power of the crossbow, a single shot would have likely caused one of Fales body parts to explode in gore, so she thought. On the stock of the crossbow was an enscription in gold, reading "Big F\*cking Crossbow 1000". Fale snickered, and wore the heavy device on her back, stuffing the dead crossbowmans quiver in her backpack.



The sheer weight of the convoluted iron monstrosity of a weapon slowed Fale down quite a bit, but that was of little matter now. The yelling and clashing died down, replaced by a loud, defiant cheering. The body of the swordsman was raised up, impaled on his own sword. The serfs cheered, having defeated the guards on patrol. There was still the problem of the guards in the buildings, just not caring about the world outside of the stone walls. These complacent guards would have another concern. The town brewer passed out bottles with bits of rope reed cloth stuffed in the top to random people in town. Fale slid the iron bolt out from the wound in her arm, then dropped it. It hurt quite badly, but it was far from the worst that could've happened. The brewer reached Fale, and handed her a bottle. People were lighting the cloth and throwing the bottles at or inside of the buildings the other guards were in, the bottles exploding in fire on impact. Fale walked up to a fire, lit hers, then threw it the best she could. It flew down a hallway and exploded at the end, apreeding fire into the nearby rooms. The buildings went up in flames, the guards inside being cooked inside of their thick armor. None made it out. Fale grinned at the burning building menacingly, the light from the fire reflecting off of her eye, giving her pupil a red glow.

*Revenge is a dish best served a la flambe!*

The first battle of the revolution had been a victory. The serfs-now-rebels cheered, referring to Fale as their liberator, and several of them walked up to her. One spoke, "So, where to now, leader?"

*Leader? Me?*

The rebels listened eagerly. Fale spoke, "Err, hmm, sendi fighty guys to da other towns, start da fight der at da same time, keepy da royal army busy, see?" The rebels nodded, and began delegating who would travel to what town, and discussing when exactly the strike would begin. The rebels discussed with Fale how it would take several of their best warriors to start trouble in the capital, and Fale replied, thinking about the situation, "I'za go der alone! Many guys maki many target for da baddies." The rebels agreed, and trusted Fale. Several of them were amused by Fales odd language, though none doubted the abilities of their hero. After the plans were finalized, the delegated warriors left for the wilderness, including Fale. Fale headed southwest through the deserts, the scorching heat burning down on the sands, and burning down on the scorched village behind. Behind those large hills ahead lay the capital. Fale thought to herself, behind those hills lays her fate, for better or for worse.

-----  
It took a lot of restarts to beat that crossbowman, though XD

[ October 14, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 14, 2007, 12:51:00 am**

Dayum...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 14, 2007, 01:12:00 am**

This is one of the more interesting and question-raising examples of how creative license and actual events cross with each other, even though the actual events are only happening in a game which anyone could play and attempt to mimic. :p



I try to keep a good mixture of creative license and 'actual' events. :p  
Basically, if it's bold, it was on the screen, and pictures are unedited.  
Although I'm not saying I never cheated. (I on[ly cheat if I get her into a truly impossible situation, which has so far only happened once, and might happen in this update, making the total for the whole story 2)

-----  
Fale continued southwest. Night fell, and not even the wild animals interrupted Fales journey. The sun rose again as Fale approached the capital. Fale slept just outside of the capital that day, the agreed upon time for the strike being sunset. It was raining as Fale awoke, the sun in the eastern sky. Fale continued into the capital, the sun low in the eastern sky. It had stopped raining. Fale pressed herself against the wall of a building and began sneaking. She would have to hide the crossbow somewhere, it would be unwise to try to fight while burdened with such a weight. Fale reached the corner of the building, looked, saw a clear path, and ran to the next, sneaking across its side until she reached a tree. king out from behind the tree, she saw an open clearing to pass the main road, she darted across and hid against the looming walls of the castle. Fale snuck around the side, planning on depositing the crossbow behind the castle. She looked up...

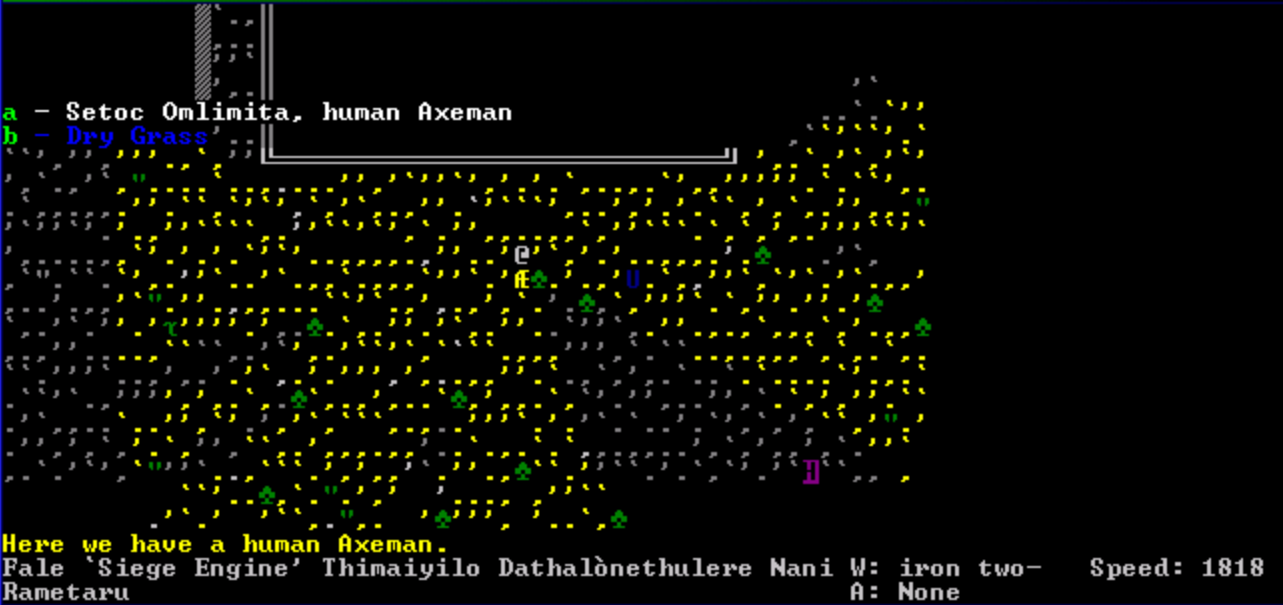
BUMP!

**You've been spotted!**

Fale jumped, and quickly drew her sword, slicing the hammermans face with the same motion. Up through the neck, the hammermans throat was slashed out, and his skull pierced into. Fale, not wanting to get swarmed, hacked again at the hammermans leg, the force snapping the bone. The hammerman fell over, tried his best to hit Fale, if nothing else to slow her down before he died, but Fale jumped back, causing him to miss. The hammerman gagged, and drifted out of consciousness due to pain. Fale grunted and hit the hammerman 3 more times, the third splitting his kneecap and severing his right lower leg. Fale left, and continued sneaking against the side of the castle.

**Nocam Ujacopnut, human Hammerman has bled to death.**

Fale rounded the corner, and continued around back. There were no bushes here, so Fale found a tree, and hid the crossbow and the bolts inside of the tree. Footsteps approached. Fale walked out from behind the tree and looked.



Fale moved to the other side, the axeman moving toward fale, grunting loudly, axe raised. Fale struck preemptively, but the axeman put his axe behind him, holding his shield with the other hand, blocking Fales shot. Another axeman was approaching. Another strike hit the axemans thick armor, glancing away. Fale backed off, the axeman ran up to her again. Fale thrusted the heavy sword, piercing the axemans armor, the sword travelling into his chest.

**It is badly gashed!**  
**The human Axeman's left lung has been pierced!**  
**The human Axeman's heart has been pierced!**  
**The human Axeman's liver has been badly cut!**  
**The human Axeman's upper spine has been badly cut!**  
**The iron two-handed sword has lodged firmly in the wound.**

The axeman gagged, and looked down, seeing the sword protruding out of his chest. Fale leaned back and pulled with all of her strength, yanking the sword out. Blood poured out of the wound. The axeman stumbled a couple of steps and fell over, never to stand again. Fale turned to face the other axeman. Fale stood in a fighting stance, unmoving, the axeman approaching. Fale grinned, and ran towards the axeman. The axeman stood still, afraid to move. Fale snickered and backed up again. The axeman moved side to side as she approached Fale.

**You strike at The human Axeman but the shot is blocked!**  
**The human Axeman counterstrikes!**  
**The human Axeman hacks at you in the left hand with her <<copper>>!**  
**It is cut!**

Fale stifled a yell and growled, blood running down her arm. Fale stepped back, the axeman advanced. Fale hacked at her, but she jumped off to the side, landing hard clad in heavy armor. Fale backed off, and attacked as the axeman approached. The axeman turned, causing Fale to miss. Fale missed again the next time, the axeman missing a counterstrike. This axeman seemed to be strong and rather skilled at using armor, the weight of the iron suit having a lessened effect on her. The axeman grunted, "I've trained for over 3 years, I am a master of axe, armor and shield, what makes you think you stand a chance, kobold? Haha, you can't even get through my shield!" Fale replied, "Luck, 'cause I'za gunna try!" Fale sidestepped, the axeman trying to line up for a swing. Suddenly, Fale drew back her sword, and trusting luck, missing one eye, threw the sword.

THUNK!

**The spinning iron two-handed sword strikes The human Axeman in the right lower arm!**  
**It is broken!**  
**The human Axeman loses hold of the -copper shield-.**  
**The human Axeman attacks You but You jump away!**

The axeman grunted loudly, "My shield arm!?! YOU...!" Fales sword fell to the ground, the axeman ignoring it and leaving it. Fale walked back, leading the axeman away, sidestepped around, and then stepped back. The axeman realized her own critical mistake. Fale picked up her sword once more.

*Glad you decided to stop hiding behind that shield! Now, lets fight!*

Fale grabbed the axemans shield off the ground, and threw it at the axeman. The shield struck the axeman in the chest. The axeman had the wind knocked out of her by her own shield, her liver and upper spine being bruised. The axeman coughed, having trouble breathing, but brought her halberd down anyway. The axeman missed Fale by a narrow margin, Fale taking the opportunity to thrust with her sword. Fale missed the axemans head, and missed her arm, but continued all the way down, striking the axemans left foot, breaking it, spraining the joint, and mangling two toes. The axeman fell over, and Fale stepped back. Determined, the axeman dragged herself after Fale. The axeman held up her axe desperately, parrying three blows, interrupting the fourth with a swing.

**The human Axeman hacks at You in the left lower leg with her <<copper>>!  
It is badly gashed!**

Fale nearly yelled out but stifled it, limping back. Three more of fales blows were parried. Fale grunted loudly and growled, bringing her sword down on the axemans right elbow.

**The right lower arm flies off in a bloody arc!  
The human Axeman gives into pain!**

Fale sliced off the axemans right upper leg, and hacked the axemans gut with all of her strength.

**It is broken!  
The human Axeman looks sick!  
The human Axeman's entrails shoot out through the wound!  
The human Axeman's pancreas has been broken!  
The human Axeman's right kidney has been badly cut!  
The human Axeman's lower spine has been broken!  
The human Axeman is propelled away by the force of the blow!**

Fale watched, grinning.

**The human Axeman vomits.  
The human Axeman vomits.  
The human Axeman vomits.  
The human Axeman vomits.  
The human Axeman vomits.**

**Ared Iddimsporro, human Axeman has bled to death.**



Fale knew that there were a multitude of ways that could have ended in her bloody death, yet Luck had provided her with a path leading to victory. Fale looked around. Various bits of axeman were scattered, gore and blood covering the area around her. Fale walked over to the deceased axemans corpse, and began dragging it, guts trailing behind. Fale dragged it against the castle wall, and stood still. Another axeman was approaching. Fale snuck along the castle wall, and stood still yet again as the axeman yelled in fury at the sight of his dismembered peers.



He yelled between the buildings, "We got a rebel somewhere over here! Sound the alarm!" Bells went off. Fale continued around the east wall of the castle. It looks like the fight was starting early for Fale. The guards and serfs stopped and looked at the front of the castle. There was Fale, standing in front of the castle, raising the mangled body of a dead axeman above her, guts drooping down from it. Fale threw the corpse at the ground near an Acacia sapling, and lit it.



The guards and serfs stood silent. On top of the roof of the bar, a crossbowman was taking careful aim, iron sight pointing out an arc streight through Fales head. The guards were about to attack the rumored slayer of the ettin, the Ancient purple Spear, hero of the northern towns. The serfs knew that their living folk-tale hero was about to be attacked by the very same people that abused them. The serfs weren't about to allow that to happen. The crossbowman allowed the crossbow to remain redting upon the edge of the structure. He pressed his finger firmly against the trigger, waiting for the moment to fire, and from above a glass mug came down on his head, shattering, knocking him unconscious. The drunk threw the crossbowman over the balcony, the crossbowman slamming into a patch of rocks with a satisfying crunch. A weaver picked up the crossbow, and fired, sinking the bolt into the head of an approaching guard. The guards changed their course, running at the rebellious serfs. A farmer pucked up the dead guards mace, and atacked the group from behind, the weaver-now-rebel-crossbowman loading another bolt. Fale ran across the front of the castle, and ran between it and another building, travelling back to retrieve her equipment. Someone to her side yelled, "DYAAAAARGH!" Fale turned, it was the axeman that had called for the sounding of the alarm. Fale drew her sword. Fale stepped out in the open and waited, standing in a fighting pose. As the axeman approached, Fale struck, cutting the axemans forearm through the armor, and stepped back. The axeman raised his axe and ran at Fale, yelling. Fale brought her sword low and trusted, breaking the axemans foot. The axeman toppled over, axe sinking into the dirt. Predictably, the axeman dragged itself toward Fale, and Fale greeted him with a blade to his right forearm, badly gashing it. The next shot was desperately blocked, but the axeman lost consciousness, nearly yelling constantly in pain. Now that the yelling was silenced, Fale brought her sword down on the axemans foot, but the sword simply glanced off of the armor. She drew it back up, holding it pointed streight downwards, and brought the tip of the blade through the axemans chest.

**The human Axeman's right lung has been pierced!**  
**The human Axeman's heart has been pierced!**  
**The human Axeman's liver has been cut!**

Fale pulled her sword out, and sheathed it, walking away as a pool of blood expanding around the nearly dead axeman.

**The human Axeman regains consciousness.**

Among the intensifying yells and clashes of the fight between the serfs and the guards, a sickening scream pierced the air.

**Sporro Isingethac, human Axeman has bled to death.**

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 14, 2007, 03:16:00 pm**

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Fale snickered. She continued back to the tree and retrieved the crossbow and bolts. She moved as quickly as possible around the side of the castle while ratcheting the string of the crossbow.

**Night is falling.**

A bolt wizzed into the alley, striking the castle wall by Fale and ricocheting, sending sparks into Fales face. Fale heard a ratcheting sound, and spotted the immediate threat in the distance.

:p

And yeah, fighting the king without manipulating the situation a bit was basically impossible. Oh well, I tried not to be too lame :p

P.S. I had to break this up because it says I was exceeding 8 images, even though theres only 7 here.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 14, 2007, 04:04:00 pm**

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This has turned out really well; I must insist you keep writing.

I am a bit curious as to what precisely you picture a kobold as/used as your reference for the picture, though. I tried googling pictures and most of the actual game pictures (on the first page of results, anyway) showed them as reptilian (although I know they've also been represented as canines). It's sort of strange how creatures that get used so often can differ so widely depending on who you're talking to/what you're referencing.

Also, I like how you interpreted some of the more \*complex\* combat maneuvers. :p My inner stickler grumbles about how it'd be acceptable in-game if it was just obvious that that was what was going on, but like the minor errors that would be easy to edit out it doesn't really hurt my enjoyment any.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 14, 2007, 04:13:00 pm**

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I don't have any words for how awesome this is, I'w run out'f 'em. :(

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 14, 2007, 04:21:00 pm**

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Well, when imagining them, I basically think of them as kind of like humans in the general shape, 3 to 3.5 feet tall, 3 toes, covered in brownish fur, a dog-like head, and claws on fingertips and the tips of toes. Kinda stout, in a way, but it only gets anywhere near to the way dwarves are if the kobold is very strong. Yellow eyes with perhaps reddish irises depending. Kobold quests icon for kdbquest.exe kind of looks like how I imagined their head, but that's a very small image. Originally I imagined them with doglike tails, but there is no :TAIL bodypart in their raw entry, so I left that out when picturing Fale.

I've still got one update to go to conclude it, and then I have a sequel in mind. But, today is the last day of break, and that means my opportunity for consistently rapid-firing updates is closed after today... well at least for the next couple of months :D

As for the combat maneuvers, I try to process the situation in full 3d with real-time physics, using my brain :p

[ October 14, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 14, 2007, 05:12:00 pm**

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One question; will the sequel use the next version, or the same Fale in the same world?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 14, 2007, 05:15:00 pm**

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(Semi-spoily)

The sequel involves Fales child in the same world, in fortress mode. In fact, I have a lot of ideas in mind that would go beyond the confines of DF and into pure imagined story. Of course, all of the foundations would be in DF and the DF universe would still be honored. It would probably be a lot simpler to use the old version, especially because in order to advance the plot, in some cases I would *need* to use some utilities.

[ October 14, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 14, 2007, 06:13:00 pm**

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F\*\*\*ing EPIC! Just... just... DAMN! You beat Urist, but you had them rapidfire updates on your side. This is a -----STORY-----  
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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 14, 2007, 11:22:00 pm**

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Thanks, and this turned out way better than I ever imagined. If it weren't for peoples comments, this story would have been just another forgotten idea, but here it is.

Thank all of you for your support :D

Now, I need to conclude it.

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The revolution had begun on the 26th of Granite, 1050. On the 27th, Fale became the new queen. The fighting had ceased on the 5th of Slate, 1050. The serfs were victorious, and the oppressive empire was overthrown, replaced by an empire under Fale Siegedriven.

Fale had no experience in leadership, but often talked to people for advice and knowledge. She had trained herself from the combined knowledge of the people by the beginning of 1051. By 1052, much of the empire had been rebuilt. Fale gave much of the old kings possessions back to who they belonged to: the people. The 27th of granite, Fales first day as queen, became a new national holiday. Under Fales rule, taxes were low and efficiently used. No longer were the peasants abused. No longer were the peasants serfs. Everyone had a job and everyone was paid fairly. Merchants found little need to pursue corrupt paths, and honesty triumphed. For the first time in aeons, it seemed, the people were happy.

In late 1052, Fale became more and more involved in the world political scene. Fale decided, on the 14th of Opal that year, to lead a patrol against corrupt activities in person. Over the next 4 years, Fale led many campaigns of military and diplomatic struggle, driving the goblins back from their criminal actions, and working with the elves to eliminate the criminals, which resulted in one of the first battles to be fought almost exclusively with ranged weapons. Rumor has it that Fale led the group in as the front, riding through a barrage of bolts, and in the end defeating the elven criminals with minimal losses. It was also during this time that Fale attempted to merge kobold and human societies. This was nearly a complete success. The kobolds it turned out were just about on par with the humans, and the humans, having found a deep respect for kobolds, welcomed them into their towns. There was a small group of humans though that were intimidated by their new peers, and, in some cases forcefully, drove the kobolds out of towns. This was widely regarded as criminal activity. Her venture against the evils of the world earned her global respect. The elven criminal element crumbled and for the first time in over 1000 years, dwarves and elves were completely at peace. Conflicts among human peoples ended as trade flourished and productive activity outpaced criminal activity. Kobolds became widely accepted. The world seemed at peace, and Fale was able to bring everyone to respect one another, almost. She was never quite able to get the goblins to accept the rest of the world. She did, however, accomplish for the first time in history, a peace treaty with the goblins that was honored on both sides. By 1060, war had nearly become a topic only for historical discussion, as the world seemed, for the first time in history, truly at peace. Even elephants returned to their peaceful nature. Fale settled back in at the capital after the long journey.

Fale left the doors of the castle open to anyone who wished to visit, be them a drunk, a noble, or anyone else. The castle became sort of a civic building, rather than exclusively her home. She entertained all equally with the stories of her adventures, and often joked with those around her and danced for anyone who was willing to play music. Fale showed up to many activities that her people held, the only activity that never quite worked out was once when she was asked to supply someone more competent for guards to spar with in the barracks. Fale fulfilled this request by showing up in person, but the guards were afraid to spar with her.

Fale never asked for much more than simple food and supplies, but the people voluntarily provided much more. As a custom, they melted down the coins bearing the image of their former tyrant, and forged new coins, bearing Fales image on the front, and the image of a victorious crowd of rebels on the back. As a gift, in thanks for their liberation, the people constructed a life sized statue of Fale, depicting her holding a sword in one hand, sword softly resting, tip on the ground, and, with the other hand, raising a scroll, on the scroll was listed Fales achievements, as an adventurer and as a leader. She was depicted with her characteristic grin, a grin of peace and acceptance toward those out to make the world a better place, and a grin of menace and fury toward those who would cause corruption and evil.

Over the next two decades, arts and sciences flourished. Towns expanded and new facilities, adapting technologies of other races, such as aqueducts and tree-manipulation, made life much easier. Several monuments were constructed during this time. Although Fale grew older, slowly, but inevitably, her heart, mind, and soul never aged a day.

Having settled down by 1060, Fale had her only child in the summer of 1062. The prince often showed an odd curiosity about simply everything. Unlike his mother, the prince had little interest in melee combat, or combat in general. He persued intellectual goals despite the lack of any long established educational facilities. The only ones around were newly founded and yet to build up. Despite this, he always found a way to satisfy his curiosity, and seemed to prove himself more intelligent than the average human. Some say this unheard of path was due to a desire to benefit the world, some say it was due to his lineage, a small portion of which traced back to a lost species of inventors known as the Gnomes. At the age of 18, he finished a book regarding his insights and published it. The book described unheard of maths involving the slopes of lines and areas under curves, and how to apply it to understanding the world around as it is and where it's going. This earned him many awards and high respect among the intellectual community. When asked about how he sees such things in the world, he described his frame of mind as "unusual and somewhat eccentric." Indeed, the prince often demonstrated his Gnomish lineage in his hobbies, building devices of unusual design that performed tasks that nobody had ever thought of before.

Historians everywhere documented the adventures and leadership of Fale, as well as the insights of her son. But a small group of humans were consistantly bitter over the merging of kobold and human civilizations. They were hardly a threat, but they were formulating a plan. It came to be on the 1st of granite, 1080. It was a cold winter night that night, for the first time in many years, it actually snowed in the desert of the capital.

Fale was inside, reviewing a law document, checking to make sure it was truly fair. 6 crossbowmen entered through the open gates, exiting the snow. Fale looked at them and greeted them with a smile, "Hello der! Ders warm water downstairs, if you'd like." They didn't respond. A moment later, they readied their crossbows, aiming at Fale. Fale immediately stood up, but noticed her foot was stuck to the ground with some kind of adhesive. A sense of gloom fell over Fale as she realized, this was it. She held the document down in front of her.

*I'm grateful that I lived this long... it's really too bad you can't be grateful too.*

They loosed their bolts, the 6 bolts simultaneously sinking themselves into Fales body, piercing the law document as well, pinning the paper to Fales guts. Fale looked down, and tried to scream in pain, but nothing came out. She fell over onto her side. A sense of deep cold overwhelmed her, she tried to take in a breath, but her body refused to function. She felt her pulse no longer. Her strength drained quickly, and her head rested against the ground, eye open, a pool of blood forming around her. Her vision faded to white. The pain seemed to dull away as her senses were filled with white silence.

*Goodnight Fale. This is your consciousness, signing off for the last time.*  
*Goodnight Consciousness, you have served me well. Thank you. Truly.*

White turned to black. Fale felt as if she was opening her eyes... eyes? She had 2 again. She stood up, and found herself invisible, seemingly as light as a feather, her dead body below her. She felt cold and clammy in this state. She shivered, and looked over towards the assassins. 5 of them left as if nothing had happened, but 1 remained, hidden behind a table. Fales son walked in, arms full of various tools and papers. He saw her corpse. The tools made a loud racket as they hit the floor. He ran up to her body and yelled, "NO! Mother! What happened?! No, you CAN'T be dead! You can't!" He knelt down and covered his eyes, weeping, saying "No" under his breath over and over. Fales spirit walked up to him, knelt down beside him and hugged him once again. Fale spoke, although only the spiritual entities could hear her, "I love you. I promised you I would give you a gift for your birthday, and I still will."

*Once a necr... no, I'm probably better off a ghost than a zombie.*

Fales spirit stood. If it weren't for the limitations of her state as a spiritual entity, she would have shed tears herself.

The crossbowman hiding in the corner stood. Fales spirit yelled, to no avail, "NO! LEAVE NOW! IT'S A TRAP!" The crossbowman laughed, "I'll shoot you dead like the dog you are." The prince looked up, jumped in fear and immediately turned to run. The crossbowman fires, hitting the prince in the arm. The prince yelled in pain, grunting and biting his lip as he ran away. He ran up the stairwell, and ran to Fales personal room. He knew that it was no longer safe here. He pulled the bolt out, yelling in pain again as he did so, and dropped it. Shaking, he took Fales old backpack, stuffed the world map and a few of the most important things that reminded him of her in the backpack, and quickly left. The crossbowman was walking up the stairs, a big smile on his face. The prince ran up the second stairwell, and found himself on the roof. He darted from one end of the roof to the other and back again, but there was no ladder down. He stood on the edge of the roof and looked back at the stairwell, the crossbowman coming up, laughing. The crossbowman yelled, "Gotcha! This is gunna be fun!" The prince looked around frantically, closed his eyes, let out a deep breath, and lept backwards off of the roof. He fell 2 stories and became embedded in snow on landing. He was stunned, but when his senses returned proper, he began digging himself out. As he resurfaced, bolts flew by him, sinking into the snow next to him. The other crossbowmen were on rooftops, taking aim at the kobold prince. He ran as fast as his legs would take him, out of town, and into the open desert. Even though he was had just become a true adult and was beginning to move in life on his own, he was still his mothers son, and Fale was his best friend on top of it. He said to himself as



he ran, "No, this can't be. Not even hell itself will stop me from speaking to my mother!" He felt his heart was missing a piece, now. He continued, leaving the capital behind. What he did afterwards is a subject for a different story.

Fales spirit stepped through the wall during this, and witnessed the whole thing. She looked down, and sighed. She felt nothing... except someone or something tapping on her shoulder. She turned around, and saw another spiritual entity that seemed to resemble a skeletal kobold. Fale said, "Yer death?" Death replied, "Why yes, the Luck ladies and I had a lot of fun testing you these last 30 years, and we're quite impressed. Extremely impressed. I hope you had fun cheating me, you were really rather clever! Follow." Fale responded, a hint of anger in her voice, "Whysh'd I follow you?" Death responded, "My job is to arrange transportation for spirits between earth and the other planes. If I didn't do this, you would be stuck down here, a mere shadow of energy, for all eternity. You've earned yourself an express ticket, my friend." Fale asked, "My family, my dying, iss you?" Death replied, "No, that was completely the idea of earthly beings, my business isn't causing death, it's keeping the world free of haunting ghosts." He mumbled, then spoke, "You really did me a personal favor in getting rid of the skeleton queen back there. Those skeletons and zombies think they're all that. You sure showed them a thing or two. Now, follow." Fale accepted, and followed death away from the castle. In the snow rested what seemed to be a steel box of sorts. Fale walked into it after death did. Fale asked, "Which way'sm I going?" Death replied, "Are you kidding me? You kicked the sh\*t out of evil and corruption! You've got an express ticket streight up." Death pushed a button on the wall of the steel box, marked with a sideways 8, the button lit up and the doors closed with a rumble and a latch. There was a humming, and the box seemed to accelerate, departing from the familiar world. Fale looked around, and asked, "Whas this?" Death replied, "Ah, its an ingenious human invention called an 'elevator', they came up with the idea in the late 1800s to help with getting up and down their skyrisers." Death looked right at Fale, and continued, "I'm sure you'll be hearing all about it." Death placed his face close to hers, and whispered into her ear, "Don't let Armok know I told you about this, but you and your son in for one heck of a surprise down the road." Fale seemed puzzled, and asked, "... 1800s? Iss 1080! You got a zero in da wrong place!" Death asked, in return, "Do you know exactly what time it is?" Fale replied, "Erm, I lost track." Death concluded, "You needn't concern yourself with such trivialities as time as of now."

That day, the 1st of granite, new years, the day of the assasination, became a national day of mourning. Day rose, and day fell. The assasins were cought, and executed. Weeks passed, months passed, the nation continued without Fale, but seemed lackluster, as if something were missing. Leaders came, leaders died, empires rose and fell. Settlements became towns, towns became cities, cities became ruins, ruins became dust. Civilization progressed through the aeons, expanding, pioneering new realms and new technologies. Through the bright days of innovation and liberty, and through the dark ages of warfare and hardship, wherever civilization went, they carried with them the story of their legend, the one who brought the message of justice and liberty, the one who vanquished evil and brought peace, liberty, and happiness. In a multitude of languages, on a multitude of medias, amongst multitudes of people, the story of Fale Siegedriven, hero of the Golden Age, was never forgotten.

-----  
Writing this story was in and of itself an emotional roller-coaster ride for me. I was more attatched to Fale than I had ever been to any other computer character before, even my creature in B'n'W.

A song that my friend made, in my opinion a ☼song☼, the melody of which just reminds me of Fale, her adventures, and her personality.  
<http://www.newgrounds.com/audio/listen/100408>

I'd recommend ignoring the graphics display and just focusing on the audio.

Maybe I just have an odd sense of melody but this song, coupled with writing this story, elicited some of the strongest emotions I'd ever had when doing a project. In fact, I think I found myself more involved in this project than any of my previous ones.

Thank you all for your support. If it wasn't for this community, these ideas would've just been forgotten, but here it is, finished.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 15, 2007, 12:10:00 am**

Bra-f\*cking-vo.

I await the sequel with bated breath.   :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 15, 2007, 12:19:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by BDR: <STRONG>Bra-f*cking-vo.
I await the sequel with bated breath.   :)</STRONG>

Yeah.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 15, 2007, 05:11:00 am**

\*cries tears of both joy and sadness, truly moved\*   :(  
This is definitely the best story ever, in all time, in the all the multiverses.

Death told her about the secret? Damn, how did he find out about that!   :mad: At least he got the elevator to finally work.

I... I do not have words, you, AlanL, has left Armok wordless.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 15, 2007, 10:06:00 am**

I'm really glad you all enjoyed it, I think it's the first real rp/fan-fic story I've ever released, and it turned out better than I imagined (how many times have I said this already?   :D

As for the sequel, I'm not sure how purist people tend to be. Some of the foundations for what I have planned for the story are either impossible in or not simulated in DF, so in order to truly bring the whole plot to work, I'd need to use a lot of creative license and use utilities every now and then. Some of the story would end up being purely written, not based on events in DF. I'm not sure if people would mind that or not. Almost all of the simple or conventional stuff would take place in DF though, and the DF universe would be honored where it applies.

[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 15, 2007, 10:29:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>I'm really glad you all enjoyed it, I think it's the first real rp/fan-fic story I've ever released, and it turned out better than I imagined (how many times have I said this already?   :D
As for the sequel, I'm not sure how purist people tend to be. Some of the foundations for what I have planned for the story are either impossible in or not simulated in DF, so in order to truly bring the whole plot to work, I'd need to use a lot of creative license and use utilities every now and then. Some of the story would end up being purely written, not based on events in DF. I'm not sure if people would mind that or not. Almost all of the simple or conventional stuff would take place in DF though, and the DF universe would be honored where it applies.



[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]</STRONG>

Write the story as in your mind, do not be constrained by mere facts of the game.  
Cheatsy as muths as ye wantsi!  
The game is as of not yet completed, let not those very few impurities of incompleteness pollute this masterpiece.

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 15, 2007, 10:56:00 am**

Sounds good to me :P

Currently I'm still brainstorming it, and also, since my break is up (the only reason I'm posting right now is because I'm home sick), I won't be able to fire updates as if they were coming out of an elven bow. But, I should be able to start relatively soon.

edit: Some interesting facts after the matter

-The title the game gave Fale was clipped off the screen. I used my interpretation of the clipped version, but I later found out the actual title and it was something not as cool :p

-It took a few tries to get the screenshot with Fale throwing the kings corpse.

<SPOILY>  
-There are some hints scattered around about the sequel, and one section that will be mirrored in it  
</SPOILY>

-I had to give humans a negative [DAMBLOCK] to make the last fight work right at all. The guys armor was just too tough. The damblock was reset when Fale got the mace though.

-I discovered that not all guards are generated equal, some are n00bies, some are nearly elite.

[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 15, 2007, 03:32:00 pm**

I second the request to not allow yourself to be constrained by the actual capability of DF in your writing. You've shown that your creative license is well worth taking already. :p

Forgot to ask this, but.. gnomes in the lineage? How'd that happen? I mean, sure there's the obvious 'when a gnome loves a kobold very, very much..', but how'd that in particular come to pass? (I could probably guess, but I want to know...)

[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: BDR ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 15, 2007, 03:52:00 pm**

Well, I guess I could get away with saying that a long time before the event, one of his fathers ancestors had strange tastes, and met a gnome with similarly strange tastes. Despite being different species somehow it worked anyway. You can fill in the blanks. The kobolds lived on and the gnomes were wiped out (probably competition from dwarves or by force from goblins). I think you'll find that even though the gnomish portions of his lineage are rather small (a lot of time passed), it still shows :p

Actually, I left out just how gnomish lineage got in there because I didn't want people to think too deeply into it and get grossed out or anything XD

Edit: If you're referring to how the kobold and gnome actually would've got together, I never really thought about that. Theres a chance that gnomes and kobolds respected one another and had a lot of trade etc. in the 'old days'.

[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 16, 2007, 05:50:00 am**

See, peculiar taste occurred to me, but I wasn't *\*quite\** sure that was it and nothing else; the only other explanation coming to mind, however, was that *\*way\** long ago the different sapients weren't quite as "separated" biologically as they were when this particular story started, allowing breeding to occur. I guess the bigger question in my head is what the deal is with fantasy race biology in this case; both kobolds and gnomes might be humanoid mammals, but does that really mean they can breed, and if so what does the genetics of the various races actually look like?

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 16, 2007, 06:00:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by BDR:  
<STRONG>See, peculiar taste occurred to me, but I wasn't *\*quite\** sure that was it and nothing else; the only other explanation coming to mind, however, was that *\*way\** long ago the different sapients weren't quite as "separated" biologically as they were when this particular story started, allowing breeding to occur. I guess the bigger question in my head is what the deal is with fantasy race biology in this case; both kobolds and gnomes might be humanoid mammals, but does that really mean they can breed, and if so what does the genetics of the various races actually look like?</STRONG>

But kobolds are canines (in this story) and gnomes are primates (they look very mutsh like humans)! :(

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 05:46:00 pm**

Kobolds might be canine or canine-like, but they're bipedal and intelligent, like their ape-like peers. I could either say that they got lucky and there was just the right combination of genes to make a working child (it would've had to have ended up essentially a kobold physically speaking, otherwise it would be more difficult for it to act within kobold society, and also, assuming the mother was a kobold, it probably wouldn't have worked otherwise), or I could say that it happened because different laws of genetics apply to these creatures rather than the creatures on Earth. :p

Edit: And as far as them getting together, again, since at the time it was unlikely that kobold and gnomish society were merged or living together, it would've probably been something like love at first sight on a trading run, combined with odd tastes. About them being less distant in the past, I'm thinking that this would have happened in the range of a century or two beforehand, not millions of years.

Edit II: I think this is funny that this has become the primary discussion topic after the end of the story :p

[ October 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 30, 2008, 01:12:00 am**

I have to agree with Impending Doom... it is nice to see this thread again. Also nice to see the two side by side. It's been a long time since I've seen this thread up...

It's nice to remember the days when adventure mode was merely the prototype for handling 3d, and when abandoned fortresses were partitioned into 3d segments semi-randomly.

Thanks again, all who supported me here.

Edit: I just had to take an image of the threads being side by side on the forum list.

I realize this constitutes a double post and a necro... if it isn't justified, just let it drop.

[ January 30, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 30, 2008, 02:39:00 am**

Of course it's justified. If it's not I'll give up my nobility!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **February 13, 2008, 05:21:00 pm**

The greatest part of this story (Yes, I know this is weird.) But is the fact that it had a solid ending, and the Main character died. Even if it was in the epilogue. Now to start reading KQII

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Metal Chao** on **February 18, 2008, 12:04:00 pm**

It was alright.  
I was expecting better though, it isn't as good as everyone made it sound D:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **February 16, 2009, 12:55:26 pm**

Wow this was really good.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Kel the Oblivious** on **February 22, 2009, 05:46:45 am**

I laughed, I cried, I fuckin' saved this thread so I could enjoy it later.

You truly are one of the best storytellers this forum has been graced by, and I hope you will bestow us with more, one day.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest**  
Post by: **Eric Blank** on **February 26, 2011, 08:55:57 pm**

My only real complaint is that quite a few sections of the story appear to me to be missing (everything regarding the ettin up until she roles into town with one of it's heads, and quite a lot before that as well. The actual fight with the king and such before the epilogue is missing).  
does anyone actually have the entire thing saved?

I particularly like how her son's father isn't even mentioned, she just randomly has a son like some whore. :P

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Dwarf Mode Discussion => Topic started by: AlanL on October 15, 2007, 07:21:00 pm

Title: A Kobold's Quest II  
Post by: AlanL on October 15, 2007, 07:21:00 pm

I really enjoyed the success of the first one, and people want the sequel, so I'm starting on it :)

Edit: Link to the first one: [http://www.bay12games.com/cgi-local/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get\\_topic&f=12&t=000218](http://www.bay12games.com/cgi-local/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get_topic&f=12&t=000218)  
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Blitikus Siegedriven, son of Fale, prince of an empire, had narrowly escaped assassination. He ran, his own state was no longer safe for him, and his mind wanted to run for days but his body reminded him that his stamina was less than infinite. The sun was rising, it was the second of granite, and Blitikus found himself walking alongside a road, northward. His family was dead, his home was a death trap, and he found himself with little direction except the direction in which he was pointing. The empire was located in the southern deserts, according to the map, and Blitikus thought that his best chance of escape would be northward.

Several hours passed, and he passed through the sandy deserts, following the road. He heard the clip-clopping of horses hooves behind him, and turned to see a wagon coming up the road, heading north. The heat had made him rather dehydrated. He saw the wagons large store of water, gestured for the wagon to stop, and the human driver stopped the wagon by Blitikus. He walked up, and asked, his speech containing a nearly Russian accent, "Hi, would you mind if I helped myself to some of that water?" The human driver said nothing, turned to his side, and then stood, turning to face Blitikus, holding a crossbow. He aimed it at Blitikus, and said, "Why hi there!" Blitikus recognized him, he was one of the crossbowmen on the rooftops the night of the assassination. Blitikus turned and ran behind the wagon, hiding against the tailgate. The crossbowman walked out of the drivers seat and stood atop the barrels.

*These guys are out looking for me!? Damn they're determined, but not as determined as I am.*

Blitikus darted around the side of the wagon as the crossbowman loosed a bolt, which struck Blitikus in the back through the backpack, seeming to land bluntly, and not pierce somehow. Blitikus jumped into the drivers seat and drove forward. The crossbowman, still busy ratcheting the crossbow, wasn't able to keep a footing and fell out of the back of the wagon. Blitikus turned the wagon around sharply, and brought it on a course to run over the crossbowman. The crossbowman jumped off of the road, landing face first in the sand as the wagon rapidly rolled by. A bolt impaled itself in the wooden side of the wagon with a loud 'SPAT!', failing to continue through to the wagons new driver. Blitikus turned the wagon around once more, and accelerated north rapidly. As he passed the crossbowman, he yelled, waving at him, "Thanks for the vehicle!" Blitikus drove away at high speed, a bolt ricocheting off of the sparse metal frame of the wagon. Blitikus almost jumped at the sound of it.

*Well I guess now I can add Grand Theft to my accomplishments list. Serves him right, and when they catch him and execute him, by Armok it had better be slow and painful.*

Blitikus growled and cussed under his breath. He didn't know IF the assassins would ever be brought to justice. He swore that if they weren't dead by the time he returned, then he would do it himself. For now, he needed to leave the kingdom, otherwise he would be risking his own death. He was unarmed and having never been interested in using weapons before, would hardly be able to defend himself with one anyway. Somewhere out there he would find the means and resources to crush those who murdered his mother in cold blood. His anger cooled into sadness once more. Somewhere out there he would find the means and resources to speak with his mother again. She was dead and the only way for the living to speak with the dead was through magic. At least, thats what was spoken in rumors. He would not let death come between him and his best friend, his mother. He sighed, and continued. There were several boxes and barrels loaded into the back of the wagon. At his side he found what seemed to be a diary of some sort, picked it up, and read it. It read, "We've finally gotten all the loot together from raiding the abandoned dwarven fort, and tomorrow we get to sell it on the northern black market (that dwarven booze sure fetches a high price). Since we're the only criminal group in the whole kingdom, nobody will compete with us (can we say 'rich as f\*ck?'). So what if most of those goodie two shoes peasants won't buy from an illegal market, the northern end is a port for international trade. Little do the rest of the gang know that I'll be pocketing some of the coinage, and they will never know, the dumb f\*cks. Thats what they get for f\*cking up and letting the damn prince get out of the castle alive. Sh\*thead." Blitikus sighed angrily, tore the paper up, and threw the scraps into the wind. He looked into the back of the wagon. There were stocks of food, dwarven booze, water, and some pieces of dwarven equipment in the back.

Blitikus continued north. Several days passed on the road. Blitikus let the horse and mule stop to graze every day, often while he slept. Blitikus left the deserts, moved north through the swamps, and further into the grasslands. He had successfully left the nation, but now there was no reason to stop. He would just keep going until he found a reason to stop. He continued through the grasslands, forests, and deserts as he traveled between an ocean and a mountain range. The road became degraded, and connected often to ruins, but Blitikus always chose the most northward path. He traveled north alongside and over rivers, passing through a valley, through rocky deserts, through swamps and grasslands. He looked through the world map and picked a spot northwest of him to head to, going through a valley, and eventually reaching an area near the north pole. He passed from the scorching environments to the south, through the warm and temperate middle latitudes, to the chilly upper latitudes. The roads became proper again as he passed towns, buildings oddly built, of a foreign human civilization. He just kept going, trying to use up as little food out of the wagon as possible, foraging for what he could find on his own. He passed through a water-logged valley, almost losing the wagon into the water passing through a canyon. The horse and mule slowed as they entered freezing tundra, continuing past the end of the road. They slowed further in the snow and chill of the ice-covered lands. Across the smooth glacier, through a canyon under towering mountains, Blitikus found the spot he had chosen. He entered the region, the wagon traveling through the snow alongside a mountain face. This was a region hardly explored at all, inaccessible to all but the most determined. Blitikus felt that this was not a suitable place to be, and wished to turn around to take refuge in the foreign human civilization, but the horse neighed in frustration, and refused to move any further. Well, this is what Blitikus had headed for, as north as north got. Blitikus was lucky that he had clothes and his own fur to stave off the cold, but, he realized why the loyal and stoic horse and mule were now refusing to go any further. They were freezing to death. There was no way for Blitikus to move the wagon on his own, meaning he was now stranded by the mountainside on a glacier. He had eaten through quite a bit of the food on his way up, but was luckily left with some remaining. Outside of the wagon, and outside of himself, this place had no food, no shelter, no liquid water, nothing to offer, except eventual death. Blitikus freed the horse and mule, and looked at the snow-covered wagon and the sheer cliff face before him.



Eventual death, yes, perhaps... Blitikus retrieved the dwarven iron pick axe from the back of the wagon, and walked up to the cliff face, intent on making some shelter of his own. He had dug a bit as a youngster but unfortunately was no expert at it. He lacked provisions but he had intelligence and skill on his side. His hobbies gave him skill in many fields, and had a knack for the more mechanically oriented trades. Like his mother, he was tough and highly agile, although his mother still was quicker than him, and although he could shrug off quite a bit more than the average intellectually-inclined person, he wasn't as "tough as nails" as his mother. But, he often worked with heavy equipment and was the apprentice of a metalsmith, which gave him strength. He would need strength if he was going to leave anything more than a small hole in the cliff face. He thought that that would probably be the case anyway.

*Time to dig my own grave.*

Blitikus snickered, the fog of his breath rising into the air. At least he had the honor of dying at the hands of his own mistakes rather than being shot dead by assassins. And when it was over, he would be with his mother again... but he had yet to die. In fact, despite the odds, it wasn't even a complete guarantee.



He raised his pick axe, and brought it down on the wall. Something hard flew into his face, striking him in the nose with quite a bit of force. He grunted and stepped back a couple of steps. There was a rock resting in the snow in front of him that hadn't been there before, and it matched the mark in the wall. The rock had been dislodged by Blitikus' pick. Not a sign of good luck. He rubbed his nose and sneezed into the cold air, but shook it off and continued digging. His emotions were getting to him. He sighed, took out a flask, and drank some of the dwarven booze. It was, almost by definition, a booze as hard as the mountain itself. Blitikus knew it wasn't the best idea, but at least it would help him put aside his sadness and focus on digging.

[ October 17, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 15, 2007, 08:45:00 pm**

What the hell... How did you get this started?

EDIT: I mean, how did you start this story already. Still...

[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: Xotes ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 15, 2007, 08:47:00 pm**

I already had the general bits of it in mind when I was writing the first one for one, and for two, I was out sick today, so I had a lot of free time and figured why not :p

Edit: I hope it wasn't a bad idea. I was originally planning to take a break but I felt like writing.

[ October 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 05:40:00 pm**

Sorry to double post but, am I messing up here? I really hope posting early wasn't a bad idea. If everything's OK, I guess I'll continue later, if not, then I guess I'll try to fix whatever's wrong.

[ October 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 16, 2007, 05:59:00 pm**

You insane?.Keep posting!.Argh you have forced me to createing a account just to knock some sense into you.Keep makeing things epic around here!.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 06:28:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Bringer of Ironic Deaths: <STRONG>You insane?</STRONG>

Probably not :P

Just making sure everything was ok :)

And someone made an account just to talk to me? O.o

(must not let it go to my head, must not let it go to my head)

XD

Thanks for replying :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 16, 2007, 06:51:00 pm**

It also brings a ironic end to let things go to you're head :D.  
Please bring upon us a update at least every 2 days.Or we shall go crazy with boredom till Toady One release's the next version of DF [A very long time from now.]

[ October 16, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 06:55:00 pm**

I'll try to get in fairly regular updates, although I am no longer On Break, meaning I wont be able to spend all day at my PC, but I should be able to get one a day.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Pitchblack** on **October 16, 2007, 06:55:00 pm**

I read the first half of the first story with fale, but skipped to the end due to time constraints.

from what i read that was Epic, and with this it Should Be even more EPIC.  
Heres to the young prince, lets see if his skills will let him survive on a glacier :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 16, 2007, 07:02:00 pm**



Well he will becuae he will be able to use exploits and save scum to his hearts content for the epic story he will unleash will surely not be stoped by mere restrictions!.Also,as a request,dont make the little kobold defenceless,and relie only on traps,or cohorts to fight off enemys.Its far more interesting when the protogontist can kick ass...like his mother.

[ October 16, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 07:11:00 pm**

<sorta>

He won't rely on traps, except for one event that I have in mind. In this specific event, he has a good excuse though :p That event is quite a bit down the road though. He's an intellectual guy, so he'll probably prefer tactics and ranged weapons to hack 'n' slashing. Besides, ranged weapons fits his russian accent in a sorta stereotypical way :p

</spoil>

And plus, I wont be lame and cheat unless I really need to. Most of Fale's story I didn't cheat in except for some save scumming (quite a bit of it was no cheats at all- sometimes I think the character was destined to be tough and lucky, she did a lot of fighting heavily armed guards with novice swordsmanship and low stats). The reason I save scummed was because power leveling up to multi-legendary status doesn't make for a good story :p

Edit: And also he won't really have cohorts, since immigrants don't like the idea of hoofing it onto a glacier... they tend to never come.

[ October 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 16, 2007, 07:13:00 pm**

But of course.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 16, 2007, 07:17:00 pm**

Still, it's simply amazing that you wrote that (as a dwarf would put it) sublime story, and managed to get started on this one almost immediately after.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **BDR** on **October 16, 2007, 07:52:00 pm**

Ah, didn't notice this before. A good start; don't worry about proper timing, we know it will be gold even if we're a little late to the party! ;)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 07:59:00 pm**

I still feel driven to write. I've been attached to computer characters before, such as my B 'n' W creature, but I think Fale set a new record. It's like she's a part of me in a way, and that's a first. I guess letting a combination of 1s and 0s and processor cycles become something so emotionally involving is one of the things that helped me put together such a story in the first place (thinking about it can still bring up such strong emotions that it brings me to tears). I often use that song I mentioned to keep this feeling alive in me. Strange thing is, my stories before that in other places and rps have tended to only be o.k., and now I find myself making stories of such a calibur as this. If there was any R.L. equivalent to a fey mood, I might've experienced it when making that story. I don't want to try to brag or anything, I just find it hard to explain what I felt when writing it. I find that I really enjoy this, and so have picked it up as my only hobby for now :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 16, 2007, 10:56:00 pm**

Here's the next one:

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Blitikus, his emotions quieted by alcohol for the time being, kept digging and digging. His scratches on the mountainside became deep marks, those deep marks leaving more and more vacant space until there was a tunnel into the cliff face. Blitikus expanded the tunnel into the mountain at a slightly downward angle. After digging a sufficiently deep hole in the ground, he stopped. The food outside would soon be ruined by the cold if he just left it out there. He took a rest, pondering the situation.

*No, I mustn't allow myself to be slowed. Sooner or later, I'll meet death anyway, but I can't just cave in, it would be a disgrace. I want to continue as long as I can. My mother would want me to continue as long as I can...*

He raised his head, and walked outside. He grunted as he picked up a barrel, and moved it inside. One by one, he moved it all in. There were few barrels left. Most of the supplies had been consumed while traveling, and there was only a portion of the food left. Luckily, Blitikus was only one kobold. A little food can last a long time if rationed properly.

He dug further into the mountain, without exactly knowing why. He just dug, if nothing else than to keep his mind off of the subject of his mother. It was relatively slow, and he found he was a somewhat sloppy with a pick axe, but he managed to get through the rock and dirt. He noticed different types of rock on the way through. The rocks seemed oddly colored as he continued, brownish. The oddly colored rock squeaked in a metallic sound as he struck it. Blitikus felt his sadness clear. He had expected to find nothing out here but death, but maybe, just maybe, he had found something more.





Cassiterite...

He found a feeling of achievement. He looked down, and smiled at his pick axe. Maybe there was something out here for him after all.

*Fale, you suffered the loss of family, and that drove you to your destiny. My mother, may your death drive me to mine. You succeeded against all odds in the harsh, unforgiving wilderness, you fought many a foe, faced death many times, took many injuries, but in the end, you brought light and peace to this world. You fought with infinite bravery, starting stranded in a foreign world with nearly nothing but determination. Here I start, like you, stranded in a foreign world with little other than my own determination.*

He looked down upon his pick axe, and managed to smile, a tear falling to the floor.

*But I do have a pick axe, and a knowledge base. Greatness may not grow on ice, and destiny will not take root here, but I have other means. I shall hew my destiny out from this very mountain! This mountain will provide my fate, for better or for worse.*

He looked back up at the wall, and swung again, over and over, cassiterite falling from the wall before him as he chipped away at it. He was making a shelter where none was, and he would make whatever else he needed despite what little he had. He was producing his future, he was producing a home, and immediately, for the first time in his life, he was producing ore. He remembered his apprenticeship with the metalsmith. Ore can be made into bars. Bars can be made into tools. Tools can be used to provide everything needed for life. Things were finally looking up.

*If I live to ever reach such means, I will build monuments in your memory, mother. May they stand for all eternity, a symbol of what you have done for me, what you have done for us all.*

His smile widened, and the feeling of awaiting vengeance lit up his mind like the fire in a forge.

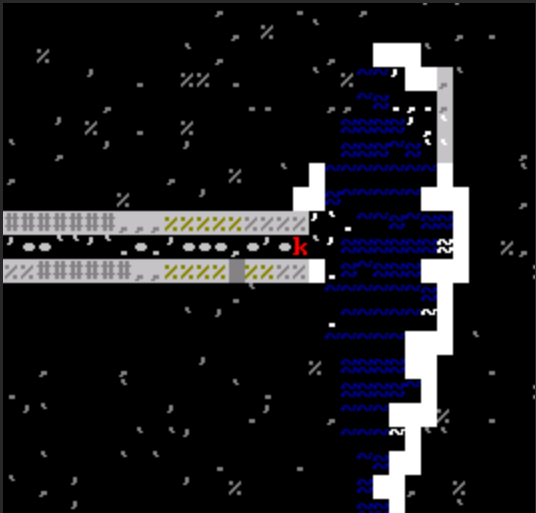
*May I build the means to tear those who murdered you limb from limb... literally!*

A vengeful grin appeared on his face at the thought. He dug further, and noticed an abrupt change in the color of the wall from grey to white. He identified it as limestone. Quite a beautiful mineral, he thought. Beautiful, like the honest and just deeds of his mother. He sighed. Again, he found sadness, but no longer was he awaiting death. He had found a mission.

*May I build the means to speak with you again, mother. Somehow... I must. Death will not stand in my way unless he delivers me to you in person!*

He dug through the limestone, and proceeded through the rock to another layer of stone. The newly dug cavern howled as a snow storm roared outside. More limestone. More ore! This mountain was full of metal. Blitikus dug eagerly, but as his mind cleared itself of the alcoholic fog, he began noticing little errors in his technique, and began to correct them. The door of the tunnel provided little light, but as Blitikus dug deeper, the bitter cold lessened, until the mountain provided comfortable warmth. Once again, his flying ambitions were tempered by bitter reality. Liquid water was needed for life, and without life, Blitikus wouldn't last long enough to build anything greater than his own meager grave. He kept digging. Limestone hinted of the precious resource of water, but taunted him with its absence. Somewhere in these mountains there must be a source of hope, a source of...

The stone crumbled before Blitikus, and he peered into a cavern. The glistening beauty within filled him with relief. He thought he would live the rest of his utterly short life without ever seeing such a symbol of a living world again.



He let out a long sigh, and closed his eyes in silent prayer.

*Armok, when you made this region, you must have looked ahead in time and saw me here. I don't know why you want me of all people to survive out here, I don't know what you intend for me to do, but thank you.*

Unfortunately, this beautiful flowing mass of runoff from seasonal glacial melting presented a major navigational hazard. Blitikus could not tunnel over it as he could not dig straight up, and he could not tunnel under it without caving himself in. He would have to bridge it somehow. He remembered his mathematics, his ideas in physics. An arch was the best shape, and could be made with anything solid. Nothing around was more solid than the stone itself. He walked back up the tunnel, his kobold eyes slowly adapting to the dim light, and picked up the nearest boulder. His strength proved useful. He raised it, and, hauling the heavy weight over a rough floor, made slow progress in getting it to the edge of the river. When he finally managed to get it over to the river, he thought about how using boulders as is to build a bridge would be ridiculous. He brought his pick axe up, and struck the boulder. He chipped cracks in it until he had split the boulder into many pieces, barely suitable for any construction, but it would have to do. There was not enough, he would have to get another boulder. He sighed again and proceeded back, hauling the heavy siltstone boulder over to the pile of stone. He broke the boulder apart as he had the last. There was barely enough, but it was still enough. He worked with efficiency and determination, carefully stepping through the shallow points of the water and sinking stone into the wet muddy floor. An hour of struggling against the river, and he had established the bases of the columns. Another hour later, he had raised the columns. Carefully, he put the stones in place, one by one, reaching the other side 2 hours later. The bridge was shaky and rough, but it was heavy and withstood the current of the river. This was his first achievement in this mountain... one of the worst bridges he had seen. That wasn't the point though, the point was that it worked, for that's all that mattered. Blitikus rested for a while, then got back to digging. If his mothers death was his sole drive, then he would have attempted to dig to the center of the world, but he also had a drive to survive, and he knew he would have to establish the basics first. Somewhere to rest, somewhere to work, and somewhere to make food. He always felt like continuing deeper and deeper despite that.

My mother, my best friend, I swear that if I ever get a real chance, I will dig through hell to speak with you again.

Blitikus' mind was still as eager to dig, but his body began to find it more difficult to drive the pick. He found himself reminded of his thirst. He replied to his thirst by walking back to the front of the tunnel, and quenching it with a large dose of dwarven rum. Drunk and relieved, he made his way back down the tunnel, and continued. He felt his muscles becoming exhausted with the labor, but felt his muscles actual capacity expanding, slowly, bit by bit, but surely. This experience was making him a stronger person, literally. He dug a short tunnel past the river, and stopped. He stood back and thought, laying out a floor plan for his dwelling in his mind. Several minutes later, he solidified it in his mind, and raised his pick axe, setting out to solidify it into the mountain itself. He wanted to recreate his home, but, for the time being, designated one room for every immediate need. One for resting, one for working, one for making food. It was meager, but it would at least allow him to survive long enough to do something of value.



He began to dig out those rooms as he had laid them out in his mind, but alongside of those thoughts, he remembered his childhood with his mother. He was a prince, but he wasn't raised as if he were a human prince. Like his mother, he used to often interact with people of all professions and status levels, and wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty. As he chipped through the rock, dust filled the air. It didn't get much dirtier than this. His blood carried many traits over from his mothers blood, but, he hoped that it also brought him the courage and inner strength that he would need to make it. He excavated the rooms out of the stone, his determination gladly accepting assistance from alcohol in giving him the strength to make his plans come true. He was amazed at the speed that picks allowed one to travel through stone, even as inexperienced as he was. Perhaps something was magical about the mountain itself. Perhaps dwarven picks are a miracle of technology. Either way, exhausted, Blitikus finally managed to carve out room for the basics. He didn't know if he would die or live to achieve his goals, but either way, he would meet his mother again. His mind wandered as he rested, imagining the possibilities of magic and technology that could let him achieve his goals, but the immediate still claimed his attention. He would sleep on the floor if he had to, he had chipped the rock into fine chips in the room designated for producing food, he would bring water in an empty barrel if he had to in order to bring water to the soil, and he would till it with his pick axe. It's not unheard of for great things to start off simple and plain, thought Blitikus, but whether it be through great achievements, or through death, he just wanted to be able to talk to his mother again.

[ October 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 17, 2007, 04:45:00 am**

I am in awe, everything I said about the previous story also applies to this one, a fey mood must truly be the only explanation!

On the practical side maybe you should edit the first post to include a link to the previous story, just in case.

Awesome, just epic awesome!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **October 17, 2007, 05:01:00 am**

I might be repeating what has already been said, but this really is an incrdible story. It's much like Urist's story, except for the motive of the character. I'm waiting for the next part!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Necro** on **October 17, 2007, 10:52:00 am**

I have been reading this, and the last one, but haven't made any comment so far. Shame on me. I'd just like to say that your story deserves at least a ⌘, and I think we should all sacrifice virtual dwarf children to your honour. Not sure if it would help you any, though.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 17, 2007, 11:07:00 pm**

No sacrifices needed, if I wanted that I would play normal DF :p

I put a link up top to the first one.

I'm really glad I can do something to hold peoples attention while waiting for the new release :p

Also, there might be some things that are awkwardly or flat out unrealistically timed in the story due to the time abstraction present in DF.

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Blitikus rested, and pondered the bridge. Rough stone wouldn't do for anything serious. If he wanted to pursue his goals without losing his life, he would have to start with a simple upgrade: somewhere to refine the stone. He finished his rest and got up, assembling a masons workshop in his mind. He left, and picked up a rhyolite boulder, hauling it into the work-room, intent on assembling the workshop in reality. He put it down and hacked the boulder apart. Then, he cleared a space by rolling other boulders out of the way. He put the fragments of the boulder back together in a variety of shapes, making a simple stone hammer and chisel, and creating a flat surface with stone fragments and gravel. It was actually far from flat, but it was better than the cave floor. Immediately, he knew what to do. He grabbed another boulder and brought it back, breaking it up. Then, he set the broken fragments down and chipped away at them. It was a dull task, but not one he was unfamiliar with. A while later, he set the resulting blocks down, and stood up. His first workshop was makeshift crap. It was time to make something worthwhile for a change. He pulled the random stone fragments apart, disassembling the workshop Then, he cleared the area away. He took his newly produced blocks, and began assembling them together, making a surface that was truly flat to work upon, and actual working-grade equipment to go with it. Upon completion, he stood back and smiled proudly at his work. It wasn't ideal, but he had produced something himself in these harsh lands that wasn't crap. He thought, hopefully he could produce a living that wasn't crap, if he wished to live. He stood and continued his thought. Much could be done with stone despite it being a primitive material. He had produced a surplus of blocks, and used the leftover stone and blocks to ptoduce a second workshop, for working with wood. There were no trees in this barren place, but he could tear down the wagon outside and recycle the wood, crafting something to sleep on that would at least be better than the cave floor. It occurred to him, given enough time, if he had the resourcefulness to keep alive for the next few weeks, he could make this mountain truly his home, and even be relatively comfortable in it. He was about to walk outside, when he realized... a bed would come later. Now he needed food if he wanted to take the path of living, and he knew that that was the path his mother had chosen. It would be the path he would choose, in her honor.

There was the problem of irrigating the settled dust in the food production room still. He could do as he thought earlier and take a barrel and move the water by hand. Then he could lose the barrel in the swiftly flowing river and starve to death. He began thinking of alternatives. The river was swiftly flowing, and that meant, with proper encouragement, it could be temporarily be made to flow into the cave. This was a job for some kind of machinery, as attempting to channel the river directly would likely result in Blitikus drowning in the river. His workshop room was proving truly too small, as it was full with two work areas in it. He would need a third to produce the mechanisms that would be needed to channel the river. He took up his pick axe and began expanding the room. He remembered reading a dwarven book on mining tips on the way north, and in it was mentioned a general rule of thumb, "If it's more than seven body lengths from both sides to their opposites, the ceiling'll be just about guaranteed to fall on your head." Blitikus kept that in mind, and left a stone pillar in the middle, supporting the ceiling. After digging out more room, he took stone into the masonry workplace to make more blocks.

He picked a random boulder, but as he was shaping the blocks, he realized he could make much more of this simple stone. Doors to seal off the rooms, and flood gates for channeling the river. They would be heavier and less efficient than their metal ideal, but they would do. He chiseled as the sun passed outside, finishing the blocks and continuing, turning worthless raw stone into nearly worthless but functional equipment. He produced 3 doors and a working floodgate out of the nearby boulders. He didn't even rest. Immediately after, he cleared the space behind the masonry workplace and carefully crafted simple mechanical tools from the nearby stone, making the blocks into suitable tools and a usable workbench. Immediately thereafter, he picked up a boulder and brought it into the brand new workplace, proceeding to make a lever and the mechanisms to link it to the floodgate. He paid close attention to his work, refining the mechanisms in every detail. It had been his lifelong hobby, tinkering with machines and mechanisms. From mere stone, he produced exceptional mechanisms that would easily move the heavy stone floodgate. He found his next task, and began to install the floodgate and the doors, digging room for the lever he had made. He worked tirelessly, his work keeping his mind focused as the alcohol began to dissipate in his system. He took a short break to eat, savoring the slightly freeze-burned meat, and finished up with the floodgate. Afterwards he followed his meal up with another drink. The sparse supplies becoming readily visible once more, he reminded himself of the situation. He must work. He retrieved the lever from the mechanics workplace and fixed it to the floor near the farm room. Then, he walked back, adding a groove into the wall for the floodgate to slide in and attaching a strong stone hook to it. The hook was controlled via a line which, by several pullies, was eventually connected to the lever in the other room. The lever wouldn't be able to raise the floodgate all the way but it would be more than enough to flood the farm room.

He hammered the last pulley into a socket he had made in the wall, and fed the line to the lever. After the hook up was complete, he pulled the lever. The pulleys squeaked, the floodgate moved, but the farm room was still hollow. Something wasn't working. Then, he realized his mistake. The floodgate had an outlet on the other end that had to be controlled by a second floodgate. Slightly annoyed with his own mistake, he proceeded to carve up a second floodgate, smaller than the first, place it, and, using the same pullies, link that to the same lever with newly carved mechanisms... well, partially. His mind benefitted from the labor, but his body had become exhausted. Almost blurry-visioned from tiredness... he just called it quits for the day, and lay next to the lever. It was rough stone, but at least it was a little smoother than the stone elsewhere.



He let his exhausted body finally tend to itself, and shut his eyes, slowly but soundly falling asleep. That day he drempt of home. The home that he once knew, the home that he couldn't return to, yet. Several hours later, he awoke, the dream taunting him so much he wondered if it could actually be called a nightmare. He got up, and grunted. His body's strength was restored, and he was ready for another day of trying to survive.

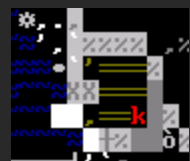
*No, I WILL see my home again, I WILL see my mother again.... somehow, at some time.*

He looked back at his mechanisms linking the floodgates, and smiled. They were simple, and they were incomplete, but they were the product of his skill, they were working machinery. He was left stranded, but now he was showing the first signs that he could actually do this. He finished the linkage, and pulled the lever. It took more force than last time, but the result was far, far more rewarding.



It worked. It was a small first step, insignificant on the grand scale, but his machine had channeled the river and applied it as he wished. He had completed his first step in taming the mountain with mechanisms. Blitikus returned the lever, and the floodgates fell into their original position. There was a flushing sound as the water receded.

He walked over the bridge and out of the tunnel. His eyes had adjusted to the inside, but it was night. He let out a deep breath, the breath taking on a foggy form as it escaped, the aurora visible above. He had intended to take in a few good deep breaths of fresh air, but it was deathly cold outside, so he quickly returned back in, shivering. He crossed back over the river and walked into the farm room. The bone dry dust was now lush, moist soil. Blitikus took his pick axe, and tilled it until it was fit for growing things. There were strange spore-seeds in the dwarven equipment, likely from the purple mushrooms, and he would try to plant those. He finished readying the soil, and proceeded to the front of the cave to get the seed. Blitikus had never before farmed, but he was quick to figure things out and planting seeds was straightforward enough. The task was made inefficient by the distance from the seeds to the field. He made a note to himself to move the stockpile into the inner cave. On the bright side, Blitikus was now producing his own food. He returned to his stockpile to drink, and continued. Time passed, and more and more of the indoor farm was marked with the row of a growing mushroom. The dwarves had long bred their staple crops to be as space efficient as possible, and little room was required to sustain one person.



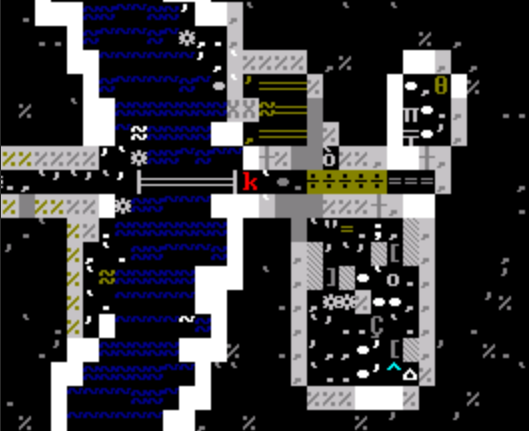
It had been gradual, it had been tedious, but it had been done. Food was on the way, Blitikus just had to let nature finish the production process. He smiled upon the beautiful fields, for now he knew, he had a very real chance of surviving as long as he wanted out here. His spirits raised from his accomplishments, he turned to moving the food to the bottom of the tunnel, placing it conveniently in the hallway, piece by piece, stopping for a meal during the task. He was seriously running out of food, and hoped that nature would work swiftly despite the harsh climate. He also stopped for a drink. While sober, he found himself slowed by sadness, while drunk, he found himself sloppy rather than slowed, but at least he didn't feel as bad. Dwarven rum wasn't on specifically short supply, but that wasn't important. Despite him starting to have a habit of drinking the stuff, he wasn't dependent on it, and wouldn't particularly mind drinking from the river if he were to run out.

After the hauling had been completed, he took his pick back up, but set his sights on something other than striking down solid rock. He would strike down the wagon, and recycle the wood. There wouldn't be much, but it would be all that he would be able to use, and as far as he knew, all that he would ever be able to get on this glacier. He walked outside, and hacked at the thin metal frame, nearly nothing more than wire, that held the wood together. He disassembled the wagon, and managed to salvage three logs worth of wood in total. One logs worth he would use to make a bed, another he planned on using to make charcoal. He would need fuel to make any kind of metal bars or crafts. He would also need some starting fuel with which to make coke, if he were to ever strike any coal. If he never found coal, he wouldn't be able to make use of the ore anyway, but he wagered that this mountain was truly mineral rich, and would provide him with what he needed. He took one of the bundled logs-worth of wood and brought it back in, dragging it behind him. Wait, what was this?



Blitikus peered through the slightly ajar door and smiled both on the outside and on the inside. Despite having never farmed a day before, it had worked. He was no longer short on food. Food was now limitless, as long as he was able to till the fields. He continued, dragging the wood into the carpenters workshop, where he shaped the wood and assembled a bed from the planks of the wagon and stone nails. He then moved the frame into his bedroom, and fastened it to the floor. On it he used thin layers of smooth gravel as padding and pillow. He finally had a real room to sleep in. Next, he brought stone into the masons workshop and chiseled out a chair and table, stopping to harvest plants. He placed them in his room, fixing the table to the floor, and then harvested more plants. The purple mushrooms smelled sweet and fresh as he picked them. He stored the mushroom and walked to the edge of the river, and looked back.





He stood in front of his achievements. No longer was this an icy prison, this was a second home. The mist of the river drifted in from behind him, and he smiled. He has made real workable tools and workplaces, he has a room to live in, eat in, and think in, he has constructed this mountains first fully functional machine, he has grown food and now has more plants than what he arrived with, all before the arrival of summer. He has a home and a future. He found himself in a new relationship with nature as well. Nature provided raw materials and simple necessities, and he refined them into constructs and worked from the energy in the food. Nature also provided the only code of laws under which Blitikus would have to abide. Luckily, Blitikus was knowledgeable in those laws and knew how to use them to his advantage. He had a home, but he would have to go further, and deeper than that, eventually.

I get the feeling that I'm going a bit on the slow side, but in this case it's going to end up starting slow probably. As things move on it should pick up.

[ October 18, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 18, 2007, 01:19:00 pm**

C-C-C-COMBO BREAKER!!!!

Seriously, though, very nice. Blitikus does seem real, and I like the way he thinks.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 18, 2007, 01:45:00 pm**

[insert the usual praising here]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Pitchblack** on **October 18, 2007, 05:35:00 pm**

can i ask how you made a kobold fortress and how i can make one?

I know it requires modding but my skills at modding are near non existant.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 18, 2007, 07:14:00 pm**

Here's essentially what I did:

- 1)Go into your entities file, and find the dwarf entry. Note it has the [CIV\_CONTROLLABLE] tag. This means that the game will use this civ for mountain halls and fortresses. Cut the tag and paste it in the kobold entry, so that the game uses kobolds instead. I discovered earlier that due to the lack of tags, this makes dwarves basically disappear from world-gen unless you give them a different tag.
- 2)Kobolds are by default very low tech, with little ability to craft things. In the various item files, there are tags you can refer to to give item-production abilities to the kobolds. I wanted them to be as capable as possible, so I copied the dwarfs clothes/item making entries and pasted them over the kobold ones. Also, world generation will crash if you don't tell it what word classes to use and not use in site generation.
- 3)Review the kobold creature file. The game considers them only partially intelligent by default. Get rid of the civ and learn tags and replace it with a full fledged [INTELLIGENT] tag. Of note also is that they are size 4 rather than size 5 like dwarves, they are nocturnal, and also, they have the [BONECARN] tag (which also hints that they're canine :p)

[ October 18, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 19, 2007, 02:19:00 am**

Well, IIRC, you can have 2 or more civs with the [CIV\_CONTROLLABLE] tag, and it'll select 'em from random, so, dwarves could still technically have lived there.

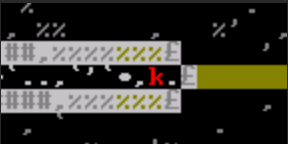
Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 19, 2007, 11:37:00 pm**

Yeah, I just wanted to make real sure I wouldn't have to abandon worlds between the two stories, since technically the only reason they're 2 different stories is because they're 2 different characters and 2 different game modes.

Again, thanks :) I tried my best to make Fale more than just bytes and cycles, and I'm making the same attempt for Blitikus. Glad its working :D

Nature would tend to his home, and he would have a place to sleep when he was tired, but for now, he wanted to tunnel further. He thought, maybe if he tunneled deep enough, the light at the end might be his mother waiting for him...

He took up his pick axe, and walked back to the end of the tunnel, burrowing it even deeper. Shortly after he continued, he knocked down a pillar of rock to view a beautiful, shiny substance behind it.

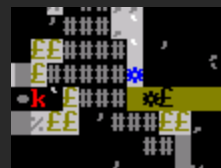


**You have struck silver!**



*Beautiful metal. Beautifully useless. I would be better off with copper! Although, if memory serves I could make anti-sickness barrels with it. It might help me live longer some day.*

He made a note of the substance, and continued. The tunnels reverberated with howls from incimate weather outside. Blitikus payed close attention to his digging, and found his speed increased as he brought his form to decency and began finding ways to exploit defects in the rock. More cassiterite. No malachite to go with it. The howling continued... but was it from the outside? The dull sound increased from below and before him until finally, he turned, collapsing a wall and yelling as he nearly fell off the edge, staring down into a seemingly bottomless fissure in the mountain.



A wind howled through the nearly perfectly dark expanse, the cold breeze passing right through Blitikus' fur.

*If I misstep here... I'll count the falling time and see if I can calculate the depth in my head before I impact!*

Blitikus' snickered at the morbid thought, but, something shined, refracting light on the other side. This shine brought a smile to his face, and warmed his blood through its gnomish components. Those were gems on the other side of the chasm. Blitikus pondered the idea of building a stairway to the bottom of the chasm, and of simply leaping off and hoping for deep water on the bottom, but, he wanted to continue his life, so he refrained. He would have to bridge it, but the idea of building a support was laughable. In order to build this supportless arch, he would need something better than crap stone, he would need true blocks. He walked back, took the time to pick plants, then proceeded to select a random grey boulder and take it to the masons shop, breaking it up and smoothing blocks out of the fragments. Summer dawned outside, and the snow began to lower on the glacier. The permafrost always remained. He finished, and took the blocks back down to the chasm. He grabbed the thread of a cave spiders web on the way, and used it to form guy wires to hold the incomplete bridge from falling into the chasm as he built it. Row by row, he laid the blocks, and as the bridge became too heavy for the cave spider silk, tensile strength stronger than steel, to hold, he tossed the rest of the blocks to the other side of the chasm and leapt to the ledge himself, finishing the bridge from the other side. Immediately after he had laid the last block, every block being used, he turned and moved to the rock face to start digging again. He dug through the beautiful sapphire, its blue tint grasping and pulling at his gnomish traits, but he continued forward anyway, his desire to be with his mother again overpowering the sight of the gems. More and more cassiterite, but where was the copper to go with it? Bats screeched in the chasm behind him, making him jump at first, but he soon got used to it. He growled and cussed under his breath, his inner mechanic and metalsmith yelling,

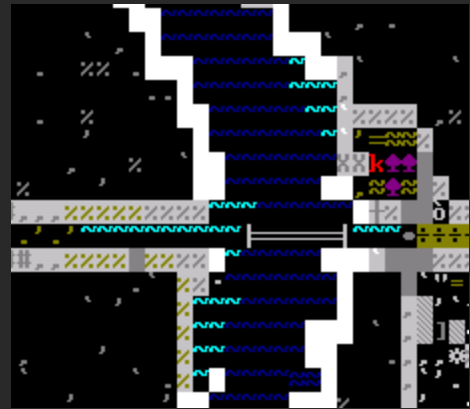
*WHERE THE HECK IS THE C...*



**You have struck copper ore.**

Within, his metalsmith self applauded. Copper and tin make bronze. Blitikus, unlike many dwarven and human metalsmiths, also knew the deeper meaning of the chemistries of the alloy. Everyone else made crap bronze that was even weaker than iron, but Blitikus knew the true, proper methods that allowed a metal stronger than its ferrous counterpart. He smiled as he dug through the copper, but continued straight on. He dug and dug, his mind once again more determined than his body was willing to support. He backtracked, bats flying in his face as he crossed the chasm, and walked back to his room. For the first time since the assassination attempt, he slept in a real bed, this time a bed of his own making. He opened a book he had brought with, dwarven reading material, "101 ways to get yourself drunk" by Mistem Alehammer. He read, "Way #1: Mushroom wine..." After a decent portion of an hour, he put down the book and let himself fall asleep. That day he drempt of digging straight into hell, and yet, he felt proud and rewarded of it. The sun set, and he awoke. His mind had been churning the fires of hell, and he felt energetic and well rested despite sleeping on essentially gravel. Gravel was better than the floor, though. He left the room and proceeded to get a drink. He had read about that very type of rum last day. He realized... in his ambition to dig to the center of the earth, he had left his plants on the fields unattended. He found survival to be a fitting priority, and so started harvesting the plants. He heard a gushing of water proceed down the river. He heard it splashing into the bridge. He heard barrels bumping into one another.

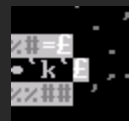
*Is that my... what the f\*ck?!*



The flood receded. Blitikus stepped out, and promptly slipped on the fresh mud and fell face first into the floor. He promptly got up, and futilely tried to brush the mud out of his fur.

*Erm... That was intended!*

He chuckled at himself. He was finding new humor from hardships. Maybe it was why his mother tended to be amused in circumstances many would find grim. He saw that the mud indicated the river had overflown, luckily not washing any supplies away from it. Perhaps that was a warning from the mountain. He continued picking plants, filling a barrel and putting the rest on cleared space on the floor. After he finished picking the mushrooms and storing them, he took a boulder and crafted a new rock door, placing it in the tunnel to block off future flooding. He made sure the thresholds were waterproof and that a forceful flood wouldn't break the door, and then left it. Business taken care of, he took up his pick and proceeded back to the end of the tunnel, digging further. More gems... but it was only rose quartz. Still, it raised his spirits to see such beautiful formations. But, beyond that lay something far more useful. More copper. He smiled, for the mountain was willfully sharing its bounty. Then as he continued, the stone turned dark, pitch black. It was getting warm. Blitikus noticed this, noticed the fragments, the fine details in the rocks, and really found himself skilled at plowing through it. He had become a miner... for the time being at least. The rock lightened again, but it was still warm. Something far shinier than even the last precious discovery presented itself in these depths.



**You have struck platinum!**

*Great! Or at least it would be, if I were a dwarf. Riches have little use out here!*

Survival seemed assured, and the mountain was throwing riches his way, but Blitikus wanted something he valued far, far more than riches, he wanted the means to reach his mother. The mountain had yet to yield that. He kept digging. But, it seemed right inside of the platinum vein...

**You have struck iron ore!**

But I already have what I need to make br....

He remembered a rumor he had heard from some dwarven merchants. There was a type of metal that was an alloy of iron that proved far stronger than even the bronze he was able to make. Maybe one of the books that were brought along would detail the properties and production of this metal? He kept note to seek such a book in the bag the next time he left to sleep, and continued. If he were pressed to building a way to reach his mother, then he might need this metal. The hematite was laced with cassiterite. The heat was beginning to become uncomfortable. There was a bubbling sound behind the rocks in front of him. He continued anyway, confident in his abilities to pass any obstacle. Suddenly, as he struck the rock, it cracked, and then, as if the mountain itself were angry, the wall seemed to explode, nearly-burning hot, rotten-egg smelling air blasting through the tunnel, throwing rocks all around and knocking Blitikus flat onto the ground. He found himself slightly dizzy, and strangely all of the mud on his fur had been instantly dried. He squinted and picked himself up. What he saw was the incandescent, bubbling artery of the mountain, the portal to hell, it seemed.



It was glowing red and yellow, indicating the molten rock was well over a thousand degrees in temperature. He walked up to the edge but jumped back, stifling a yell as a speck of magma landed on his foot and ate right through his clothing. It was rather painful but, being only a speck, did little real damage. Yes, that was confirmation, it's rather hot. He trimmed the burned fur from his foot with his claws, and tossed the still heated speck, holding it by the fur it had globbed around, back into the magma. This magma would knock down a stone bridge, and melt away any metal, even iron. Maybe that iron alloy metal was the secret? Until Blitikus could experiment with it, he would have to stop his digging at this depth. Hell had a fitting and formidable moat, and Blitikus lacked the resources to cross it. It looked like he would have to build his way to his mother after all, digging simply wouldn't cut it.

He also realized, he was probably going in the wrong direction to meet his mother. He pondered, his mother obviously would've gone to heaven, and getting through hell to heaven would be truly an astronomical feat. He would have a better chance of jumping in the magma and swimming to heaven, he thought. But how would he reach heaven directly? His jumping fell a bit short... He thought, the mountain had provided him with all of the necessities of life, but it had also provided him with iron, bronze, metals with which to build constructs and machines. He summed it up in his head, the mountain had also provided water, and fire. Water and fire make steam. He had used steam as an adolescent to power small moving toys and contraptions. With the bronze provided, was it possible to upscale it, and use steam to drive a large machine? He walked back up the tunnel, pondering the possibilities, building various contraptions of metal and mechanisms in his head. His mother was the only family he really knew, and maybe, just maybe, he could build something not just as a monument to her, but as a way to reach her. A machine to channel magic to perform arcane feats, or a machine of ingenious technology to perform unheard of miracles? Would it be both? He felt rather... dwarfed... by such a task. But, he had all the time in the world to try.

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 20, 2007, 05:17:00 am**

This story is truly Beyond Quality! :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **October 20, 2007, 06:33:00 am**

Blitikus is quickly digging his way into the hall of fame! You are also right about the bronze, so obviously Blitikus is very smart, and not just a good story teller ;)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 20, 2007, 11:57:00 am**

I had the misconception about bronze myself until i read the thread on this forum and did a little thinking about it :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Necro** on **October 20, 2007, 01:45:00 pm**

It really impresses me how you update so often.  
I don't know how to put the awesomeness to words.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 20, 2007, 06:18:00 pm**

I update so often because doing this is fun, so I do it a lot :p

Hmm, the game just reminded me, his name is spelled Blitukus, not Blitikus. I pronounce both about the same, and thats probably why i was writing his name wrong :p

Oh well, it's a minor error.  
-----

Any sort of machine would require plenty of metal, and Blitukus had plenty of metal. There was still a problem. He had metal, but it was all within the rocks, and he had no coal to smelt it with. He would need to expand his workplace for wood burning and smelting furnaces. In order to even make coal, he would need to take a logs worth of wood and burn it into charcoal, then mine coke and make bars of coal. After that, no wood would be needed, but the margin for error was nonexistent... there were only 3 logs worth of wood within a 200 mile radius of his home, and he had already used one of those three to make a bed out of.

He moved boulders into the masons workshop and began making the blocks to the specifications needed for a suitable furnace. He wanted fuel for his machines, but his body wanted fuel also. He stopped to eat. He savored the meal for it was the some of the only meat he would have for a long time, seeing as he was the only prominent animal life around outside of vermin. He rested temporarily after finishing the blocks, and, with his new-found skill, carved more room for the new workshops. Just as he was about done digging, nature finished its project in the farm room. More plants were in need of harvesting, and Blitukus obliged, the thought of wilted plants not appealing to him. There were a multitude of jobs to do to sustain an underground home, and Blitukus was only one person. On the bright side, it would mean he would develop his skills further in diverse fields.

Finishing the excavation, Blitukus took half of the blocks, and lay them to create a sealed fire chamber, the chimney connecting to a large, deep crack in the ceiling that Blitukus created a circular opening to. The crack likely weaved left and right and eventually reached the top, and the smoke would escape through it. If not, then Blitukus would suffocate on carbon monoxide upon making the charcoal. It was a risk worth taking, though. At least that was a relatively painless death. He took the rest of the blocks, and began to make a smelting furnace within the newly dug space. He built it on the rough floor, smoothing portions to make a suitable surface to lay blocks upon. As he

assembled the furnace, he chipped a duct in the ceiling to carry the smoke out to the same crack. The smelter was in essence the same as the wood furnace, only near the bottom there was a special assembly of blocks with a series of vacancies. The molten metal would drain there, and when the slag was skimmed off, a series of metal bars would be able to be retrieved after cooling.

When he finished, he walked across the river and exited the tunnel. The wood was snow-covered but preserved in the cold. He made haste, as the cold bit at him like a mad dog. He dragged the scrap wood across the bridge, the shaky rough stone nearly collapsing beneath him, and then continued into the work room. He lay the scrap wood efficiently into the furnace, and with a bit of effort and friction, started the fire to make charcoal. After a while of careful tending to the process, he finally managed to produce good charcoal. He took in a deep breath, and felt perfectly fine. The crack in the ceiling did indeed vent the smoke out of the top of the mountain. Now he needed coal, but the mountain had shown no coal, nor any trace of coal. He thought carefully about what he had seen when mining, and remembered... he didn't see coal while digging, but maybe, just out of the corner of his eye...

:p

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 20, 2007, 07:20:00 pm**

You know what I'm about to say, it's the same thing I say after evry update, so I realy don't have to say it, but stil;

THIS STORY IS THE MOST AWESOME STORY EVER! IT'S BEYOND QUALITY! IT MENACES WHIT SPIKES OF ªPURE AWESOMENESSª! IT BEATS LOTR AND EVEN COMPETES WHIT DF ITSELF!!!

That last one was heresy, albeit true. \*gos beating myself up whit a religious belt, or something\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 20, 2007, 08:48:00 pm**

Truely epic,but dont think tolkien's spirt wont send balrogs after you when you speak blasphemy!.  
Keep up the good work.  
\*Mutters to himself once again: Danm..little kobold bugger jumped out of the way...so much for that ironic death...Next time twit! next time!.Maybe a flood....\*  
Dont make me have to greet him in person!. :D

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 20, 2007, 09:03:00 pm**

(semi-spoily)  
Actually, the big red being that catapulted the anvil will be making a full appearance sometime relatively soon :D

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 20, 2007, 09:20:00 pm**

Poor Little 2 foot tall canine with the brain the size of spain...ill have to cook up something dreadfully ironic,wont I?.Its the way a death should be!.Sucsessful death or failed death,all the same.... \*Shrugs,then teleports away in a flash of red light.A little note is left behind,reading 'Next time!.'\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 20, 2007, 09:28:00 pm**

Maybe its just me but I consider them about 3.5 feet tall, not 2 feet tall. Especially since if they were 2 feet tall, then I have no clue how Fale managed to fight using a sword that was probably 2 to 3 feet long (at least thats about where I imagine 2 handed swords). The sheath for it would've been taller than she was :p

(fairly spoily)  
I'm not really sure if you could say he dies or not in the ending I have planned. There would really be arguments either way I guess.  
(/fairly spoily)

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 20, 2007, 09:43:00 pm**

\*Teleports right behind AlanL,makeing him jump when i speak this next sentence\*  
Im not exspecting the little bugger to die!...just foil every attempt i throw at him useing brains and ingenuity.Also,i exspect you to pay you're taxes in witty comments!.Thats one thing i insist you keep up.Its one of the things i liked about fale...man the reapers gonna be pissed when he finds out he dodged that anvil..hell be all like 'How does this keep happening!.Who the hell uses anvils?.'

It was a genius plan!.And i woald have gotten away with it to,if it wasnt for that medeling arthur! [ :D].

\*Teleports away after he flails his arms about.The red light comes,and leaves behind a small anvil.A note saying 'Never again will anvils be used...' is taped onto it.\*

[ October 20, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 20, 2007, 10:10:00 pm**

I honestly laughed when I read the above :D

Yeah, I enjoy making the humor, including the several references/hat-tips to other works of art :p

Duke Nukem has some of the best quotes XD

Hmm, although a lot of the witty comments were in combat, and Blitukus has yet to fight against anything that fights back. Actually, most of the combat in the story will probably be written creatively since glacier maps don't have much in the way of enemies, especially since I think this specific spot has no chasm or river civs. I might be wrong though. I'm hoping there's at least one springs-from-ambush event before things start getting up there.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 21, 2007, 03:13:00 am**



Or in this case of 'Down there'!.  
\*Chirp...Chirp...Chirp.\* Get it?...underground fortress...down there...\*cough\*.  
Any how,there will be blood [Try to place that quote!.] at some point.Truthfully,the most we can exspect down the road is some big ol battle far from this time...if you had meat sh-err i mean civilions comeing to the fort,you woald get sieges at...i think 20 pop.I woaldnt know becuase im a adventure mode addict,and ive never focused on a fort for more then 48 hours of game time.Far to connfuseing when i get to the farming part...and no one say 'its easy' or 'just prattice'.Its hard enough to break off adventureing mode with out learning how to harness that blasted flood gate...ill get around to it danmz it!.

\*Storms off,knocking over a potted plant.A Gnome in a Black Tux steps out of a little door,and sweeps up the broken pot.It then bows to AlanL,and walks away.\*

\*A Second note is Teleported on the Anvil.\*'Dont you dare make fun of me and my...my...unableness...ness to use a flood gate!.'

[G'night folks.]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Sir Edmund** on **October 21, 2007, 05:46:00 am**

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i must say i enjoyed reading your story, i even made my self a cup of tea and stayed up till 2am reading, thank you very much.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 21, 2007, 09:07:00 am**

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(Yay, forum RP:ing :D )

Dear Bringer of Ironic Deaths,  
As wee aret in great need of an divine puniszsher due to the resent elephant flu, I would like to offer tie thisz position.  
We havest been tracking you, and your methods have proven to live up very well to the goals of this organizszation, tine payment will be revived inest whits at the end of every eternity, you willest alzo get the privilege to punish eternal soulzs in your breaks.

Your firs aszsignment if tie accept this will be an mortal called Garry, for tine proper irony the death should be related to spam.

If you accept contact me by prayer, or if tou find it humiliatzing, by this forum, in the next 100 000 years.

- Armok, God of Blood

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 21, 2007, 03:57:00 pm**

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\*A spirt of fire comes up to Armok,GoB\*  
"Sire...the...Bringer of Irony and Death has replied."  
\*The fire spirt hands Armok a elemental scroll of fire.\*  
It reads 'Do you offer great dental,and is there room for my private bringing of ironic death?.I understand that dwarves have...there hands full this past century,but might that include a certain little kobold?.If private...escapades be alowed,then id say a few extra contracts woald be wonderful.Ive had a death involveing spam fixed up for the past 300 years!.Oh the irony of this one.Please make you're payments every 50'000'000 years.I have...a few failed attempts the Reaper wants me to pay up for this universe cycle.'The note ends,signed BoID

And just to make this post relavent,this Story of thine,keepseth,getingeth,epiceth. :P

[ October 21, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

[ October 21, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

[ October 21, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

[ October 21, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 21, 2007, 04:17:00 pm**

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I really enjoy making these and reading the comments makes it even more enjoyable :)

Of course, I'm more than happy to continue.

Hmm, maybe Garry could have a heart attack from eating too much Spam. :p  
-----  
First, Blitukus found the need to fully establish his means for shaping the metal. So, he walked back into the tunnel, back down to the work room, and dug out the corner in order to make room for a smiths shop. On his way over the river, a few of the rough stone chunks dislodged from the bridge and fell into the river. Before hauling that anvil over the bridge, he would need to replace it with something suitable for such weights, less he end up salvaging a rusted hunk of an anvil out of the river..

After he finished carving out more space, he walked back to the bridge, and began knocking stone out from the supports until the entire bridge just collapsed into the river, sending an enormous cloud of mist into the air. Then, he dismantled the columns, leaving only the base at the bottom of the river. He never really liked destroying his own work, especially since it was a milestone, being his first construct in the glacier, but it had to be done for the sake of progress. He watched the rough stone tumble downstream on the river floor, sighing out of his nose, but turned and walked back into the tunnel. He hauled a boulder into the masons shop, and broke it apart, crafting the chunks into blocks. Then, the second boulder came from the space which he had just excavated. He then hauled the blocks to the river, making 2 trips, and built the supports anew, the new blocks making a true circle over the rough shape of the old supports imprint. Blitukus finished the supports, and stopped for a drink. He found his work was done much more swiftly than last time as he finished and continued to lay the blocks to form a path over the supports, using every last block to do so. The new bridge easily stood in the current of the river, and quite visibly was ready to support a large weight. He had dismantled the structure of his past, sacrificing his milestone work for progress, and he got every bit of progress that he wanted.

He found another random boulder, and brought it back to the masons workshop to make blocks out of it. At the same time, he designed his forge in his mind, and crafted the blocks to specification. Not wasting any time, he moved the blocks to the new space, and then crossed his new bridge, walking through the exit. The anvil was a dwarven anvil, and was very, very heavy. Luckily, his efforts in mining had made him very strong, and he managed to haul the anvil even though it was intended for a creature larger than him. He grunted as he dragged the large iron mass, but his new bridge stood firmly under the weight as he crossed it, not budging at all. He built the forge, the anvil placed near a wall, assembling the blocks to form a furnace to the side that was smaller than the others, intended for heating the metal, and a water container on the opposite side, intended for cooling the finished product. Again, he carved a duct in the ceiling to bring the smoke from the furnace to the vent, and to finish it off, used two leftover blocks to make a nice, heavy hammer to work the metal with. He now had everything he needed to produce and work metal, and, thinking of this, he smiled at his accomplishments. It was all starting to come together, he was making progress toward building the machine, but, he still needed to design and build the infrastructure. Pick axe resting on his shoulder, he walked back into his room and got back to smoothing the floor and walls. Chipping away at the walls produced a lot of dirt and chippings, an inconvenience to many dwarves, but Blitukus found it was useful as material to put in the farm room. Deeper, finer soil would allow for better food. He quickly found it to be a dull and repetitive task, but he was creating a large amount of space to write designs upon, for the smooth walls were like a large, blank chalk board to him. He had read about tower caps the day before, and, much to his dismay, found one growing in the muddy floor under a barrel. When it grew to size, he



noted that he had better have either a pick or preferably an axe on hand otherwise it would block the tunnel, permanently. A barrel had been emptied, and every now and then Blitukus took a break from smoothing the floor to move a mushroom from the floor into a proper container. He found, even more to his dismay, that a tower cap was growing under the door, and would seal the door shut when it matured. He looked down at it.

*I wanted lumber but not giant mushrooms growing all over my home!*

He continued, but stopped to take a drink as he nearly finished the southern wall. The barrel was nearly empty, and he would have more room for food when he emptied it. Plus, being drunk added onto his toughness and strength, making him less prone to be annoyed by bits of rock flying at him and less prone to tire. Luckily, despite the alcohol, he remained sober enough to not simply make the floors even more rough. He noted a drawback to working in such a state: he would be unable to design and build anything truly large unless he was perfectly sober. It became colder outside, and a snow storm howled, piling up snow once again on the glaciers surface.

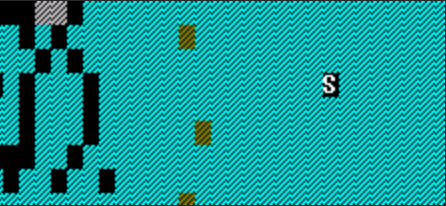
**Autumn has come.**

*It's really been close to three seasons since I was stranded out here? It seems like only a few days.*

Smoothing the work room was proving to be long and tedious. Blitukus stopped for a meal in the mean time, and took his time eating it. It was the last piece of meat within a 200 mile radius, and he took his time to enjoy every last piece of it. From now on, he would be eating those purple mushrooms, and he was not used to being a vegetarian. Unfortunately, meat doesn't grow on plots, and he was still the only major fauna around... except for that red being.

*Who was she anyway? She sounded like a she. Was she trying to hit me with that anvil, or did she sense my needs and send one my way?*

He continued smoothing. The smoothed floors were cold, but rather comfortable beneath his feet. But, something eroded his comfort immediately. He heard the grunts and yell of a sasquatch outside, but was unaware to its whereabouts. He saw the door to the work room, which he was in, open and close, slowly, but missed who had done it. A sense of dread came over him. He continued smoothing, but remained alert. The roar sounded again, but, he listened carefully. It was not in the room, it was not in his home, it was far outside of the tunnel.

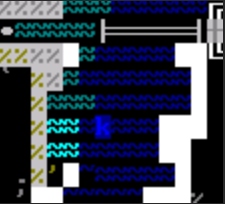


The door had likely been pushed by some vermin milling about. Blitukus breathed a sigh of relief and continued smoothing. Maybe he would first build a nice, heavy bronze door to keep out the sasquatch. The last thing he wanted was to wake up one day to a sasquatch ambush. He finished smoothing, and realized, that if the sasquatch kept yelling and roaring on its way in, he would notice it in time to prepare. He had dug through solid rock, opening a tunnel to the mountains artery. If he was forced to, he would hold no hesitation in digging through the skull and brain of those who would try to kill him. He had better uses for his bronze, better things to do at the moment. He needed steam for his machines, and steam needs fire to be brought to water. He needed a magma machine to bring fire to water, and he now had the space, and the sobriety, to design one.



He took the coal dust from the smelter, and used his fingertip as a writing impliment to sketch out a general plan for the machine on the wall. He would need a floodgate to draw up the magma, a channel to deliver it to a tunnel, and another floodgate to release it into the tunnel. In order to continue mining coal, he would need to bridge the channel. He lacked the metal to bridge the magma river itself, but as the magma is drawn up, the lower volume would make it spatter about much less. Heavy stone would do, as there would be no spattering to eat away at it. He would have to build an aqueduct to bring the magma across the chasm, and it would spill out into a continued tunnel. Then all that was left would be continuing the tunnel to near his home, and he would have fire. Getting water to that point was a simple matter of two floodgates and a tunnel. There, at the meeting point of fire and water, he would have steam, and he would build his boiler. While building the tunnels he would benefit by making service entries so that he wouldn't have to walk a long route when he got hungry and thirsty, increasing efficiency. These service entries would have to be blocked by a channel dug right into the service entry with a tall lip on the outside. Before arriving here, Blitukus had never really seen magma, let alone experimented with it. He would have to learn as he worked, and possibly go back to correct any sort of error.

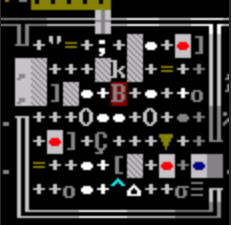
He looked at his design for several minutes, and then set out to etch it into reality. He would need 24 units of room to build the aqueduct, and since a single stack of blocks would cover only 4 units, he would have to craft 6 sets of blocks. He walked away, grabbed a boulder, and began making the blocks. A boulder reliably produced one set of blocks, and he would have to repeat this 5 more times. He finished, and proceeded out to get another. He walked across the river, and heard a gushing sound. On his way back, he froze, terror shooting into him. He was about to be overtaken by a wall of water. SPLOOSH! The water plowed into the bridge, knocking Blitukus clean off. He found himself slammed into the river, water forced down his throat.



The force knocked all of the air from his lungs, and time was short. He grabbed onto one of the rocks from his old bridge on the cave floor, and held on. Fighting the current, he made his way over to the wall, and pulled himself upstream on defects in the rough wall. Nearly entirely out of air, he pulled himself to the surface and brought himself onto the shore. The flood had burst through, rocketing up the tunnel. If he had not rebuilt his bridge, he would have been knocked unconscious by falling rubble as the bridge was washed away, and washed downstream to his death. His new bridge proudly stood unaffected, yet he was still nearly washed downstream to his death. That was close, much too close. He was still being pushed about by the flood waters, but they were receding, and he was firmly on shore. The flood receded, leaving him sitting in mud. He stood up, and shivered. He coughed and hacked, driving the water out of his throat. He shook the water off from his fur, and took his pick axe to the wall blocking him from his main tunnel. After breaking through, he continued hauling stones and making blocks. But, as he was chipping away at blocks, suddenly an enormous bat-like creature landed before him and knocked his tools away. It seemed injured, and was angry against all because of it.

**An injured giant bat has sprung from ambush!**

Blitukus jumped back from it as it snapped at him, he took up his pick axe and stood back as the creature spread its wings and approached him. The giant bat had a crippled wing and leg, and was desperate to eat something, or perhaps suck someones blood. Blitukus quickly pinned the creature and drove his pick into its body several times. It screeched, spat blood, and died. He shivered again and breathed heavily, pulling his bloody pick out from the corpse.



So much for home sweet home! It turns out mining through flesh is easier than it sounds...

He stood for a moment, his fear being canceled by his evident victory over the beast. He continued on. He was nervous that something else would surprise him... forget it. He stopped to get a good drink of rum, and put it behind him.

Good rum, maybe if I drink enough I'll figure out how to mine for fish!

He then continued. He only got one more set of blocks done when he decided to sleep for the night. When he got up, he would have to get rid of that dead bat before it started stinking the whole place up. But, this day, browsing through his books, he found what he was searching for. "of Fire, Iron, Steel, and Magma" by 'Tito' Greatsmith. He curiously read it, and it described everything he wanted to know. It included details on the properties and manufacture of steel, and even included designs for magma-based versions of the forge and smelter. It would definitely reduce fuel costs, but these devices must be constructed from steel in the first place. Steel seemed costly to produce, requiring limestone and extra coke as a carbon source. Bronze would suffice for most of his steam-powered devices, so he would save steel for when he really needed it.

That day he had a dream, perhaps a nightmare, of an indescribable jumble of information. Perhaps his subconscious was complaining about the act of reading while drunk? When he awoke, he had a headache from the drinking of the night before. He grunted and got up, rubbing his head, then walked back to the work room. He picked up the giant bat corpse, the large beast weighing him down as he dragged it to the chasm and heaved it in. It disappeared into the darkness. THWAP! There was an angry screeching from below. He continued back to finish the blocks. After a while, he had finished. The workshop was littered with blocks, enough to build a suitable aqueduct with. He was making progress, but there was still much to do. His head churned dreams of a steam powered, magma heated future, but it also churned nightmares of a painful death at the hands of a ravenous beast, and a watery grave. He mumbled under his breath, "What the hell am I up against?"

THANK YOU whoever wrote teleport.exe XD

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 21, 2007, 04:39:00 pm**

Once epic,twice epic,thrice epic [Yes i know thrice is not a word.]  
Now what i had in mind for Garry was him writeing the word SPAM and the word itself comeing out of his computer,then beating him to death with a can of spam.  
Or perhaps a giant can of spam falling on him.Or better,someone NAMED Spam beating him to death.Or all that,but a monkey at the end!.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 21, 2007, 04:44:00 pm**

I don't have to tell you this is the most awesome story in the multiverse, do I?  
  
And Bringer of Ironic Deaths, it seems we have a deal! :D  
And your post reminded me why I named GoB-lins (Goblins) as I did, good times, good times. :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Endiqua** on **October 21, 2007, 04:45:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Bringer of Ironic Deaths: <STRONG>Once epic,twice epic,thrice epic [Yes i know thrice is not a word.] </STRONG>

Yes it is. :) Lionel Ritchie just couldn't figure out how to make it scan or else it would have been "You're once, twice, thrrrrrice a lady"

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 21, 2007, 04:52:00 pm**

\*cough\* \*A rabid Badger falls on Endiqua\*  
-Endiqua has been struck down-  
Moveing on.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 21, 2007, 11:54:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
  
I feel this story might push the envelope on some fronts eventually, but I hope it'll turn out to be a new frontier rather than too far :p  
-----  
Blitukus thought about what he might be up to face, but reminded himself... it's just errant critters from a chasm full of bats. Nothing to be concerned of. The sasquatch will likely just stay outside, and if it comes inside, it will be at a disadvantage... it would literally have to stoop down to Blitukus' height, making its head vulnerable to the point of his pick axe. For now, he had the blocks ready, but his design called for more than just blocks. He would need 2 floodgates, a lever, and the mechanisms to link them all. And that was only for the magma. He would need all that all over again for the water. He decided to make the floodgates first, since they would be placed first. His experience with setting up the farm was still fresh in his mind when he was chiseling out the device, and he used this experience when making the new floodgates. These would be more efficient, and take less effort to open wider. As he left to get stones from the top of the tunnel, he felt nervous whenever he crossed the damp bridge. The river was calm again, and eventually the feeling passed. The workshop now had several floodgates laying about and was littered with blocks. Not a very efficient work environment. Good thing he had finished. Now, he needed to make the mechanisms. 2 levers would be needed to operate the machine, and each would go to 2 floodgates. A total of 10 mechanical set ups would be required, 2 of which would simply be the levers. A slight problem was beginning to present itself... a problem which Blitukus had never expected to encounter. Regular, run of the mill grey stone boulders were starting to become of short supply. It was of little importance since much more would be produced while tunneling. Blitukus was still very skilled with mechanisms, and produced high quality mechanisms rapidly. These were simple levers and pulleys, after all. What they would go into, on the other hand, was much more complex. He found actually most of his time was spent hauling stone in order to make the mechanisms with.

He took a break and got another drink. It was hardly becoming necessary to drink alcohol now that he had put his fears aside, and he felt that he was doing his mother a disservice by keeping his mind off of the subject. Then again, it may just be efficient. She was gone, and most would say there was nothing he could do about it. He thought otherwise. Despite being stone, many of the mechanisms produced were superior, one being truly exceptional. These pulleys would allow the heavy stone floodgates resting among the magma to be lifted easily from safety. If it all went right. The mechanisms, floodgates, and blocks were complete. Now he needed to dig the tunnel. He walked down the tunnel back to the magma, and dug a small section near the walkway. This would be the bottom of the tunnel, and the magma would, through its thermal pressure, push itself up to Blitukus' home where it could be safely converted to steam... again, if it all

went right. Across from the segment he had made, he dug a small alcove to put the lever. Now he needed to place the infrastructure that would siphon the magma up into the system. He was not an exceptional mason, but his floodgates had been decently crafted, and he walked back, choosing the best of them to use to interface with the magma river. The floodgate was made of heavy stone, suitable for handling the heat and pressure of the magma, but quickly became heavy to Blitukus, slowing him as he hauled it. He brought it to the very edge of the magma river, and dug a spot for it actually slightly in the magma. He found himself amused at the sight of his pick axe glowing red at the tip when he finished. Then again, he was lucky the magma hadn't decided to spatter onto his face. He dug the rest of the grooves and placed the floodgate. Then, he etched a trench into the floor, bringing the path across the walkway into the coal mining area. This channel would have to be bridged, or emptied before coal mining. He then chose his second best floodgate to put at the end of the channel to allow it to spill into the magma tunnel. This floodgate wasn't as critical. If it failed, then magma would cease flowing, but if the one directly interfacing the river failed, he would be fried. If his floodgates hadn't been prepared properly, he would be fried. If the lip wasn't raised to the perfect height, he'd be fried. If the mechanisms weren't perfectly reliable, he'd be fried. He payed careful attention to building the floodgates and choosing them and the proper mechanisms. He checked and double checked as he moved mechanisms and installed the lever. Nature was proving to be a tough motivator: do it right or be fried. As Blitukus hauled the various mechanisms to assemble them at the site, he snickered at the thought and took a drink out of his flask. He began whistling an old tune, and he sang, "... drinking dwarf rum all day long, keeps you happy makes you strong..." laughing at the end.

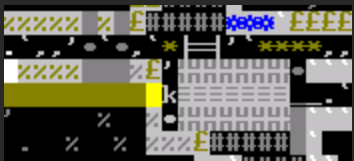
He wasn't motivated just by the fear of death, he was motivated by the desire to reach his mother primarily. Death was only a dishonorable shortcut to reach that goal. He allowed his negative emotions to be drowned in alcohol. Carelessness and shakiness due to bad feelings would have a worse impact on work quality than a slight drunken sluggishness. So, he pounded the pulleys into the wall, and made double sure they turned perfectly, and the wires fit in the groove perfectly, that the hooks worked perfectly, and that it all meshed together just right. Finally, the bottom of the system had been completed.



His stomach growled at him. He jokingly growled back at it, and walked back up the tunnel. He retrieved one of his home-grown purple mushrooms from a barrel, and took it to his room to eat it. Despite being mostly a carnivore, he found it was actually rather tasty. He deposited the leftover seed in the seed bag, followed up with another drink, and then continued work. He had a lot of tunneling to do. He dug space out for the bottom of the aqueduct and then began to dig the tunnel on the chasm side toward the magma. He began to think about what this project was doing for him. No longer was he merely an inventor and a mechanic, he was becoming a true gadgeteer, a rarity after the fall of the gnomes, and on top of it, he was everything he needed for his little town, population 1, to survive. He found he was exploiting the imperfections in the stone with greater precision, and was able to tunnel faster and faster. If he managed to produce great machines here, then some day, if someone happens upon the site, he would have a name for himself on top of being able to meet his mother again. He chipped the limestone away and was stopped by his own floodgate. This major segment of the tunnel had been completed.

He walked back up the empty magma tunnel, and proceeded across the chasm bridge to clear room for the aqueduct on the other side. Much of the stone was knocked away, falling off of the ledge. Several more angry screeches could be heard from below. He picked where in the space he wanted to place the aqueduct, and began the long repetitive task of hauling the blocks to it. 6 loads worth were needed, and he brought 6 loads worth. Unlike the bridge, he had drawn out a trussed design for the aqueduct, eliminating the need for guy wires. This was preferable since liquids tended not to travel well over arches. He had to build a level deck. After 6 trips, he began to build it. He cleared the obstructing debris, but realized how tired he was and how long this massive construction would take to build. He walked away leaving the blocks stacked, and went to his bed to sleep. He looked at what he had brought from home; his mothers backpack, carrying the world map, and also some old items that reminded him of her. Back in the glory days of her adventuring, the 1050s, when she fought against those who killed her family, when the revolution happened, when she pioneered freedom and justice for all... but now it was the 7th of timber, 1080. The glory days of the past were over. He sighed, missing his mother, and without reading anything, went to sleep. He felt as if he had no dream that day. When he awoke, he felt saddened. He took his pulse. His heart was still beating, yet it was missing a part. He got up, and sighed again out of his nose, a tear running down his cheek. As it fell to the floor, he felt the sadness in his heart pool up like water. But, something else was rising. He looked up, and felt the drive of his cause, and his heart and his eyes lit again like a furnace, the sadness becoming the steam that would drive him to his goals. He had a project to finish, and a goal to reach.

He walked back to the construction site for the aqueduct, and continued what he had started. He began building the truss, stopped for a drink, then continued extending the truss. The drinks were nearly all gone, and he was glad. What was a pain killer could become a burden. He finished the truss, spanning from one end of the chasm to the other, and began laying the blocks on top of it to form the deck. It was slow, but he did it enthusiastically. A lot of surface had to be covered, and eventually, he did it. He dug the trench to siphon magma into the inlet of the aqueduct, and continued the tunnel. Every block had been put to good use, and the aqueduct was sturdy, sound enough to hold the weight of the magma and then some.



He looked back. His new achievement dwarfed his old. He found it in him to smile, even grin a bit. Today may be a day in Timber of 1080, the glory days may be over, but today is beyond yesterday. Today is the first day of the future. Ahead of him lay solid rock. He proceeded through solid rock, leaving a tunnel behind him. He happened upon some gems, red spinels. He smiled as he dug through the cluster... but found he had broken all of the gems into shards accidentally when he reached the end. It wasn't his goal to do so, but it wasn't part of his true goal to mine gems anyway. He found opals, this time leaving a sizable chunk on the floor. Maybe some day when he was more settled in, the lava machine off, he would recover these gems and cut them, but until then, he had more to focus on. The tunnel was dug as far as needed for the magma to go, and he then dug the channel that would hold the magma for the boiler. He then dug space out of the wall where he would put the boiler. There was still a flaw. He had only seen one flaw in the entire construction of the magma machine. It was a flaw that would kill him had it gone unnoticed. There was a leak in the tunnel as it merged to the aqueduct, and had he activated the machine without noticing it, the magma would overflow throughout the tunnel and his home would be turned into a volcano, a remarkably similar fate to that of the fortress that his mother had adventured through.

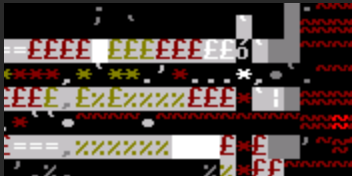
Suddenly, a thought entered his mind, a thought detailing something more elaborate than a simple lipped channel to guide the magma. A statue that would have features driven by the magma itself. He pondered it for a while, then decided to do it. He hauled a stone back to the masons workshop and chipped at it, assembling several stone parts together to make a statue that remarkably resembled him in shape. He had created ducts within the statue, where the magma would thermally rise and spill into the features of the statue. He smiled at his stone self, and hauled the statue down to the leak. He then dug an inlet for the statues ductwork, and plugged the leak with the statue. He finished, and stood, observing his stone self. His stone self observed him with a similar expression. He had carved the eyes in a special manner to create an optical illusion that the statues eyes always followed you. He had, through a little cleverness and ingenuity, turned a flaw into a feature.

His work was nearing completion. He still needed to dig the water tunnel. He proceeded back to the end of the tunnel, and dug a branch off to the side. He had designed the water tunnel to leave room for expansion for his work room. He dug the tunnel. It was short compared to the magma tunnel. Now he needed to place the proper infrastructure to siphon the water into the tunnel. This could be done a lot easier than the magma, since less was in the way and less was at stake. Simply 2 adjacent floodgates, much like the farm. He placed the first floodgate at the end of the tunnel, in an alcove allowing him to take advantage of the rivers current to drive the water in. Then, near the boilers space, he dug an alcove for the water lever, and began the process of linking it to the floodgate. He had to carve loops into the ceiling and string a cable all the way down the tunnel in order to reach the floodgate from the lever, but, using a wheel at the corner, and properly aligning the cable within the loops, he managed to get this done efficiently. Then he placed the second floodgate, an outlet for the first. He linked it to the same lever looping a second cable through the same loops down the tunnel. He smiled, and his smile had become a grin as he hooked the cable to the lever. By hooking that in, he had officially completed his magma machine and his water machine, together they were nearly his steam source. He pulled the water lever, and water rushed through the tunnel, stopping at the lip near the designated area for the boiler, just as Blitukus had planned.





He then proceeded to walk down the walking path, down to the magma to pull the feed switch for the fiery fuel. He reached the lever. Now was the moment of truth. Either his magma machine would work, and he would have steam, or it would fail, and he would die a fiery death. He pulled the lever, and the floodgates opened. The magma crossed the floodgate, siphoned into the channel, and spilled into the magma tunnel through the other floodgate. The magma was contained perfectly, and flowed as expected.



Blitukus walked up the tunnel to the statue and waited eagerly for the magma to pass his stone self. It sizzled through the tunnel, passing into the inlet of the aqueduct, and passed through, some of it thermally pumped into the statue. He watched his stone self, his earthen counterparts eyes glowing red with magma, the statues grinning mouth glowing red and its cupped hands filling with molten rock. It very much appeared that Blitukus' earthen counterpart was offering him a drink of piping hot magma, with an expression of demonic humor on its face.



*I think I'll drink from the river! Thanks for the offer though.*

Blitukus smiled. He felt like a just person, yet all of history and the world itself seemed completely random for a moment. He felt chaotic, staring at the randomly formulated statue. A sound caught his ears. A hissing, a pneumatic sighing, a sizzling familiar to his ears.



He had succeeded where the dwarves failed. It worked. Finally, he had a power source! Now that the test was a success, he could shut down the machine and build the boiler, after all, the steam was nothing more than pretty vapor without a proper boiler to harness it. He would have to expand his plans though, for he originally expected a fair bit of steam from his magma machine but it was outputting steam at a high enough rate to flood the halls with the stuff.

*I still need a boiler... too bad I haven't a clue how to fish for lobsters, or I'd have a new food source too!*

He licked his lips at the thought, and grinned. That was a lot of steam. Maybe even enough to drive him all the way to heaven, and then provide a transit back.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 22, 2007, 05:52:00 am**

Beyond Quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Necro** on **October 22, 2007, 09:39:00 am**

The story can't be beyond quality. It *is* quality.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Endiqua** on **October 22, 2007, 10:14:00 am**

I love the statue!!!! That is SOOO cool!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 22, 2007, 10:32:00 am**

Excellent story! I'm sorry that the first Kobold's Quest was over by the time I started visiting the forums, but I'm glad that I'll get to follow this one.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 22, 2007, 11:57:00 am**

Once again,Masterwork.  
Please bring about this much awsoneness this often,Armok knows no one else has more then you...But dont nuke the fortress!.

[ October 22, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]



quote:

Originally posted by Bringer of Ironic Deaths:  
<STRONG>Once again,Masterwork.  
Please bring about this much awsoneness this often,Armok knows no one else has more then you...But dont nuke the fortress!.

[ October 22, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]</STRONG>

No one else has more then you... But don't nuke the fortress! :D  
AlanL you are the next most awesome creature in the universe! The most awesome being Toady.

And I misread your post Bringer of Ironic Deaths, the dental is god, not good, hopes the contract still holds?

Thank you all for your comments :D

I think that the feelings that drove me to write these two stories will fade after this one is finished (it has already mostly faded since the end of the first), but I feel I am capable of still writing good stories after. I already have the basic concept of one in mind.

-----  
Blitukus walked back down the tunnel to cut the magma flow. On the way, he thought of how he would build his boiler. Originally he had envisioned a spherical design, but now such a boiler would be too small, constrained by the height of the ceiling. He pulled the lever and walked back up the tunnel. The magma now had no pressure backing it, so the steam ceased. Blitukus pulled the lever for the water as he passed the boiler space. Then, he pondered how he would harness such a large amount of steam. As a kobold, he could only reach so high with a pick axe, and more volume was needed. He decided on a cylindrical boiler, which wouldn't be able to handle as much pressure but had much more volume than the spherical design. He returned to his room, and sketched the design of the boiler itself. It would be little more than a bronze pressure chamber with a pressure gauge and a manifold attached. He included thick bands of bronze around the boiler to help reinforce the container. He spent nearly an hour drawing up the design, and decided to get materials together. The boiler would have 2 sections, and each would need 2 stacks of bronze bars to make the cylindrical casing, another stack of bars to make the side panels and piping. A single bar would suffice for making the pressure gauge, as when the steam compressed a pad down a small cylinder, the indicator would move straight along with the pad, showing, in an exponential scale, the pressure difference between outside air and the steam inside. After making sure a decent pressure could be achieved with such a set up, he decided to build his design. He had 2 stacks of bronze bars, and 4 more were needed. In order to make those bars, more coke was needed. Coke would be needed in many cases, so his first project, before building the boiler, would be to build a bridge over the magma channel.

Since the channel magma didn't spatter, he could use simple stone. He harvested a boulder out of the water tunnel, and brought it back to the masons workshop to chip it into blocks. But, another thought occurred to him as he chipped away. In order to be able to sink the stone into the lip of the channel, the channel needed to have been recently muddied. An inconvenience, but one that would make his machine more reliable and more flexible. He would have to alter his machine to allow water to flow back into the magma channel in order to muddy the channel at the end. All he had to do was install a floodgate, and a secondary set of mechanisms at the end to do so. He finished the blocks, and harvested another rock, hauling it back and chipping a floodgate out of it. He found that he had found new enthusiasm on the sight of steam. He quenched his thirst with the second to last full drink of the rum, and continued. He eventually finished the floodgate, but needed 6 mechanisms to complete the modification. He continued, using this as an opportunity to clear his new tunnels of rubble, and put said rubble to productive use. The floodgates would serve other functions rather than making the system work both ways. It would also be a safety in case the magma floodgates failed, releasing molten rock into the system when it was uncalled for. Of course, this is also expecting that the magma wouldn't just spill into every available tunnel in such a situation. Snow storms howled outside, and the water quickly evaporated from the farm. The glacier became covered with rising snow, and the suns path lowered.

**Winter is upon you.**

But, Blitukus had grown plenty of food for himself, and was ready to survive even the harsh glacial winter. He continued, turning unsightly boulders into beautiful mechanisms. Hauling the boulders and chipping away at them took time, but Blitukus worked with efficient speed. When he had finished the tip of the last lever, he walked back over to the masons workshop, and dragged the stone floodgate to where the magma feeds into the boiler. This floodgate would allow a reverse release from the channel, meaning water could flow beyond the boiler. He then went to dig an alcove for the new lever, but saw that where he was digging could cause a release of steam into the halls. Instead, he dug on the opposite side of the tunnel, and then left the opposite wall to prevent unwanted steam flow. He then moved the lever into position, and fixed it to the floor. Then, he strung a mechanical link from the lever across the tunnel to the new floodgate. Then, he walked down the tunnel, and when he reached the magma river, he expanded the alcove, making room for a second lever. He installed the new lever, and joined it to the linkage of the magma-spill floodgate. The machine was never meant to operate in such a manner, but all in all, it was a major upgrade. Upon finishing, he pulled the lever. The floodgate opened, no liquid on either end. As he passed the aqueduct on the way up, he realized that the aqueduct would only function one way, and would not accept fluids passing into its outlet and out its inlet. It would add even more cost in floodgates and mechanisms, but it was able to be made two-way. It would take 2 floodgates and yet another 5 sets of mechanisms. But, this upgrade would also allow the aqueduct to be completely shut down in an emergency, potentially preventing a lethal overflow in the future. Blitukus hauled stone from the tunnels, and produced 2 more floodgates, 5 more sets of mechanisms. Another benefit was becoming apparent. By making all of these components, he was becoming even more skilled. Slowly, rubble cleared from his home, and he found himself becoming even better at making these mechanisms, his ability to chisel stone workings advancing further and further. Blitukus laughed.

*Yet another large project shot way over budget!*

But, unlike previous over-budget projects, this was not a subject of complaint and stress, this was an opportunity, to perfect his creations and hone his skills. Eventually, he finished. He now had to put it all together. He celebrated opportunity by finishing off the last of the dwarven rum, and continued, hauling the floodgate to the inlet tunnel of the aqueduct, and placing the valuable flow-control structure. He then dug a small trench at the outlet of the aqueduct, and placed a floodgate to control the output. The trench made the statue functionally obsolete, but he left the trench open to spill on one side, providing the statue with as much fluid access as it had originally received. A space was already available for a floodgate, and Blitukus placed it. It was on the opposite side of the aqueduct as the statue. It wasn't complete, but it was a satisfying accomplishment for a days work. He left the site and proceeded to his room to sleep. That day, he read "Encased Evils" by Urist Deepdig. He read some of it, but didn't get far into it before his fatigue started to get to him. He placed the book on the floor and let himself drift off to sleep. That day his dream began with him walking through a cloud of steam, and proceeding to literally walk on water, then walk on magma, neither harming him at all. Before him lay a grand machine, towering up what seemed hundreds of feet into a vast caverns ceiling. In the heart of the machine was a portal, and the portal led to his mother. Be ran towards the machine, but just before he reached the portal, the magic in his dream failed, and he fell into the magma. A split second of fiery pain later, and he woke up. He rose from bed, and spoke to his subconscious,

*No, I will NOT fail.*

He felt determined. He yawned, and, disregarding his bit of hunger, continued what he had started the day before. As he picked up the mechanisms, he noticed a bat taking refuge in the wood furnace. Luckily for the bat, he had no need for the furnace anymore, but the bat spread its wings and seemed to smile at him as it rested, hanging upside down in the interior of the furnace. Blitukus couldn't quite identify why, but he felt as though something was significant, and symbolic about that. He continued, and finally completed all required upgrades to make the system reversible. Now was the time to test it. Either this would be a grand day, or a rather wet day. He pushed the lever, opening the aqueduct to flow. He walked up the tunnel and pulled the lever there to open the reverse-flow floodgate. Then, he opened the water tunnel again. The water spilled through the tunnels, and splashed through the new floodgates, flowing backwards through the magma tunnel. A flood never happened, and the water muddied the magma-baked tunnel. It splashed up against the magma inlet floodgate, a slight bit of steam rising as it came to rest.



Blitukus eagerly hauled the blocks down the tunnel. The channel was now flexible enough for a bridge to be built upon it, and when it was backed dry by magma, the entire assembly would be as solid as the stone itself. Blitukus stopped once more at the statue. The statues eyes now had a blue reflection, and its mouth had a reflection of light moving through it in rough circles as the water churned within. Blitukus' stone counterpart gazed deeply into his eyes, giving a sense of a timeless presence. The statue peacefully offered Blitukus a drink of water, and Blitukus drank from the statues cupped hands, smiling at his eternal counterpart.



Finishing his drink, he nodded at the statue and continued down the tunnel. he placed the blocks down and moved a lump of hematite. Then, he pulled a lever, shutting the spill floodgate, clearing the space of water and leaving a muddy trench behind to sink stones into. The building site was ready, but another need arose. He was putting his hunger off, but now it was getting to him. He walked back up the tunnel and retrieved another purple mushroom. As he ate it, he dug out and left multiple spores on the table. He thought that the spores themselves could be cooked and at least used as spice if needed. He walked back down the tunnel upon finishing, moved the other lump of hematite that was in the way, and lay the blocks in a neat arched bridge across the trench. The trench was not very wide, so this was quick and easy to do. Upon finishing, he realized, he had just completed, truly completed, a very major part of his infrastructure. Now that the tunnels had been suitably upgraded, the boiler could be built. He walked back up the tunnel, and shut down the fluid tunnels completely. He needed more coke in order to make the bronze. He walked back down the tunnel crossing the new bridge, and, magma sizzling to his side, struck the coal vein once more. After he had dug out a sizable amount, he brought the coal back to the smelter, and proceeded to process it into coke, taking a break to drink from the river. He had dug enough coal to repeat the process 2 more times, so he did that, each time using preexisting coke to fuel the refining, each time getting twice as much coke as what he used, each tome becoming more and more annoyed with sparks shooting out of the smelter and nearly landing in his eyes. As he hauled the coal from the mine to the smelter, he stepped over a strange, fiery, snake-like creature. He thought it was impossible. Creatures living within the magma?! He hoped that harmless snakes were all that would surface from the hellish liquid. He saw several of these creatures milling about the fiery surface of the magma flow on his last hauling trip.

He finished processing the coal, and rubbed his face, several marks from the sparking furnace having landed near his eyes. He decided on his first manufacturing project. He used scrap coke and some leftover bronze, and heated it within the forge, the scraps just barely heating the bronze hot enough to work. He took some sand off of the floor of the work space, and, using the last intense heat from the coke, melted that down into a small bit of glass. He then used a stones to force the glass to cool into two hollow half-spheres, and hammered the bronze to create a small pair of attached rings to hold the makeshift lenses. He harvested part of a nearby cave spider web, and strung the threads into a strap. He had made the joint between the two bronze rings flexible, and attached the strap, one end to each side, then he placed the makeshift lenses into the rings. He donned the resulting bronze goggles. Despite being made from scraps, they seemed to fit him quite comfortably. He felt a new feeling of confidence arise from the event of him wearing the goggles from the first time. Yes, he would no longer have to worry about sparks flying into his eyes, but he felt that the goggles held a greater significance as well. Yet again, he couldn't quite indicate to himself why.

Blitukus now had piles of coke, but now he needed to make more bronze. He walked down the tunnel, and hauled a heavy lump of cassiterite back to the smelter. Then, he walked into the dark depths again, fetching a large lump of malachite. Using some of the fresh coke, he smelted them together to make more bronze. After the bars had all cooled, he had 2 more stacks of bronze bars. 2 more to go. He repeated his previous steps. He found that wearing his new goggles, the fiery magma and the churning furnace were no longer a hazard to his eyesight at all. Sparks simply bounced off of the goggles. After smelting for the second time, the area around the smelter was littered with bronze bars. He now had enough to build a boiler with, and provide piping as well. He spent three trips hauling bronze from the smelter to the forge, then another hauling the needed coke. He then melted the bronze, pounding the bars together, flattening them into the bronze ribs that would encase his sought after power source. He had learned well as a metalsmiths' apprentice, and found the process familiar. He checked that the parts sealed airtight, and hammered a siding to seal it all off. He finished one section of the boiler, slowly, but with quality, and then proceeded to begin on the second section. As he slowly hammered the bars into the curved ribs, flat sides, solid supports and hollow tubes, he also created a pressure meter, doing the math in his head to determine where the meter would indicate a dangerous amount of pressure, and where it would indicate an optimal amount of pressure. He etched these markings in, and, once again, made sure everything fit air tight, that the pipes lined up and fit together, that there was no structural flaw that would cause the boiler to explode. As a precaution, he also made another device fitting on the back of the boiler. It was obvious that he would not have all day to tend to the boiler, and the boiler would occasionally need purging of excess steam, otherwise it would explode with devastating force. He built a device that, when a dangerous level of pressure was applied to its inlet, automatically vented gas out of a vent pipe. The boiler would be self-purging, and all Blitukus would have to do is make sure it was being fed water and magma. He fitted the ribs together, and riveted them in place, pounding the rivets in by hammer. He completed the two sections as well as their corresponding bronze mechanisms, and they would be fixed together at the site, as each alone was nearly too heavy to haul. He grunted and groaned as he strained himself slowly dragging the boiler section to its spot, but eventually, maneuvered it into place. He grunted and set it down, the segment resting upon its sturdy supports. Blitukus grunted, and walked to the forge yet again. He dragged the second segment down the tunnel and lined it up into place, nearly toppling it over in the process. He lined it up, and fastened the pipes together. He riveted the two segments together, and the inner chamber was air tight, the pressure meter reading equal to air pressure.



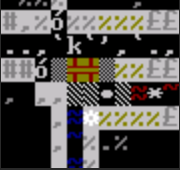
Now was the time to finally harness the power of steam. He pulled the lever to begin water uptake, then walked down the tunnel. He reached the magma, and pulled the magma uptake lever. The floodgates opened, and magma slowly sizzled its way through, under the bridge, steam rising from the muddied tunnel as the mud was fried back into hard stone. The bridge was frozen in place in the newly baked dust. The magma flowed through its tunnel, reclaiming it from the mud, and crossed the aqueduct once more. It passed through, and now only the new floodgate held the fire and water apart.



The system was ready. Blitukus pulled the lever, and the magma was let loose upon the helpless water. Both elements were taken up under the boiler, and there was a loud hissing as the pressure gauge began to rise. It rose, and rose. The boiler hissed and creaked as the gauge red optimal, and passed it. The pressure rose further, and began to near the danger level. The boiler occasionally creaked as the heat made the metal expand and the pressure made it expand further, but the rivets held firm. The pressure gauge reached the danger level.

*I've never seen such a big steam boiler up close before, let alone seen one explode!*

He stood before it in anticipation of whatever would come next. The failsafe device kicked in, and there was a loud hissing and a pneumatic sigh as steam was vented out of the back of the boiler. The pressure gauge fell, and reached equilibrium near the optimal mark.



He turned a valve on the manifold, and high pressure steam shot out. Soon he would connect pipes to this manifold, and on the other ends of these pipes would be steam driven machines. He shut the valve again, stood back, and admired his work. It was a large undertaking a good margin over the original cost expectation, but it had all gone right. Blitukus now had a power plant, and he had also built one of the first real, working, large scale steam devices in the world in making the boiler and its automatic purging system. It was a great day and a great achievement, but it was just infrastructure. Blitukus had opened the path to larger, more advanced devices, devices never before built, perhaps devices to reach his mother some day. He built it, and it worked. He grinned as he observed his achievement, adjusting his goggles.

**Blitukus has become a Steam Gadgeteer.**

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 23, 2007, 02:47:00 am**

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Nice! I wonder, if (far) later on in the development of the game, Toady could make it possible for stuff like this to actually happen by computer control only.

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Xotes ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 23, 2007, 03:41:00 am**

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Wow, This is just unbelievably awesome! I was actually beginning to think the fey mod was wearing of, then you say so yourself. AND THEN, IN THE VERY SAME POST, YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS!!! I am in awe!

I love DF;  
I love kobolds; (not in THAT sense)  
I love stempunk;  
I love very detailed description about HOW magic or technology works;  
I love these wonderful characters; (again, not in THAT sense)  
I love your way to write;  
Means I love\*7 this story!!

This is the most awesome story in POSSIBILITY!

Edit: And the symbolics about that statue is just beautiful!

When powered by the powerful magma who burn entire fortresses and turn landscapes into ash, it's eyes glow with a sadistic smile and it offers you the burning blood of the mountain.  
No sane person would drink that.

When powered by the mild water who drips the caves away and turn the planet green, It smiles comforting and offers you a drink of the finest springwater.  
You drink.

Yet the water have drowned infinitely many more than ever burned in all the volcanoes of the world.

Both is needed for the steam that will bend time itself, for the sake of a single kobold to meet his mother once again.

////////////////////

The beauty will kill me, because despite all my godly powers, it is still to grand for me to hold.

Damn, I'm getting poetic, look what this is doing to me!  
:roll:

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **October 23, 2007, 04:15:00 am**

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This story really is great, but I do have one thing to say: It was a bit tiring to read the small details of making the machine. Your story will be nuch easier for you to write and us (or me atleast) to read if you use a little less details, and it won't be a bit less incredible.

Edit: Seems that Armok thinks otherwise, so nvm I guess, do what you want.

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Bluefire ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 23, 2007, 04:54:00 pm**

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Yeah, I had a similar feeling. I feel like I'm going a bit too slow. As I said, once things start getting in place, things should speed up. And things should be in place relatively soon. I guess in the mean time you could skim over the details if you'd like :p

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 23, 2007, 05:03:00 pm**

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These stories have struck me an idea! AlanL, would you mind if I posted the first Kobold's quest on Facepunch so that more people will know about it? (Therefore increasing the people coming here, which means more players and more donations! I HAVE STRUCK UPON A GOLD MINE!)

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 23, 2007, 05:13:00 pm**

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Sure, put it wherever you want :p I'm no copyright-monger.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 23, 2007, 05:14:00 pm**

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OK THEN! TO WAR!!!

Besides, with over 100,000 people registered there, there's a very good chance people will be converted to DFism.



[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Xotes ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 23, 2007, 05:29:00 pm**

DO NOT cut down on detail, :)  
for you how think it's to slow, remember it is only that mutsh story, lets squish as many entertaining puns and poetic statues out of it as possible, if you just want to know how it end as quickly as possible I am sure you can make AlanL spoil it without having to read the boring story itself, right? :D

Edit: and I am the one who has dust-crawled the most, so I get to decide, right, I am the most involved and the greatest fan, should give me some priority before those who see this as just another story, right? \*looks pleading\*

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 23, 2007, 05:37:00 pm**

Thanks :p

When i said speed up I'm basically referring to the progression from simple basics to more complex/bigger things. The boiler was a milestone there. I'm not going to reduce detail, I'm just going to have things to say that should be less mundane than making floodgates :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 23, 2007, 06:01:00 pm**

Then fine, just make sure it is detailed enough so i can build it in my basement, if I had one, that is.  
Isn't Complex and big opposites, or almost opposites when talking technology, or is that only electronics and doesn't apply to steamtec?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 23, 2007, 06:05:00 pm**

They tend to be opposites, but aren't necessarily. In the modern world, with things like integrated circuits, it tends to be the case, but it wasn't always. Look at the ENIAC (sp?, heck, am i thinking of UNIVAC?), for instance. It was one of the most complex devices of its day, and it took up a couple rooms and ate up a ton of power. I still don't know how they managed to keep it cool.

Hmm, the space shuttle is pretty dang huge, and it was precision-engineered. Also, come to think of it, cities themselves are big and complex, they tend to get more complex as they get bigger :p

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 23, 2007, 06:09:00 pm**

Strange I even asked,I really know that, might have to do whit me being supposed to be asleep 3 hors ago, goodnight.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 23, 2007, 10:11:00 pm**

Contract stands,extra death bringing discount tho!.  
Once again 5 Stars's AlanL.  
Oh,and if any one see's Endiqua,tell her i had NOTHING to do with the badger.  
\*Teleport\*

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

[ October 23, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 23, 2007, 11:25:00 pm**

Thanks for the good feedback :p

Right now, I'm hoping that my drive doesn't start sputtering out before the story is finished. Either way, it should turn out good, but it would be a disservice to the story to not finish it with the highest quality possible.

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Blitukus stood proudly. He now had a power source, and he could now build devices to put this power to use. He pondered just how he would get to heaven. He knew hell was down and heaven was up. He thought of what he could possibly do to get that high. Heaven lay above the clouds. He began to ponder the possibility of an elevator, the possibility of a steam catapult, loading himself into a steam-cannon and firing himself into heaven. All of these ideas literally fell short. None of these would bring him high enough. He realized, whatever method he was going to use some day, he would need a more versatile material than bronze. He would have to unleash the benefits of Steel. He needed iron, limestone, and a lot of coke to make this. He rested his pick axe on his shoulder, and smiled at the boiler as he walked down the tunnel. He reached the magma, and tunneled further into the coal vein. Once he had a sizable amount, one at a time, he brought the lumps to the smelter and processed them. He was frustrated with the inefficiency of the process. He had to burn coke to get coke. Perhaps if he used another source of heat, he would be able to make these metals far cheaper. Then, he remembered what he had read about magma furnaces. With the steel he would make, he decided he would channel the magma into the work-room and use the magma to fuel the furnaces. He could double his coke production efficiency that way, and smelt metals lower than steel using no coke at all. It was virtually needed if he wanted to make steel in any real quantity. He took a break for a drink, and continued producing coke, pondering the process. The dwarven magma furnaces had an uptake that required on the momentum of the magma flow in order to drive the magma into the furnace. This meant that, with the basic design, he would have to build it right on the magma river. This was a long walk, especially to haul the limestone. It wouldn't do. It was horribly inefficient as well.

He thought what he could do to improve upon it as he finished processing the last lump of coal. Now he could start the steel production process, but would likely need more coal in the future. First up was making iron bars. He cleared the smelter after the coke cooled, and proceeded down to the magma to haul the previously useless hematite back to the smelter. He continued his thinking. He had a power source, and he could use steam power to drive the magma into the furnace. This was the solution. He would have to be efficient with his steel, and use bars to make a steam engine and mechanisms to drive the magma into the furnace. He reached the smelter, loaded the hematite in with coke, and began smelting it, taking care as he produced the first stack of iron bars present on the glacier. Iron was the champion metal of human and dwarven civilizations... little did they realize how substandard it truly is. It's the second to most basic useful metal, and the second to least useful at that, raw copper being the worst. He would take the iron, and elevate it with a heavy dose of carbon, the amount then reduced, refined to the highest degree. First was the heavy dose of carbon. He needed to make the iron into pig iron. In doing this, he used limestone in the reaction and twice as much coke, for coke was the source of carbon. At least there wasn't much hauling to do. When he had finished, and cooled the bars, the pig iron was actually weaker than raw iron. The amount of carbon needed to be refined. He snickered, remembering hearing about the infamous Dwarven Pig Iron Bridge Experiment of 1072. That poor human caravan...



*They say that over 10,000 monies worth of goods ended up in the downstream. Too bad those dwarves didn't know what they were handling! I remember hearing about the last 4 words out of the architects mouth. 'My god! It broke!' 4 words I doubt I'll be uttering any time soon. Hopefully. Just one more step... two more steps.*

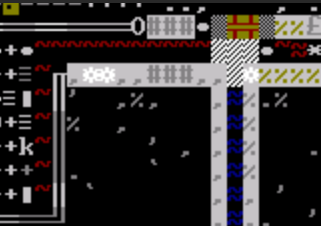
Blitukus was once again down to only one stack of coke bars. If he were to use that up, he would have to burn wood for charcoal again, or never make metal again. This wouldn't be a problem with a magma smelter, he could run himself fresh out of coke and simply use the magma to process up some more. For now, standard procedure still was called for. Again, he walked down the tunnel to mine more coal. As he dug, he found that the black dust was settling on his goggles, and settling in his body. He occasionally found himself coughing after toppling a coal-laden wall. With an environment like that, it's no wonder dwarves never smoke. He once again finished and began the cycle of hauling and processing the coke. This time, he interrupted himself to eat. Blitukus found himself often wondering why he had such weird tastes. Nearly all kobolds frowned upon eating anything other than meat or chewing on bones, but he found the purple mushrooms rather delicious. As he finished his meal, he felt his tiredness starting to get to him once more. He wanted to continue anyway, despite his tiredness, but working himself into exhaustion would either result in a ruined product or some rather nasty burn marks. After finishing his meal, he lay on his bed, and took his goggles off, setting them on the floor. He reviewed the designs for the magma furnaces, and sketched his modifications over the design drawings. After finishing the plans, he set it down, book open to the proper page, and let himself fall asleep. That day, he drempt of leaping off of the top of the mountain, and soaring on the back of a giant bat into heaven. The bat seemed to be even larger than the one that attacked him, yet was friendly toward him. When he awoke, he somehow had a feeling, telling him that he was on the right track. He got up, rubbed his eyes, and donned the goggles once more. He felt no unhappiness in getting right to work after he had fully awoken, and continued processing the coke. Yet again, he was interrupted by a need. He quenched his thirst in the river. He thought, it might be more convenient and comfortable to just build a well in the work room eventually. Then again, a thought occurred to him that such a structure would be just inviting the creatures of the river to infiltrate his home. He dismissed the thought. There was nothing to be worried about but a few bugs, as far as he knew.

He hauled the last lump of raw coal and processed it into a 2 stacks of coke bars, using one in the process. Upon finishing, he took a break to clean the table in his room of seeds, but he realized, he finally had all of the resources put together. It was time to make steel. He realized that an opportunity presented itself, mentioned briefly in the text. In the heat of bringing the pig iron to the right amount of carbon, a lump of hematite could be smelted into the molten pool, adding to the amount of resulting steel with little extra cost. He took the opportunity, and walked back down to the end of the tunnel, retrieving a piece of hematite and placing it in the smelter with the pig iron and prerequisite coke. Then, he fetched more limestone to add to the reaction. The process was large, and the interior of the furnace was cluttered. The process was also delicate. Too much carbon removed, and he would end up back at square one with raw iron. Too little, and he retrieved pig iron, having wasted precious coke on nothing. It took a special balance to turn the metal into steel. He worked slowly and cautiously. It would be a spectacular waste... if he didn't get it right on his first try. A while later, the fire died down and the process concluded. He let the bars cool just enough to solidify, and pulled them out. During the time he had waited, he pondered the steel making process. The process was overly convoluted, and inefficient, requiring much more carbon than was truly needed to make steel. He thought, instead of the ridiculous ceremony of puddling it to adjust carbon, the carbon could be simply dislodged at those temperatures. In fact, a powerful blast of air could adjust the carbon content. He retrieved the book, and took note of what was needed to build a magma furnace, further changing the design to allow for this air flow. Not wasting a second he pounded the metal into shape, to put into place as the sections of the furnace. He worked as efficiently as possible, saving the leftover steel to make a steam piston, a wheel for it to drive, gears for the wheel to drive, mechanisms to regulate the engine, a paddle wheel to move the magma, and a fan to blast air through the furnace. Blitukus had to use much more strength to work the hot metal, but this brought him a lot of joy. This metal was much tougher than bronze. He had succeeded. He had started with two stacks of steel bars, and now had the parts to make magma versions of the forge and the smelter. The forge used similar mechanisms to the smelter, minus the fan. Now he could dismantle his outdated smelter and forge, and dig a tunnel to bring the magma into the workplace. He waited for the smelter and steel to cool, and dismantled both the smelter and forge.

He had to stop and appreciate the metal. It was teh first time in his life he had seen steel. Steel was likely, literally, worth its weight in gold, and few had worked with it before. He found himself quickly falling in love with it. He picked up a piece of steel siding, hugged it, and pressed his face against it. He smiled as he pressed himself against the metal, then set the siding down. He definitely appreciated the secret alloy of the superpowers, but he had work to do, and it would have work to do. He took his pick axe, and tunneled along the wall to reach the boilers feed. He would tap the magma going to the boiler in order to feed the forges. He dug into the space adjacent to the tunnel along the wall, careful not to disturb the regions he would use to mount pipes in. He uncovered more opal while tunneling, but, he broke through to find that the magma was still there to greet him. Luckily, the inlet for the boiler was secure, and all it did was greet him. Still, it would be rather stupid to try to dig a trench to tap it while the boiler was running. He would likely fry himself trying to attach the channel to the feed. He pulled both control levers by the boiler, shutting the feeds off without having to shut off the magma tunnel entirely. Yet again, his upgrades were proving useful, and convenient. He started digging a trench from the feed to the work room, adding on to his already finished work.



He moved materials out of the way, and dug through smooth and rough floor, leading the trench along the wall of the work room. He smoothed the rough spots left behind by the old furnaces, and, having finished the modification, opened magma flow again. The magma proceeded into the boiler feed, and proceeded past, filling the channel up to the lip, and not going over. He opened water flow, and once again, the water passed through its tunnel, reaching the boiler. Steam flowed once more, and on top of it, magma was available to heat the furnaces.



He enthusiastically moved to begin placing the steel down, but found his enthusiasm painfully disrupted. He grunted and growled and cursed at himself under his own breath. After all that, a stupid mistake. He wouldn't be able to build parts of the furnace over the magma, a bridge wouldn't hold the weight of the steel. He would have to dig a feed trench for each furnace, modifying the channels again. He sighed and shut off the feed again. As he dug the small inlets, a realization came over him. He felt his frustration dissolve, and he laughed. He made a stupid mistake involving magma, and didn't kill himself! That was pure luck. It seemed luck, indeed the forces of chaos itself, were allied with him. He sighed. His laughter seemed to melt away. The snow outside receded, and the suns arc rose once again. It was new years.

**Spring has arrived!**

To many this was a cause for celebration. To Blitukus, and the rest of the empire which he came from, it was a cause for mourning. It had been a year since the assassination. This day marked a bitter, dark day in the history of Anthath Siset, and in the history of Blitukus' life. The day his mother left the mortal plane. Blitukus found himself slowing, but he forced himself to continue. He pressed his teeth together in emotional pain, and felt as if at any moment he would fill that very channel with his own tears. But, that never happened. Had it really been an entire year since he was driven out of his own empire? He was starting to feel rather lonely. Still more was to be done, the magma had to flow. He slowly walked back into the tunnel, and shoved the lever, allowing magma to flow once more into the boiler and work room. He emptied his goggles of his tears, and watched the magma slowly make its way by. The sight of the magma, glowing red in the tunnel, triggered his sadness to convert. He walked to the water feed lever, and pushed it forcefully with his foot. He watched the water flush through the tunnel, pouring into the magma, steam rising, the boiler hissing as it accepted the influx. It was 1081, a year had passed. This was the day in which his mother had died. This was also the day he had decided, it was coming true. His mothers death was driving him to his true destiny as the death of her family drove her to hers. A year ago, he was helpless, stranded alone on a glacier. Now,

he had summoned from his own strength and intelligence the force of water, fire, steam and steel. He had a new type of furnace, never before seen to build.

With new determination, he took up the steel, and began placing it, riveting the parts together and assembling the entire structure with efficiency and speed. He built the forge and the smelter, and routed steam to them both through bronze tubing. He then capped the unused vents in the manifold and opened the valve. After he had finished, he returned to his new furnaces.



Their steel surface beautifully reflected the light, bringing the structure an unusual shine. Now was not the time to admire his accomplishments, he felt immensely driven. Now was the time to bring more steel into the world. He walked down the tunnel with quickened pace, and retrieved some hematite. He hauled it back, and placed it into the magma smelters furnace. He pulled the lever, engaging the piston engine. The steam hissed into it, and the piston pressed forward, driving the wheel. The gears meshed, and the paddles scooped the magma from the channel inlet into the steel furnace. The fan spun and air was sucked into the bottom of the furnace. The piston extended with a hiss, and retracted with a sigh, letting out a puff of steam on each cycle. The machine accelerated, and eventually made quite a racket as it reached top speed. The magma rose to near the air inlet, and the superheated gas was forced upward through the furnace with intense pressure. The hematite was smelted down rapidly into iron, and no coke was required at all. The process was actually immensely faster than the coke-fired furnace, and Blitukus found himself happy of his achievements and sad of his mothers death simultaneously. He listened to the music of the machine, a symphony of steam and steel, and he was the conductor. The iron neatly poured into the steel moulds, and the slag was separated by a slide, much quicker and easier than scooping it off.

This process was far faster, far more efficient, and the furnace had much more room to spare. He thought, the process could be done with multiple loads of hematite, it could be done en masse. He stopped the steam flow to the engine, and let the machine slowly spin to a stop, the magma draining from the bottom of the furnace all on its own. Blitukus found himself amazed with the speed and quality of this new process, compared to the old. He thought, similar methods could be applied to other processes. He smiled and let out a bitter-sweet laugh as he realized the implications of his achievements, tears of mixed emotions once more beginning to pool in his goggles. Blitukus had developed a new way of making metal, and a true use for steam power, and maybe even they would name it after him some day, but he had not just built a better furnace. He had developed an entirely new concept of how to produce things. No longer would he have to rely on simple tools and manual labor for everything, for steel and steam powered gadgetry could make much of the process far quicker, and production could be done en masse. If this were applied to all manufacturing, then even the poorest nations could provide an abundance for their people and tame their environment. No longer would people have to suffer and starve as they struggled to eek out an existence. His laughter intensified as he realized the full scale of what he had achieved this day.

Goodbye, era of iron. Blitukus Siegedriven, son of Fale Siegedriven, has advanced to the next epoch in technology.

His mother had fought a grand revolution and won, but maybe, in trying to reach his mother, he had also started a grand revolution of an entirely new type, 700 years before it was due. Despite the global impact that could come of this discovery, it was only a means to an end, for now. He now had the industrial power to build his grand machine, but he still needed to design it first.

-----

I did a little bit of looking things up but I still probably got something wrong involving steel making. I'm not a metalsmith IRL, so what I know about steel is generally after the fact.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 23, 2007, 11:59:00 pm**

\*Teleport's on top of steel bar's.\* (> :D)  
Hey,can you post a screen shot of the entire fortress/private house/labortory?.  
It be cool to see EVERYTHING all together where the story is placed.  
Also,dont play with atomic power next Blitukus!.It cuases chafing!...oh and lots of -EXPLODEING!!!. :D  
  
[ October 24, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 24, 2007, 12:40:00 am**

Don't forget, a rather embarrassing amount of fur loss :p  
  
As for the fortress map, I might make a map archive tomorrow if I remember, its getting late right now :p  
  
(slightly spoilily)  
He probably won't be getting much into atomic power (i toyed with the idea, and am not sure on it, it depends on how the later end of the story), but atomic things will get involved at some point in time. He'll hardly be 'playing' with it though. And up next should, predictably, be his first real attempt at finally reaching his mother.  
(/slightly spoilily)  
  
[ October 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 24, 2007, 07:20:00 am**

AWESOME! MORE AND MORE AWESOME IT GETS!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **October 24, 2007, 09:12:00 am**

Wait a minute. I thought magam smelters, furances and forges had to be built directly next to the magma flow! Can I channel it into the fort and build the magma operations there?  
  
[ October 24, 2007: Message edited by: Bluefire ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Lightning4** on **October 24, 2007, 01:50:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Bluefire:  
<STRONG>Wait a minute. I thought magam smelters, furances and forges had to be built directly next to the magma flow! Can I channel it into the fort and build the magma operations there?  
[ October 24, 2007: Message edited by: Bluefire ]</STRONG>

There is a utility that will change a magma channel to a magma flow tile.  
<http://www.dwarffortresswiki.net/index.php/Utilities#flow.exe>

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 24, 2007, 04:12:00 pm**

Use tileinfo on the bit you want to act like a magma river, then, using the memory editor of your choice, change the top number from 8 or 7 to 4, and then change the 3rd number from 5f of whatever it is to f7. The game will then think you have real magma there, and it'll look the same as the rest of the channel. Simply put the numbers back as they were when you want it to empty. MC2MR works as well, but sometimes it can be undesirable to make the whole thing a magma river.

Edit- never seen that util before. Might be convenient :p

[ October 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 24, 2007, 05:12:00 pm**

Convenient! \*Echos a few times.\*  
...err. \*Silence...\*  
Back to you Armok!. \*Hands news report to Armok,who happens to be next to him.\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 24, 2007, 11:35:00 pm**

Hmm, this story is proving to be far longer than the first, the thread already has more posts than the first, and more images. Bigger is better I guess :p

-----  
Blitukus found his emotions torn between joy over his inventions, and the mourning of the death of his mother. His laughter died down, and he sighed through his nose. He was able to make as much metal as he wanted now, but he needed to know how much of what metals. He walked back to his room and sat on his bed, and began to think of what he could possibly make. The mountain never reached as high as heaven. He thought of building a steel tower, piercing into the sky, but upon thinking it through, decided that any such tower of any true height would sway in the wind, and it would topple far before he built high enough to reach heaven. He sat, and let his mind focus to the point of losing touch with the world around him. Several ideas came, and they were all thrown out. He remembered the dream of soaring on the bad, and remembered the bat in the furnace. Was it a hint on how to reach heaven? Did his subconscious have an idea it wished to share? He thought about it. He remembered his mother, remembered how she would dance, remembered one time he saw her sparring. He remembered how her sword glided through the air, as if the air itself were holding the blade up. An idea started to come to him. He took up one of the bands of fabric from his clothes. It was light, but densely woven. Could the force of rushing air hold material up? As air moves faster, it tends to act with less pressure. A surface with a longer path for air above than below would have lower pressure above than below as the air above sped to meet its lower counterpart. This would lift the material. He held the fabric up and blew over the top, watching as the material lifted, forming a curved shape, flattened near the back and curved near the front. The action of deflecting moving air downwards would also cause the equal and opposite reaction of forcing the material upwards. He added it up, and realized what the hints were pointing to.

*A bat and a furnace. The bat soars to heaven, and the furnace makes steel. I'll soar to heaven on wings of steel! I shall build a flying machine!*

It was the subject of childrens' tales, myths involving gnomes, machines that could lift a person cleanly into the sky. A curved steel surface could produce lift, and a properly angled, spinning steel blade could produce thrust. But, these were a great concept, but the blades had to be spun by something. Steam power came to mind, but it had a very, very difficult obstacle in this application. The boiler, the fuel, all of it was rather heavy. Heavy things tended not to fly very far. A piston was, by itself, possibly light enough, but a piston needed steam to drive it. Where would the steam come from? He left his room, and walked down the tunnel, pondering the problem. He passed the boiler, and began thinking of the fluids passing through to it. Fluids acted in a very odd manner, potentially related to the magic of the world. They move as units of 'flood', permeating all available space around and maintaining perfectly the right volume to fill it. when removed from their source, the fluid seemed to vanish, as if eaten by a material, a material the opposite of flood.

He felt the excitement of the new idea pass, and nearly discarded the idea of a flying machine, the thoughts of fluids seeming irrelevant. Then, another idea ocured to him. Flood always perfectly permeates all available space, and when flood of water and flood of magma meet, steam is released as the water is vaporized. Yet, anti-flood and flood permeated the same spaces at the same speeds. A flood and anti-flood could chase one another in a circle, making an infinite loop, and as they permeated branches off from the loop, pulses would exit the loop, for free, with no other input than the loop simply running. If a magma loop and a water loop were allowed to interact, then steam could be produced with no real material input. Steam was energy, and it seemed it could be free. Free energy? He laughed at the idea at first, but eventually he realized, it could really be. He would have to test this idea. If somehow this proved to be true, steam would come freely, no fuel and virtually no boiler would be needed. It would solve the weight problem. He felt a mixture of feelings of insanity and insight. Nobody had ever viewed fluids in this light before, not even the dwarves who worked with it on a daily basis.

*Free energy?... Free to try, free to find out...*

He thought about how he would set up such an experiment. All it took was two loops, and somewhere for them to meet. Simple enough. He took his pick axe in his hands and, opposite the magma tunnel, began digging a suitable test chamber out of the wall. As he did so, he calculated in his head the cost of it. Each loop would need 2 floodgates, one for an initial feed, one for a control, and one lever each. Each floodgate would need 2 sets of mechanisms to link. The total was 4 floodgates and 12 sets of mechanisms. He dug out the tunnels, smoothed a nook in the wall and dug a small window through it to peer into the test machine while it operated. He then dug a trench where the two loops joined, preventing the magma loop from overwhelming the water one. Now he needed to dig a diversion out of the magma tunnel, which would be full of water to feed the water loop, and full of magma to feed the magma loop. He would have to shut the system down, entirely, in order to safely make these modifications. He pulled both levers, cutting flow to the boiler, and walked down the tunnel to the magma, pulling the third to cut off magma flow. He walked back up the tunnel and waited for the magma to disappear from the anti-flood the closed floodgate let loose. Flood and anti-flood, the idea seemed entirely crazy. It was worth a shot. The magma settled. The system was safe, so he knocked the wall down in line with the inlet for the test, breaching the magma tunnel. As expected, the tunnel was empty. He then began to dig the trenches that would link the tunnel and the machine, and provide for proper space between the inlet and the control to set up a cycling wave of flood and anti-flood. Shortly after the channels were complete. He pulled both boiler levers, flooding the system with water. He would need to bridge the channels, or he would be cutting himself off from his own mines. Then, he continued to produce the components to actually make the machine work. On top of the four floodgates, he would also need two stacks of blocks to make the two bridges out of. He made those, then continued with the mechanisms. Stone was disappearing from the area. This should be the last major stone investment needed anyhow, as his actual machine would be nearly all metal. He finished the blocks and two of the four floodgates, and realized that hauling stone such distances was not productive. He hauled the stack of blocks to one of the channels, and constructed a small arch over it. He then repeated it for the second inlet channel. As he walked past the workshops, he realized, the stone he had saved from tearing down the old furnaces could have been easily recycled. No matter, he would find another use for those blocks somewhere else. Then, he pulled the two levers, cutting the water off. As he finished the second two floodgates, he stopped to eat. As he ate, he pondered if the controls would be quick enough to cause the flood chain. He cleaned up the spores, putting them back in the bag, and finished the floodgates. Next was the mechanisms. It was slow, and uneventful work hauling the stone, but he took great interest and pride and crafting the stone into working sets of mechanisms and levers. Stone disappeared quickly.

*It's funny how a lot of dwarves complain about stone littering their fortresses, and here I am, starting to think about needing to make a quarry soon. It's really a shame that I need my steel for other things or I'd mechanize stone working too.*

While finishing the last set of mechanisms, he took a break to drink from the river, and then finished afterwards. He now had the components, and it was time to install them. First he installed the levers outside of the machine, against the wall. Then he placed the controller floodgates, as the inlet floodgates would seal the machine in all cases except letting starter material in.

He began to link the floodgates to the levers, but decided to save the work for the day after. Today he had done much, but he had suffered much, and it was time to put the day behind. He went back to his room and lay in bed. He finished reading 'Encased Evils'. The



magma moat of hell is meant to keep mortals from breaching the planes of the afterlife, and meant to keep the demons of hell from ascending to earth. He had his mind directed upwards, and had long ago decided not to try to venture into hell to find a path to heaven. That day, he drempt of his childhood. Those simple and free years long passed it seemed, even though he had only recently become an adult. The afternoon after, he awoke, sat up, and yawned. It was no longer new years. This didn't make him any less determined. He got up and immediately continued, letting himself awake fully on the walk to his task. After linking the floodgates to the levers via stone pulleys and line, he installed the inlet floodgates, and linked those to their levers. He was careful not to jam the line of the control floodgates while installing the inlet floodgates, and managed to fit it through around the groove the floodgate slid through. He finished hooking in the last floodgate to its lever, and reopened the water feed. The machine was done, and it was time to test. The water rushed through the tunnels, coming to rest at the inlets. He worked the levers at the front of the machine, but found that, as he predicted, he was not pushing them fast enough. The flood completed and the anti-flood took both routes. He would have to operate both levers nearly simultaneously. He grunted as he reprimed the device, and moved the levers simultaneously. The water seemed to vanish at the floodgate, and rematerialize at the control. The water defied gravity, moving up the slope of the tunnel, and flushing back down the trench. Blitukus had unraveled the secret of flood and anti-flood, and in the process, produced perpetual motion. He felt a slight sensation of insanity at the abstract sight, feeling as if he had not yet awoken from his dream. He laughed to himself, and laughed at the world.

Oops! I think I broke the universe!

The wave continued in circles, but eventually, the flood and anti-flood, not moving at exactly the same rate as expected, ran into one another, and the machine failed. But, during the time it ran, it seemed the laws of physics seemed to be turned upside down. Blitukus continued laughing as he reset the machine. Now it was time to unleash the magma, and since the magma was slower, maybe it would continue forever. He walked down the tunnel, his laughter echoing throughout the tunnel and chasm. He reached the magma, and unleashed the molten rock back into the tunnels. The magma followed behind him as he walked back up the tunnels, steam traveling into the halls at every opening, the statue letting out a breath as if it were alive, sending steam out of its mouth as Blitukus walked by, the gas rising also from its cupped hands, drifting into the air, seemingly weightless. The magma was back as it had been, now feeding also into the test machine. The magma repeated the motion of the water. It radiated heat, and took nothing in. It never faded, and it always moved. It was perpetual motion, infinite energy.

:p  
I'm expecting a lot of you will catch the Mythbusters reference :p

Heres the map that was requested: <http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-1232-blitukushome>

As you can see, the coal mine is actually empty. This is because I've been ore-dash-k-ing the thing, as actual coal is way too far away to be practical. For the sake of the story, I cheat and refill it every time coal is needed :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Endiqua** on **October 25, 2007, 10:58:00 am**

\*I\* got it, at least. :D Great work, as usual.  
  
As Blitikus discovered, experiments don't fail. Even if they don't produce the desired result, the experiment has succeeded because you tested a theory and received an answer, or at least more information.  
  
Rabid Endiqua cancels post: Stalking Ironic Bringer of Deaths.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Entity** on **October 25, 2007, 06:00:00 pm**

The idea of a flood/antiflood perpetual motion machine is *genious*.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 25, 2007, 06:16:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
  
Unfortunately, due to homework and other real life stuff that I recently got done with, I probably won't be putting up an update today. Blowing off projects until 10:00 PM of the night before its due is generally a bad idea :p  
  
Although, it won't be a problem tomorrow (Yay Friday :p)  
  
Edit: I noticed I have a potentially bad habit of putting emoticons at the end of every statement.  
  
[ October 25, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 25, 2007, 07:14:00 pm**

Thats ->Bringer<- of Ironic Deaths.  
\*Runs away from Endiqua,luaghing maniacly.\*  
-Spining Iron Anvil has struck Endiqua in the upper body.-  
-It is battered!.-

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Endiqua** on **October 26, 2007, 09:10:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Bringer of Ironic Deaths: <STRONG>Thats ->Bringer<- of Ironic Deaths. *Runs away from Endiqua,luaghing maniacly.* -Spining Iron Anvil has struck Endiqua in the upper body.- -It is battered!.-</STRONG>

I'm rabid from the badger, remember? Can't expect me to be coherent all the time.  
  
-Battered iron anvil has mysteriously appeared in BOID's fortress-  
BOID cancels fight: cowering

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 26, 2007, 05:27:00 pm**

Manifestations of pure evil and irony dont cower.  
-Cancels cower,Error-  
-Spining live rat strikes Endiqua in the head!.-  
-It flies off in a bloody arc!.-  
-Endiqua has been struck down.-  
That should teach ya!...what?.Shes not really dead!...just...lying headless in a pool of blood.Shell be fine!.



In other news,this story has gone off the awesome charts,and is certainly one of the most epic things in existince,right next to Doritos and Dr Pepper.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 26, 2007, 05:31:00 pm**

Awsomeestiostyosiast awsomostory!!!!

Tie just hadest to use that method for pretupial motionz after I spokens thats I wanted to have it detailed becauze itist plausible andst buildable in the cellars, right? Remindest me of tee "corrupt a wish" thread.

Mythbusters... Mythbuzterszs... \*loses his temper, cranks own skull open, take out a dusty book, turns a few pages, reads, puts the book back, heals instantly\*  
Sztupid book :D

By the ways, BoID, yours creativity seems to have beenest laking latelyz, could tie try to kill tee people in a LITTLEst more unique andst ironic way than merly drooping anvils on them? It ist funny the first time, but... :D

(Shalt tie want me to resetest my vois, so thatst I donts speek funistly, just tells, ty it ist a longest time to spekest like this)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 26, 2007, 05:42:00 pm**

Yep, the bald-ish guy (I think his name is Adam or something like that?) said that quote in the intro. I know its a misfitting quote but I felt the words themselves fit just right.

And I really wish I had a real plan for a real free energy machine. If I did I would either be on the news or in the nut-house by now. :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 26, 2007, 06:35:00 pm**

Id like to be able to understand you Armok.And the anvil thing is just out of pure boredom.She was the one medaling...danm why did i drop a badger on her again?.Oh it was for saying thrice really was a word.[The secret must not be let loose!.]  
Armok,i think we should redirect that fury at the elves...trees falling on the tree huggers...the ultimate ironic death.  
\*Teleports away to cast mayhem and chaos on the elves.\*

[ October 26, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 26, 2007, 11:55:00 pm**

Thanks for all the comments, though now I might as well bring this back on topic in the most effective way I know :))

The bad news is, music gives me a lot of inspiration and my headphones just broke while I was writing this :(

Ah well, next time I'll keep note to get +headphones+ instead of <<headphones>> :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 27, 2007, 12:21:00 pm**

Hehe...DF humor.  
Any how master work AlanL.  
I think you should meet my friend,'Aprentice'.Shes been working with me for 1 week already...and shes already screwed up my plan to destroy the elves,let loose twelve bolts of steel into a dwarf smith,and saved a human town from a army of goblins I SENT MYSELF!.  
I need some caffine.  
\*A cup of coffe teleports into BoID's hand in a red flash.\*  
Endiqua get up already.  
\*A blast a white light shoots off from Boid's hand,and heals Endiqua completely.\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 27, 2007, 04:19:00 pm**

Masterful ¸story¸. :)

And BoID, I do not know if tie do troll breeding experiments, but I'm quite shore tie voise is not female whit an Irish ascent, explain tieself! :mad:

AlanL how OOC did tie really manage the troll situation, how did tie get Blitukus to work whitst an broken arm? :confused:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 27, 2007, 04:37:00 pm**

What a coincidence, I just got started on the next update when you posted :p

Tie? I don't wear them :p

I managed the troll by teleport.exe-ing the thing into a superheated cell, which caused it to berzerk and promptly die.

I originally just let him rest in bed but he had a yellow arm so I didn't think it would heal in time, theres nobody there to bring him water etc. since hes alone. So, I loaded from a backup, dealt with the troll more quickly that time, and just left the combat in the story. Besides, with a drive such as his I don't think a broken arm would make him retreat to bed. He splinted it so I don't see why he couldn't do some things one handed :p

<slightly>  
The female character with the irish accent will actually play a pivotal role eventually.  
</slightly>

Also...

quote:
Originally posted by Bringer of Ironic Deaths: <STRONG>I think you should meet my friend,'Aprentice'.Shes been working with me for 1 week already...and shes already screwed up my plan to destroy the elves,let loose twelve bolts of steel into a dwarf smith,and saved a human town from a army of goblins I SENT MYSELF!.</STRONG>

Sounds like fun :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 27, 2007, 04:39:00 pm**

\*Cough\* boss man...yeeeah...as a request,please stop speaking crazy.  
And that was not me!...just...err...it was...\*Cough,Hack,wheeze\*.  
NEVER YOU MIND GOD OF BLOOD!.Drink you're dwarf blood tea!.  
-Evades question-  
\*Teleports away.Once again a note is left behind.\*  
'If she messes up again ill strangle her...'

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 27, 2007, 06:01:00 pm**

[Angry Gandalf voise, the one he uses to tell Bilbo to let go of the ring]  
STOP EVADING MY QUESTIONS, HALFMORTAL.  
[/AG voise]  
And I don't like tea. :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 27, 2007, 08:47:00 pm**

Thanks again for the comments, it's one of the things that's really kept me going :)

-----  
Blitukus actually found himself feeling happy. Even if this was his own personal hell, it wasn't going to hold him back. He continued hauling the steel. He looked outside, and saw the snow falling, glittering in the light of the dark aurora. As he moved the metal, he looked at it, and laughed. He held in his arms a metal in amounts larger than what most nations had. It was really happening. As he moved the stacks of steel bars, he didn't bother leaving them as stacks. He piled the metal in the stockpile. Eventually, he finished moving the metal that he had made. It was less than half of what he needed, but it was still piles, and piles of it. The most advanced metal on the surface of the world, and he had made piles of it. He stared at it, and smiled.

:p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 28, 2007, 12:20:00 am**

\*Teleports into the Topic area.\*  
Nice update as per always AlanL.  
And Armok,  
1:All will be answered in time.Which isnt that long in the case of a imortal being.  
2:The misspelling is what makes it funny!. :D  
3 :Drink your tea!. > :(  
  
[ October 28, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]  
  
[ October 28, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Necro** on **October 28, 2007, 07:27:00 am**

Finally got time to read this! Supreme storytelling!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 28, 2007, 05:18:00 pm**

Beyond Quality, as always, AlanL.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 28, 2007, 05:43:00 pm**

If i didnt say that this story was the best damn thing next to Doritos and Dr pepper[I like my soda and quick fix snacks.So sue me...dont really,im broke :(.],then im saying it now.This story is the best danm thing next to Doritos and Dr Pepper!.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 28, 2007, 10:32:00 pm**

Thank you all :)

-----  
Blitukus took a stack of steel bars back to the magma forge, and, using the heat of the mountains blood, heated the steel and forged it into a free-energy steam generator. It was in essence two steel donuts, connected in the middle, valves and weight-driven mechanisms to control them, and a pipe coming out of the middle that would expel steam. On the sides of the donuts were two small tanks, one containing water, the other carefully filled with magma. When the valve was opened from these tanks, it would create flood within the donut, and when closed, it would create anti-flood. The device was self regulated, for if flood were to catch up with anti-flood, the extra weight of the fluid would press down on the mechanisms, shutting valves and slowing the progress of the flood material, and if the anti-flood were getting too close to catching up with the flood, the fluid mass would be low, lowering the weight on the mechanisms and opening the valves, allowing the flood to move quicker. Since other forces would act upon it in flight, he used a counterweight to ensure that only the true mass of the fluid would be measured. All it took were, in essence, flipping a few switches and it would produce free steam for as long as Blitukus wanted, portably. It would allow him to forge small parts anywhere, and would eventually power the flying machine, along with several identical steam generators.

Making all of that steel had exhausted Blitukus, so he brought the new device back to bed. He lay on the bed and lay the device on the ground, testing it, seeing what would cause it to run and what would cause it to not. He opened the steam valve, and watched as it spat steam into the air, mechanisms slowly moving on their own as the device regulated itself. He looked down at it, and it spat steam up at him, fogging up his goggles rapidly. He wiped the lenses off and shut down the generator. He then took his goggles off, lay them down by the device, and let himself fall asleep. That day, his dream started out a dream. He once again found himself standing in Utopias Metropolis, vehicles buzzing about, but something created a sense of dread. He felt detached from the city. Suddenly, there was an impossibly bright flash. All sense of sight and sound were entirely removed. Suddenly, he felt his vision returning, and the bright light dimming. He shielded his eyes as he looked in the direction of the piercing glow, and saw something that truly horrified him. A shell, a shockwave of sorts emanated from the site of the flash. All was silent as this shockwave passed by him. He felt nothing, but saw the towering buildings buckle, their windows all shattering simultaneously as the shockwave hit, the sheer radiance of the glow melting the steel, the combined effect toppling the buildings down onto the streets. Vehicles were hurled through the air, and trees burst into flames as they were uprooted and tossed hundreds of feet. He looked around. Much of the once glorious city had been, for the lack of a better word, leveled. The world seemed to glow red, the sky the color of blood, full of black clouds. Around him lay burning wreckage, and bodies of the dead, nearly nothing left of them but char-black skeletons. His hearing slowly returned. He heard insane laughter from

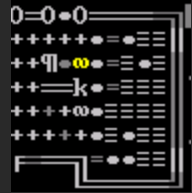
above, and giant demons flew overhead, armed with hideous monstrocities of corrupt technology. He felt a sense of deep sadness, as projectiles flew, cities were annihilated, people suffered, and the world burned. He woke up, and felt deeply disturbed by what his subconscious shared with him. He sat up, and looked at his goggles, his free energy device.

*... capable of grand miracles, capable of unimaginable disasters.*

He frowned for a moment, and sighed through his nose.

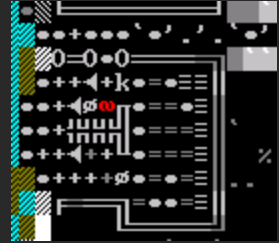
*Never will it be misused so, not by me nor anyone else as long as I still live.*

He got up, once again wore his goggles, and felt determined. He was the father of these advanced technologies, and it was, as such, his responsibility to make sure that they proceeded in an honest path as they advanced. He picked up the generator, and moved it back to the storage. He activated the magma loop, and let it run until it gained an orange hot glow. Then, he used it to warm up other steel bars to a high temperature, took his smithing hammer, and began pounding out the plating he would need. As he pounded out plating, he melted the edges, welding them together, and assembled the larger plates into sections of the fuselage. He took care to make sure these sections would allow for efficient airflow, and planned to rivet the sections together. A while later, he began riveting parts of the fuselage together and making some of the smaller components he would need. It was difficult working the steel with a small heat volume, but, he smiled gladly at his now glowing-orangeish-yellow-hot magma loop. Despite being used in a way it wasn't designed for, near the melting point of its components, the steel withstood all of the heat the magma could possibly push through it, and performed beautifully.



Some times it would flare up, becoming that bright yellow, near, but not quite at, the point of damaging the steel. Some times the magma would settle, giving it a dull red heat, but it never stopped. It produced heat out of nowhere. He continued on, stopping to drink shortly after admiring the magma loop. The piles of steel shrunk as his construction grew. He forged the gears, pistons, casings, rivets, plates, all that he needed. Each engine would have a piston powered by three loop devices and a pressure chamber, driving a wheel which drove gears, turning the slow, high-torque motion of the piston into rapid rotation. This rotation was imparted to a two-ended blade, a blade that would dig into the air to propel the craft. When the engine was oriented upright, it would pull air downward, pushing the craft upward. When oriented horizontally, the blade would change its tilt, pushing air instead of pulling it as the blade faced backwards. This would push the craft forward. Two pistons controlled the rotation of the engine. When the lower piston was fed steam, it would rotate the engine upwards, while the upper would rotate it to face horizontally. The engine itself would be mounted between the fuselage and the wing, in a space carved out of the wing. The two-piston idea was also used to rotate the control surfaces that would steer the craft as it glided through the air. He took a break, rinsing his hands off in the river and stopping to eat. While building the engine, he realized that the generator tended to spit out soot from the magma flood within it along with the steam when the fluids flowed slowly, giving it a slight grayish appearance. When they flowed quickly, much more steam was produced, and it was cleaner steam. He devised an air turbine that would use air hitting the engine to drive both the flood and anti-flood faster in all of the generators. It would only work if the craft was going fast enough to encounter a lot of air resistance, but engine output would be much greater once the turbines kicked in. He forged the blades and much of these turbines in the large magma forge, but used the magma loop to forge nearly everything else.

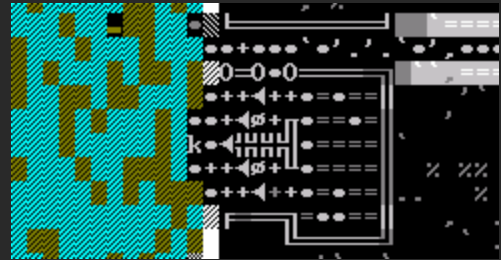
The wind howled and snow blew outside, occasionally blowing in to where Blitukus was working. The heat of the magma loop vaporized any snow that touched it, and most snow that drifted near it. He kept working anyway, and eventually the snow ceased. Work was slow, as it had to be done with precision, lest the flying machine come apart in midair. He riveted the segments together, and began the wings, shaped after a bats wing, curved in the same shape as the fabric of his clothes when he blew over the top. Slowly, the frame was starting to near completion. Throughout the construction, he often walked back down the tunnel to review his design. He finalized some sections, finished a wing, mounted an engine, then eted the other side to see what had to be done.



It was really starting to take shape now, and Blitukus already felt a sense of pride about it. He smiled, adjusted his goggles, and got to work finishing the steel parts of the aircraft. He finished riveting together the wings, and began mounting the other engine, attaching pistons, checking gears, making sure everything down to the individual rivets were in their proper place. He used the remaining steel to reinforce the fuselage and add struts to more firmly secure the engine and wings. Once again, snow blew about and the frigid winds howled. The howling intensified, and as the suns arc sank, snow built up and blew about the room. The magma loop helped heat the room, but the room was still open.

**Winter is upon you.**

Not much of a matter. Blitukus finished riveting in the shell of the cockpit, and pressed his goggles up, smiling as he looked at the completed steel structure of the craft.



Now he needed to smelt bronze, and make the more delicate equipment, the control mechanisms and linkages and control panel. He also noticed that he could adjust the controls to allow the engines to tilt slightly forward in vertical mode. Not too far forward, of course, otherwise the blade would strike the wing. So, in order to make bronze, he would need more malachite as he had used all that he had mined. It wasn't a big deal, since only 5 had to be mined to provide the 10 bronze bars. He smiled at the nearly complete craft as he walked away, down the tunnel, pickaxe in hand. He reached the small edge of the copper vein, and easily carved out 5 lumps of malachite. Cassiterite was in abundance, so now he just had to smelt it, and no coke was required. He hauled the lumps back tot he smelter. As he moved the cassiterite, he looked at it, and smiled, observing every detail. It was the first metal he had found digging into the mountain, nearly 2 years ago. He finished hauling some of the ore, stopped for a drink, and continued. He felt exhausted from his tireless work in assembling the aircraft, so he finished hauling another load, then went to bed. He reviewed Encased Evils and the materials index, and found that despite being radically different sources, they both agreed exactly on the nature of adamantine. It might be a subject for future investigation, he noted. He put the books down, and let himself fall asleep without removing his goggles. That day he had an odd dream. In it, he slipped on his bridge and fell down the chasm, reappearing at the clouds, and falling further, landing face first in the snow, embedding himself. He found himself uninjured as he excavated himself out of his personal impact crater, and as he looked around, he saw that he was nowhere near his home. All around was snowy tundra, but in the distance, he saw large steel buildings. There was a vast city there, yet it was entirely abandoned. All was still, and there was no activity within the city. Wires dangled from the eternally still buildings, covered in rust and left to a state of disrepair. He walked toward the ruins, and noted the level of rust. This was the ruin of a city of the future, left to decay for well over a thousand years and still counting. When he awoke, he felt the same sense of disturbance that he had felt from the previous dream.

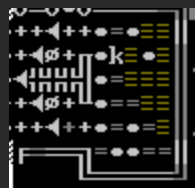
*Subconscious... what are you trying to tell me?*



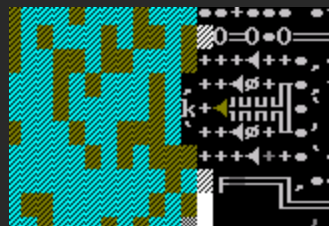
He got up, and went to rub his eyes but found he still had his goggles on. He was nearly done with his flying machine. He immediately went back to moving ore.

*Is that what someone will try to unleash with my technology? They will never succeed, as I WILL stop that from happening, if it ever seems like it will.*

He finished hauling the ore, and melted it down, pooling the molten bronze in the smelter, adjusting the mixture, and dumping the slag back into the magma. He poured bars until he was out of molten metal, and found that, as he had expected, the mixture yielded 10 stacks of bronze bars. He moved the bars to the storage behind the flying machine, and stopped to take a drink from the snow on the way. He looked out across the glacier, and then looked back down the tunnel. His sense of disgust melted, and he smiled. He would fly to meet his mother, and maybe, just maybe, if he made it back, he would be the one to protect the world from such atrocities. He finished hauling the bronze, and opened an engine casing, revealing the generator inside to be used to work the bronze.



He Hammered the bronze into the panels, tubing, wire, meters, levers, switches and buttons that would connect him to the various systems of the craft. Also made from bronze was the steam chamber that would hold the steam for the piston, one chamber per engine. He used pressure meters to give himself indication of the state of the engines, state of the turbines, as well as speed. For speed, he simply left a bronze tube open to the wind, and the faster he went, the more air would be crammed into the tube, raising the pressure reading. He bolted the panel in, adjusted the distance from the steel seat to fit him, and fitted the instruments in, levers in front of and to the side of the seat, switches on the panel. Making the lever that would control direction proved rather difficult, as it needed to freely move in all axes in order to control the aircraft on all axes. He used a ball design, and used spokes on the ball to hook to linkages that in turn fed to valves controlling steam flow. It was tedious, and occasionally frustrating, as it had to be done with precision and sometimes it was difficult to make all of the lines fit and not interfere with one another, but eventually, it had been done. He rolled the rocks out of the way from entrance, and stood before his achievement.



He smiled, then said to himself excitedly, "I've got a flying machine!" Likely a famous gnomish quote but something that hasn't been seriously spoken in over 200 years. He grinned, and stood, almost in awe of what he had accomplished himself. He walked around the cockpit, pressing his hand against the smooth shiny surface of the craft. He pulled himself up into the cockpit, and sat in the steel seat, bronze bolted to steel all around him. The panel and controls actually seemed comfortably configured for him. He flipped two switches, and there was a hissing and a dull rumble as the generators started. The gauge for steam pressure climbed rapidly.

*I now depart the surface of this world. I have my steel wings and it's time for me to go to heaven. I'll be there in no time, mother!*

He grinned softly, a tear of joy pooling into his goggles. He pushed the regulator forward. There was a loud hiss, and steam jetted out from the engines. There was a loud clank. The piston extended, the wheel turned, and the gears meshed. The piston retracted, and cycled. The blade turned, slowly, but speeding up. The room was filled with the sound of the steam engine hissing and sighing, the blades slicing through the air. He felt the force of the engine begin to pull the craft as he moved the regulator forward further. He felt the entire craft shift, and it began moving. It was working! He adjusted the engines tilt, and they tilted as planned, moving from a slightly forward tilt to straight up. The aircraft coasted out onto the glacier. The sun had just risen, and was casting its rays across the icy surface. Blitukus felt one with his machine, but it was only still a means to an end. He pressed the regulator forward more, slowly pressing it as far forward as it would go. The engine sent out a puff of grey steam, and began putting out larger puffs more rapidly. The blades rotation accelerated further, and the noise of it cutting through the air intensified. The crafts bat-wings bended slightly, and he felt the weight of the machine leaving the ground. The engines made quite a racket, spewing steam all over the snowy surface, but, the craft left less and less weight on the surface, and slowly parted with it. Inch by inch, it lifted off of the ground, nothing beneath it but air. Blitukus was flying. Inches became feet, and the flying machine accelerated, carrying him aloft. He laughed out of the joy of the moment. He had worked for two years, and the end result, this machine, really worked. He let it continue to ascend until it was quite a distance off the ground. Grinning, he looked over the side, and saw the entrance to his tunnel down below. He tilted the engines backward, and nosed the aircraft down. Now was the moment of truth, it hovered, but could it soar? He pulled a lever, and the blades inverted their pitch to push air rather than pull it. The flying machine fell downward but lurched forward. The nose of the aircraft pointed down, and the ground was coming up at an ever increasing rate, but the engines roared by him. He pulled back on the flight stick, and the craft responded. It slowly began to nose up. Still, he was unsure weather he would crash into the ground or not. He closed his eyes, and pulled the stick back as far as it would go. The acceleration pressed him down into his seat, and at any moment he expected it would all end in a mangled heap of steel. But, it didn't. He felt his orientation had changed, and opened his eyes. He was flying forward at high speed, slowly ascending into the sky. He was overcome by an inexplicable sense of joy at the sensation of flight. He found it was simply heavenly. He laughed loud, and adjusted his goggles. The wind was cold and bitter, but his clothes had a thick bit at the neck that acted like a scarf. He looked around. He was controlling over a ton of steel and bronze, soaring through the sky, and it really worked. He saw the meter for the turbine pressure rising. The turbine caught the rapidly moving air, and began to spin, churning the free energy devices that powered the engines. The engines let out a big burst of steam, then began to expel white steam rather than grey steam, and roared to their full potential, digging into the air and pressing Blitukus onto the back of his seat. The flying machine rapidly accelerated to speeds no bird could even dream of. The broad blades spun at a rate that made them appear as semi-transparent, shiny discs. He pulled up, and the craft responded rapidly, arcing upwards into the sky. He turned the craft around, and ascended above the mountain tops, flying through a cloud, leveling off as he ascended above. The aircraft glided steadily across the cloud tops as the sun sent down its rays across the vast space of air and land. The machine seemed to slide on air, and Blitukus moved the controls to keep it pointed properly in line with its own motion.

He spoke to the vast skies, "I'm coming, mother!" He sent the aircraft into a dive, and it accelerated further. He darted towards the ground, and as his speed reached unprecedented levels, the aircraft began to shake and warp slightly. Just before impact, he pulled up, the sheer force of maneuvering at such speeds drawing his blood toward his lower half. Indeed, he thought that if he hadn't have made those extra struts, the wings might have broken right then and there. He ascended once more, his speed making the terrain below a blur to him. He rocketed upwards, punching straight through the clouds, and continuing. He felt the wind pressing at the same speed, yet as he distanced himself from the surface, he felt he was moving slower. He was even leaving the clouds behind. He hadn't slowed much, in fact he was still going faster than when he had first surfaced above the clouds, yet he saw the meters for speed and turbine pressure falling. The engines began to lose power as the air driving the turbines thinned. Rapidly the air became far colder than it even was on the surface. He pushed the craft upward with all of the power he could muster from it, yet it lost more power the higher he went. Soon, he began to feel himself losing cohesion with his familiar realm, in fact, he felt as if he were about to leave for another dimension entirely.

*I'm almost there. So, this is what it feels like going into heaven?*

He grinned and tried to laugh but found it hard to do so. His vision became fuzzy and he became light headed. The sky above darkened its hue slightly, leaving a slight haze of atmosphere visible on the horizon. He was far above the clouds. He felt his strength leave him, and the cold was beginning to bother him less and less as he felt it less and less. One last time he admired the bronze panel and steel frame, shining brightly in the thin air. He saw the clouds, golden, motionless, far below, the darkened sky presenting a radiant aurora above, arcing near the sun.

*This is it! Heaven!*

His strength gone, the aircraft drifted out of control, and he slipped out of his seat. He felt detached from the situation, admiring the sky, the world, the steel and steam of his flying machine, and enjoyed the thin air and steam from the engines drifting through his fur. He felt detached from the rest of the world, as if it were all a dream. He looked up, and saw his flying machine take its course without him as he fell through the air. He saw the aurora, the haze of the atmosphere resting on the horizon, and saw the clouds motionless, far below him. He felt suspended in the air, suspended in space, suspended in time.



*I won't be needing my steel wings anymore. I'm in heaven! I'll be walking among the angels! I'll be walking alongside my mother...*

He no longer felt the cold, or his motion. He felt filled with a sense of peace. He felt extremely exhausted, too.

*... after I... recuperate from my flight.*

He drifted out of consciousness, and plummeted downward, the unmanned flying machine spiraling out of control through the sky toward the ground.

A while later...

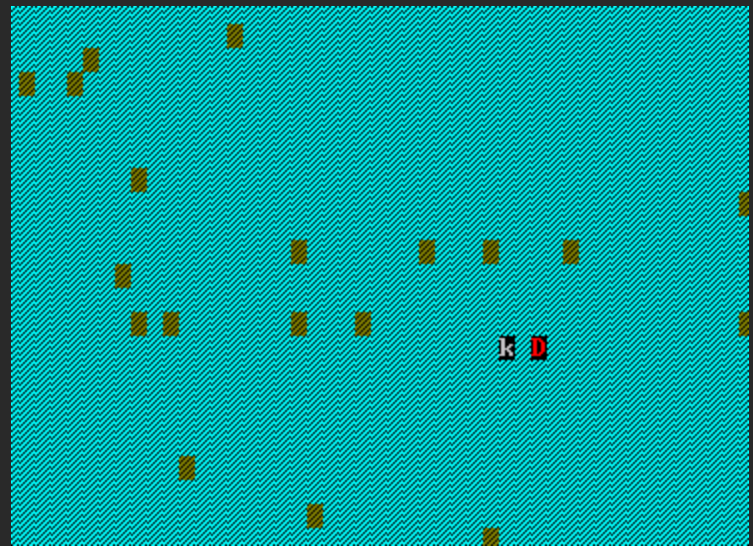
Blitukus awoke from his rest, and felt himself independent from space, time, and most of his senses. He felt he was laying on a powdery surface, a dull wind blowing through his fur. He heard a flapping, and something set down by him.

*Mother? Is that you? I'VE MADE IT!*

But... he began to sense it wasn't his mother. He muttered, "... you're an angel?" The being by him responded, in a female voice with an Irish accent, "Well I'm flattered! Most people'd call me a demon first!"

*Demon? No, I couldn't have gone... NO!*

He felt his sense of touch returning, and felt the bitter cold of the area. Hell was supposed to be impossibly hot, yet the cold stabbed into him like a goblins dagger. It was a familiar cold. He was still alive, within the mortal plane. He opened his eyes, and found his vision fuzzy. He blinked several times, and when he looked at the being, he nearly yelled out of being startled by her appearance, and her size. He slowly stood up, and looked at her.



He was looking right at the famous and infamous Red Dragon of the Arctic. She spoke, "Looks like we're even now! Good thing I know how to play catch with magic, but sorry about your flyin' machine, playin' catch with a ton and a half of metal flyin' through the sky at 200 miles an' hour is a bit of a tall order even for yours truly!" Blitukus responded, "We're even...?" The red dragon spoke, "Yeah, I saved your arse a couple o' times, and nearly killed ya a couple of times. So how's your magic comin' along?"

*I haven't the slightest clue what to say to such a magnificent creature... erm...*

"... magic? You must have the wrong talking dog!"

Blitukus laughed nervously. She spoke, "Maybe, but before I cook ya up and eat ya, tell me, what do you think of my nature?"

*She's going to **eat** me?!*

Somehow, Blitukus sensed that the dragon was actually a kind being, despite the menacing speech. He responded, "You're good natured, with no tendencies to order or chaos." She replied, "Exactly! See, I told you I was gunna eat you and you said I'm good natured, and how else would you know I'm neutral on the chaos scale? You can sense the alignment of just about anything! That's magic." Blitukus laughed at the thought, but thought about it. He had always had insight into peoples motives before even really meeting them. Such intuition would prove useful in the future. The dragon continued, "One more question..." She walked up to him and held him in place, shouting into his face, "What kinda **buffoonery** was THAT?! Flyin' 5 miles high and thinkin' the lack of air wouldn't get to your head! Not even I would fly that high!"

Blitukus' ears hurt a bit after she finished. She let him go, and spoke, "Now that maybe I've blasted some sense into your ears, you'll be sure to think twice first. Bein' smart without bein' wise will put you 6 feet under when you want it the least."

Blitukus rubbed his ears, but he knew that for some reason she cared about him. Otherwise, why would she bother to share her eternal wisdom? He realized... it was likely she was out here alone for a rather long time.

Blitukus spoke, "I wanted to reach heaven, to revisit a dead relative." The dragon laughed, "Congratulations, you damn near made it!" Blitukus smiled, and she smiled back. She asked, "So, my new, short, fuzzy friend, would you like a tour of my hole in the ground?" Blitukus nodded, and followed her through the snow. He offered, "When we're done would you like a look around my tunnels?" She replied, "Heck yeah! But if I get stuck in 'em you're getting me out." Blitukus laughed.

Nearby, to his right, his tunnels entrance was still there. Nearby to his left, his flying machine was partially buried in the snow, but still mostly intact. It had soft-crashed in soft material, and minor repairs would likely bring it back to working order. It could have easily ended up a mangled heap of unrecognizable scrap as well. He was finally getting Lucks attention. His flying machine worked, and it could take him far, but it couldn't take him to heaven. He would need to devise a new machine, but now he could fly back to his empire, share his technologies, and make use of the empires resources to reach heaven, with the peoples permission, of course. He smiled, inwardly and outwardly. He felt capable of building anything. No matter what it took, he would reach his mother.

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Now THAT was long XD

It was worth it, though.

[ October 28, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **October 28, 2007, 11:09:00 pm**

Daayaamn.

So, one question. Even if the new version comes out, will you still finish this story in the old version? I'm assuming you will, myself.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 29, 2007, 12:12:00 am**

Yeah, not much choice there. Saves aren't backwards compatible, and the only Blitukus is the original. Although, after this, I'll get accustomed to the new version and use it. It looks like theres a lot more ways to be <strike>dumb</strike> funny and clever. :)

[ October 29, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 29, 2007, 08:38:00 am**

How many of these FREKIN AMASING caractes can there actually be?  
I am in awe, you leave me whiteout words AlanL, amazing, Beyond Quality.

I had thought of a lot more ting to say, but my mouth is just hanging open at the endless stream of miracles coming from your keyboard.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 29, 2007, 04:16:00 pm**

She revealed herself!  
God danm that scaley little beast.I knew hireing someone only 3000 years old would be the undeath of me.The reaper will have my badge for this.  
If she decides to come out of that little lair of hers in the arctic,ill make sure to put a Dragons Bane arrow into her!.  
\*Loads up a strange looking Cross Bow with a Black Skull at the end of the handle.\*  
/Mutter/Stupid scaley beast./End mutter/  
Epic story so far AlanL...im going to look for someone.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 29, 2007, 05:04:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Bringer of Ironic Deaths: <STRONG>The reaper will have my badge for this.</STRONG>

Or maybe I will take myself.  
And don't you have a toast to burn? (see the elf tread)

quote:
I think Armok might actually have felt something on the same order of magnitude of what I feel for Fale and Blitukus.

Might be, it IS frekin awesome, however you should take into account that I have an tendency to exaggerate everything, but on the other hand this actually feels like an exception.

I was going to list every part of this story and tell you why it is the most awesome ting ever, but I really think it is more efficient to just tel you that fact and that this is Beyond Quality.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 29, 2007, 05:32:00 pm**

\*Drops cross bow.\*  
I can only do so many things at the same time!.Like hunting for a dragon,but also destroying the polor ice caps all at once.Which would then make mayhem for those pittiful humans,and burden the infuriateing elves.I mean,who can cunduct Thousands of ironic execution's around the globe,while makeing unironic chaos for the races all at once,with out much problem?.Im only a half mortal.Not like you gods with you're fancy powers of bending reality,and you're cushy ultimate stations of power..all you have to do is sit around and wait for the next blood filled death of a dwarven fort!.  
Wheres an Atom bomb when you need one...  
\*Goes off looking for a certain dragon to take anger out on.\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 30, 2007, 12:21:00 am**

Thanks :D

I'm glad the old wiki got archived, and starting from scratch helps further emphasize the magnitude of the new update.

I find a certain pride in the notion that I'm still using what has become an Oldskool version seemingly overnight to do this too :p

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Blitukus followed the dragon along the mountainside as he slowly recovered the full extent of his senses. He had only heard her name as the "Red Dragon of the Arctic", but he suspected her parents must have named her something. He asked, "What's your name?" She responded, "I'm Dracha, but my foes call me 'OH GOD RUN!!' You?" Blitukus replied, "I am Blitukus Siegedriven of Anthath Sizat." She responded, "Anthath Sizat? The famous kingdom of peace and liberty? I bet Armok didn't like the idea of his slaves talkin' about freedom and liberty. In fact... I sense there's been a great loss over there recently. Is that why you're all the way out here?" He replied, "Yes... my mother was the queen, Fale Siegedriven..... she was assassinated. I barely escaped with my life." He laid his ears down, and sighed through his nose. She responded, "Oh dear.. I'm sorry." He replied, "Don't be, I finally have someone to talk to about it." She smiled at him as they neared the entrance to her lair.

They entered, and immediately, Blitukus noticed a certain aetherial aura. The air was full of the scent of water mist, and several stones were placed, each having runes on it. To Blitukus, this was truly cavernous. Indeed, the central chamber beyond the entrance tunnel was a dome carved into the mountain, 100 feet in diameter and 30 feet tall. In the center was a circle of runed stones with pedestal in the center. Dracha walked into the middle, and turned back to face Blitukus. She spoke, "You know one of Armoks henchmen offered me some contract work. He nearly ordered me to kill you even! Too bad for him I only accept contracts to piss off whoever issued it. If there's one thing that pisses me off it's those bloody humans that hoard gold and kill everyone off for profit, and their favorite weapon is the contract. I woulda told the henchmen to piss off but messing up the contract on purpose is one of the funniest things! You should try it some time!"

Blitukus laughed. He asked, "Is there any ancient wisdom there?" She replied, "Yeh, don't trust Perfectly Dressed Humans. The lot deserves an eternities' stay in an adamantine cell!... Somethin' tells me, Armok's using you." Blitukus seemed startled, "What?" She replied, "Just a hunch. Anyway, have a look around the upward tunnels. It's where a lot of my power comes from." Blitukus walked into the center of the room, and looked up. There was a tunnel going straight up to the sky. The runes on the stones glowed slightly, and the tunnel above was lined with glowing crystal, aligned perfectly to a configuration only the Dragons would understand.

*Magic could contact the dead. Maybe Dracha could relay messages between me and my mother?*

Blitukus asked, "Could you contact the dead? I wish to speak with my mother, and I would be very grateful if you could make it happen." She replied, "If this were the year 100, I'd be happy to... but it's the year 1081. You know magic used to be immensely powerful! It made life heavenly, and we could bend the world to our will. Now magic's gone and faded quite a bit. This lair of mine is an old relic from the Draconic Civilizations. I would help you contact your mother but there simply isn't enough mana flux anymore!" Blitukus felt slightly disappointed, but he felt determined to find his own path.

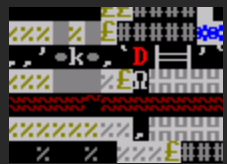
*Magic can not bring me to or allow me to speak with my mother. Technology also cannot bring me to heaven, but, perhaps technology can allow me to speak into the heavens. I know of no kind of device that could send a message into the heavens, but I will develop one, even if I spend the rest of my life developing it.*

Dracha stood, and held her hand out. Arcs of energy collected in her hand from the crystals around, and a ball of blue energy formed. she spoke, "Still got a bit of a kick to it still, though!" She held the energy up, and soon it engulfed both her and Blitukus. Blitukus felt the

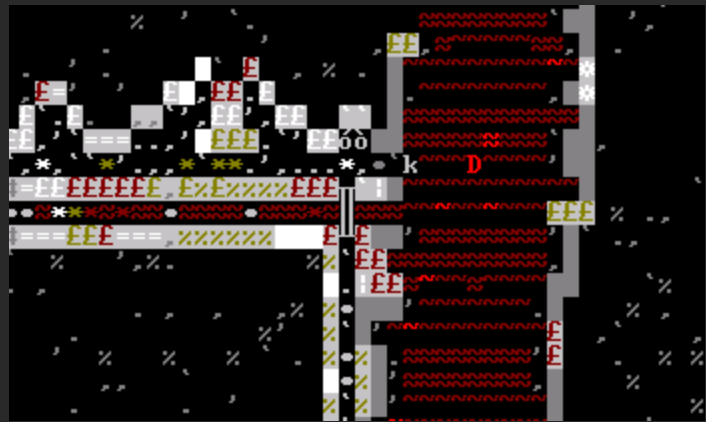
space around him snapping and warping, and a fraction of a second later, he found himself outside once more, standing in front of his tunnel, Dracha standing behind him. She spoke, "You know back in the ol' days we had teleporter hubs that networked the whole world. Nowadays it's getting hard for even me to bend space, and someone your size wouldn't have a chance in hell!"

*Maybe I would have a chance... in hell.*

He pondered the idea for a moment, and put it aside. He was not a master of magic. Dracha spoke, "Now, My turn, I want to see what you've been up to!" Blitukus and Dracha exchanged snickers, and Blitukus walked down his tunnel, Dracha following behind. She had to stoop down quite a bit and retract her wings fully to fit within the kobolds tunnels, but at least she was still able to stand. Tunnel space had an odd exemption from the laws of volume it seemed. "Small enough to make two cats crawl over one another, and big enough for a hundred elephants to make their way through," commented one of the dwarven books. Dracha commented, "Just walking in the place makes me feel separated from my power source. I've got a feeling I've entered a true domain of technology here." Blitukus smiled and nodded as he led her down the tunnels. She simply walked through the cave river, the water being only knee deep to her. She noted aloud, "Funny thing that is, magic's gone and faded but technology's gotten much more powerful. I wouldn't be half surprised if technology ends up bein' the new magic!" Blitukus laughed. He wouldn't be surprised either. She spotted the levers and doors and channels and steam technology as she passed through his home. She even peeked in the work room and seemed to be pleasantly surprised to see the new forms of industry that her new friend had created. He showed her the prototype free energy device, commenting, "Fluids have odd habits in this world!" Dracha laughed, and stopped by the statue as they continued down.



She looked right into the statues eyes, smiled at it, then calmly drank the magma from its cupped hands. She seemed to enjoy it. She commented, "Spicy! Just how I like it!" Blitukus gazed in disbelief for a second, then laughed, "I see you have a taste for exotic beverages!" She replied, "Yeh, it's a shame it tends to be bad for yer health if you're not a dragon." They continued down, past the mines, and down to the magma feed. Blitukus spoke, "This is the end of the road." She replied, "Looks like a highway to me." She then walked into the magma, and lay back in it, floating. She spoke, "I like your place! It's almost the technology equivalent of mine!" Blitukus watched the incredible sight of the giant reptile floating on the magma, and laughed at the preposterity of it.



Dracha spoke, as she floated down the magma river, "Looks like I'll be takin' the inferno express home! My magic won't help you get to heaven, but I left some gifts on yer table I got back in my adventuring days. I won't be needin' 'em anymore so I figured 'why not?' Good luck, Blitukus!" She waved, and he waved back. Shortly after, she drifted away, down the magma river. Gifts? He walked back up the tunnel and to his room. She had brought him humor in a time of despair, and laughter brought with it one of the greatest forms of relief. She was, indeed, a true friend. He looked on the table, and there were two items, small notes by each. One was a small blue crystal, the note reading "Crystal of Accuracy: Hot item back in the day, used to be used in all sorts of weapons! Hasn't quite worked since around 750. Find a use for it and you can keep it." He examined it. The crystal seemed to glow slightly, magnifying precisely the light of its surroundings. The next item was a hollow glass sphere, with a crystal orb on the inside, copper connecting the orb to the class. The note read, "Sphere of Direction: It'll tell you exactly where your next objective is. I don't need it anymore since I've settled down, but you're on a quest for the heavens! Maybe it'll help ya." Blitukus picked it up. The orb within seemed to emit a glow that pointed through the stone walls, to a point far in the distance. Strangely, it seemed to point toward another mountain range, miles and miles away, that Blitukus hardly remembered. He smiled.

*Crystal of Accuracy... well there was one kind of device that I could never quite get to stay accurate.*

He walked back to the stockpiles, and took some of the leftover bronze scraps. He carried the scraps back to the smelter, recycling the scraps into usable material. Then, he took that to the magma forge, and made a small device casing, small enough to fit in his hand. Then, he made several gears, making sure they all fit together, designed to tick and latch. He took the original design for a mechanical clock, and miniaturized it, even adding in extra features such as a roller that indicated the date. He carefully placed the small, delicate components together and seated the roller into its proper place. Inside the device, he designed the counting mechanism to be controlled by the slight motion of a crystal, and placed the Crystal of Accuracy within. After finishing, he placed the face plate on, seating the gears controlling the hands in with the rest of the timepiece, the rollers showing the date through the plate. He left the completed device, and took a drink from the river, thinking to himself what the date actually was.near the end of 1081, but he had forgotten the exact date. He returned, and his timepiece read "12:00 AM, Granite 1 0000". He wound up the timepiece, and set it into motion, curious as to what the crystal would do. The hands and rollers advanced as if the device were broken. He frowned, disappointed, but then laughed in surprise as the timepiece stopped and began to act normally, indicating precisely "04:11 AM, Opal 15 1081". He held in his hand a small, relatively simple device, but a true rarity, an example of magic and technology peacefully working in unison. He smiled, closed the timepiece, and placed it in his pocket. He stopped to eat, then walked back up the tunnel. He left the tunnel, and walked back to the 'landing' site of his flying machine. It was partially buried, but had belly-flopped and skidded. It wouldn't fly in this state, but maybe it could bring itself back to the storage. He dug out as much of the aircraft as he could, dumping the snow from the cockpit to the side. Then, he jumped into the frigid compartment, snow melting under him. He felt his legs adhering to the metal surface, but ignored it. He found that the steam chambers were still pressurized, but the engines had automatically shut themselves off on impact. He tried to change the tilt of the engines, but those pistons refused to function. He reversed the tilt of the blades, and those responded. Now the engines would pull the craft backwards. It was probably a dumb idea, but it was the only way Blitukus knew to get the aircraft back into the storage in one piece. He pressed the regulator forward, and one engine began to turn with limited power. The other began to turn, let out a sharp "BANG!", spat out a plume of black smoke, then stopped working. Blitukus steered the craft with as much force as he could, compensating for the dead engine. Slowly the flying machine pulled its nose out of the snow, and began to slide at an angle back toward the cliff. It skidded slowly and proved very difficult to control, the one engine only barely running, spitting out dark grey smoke, the bent blade sloppily pulling at the air. He found the flying machine stumbled in many directions across the ice, and he nearly crashed it into the cliff face, but through a matter of luck and final skill in operating, managed to slowly slide it into the storage room. It was still partially in the open, and was parked crooked, but it was home. Blitukus shut off all of the equipment, and jumped out of the cockpit. He left it there, and walked back to bed. He wanted to be well rested to repair the craft, and in his current state he was liable to make mistakes. He sighed as he looked back at the damaged machine.

*Looks like I've got work to do! Tomorrow, anyway.*

He lay in bed, and allowed his mind to wander, exploring the possibilities of a device with which to speak to the heavens. Magic achieved this through aetherial transmissions of energy, which contained the message embedded in the energy. He would need to find a technology that could also transmit energies, carrying messages swiftly through thin air. He had steam and steel, but he was lacking this energy. His thoughts carried him into his sleep. That day he found himself floating among the stars in his dream. He idly floated to one of these stars, and found himself viewing the celestial dance of the stars and worlds once again. He viewed his homeworld with a smile, and felt himself being pulled away. He found himself near another world near the same star. He saw it was white, with a beautiful ring around it. He smiled, and felt that there was something very important about this beautiful but barren, lifeless world. When he awoke, he checked his timepiece. He had slept for nearly 8 hours, and it was 5:01 PM. He reflected upon his dream, and felt as if he were nearing some sort of major discovery, yet he seemed lost on what to build next. He knew what he would be working on next, though. He walked back to the storage, and salvaged one of the generators, configuring it as a magma loop. It took a lot of effort and care not to break anything, but he heated the damage surfaces and reshaped them, smoothing the dented platings, straightening the bent blades, sealing the cracks on



gears, removing snow from the turbines, renewing the structure of the generators, and in general performing numerous tasks to repair numerous cases of minor damage that together seriously impaired the aircrafts function. Repairing the damage wasn't difficult, but since numerous cases of damage had to be repaired, it still took a long time. He smiled as he realized a significant detail; his flying machine survived a 5 mile fall with 'nothing but a few scratches', compared to what could've happened. It even powered itself back to the storage. His machines were tough. A token reflection of the strength of the love for his mother. He smiled, knowing that he would eventually have the means to speak with his mother. Bit by bit, the dented and broken parts of the machine straightened and took their former shape as Blitukus brought the machine back to glorious health. It took a large amount of time, but no new material was needed. Eventually, he finished resetting the last joint. He had his steel wings once more, but now he was going to use them for a more conventional journey. He now had his means to escape from the tundra. The prince was going to return to his empire, and sooner or later, he would build the technological means to shout into the heavens.

I was originally planning to have more, but this is a good stopping point and it's getting a bit late.

[ October 30, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **October 30, 2007, 08:29:00 am**

I admire you even more now that you forsake the bliss of the New Version in a sacrifice to continue this wonderful wonderful story, you art simply amazing, AlanL.

And Dracha, the assassination attempts on you and Blitukus was NOT issued under my orders, I am sadly restrained by the free will nonlimitation paragraph 9147697981349:aaabfkjgf, the responsible pars will, once realized, be punished for eternity. Just wanted you to know.  
(you may now wonder what may restraint a god? well, the bastard is called "narrative necessity", for some reason he needs to stick his nose in everything :mad: )

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 30, 2007, 10:51:00 am**

To be honest I'm not sure if the new version would run properly on my PC anyway. I guess I'll try it eventually, but really I'm hoping for some optimizations by then, seeing as my computer runs an oh-so-swift 750 MHZ cpu :p

Also, I hope you don't mind, but due to the way the plot is structured, it puts Armok in kind of a bad light. There isn't really that much I can do to change it at this point (although I can lessen that quite a bit I guess).

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 30, 2007, 06:32:00 pm**

I found Dracha 800 miles away from the arctic,on a island just off of Anthath Siset.  
She was drinking hot magma in a draconic cup,watch as the seagulls fled in terror as i arrived.  
Needless to say,she will be drinking her magma out of a straw for the next month until her draconic magic heals her completely.Im afraid its not the first time shes made me carve out her ribs.  
At any rate,shell be pissing me off again sooner rather then later.

Great story.

Must play moar new version.

[ October 30, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

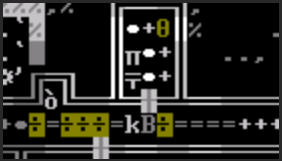
[ October 30, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 30, 2007, 11:29:00 pm**

I'm glad you found enough time between Real Life and the new version to read and reply, too :D

These forums have seen a LOT of activity lately.

Blitukus inspected the flying machine one more time, closing all of the open panels. He then went back to bring some food with for the journey. Be moved enough to tide him over for the journey, and brought the world map. But, much to his surprise, he found another unwelcome guest in his home. This guest was not happy about the debris falling into its home.



**A giant bat has sprung from ambush!**

This enormous creature, the likes of which he based the wings of his flying machine on, screeched at Blitukus, full of complaint and anger. He drew his pick as it walked in, and he decided to attack preemptively. He slipped as he charged, and fell over under it. It pinned him. This was not an injured one, like the last. This one could easily kill him. It screeched in his face, and snapped at his neck, but he blocked it with the handle of his pickaxe, and missed as he struck at it. This did allow him to free himself though. It snapped at him again and again. He rolled out of the way of some of it, blocking the majority with his pick.

*I think it likes me!*

Blitukus brought his pickaxe forward, impaling the side of its chest. It jumped back and squeaked frantically in pain.



Blitukus got up, but with its last remaining strength, the giant bat sank its fangs into Blitukus' leg, pulling him to the ground. He yelled, and was stunned, but continued to attack the now unconscious beast. He split the beasts head open and scattered its brains about. He



grunted and removed the beasts fangs from his legs. He retreated to rest a bit, took a drink, then went back to rest and tend to his wounds. He wouldn't be able to pilot well with a torn up leg.

*Looks like the flight has been delayed...*

Then, he saw the dead beast, a beast more than capable of tearing his throat out and sucking him dry, its brains scattered about, a pool of blood around it. That's what would happen to the ones who killed his mother. He displayed a menacing grin and laughed at the thought. Tearing his enemies up with such bloody results was a large relief from his sadness.



**He took joy in slaughter lately.**

It wasn't very long before the bleeding stopped and the pain had dulled. He then got up, and cleaned up the bloody mess that was all over his floor and walls. Then, he lugged the heavy giant bat corpse down to the chasm, and defiantly chunked it in.

*You can have it back!*

Still though, that very well could've been the end of him. Drachas experiments kept getting into his home, and it was time to stop that. He walked up the tunnel and out. He brought some coal dust with. On the rock surface outside, he wrote, "Your escaped projects have had 2 chances to kill me so far. Am I your guinea pig? **Fix your containment or I'll fix it for you.**" He grunted as he finished. She may be a friend of his but he couldn't tolerate her mistakes getting him into potentially lethal trouble. He was still alive, and he had a goal to reach. He felt his mood change as he walked back to his flying machine, and smiled.

He eagerly hopped in the cockpit. He pressurized the steam chambers, and once again, pressed the regulator forward. Both engines responded properly, and expelled a light grey steam. He backed up a bit, moved it forward a bit, backed the flying machine up once more, and finally managed to get the crooked machine out of the storage. He pressed the regulator fully forward, and once again, the machine flew. It slowly drifted up. He let it climb to a safe altitude, nosed it down, rotated the engines back, and inverted the blades. This time he had let it climb higher, so it easily transferred to horizontal flight. Then, he turned to fly south. He let the turbines catch the air, and the engines roared to their full potential. He then noticed that, unlike at slow speeds, the aircraft had a tendency to fly level when the turbines were on, and would balance its pitch at a certain altitude for a given power level. He moved the regulator close to fully forward, but not quite. He let the aircraft drift upwards on its own. It drifted upwards above the clouds, slowed its ascent, dipped back slightly into the clouds, and kept ascending and dipping back, each time a smaller change, until it was flying straight and level all on its own, slightly above the clouds. He was very hungry, and ate one of the plump helmets, nearly losing the spores to the wind, but managing to put them back under the seat. He smiled. The aircraft seemed to fly itself. He thought, soaring across the continents, relaxing as a flying machine carried you above the clouds at high speed... it was the way of the future. He smiled once more at his achievements. He found that unlike his first encounter with a giant bat, he was not disturbed or shaken by the encounter. Perhaps spending two years on a glacier had toughened him. He looked out across the vast landscape, letting his mind wander, as he barely had to do anything to keep the aircraft on course.

He flew south, passing over glacier, tundra, snowy mountain that towered into the clouds, frigid plains, and eventually found himself drifting over that foreign civilization he passed through so long ago. He looked down at the towns, and waved as he passed overhead. He passed over a large town, and the sight of the flying machine made them panic and retreat into their homes. Blitukus snickered. He flew over another large town. This time they gathered outside, and shouted and cheered, obviously highly impressed with the technological wonder they were witnessing. Blitukus smiled proudly. He passed over more mountains, and turned to fly southward. Below, the frigid plains passed, revealing temperate swamps and forests ahead. He straddled the mountain as he went south. The temperate forests gave way to the warm swamps, plains, and deserts. A desert lined the mountain, and he saw the little speck of the entrance to a dwarven fortress-gone-goblin-lair. The warm plains gave way to scorching deserts and swamps. The swamps that his mother had bravely adventured through... those many, many years ago. The ruins were devoid of all undead, finally at peace. The famous dwarven failed experiment was marked by a solidified lava flow, the scorched workshop ruins barely visible anymore. He looked down, and saw the edge of the world, the rivers that she had walked by. He saw the north-most town... the very first town she had visited. He remembered her stories of how she had hypnotized the merchant there, saw true oppression for the first time there.... so long ago. He was back in his kingdom, Anthath Siset. He had taken several days to leave for his glacial home, and had completed the return trip in just under 4 hours. He sighed, but as he approached the town, something else caught his eye. Something was very wrong. Those buildings were all the wrong color. There was no activity in the town. The land around it was scorched. What had happened in the 2 years he had been absent?

He felt a sense of dread. The town looked like a war zone, and the buildings were ruined. For miles around, the land was scorched, much of the swamps having been engulfed in what looked like what once was an enormous brush fire. He continued south, over the swamp, and crossing the boundary into the desert. He approached the capital, resting on a flattened hill, a dirt path spiraling from the base of the hill to the top. It was the site of the final encounter, the death of the tyrant. It was the site of the final fate of his mother. She offered them warm water, they returned the offer with a hail of bolts. Blitukus felt a sense of deep anger rising in him. He slowed the aircraft, and reverted the engines back to facing upright, inverting the blades. The aircraft slowed, and he slowly set it down in the center of the capital, and hopped out, not waiting for the blades to stop spinning. He walked forward two steps, and froze. The buildings were scorched, all in ruins. No roof was left standing, and less than half of the walls were left standing. The castle was a wreck, and the stones seemed to have been... melted? All around lay dead bodies, the bodies of kobolds, the bodies of humans... the bodies of goblins. whatever happened, no building was left untouched, and there were no survivors. Anthath Siset had been wiped off the map, the once prosperous towns reduced to ruins. He looked at the corpses. They were not cut apart, they were not bashed in, there were no bolt wounds to be seen. They were covered in energy burns. All around, the land and buildings were scorched, metal and stone melted. A new weapon has been unveiled here. He looked ahead, and several goblin bodies were seen near the charred wreck of a primitive flying machine. It was as if hell itself had swept through. The goblins were barely becoming competitive in technology... where did they get these flying machines, these weapons of total annihilation? They were not the only party involved. Blitukus realized... the assassination, the invasion, weapons never before seen... there had been a conspiracy all along to annihilate Anthath Siset. By fleeing, he had been overlooked, and was the sole survivor. He took his goggles off, to allow his tears to reach the ground freely. He wiped his face, and walked behind the castle. From the charred remains of a bush, he picked a flower. In the graves near the castle, he approached his mother's tomb. She had received a hero's funeral. He stood among the wreckage, yet her tomb remained remarkably untouched. He let the flower drop at the front of the tomb, and he shut his eyes, a tear falling to the surface. He remembered his mother, his childhood, all the years of peace, liberty and prosperity. He remembered all the time he had spent with his mother, with the people, the glory of it all, on all levels. He opened his eyes. Now he stood here, wreckage all around, his mother long gone, his empire in ruins, alone. Yet, he still stood. He looked beyond the tomb to the horizon, then turned and walked back into the town. He walked up to the somewhat damaged statue of Fale in the middle of town. Despite the damage, the statue still seemed to retain an expression of her character. He walked up to the statue, and stood.

He couldn't manage to hold back tears as he looked at the statue. He spoke, barely audible, "You will be avenged." He walked back toward his flying machine.

**Spring has arrived!**

He checked his timepiece. It was Granite 1, 1082. The second anniversary of the assassination.

He clenched a fist so tight his claws dug into his palm and made it bleed slightly. He stopped and opened his hand, watching as a small drop of blood slowly gathered and slid down, falling to the ground.

*You will all be avenged. As long as I stand, Anthath Siset has not fallen, even if it has a population of one... Those who organized my mother's murder, the murder of these thousands... you, and all around you will pay dearly.*

He reached his flying machine, and looked at it. Then, he wore his goggles once more. He felt anger rising in him like an inferno.

*Super-weapons? You have no idea who you're dealing with. Your days are numbered. May your last days be the worst days of your lives.*

He walked to a building, and picked up a burned, tattered, Anthath Siset flag from the ground before it. He then took the flag back to his flying machine, and mounted it on the tail. He was against a force powerful enough to annihilate an entire civilization. He promised himself he would turn this foul, perversion of magic or technology that was this super-weapon into the world's most expensive fireworks

display, and return flaming death to those who operated it. He needed a weapon of his own to do this. The flame of vengeful anger permeated his soul, and he found himself grinning, a menacing grin he had inherited from his mother. He would have his vengeance.

He pulled himself back into the cockpit, and gazed into the controls. His mothers foes met a death at the end of a blade. Blitukus' foes would not have that honor. He decided they didn't deserve a personal battle. They never fought one. He wouldn't make a sword to strike them down with... they would do away with him easily anyway if he were to try. He would have to develop large weapons of his own, and his flying machine was an ideal platform to mount them on. He started the engines once more, and throttled up, letting the flying machine take to the skies. Never before had he felt so driven to fight. He had not even considered what types of weapon he would need to be able to retaliate. It was evident he was faced with a true superpower. He began to think of what he could do, but realized he had gained sufficient altitude, and once again, set the craft into horizontal motion, swooping down as he picked up speed. He ascended, leaving the capital behind, returning north. He realized, that was no longer the capital. His home was the capital, and contained the empires entire populace, a populace of one. He was no longer just a kobold, Blitukus Siegedriven of Anthath Siset. He was Anthath Siset, and Anthath Siset had a legacy for maintaining liberty and justice. Anthath Siset, Blitukus Siegedriven, would bring justice against those who had committed these evils. For what it mattered, he then, by definition, literally had the resources of an empire to accomplish this. He laughed at the thought. But... his laughter faded. He was still up against a fully functional superpower, and he needed weapons. What would he build?

As his aircraft continued north, he thought, and thought some more. He needed ranged weaponry, without a doubt. A simple crossbow wouldn't cut it, and a ballista was far too large to mount on a flying machine, on top of only having one shot. Maybe he could use his steam to enhance his firepower? He thought about it. He toyed with the idea of a steam driven cannon, and tossed it out. He thought of a pressure-driven gun, but found it wouldn't be the best idea. Then, thinking about mechanisms and how he nearly got a wire caught on a gear putting the flying machine together, an idea came to his mind that he realized was something truly nobody has tried before. A steam driven piston mounted on a crossbow. When the crossbow was fired, it could trigger a valve to open, forcing the piston to extend, drawing the wire back. As the wire was fully brought back, a spring would latch it behind the trigger, and the piston would pull back as the valve was shut, leaving the string ready to fire. Then, another bolt could be readied. He thought about it. Potentially it could get one shot off every two seconds. Rather impressive, but still not good enough. He realized, a piston could cycle several times within the same second if fed steam at a high enough pressure. He then realized, the motion of the piston could also be used to ratchet a bolt out of a cartridge, placing the bolt as the piston retracts. This would allow the weapon to cycle as fast as the piston, meaning, in theory, a fire rate of several bolts per second. He snickered and grinned at the thought of mowing down the murderers with such a weapon. Such a weapon would eat through bolts rapidly, and he would have to forge and bring a lot of them. It would be good for dispersing other flying machines, and spraying death onto targets below, but for larger ground targets, it wouldn't do. He needed something larger for those. He spent a while perfecting and taking note of the detail in the design for the Automatic Crossbow, but when he finished resolving his plan, he moved on to the next task. He needed something to demolish buildings and siege engines with. He thought about it, and after a while of thinking, came up with an idea that was worthy of developing. The air was once more becoming rather chilly as he flew northward. He thought about it, a way to spread magma everywhere. With one of his steam generators rigged to actually produce magma, he could build a device that would hold magma within, and would build up more and more pressure, near the failure point of steel. The entire device could then be released, and upon impact with the ground, would buckle, exploding, sending magma everywhere, leaving puddles of raw fire streaming through his foes strongholds.

*I'll rain down hells fire... literally! "How to make Barbecue Goblin in 2 simple steps!"*

Once again he snickered at the thought. His grin faded, but he maintained a smile. He would fly in with a rapid-firing crossbow and canisters of hells fire, pressurized and concentrated. An impressive loadout... but still mere fireworks compared to the super-weapon that he faced. He knew he would be charging into this, facing the strongholds of an evil empire, with little more than his skill and a few gadgets at his side. Either he would win against all odds, and proceed to build his way to his mother, a story of victory to share, or he would die trying, an honorable death that would result in his meeting his mother again anyway... unless of course this warfare business landed him down below.

*... and not even that would stop me from reaching heaven, even if I had to raise hell and bring down heaven as nothing but a determined soul.*

He reviewed his plans as he found himself flying over tundra and eventually through the familiar bitter cold of the glacier. He slowed the craft as he soared over the glacier. He switched to vertical flight, and the craft slowed further. He landed by the storage and let the craft taxi in before shutting down the engines and powering down the generators. He was home. It was a hole in the ground for those who would merely pass by, but he would do his best to use the resources within to turn his steel wings into the steel dragon that would strike down the demonic machines that annihilated his comrades. At the very least, he would try.

[ October 31, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 31, 2007, 07:36:00 am**

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And for once, I beat Armok to a BEYOND QUALITY award for ya!

Seriously, very nice. I like the detail that you put into everything. My ONLY complaint is the occasionaly effed up spelling. But, with a story of this size, a few typos are to be expected. (feel free to rub it in my face if I spelled anything wrong.)

[ October 31, 2007: Message edited by: Xotes ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 31, 2007, 10:11:00 am**

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Thanks :D

I use Firefox's spell checker, so there's probably a spelling error in its dictionary. could you point out what's spelled wrong so I can fix it? I think the biggest problem I've had so far would probably be grammar as far as that goes (I know I'm getting the possessive (')s wrong).

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **October 31, 2007, 11:38:00 am**

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Sure, I can get to work. I'll just focus on this update for now, but I've got other stuff to do as well. I'll PM ya with the results. It'll probably take a while, but still.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 31, 2007, 11:41:00 am**

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Thank you :)

Most spelling errors that were embedded in the dictionary itself should've shown up in this update (Maybe MS Word had a more reliable spell check).

I have things to do in RL so take as long as you want, it's still much better than nothing :p

[ October 31, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **October 31, 2007, 07:33:00 pm**

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Once again,im the first one to give you the EPIC award.  
\*Hands AlanL a Golden trophy with the words EPIC under the image of a Dragon burning a dwarf to ash, a bottle of red wine, a bag of dragon gold, a eldirich artifact of unspeakable power, and some Doritos.\*  
You ROCK!.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **October 31, 2007, 11:39:00 pm**

Thanks :D  
  
Although the wine is kind of illegal, being under the legal limit and all :p

I'm thinking of screwing around with the new version once its gotten some streamlining done on it so that by the time I'm done with this, I'd already be good at playing the new version. Eh, maybe not, it might be a distraction.

-----  
Blitukus hopped out of the cockpit, and walked across to where he had written the note to Dracha. She had circled the words "Fix your containment or I'll fix it for you", and next to it wrote, "Fix your attitude or I'll fix it for you... ok, I messed up, sorry. I try to keep the cages nice and in order but some times sh\*t happens ya know!" Blitukus smiled, but walked into the tunnels with a goal in mind. He put the spores from the plump helmet back in the seed bag, and retrieved his pick axe. He then continued down the tunnel, and walked into the hematite mine. He dug out two more lumps of hematite, and brought one back to the smelter to make it into iron. He carried it, and looked at it with a slight frown. His desire for vengeance burned, and he felt as if by sheer willpower he could smelt the ore into iron unaided. He wouldn't waste his drive that way. He brought it to the smelter and melted it down, pouring a stack of iron bars. Then, he dug out some coke and limestone, hauled it back, stumbling through a cave spider silk web on the way back from hauling limestone, and melted the materials together to make the iron into pig iron. Then, he hauled back the other lump of hematite, and the other limestone lump, and pooled it into the smelter to make steel. From this, he poured two stacks of bars, a small scale operation compared to the last, just enough for him to make his crossbow, mechanisms and all. It took a long time, and a total of twice as much material as a normal crossbow, but bit by bit, he forged the components and assembled it, a steel piston set to drive the wire back on extending, and ratchet out a bolt on retracting, the trigger operating both the release and a valve to control the piston. The weapon was very, very heavy. Heavier than the "Big F\*cking Crossbow" his mother had told him about. That crossbow was advanced, but this one was a true experiment, using ideas never before used. Of course, the piston and mechanisms to control it were exceptionally made, but the bow itself was his first real crossbow, and although it worked, it was merely the unadorned, basic concept, leading to a likely inaccurate weapon. He would have to compensate with skill, and that meant training. A lot of training. But, he had created the crossbow with a long track, meaning higher potential tension, and more energy imparted to the projectile. He needed a power source, and used the leftover bars to make a small quad loop, focused not on creating large volumes of steam, but steam at high pressure. The weapon was so heavy, in fact, that it was likely that in order to hit much at all with it he would have to take his time to aim. His mother tried to aim the Big F\*cking Crossbow, and missed. Now he had something even heavier, but he was much stronger than his mother was when she wielded such heavy weaponry. Also, since the steam generator got hot enough to burn most of the skin off of Blitukus' back during operation, he would have to set it down before using the weapon.

He etched a title into the weapon. It was a weapon that he felt confident would be the ideal tool for exacting his vengeance, and as such, titled it "The Redeemer". Unfortunately, he still had to train in using it, and needed bolts to do that. He set the weapon down, and took up his pickaxe, walking back down to the copper vein, digging out one, and hauling it back with cassiterite to smelt bronze. The cave river gushed out in a violent flood, the doors withstanding it easily as they had since their construction. Then, he forged the bronze into bolts. Each stack of bars could have made 30 bolts, each bolt rather long considering the size of the crossbow, but instead he made 25, using the rest of the bronze to make a clip to hold the bolts in, able to be fed automatically into the crossbow. He stopped for a drink and then continued to make a second clip. He walked up the tunnel, and saw the last snow covered logs worth of wood, still laying outside, preserved perfectly in the frigid cold. He brought it in, and brought it into a spot down below his home, assembling an archery target there to practice upon. Then, he picked up the large crossbow, grunted as he brought it up, and then loaded a clip onto it. He then brought the entire device to the archery range. He rested the weapon on a short pile of stones, and rested the steam generator by it. He activated the generator, and with a hiss, the small steam tank under the weapon quickly pressurized to a very high pressure. He then carefully aimed down the tunnel at the target, and fired. There was a loud 'PANG!', and no bolt was loosed. The piston was letting out steam, and it seemed the weapon had jammed. Blitukus scritchd his head, and laughed. After assembling such a complex device and all that he needed to train with it, he had loaded the bolts in... backwards. His laughter died down, and he reset the device, reloading the bolts into the clip. The piston drew forward, readying the weapon, then quickly drew back, ratcheting a bolt into place. He pulled the trigger, expecting one or two bolts to be loosed at an odd angle. There were three loud "THUMP"s in rapid succession, and the weapon recoiled heavily, knocking him back a step. The first bolt struck the support of the archery target. The second flew over the target, and the third struck the ceiling, ricocheting off and landing on the floor. He realized that the weapon had more firepower than even he expected. He laughed and grinned menacingly as he held it. Then, he placed it back, bracing himself for the recoil this time. He fired another bolt, it hit the wall with a ricochet. He then let off another burst of 3 bolts, one hitting the edge of the target, one hitting the top, and another hitting the support again. He tilted his head and fired another burst. One bolt flew behind the archery range, wedging itself into a lever. A second ricocheted off the wall and landed in the magma. A third hit the support of the archery target again and broke it, sending the target toppling to the ground. Something about this tickled his chaotic nature, and he laughed. He realized how similar this was to how his mother described her first experiences learning how to throw.

Like she once did, he had a lot of training to do. He rebraced the target, fixing it, and kept practicing, salvaging bolts whenever possible and sliding them back into the clip. He kept practicing, taking breaks to eat and drink, until eventually his exhaustion blurred his vision and coordination to the point where training was becoming fruitless. He shut down the equipment, and left for bed. He lay in bed, spending a while thinking about his technique and how to perfect it.Eventually, he let himself drift off to sleep. That day he drempth he was standing at the foot of a dwarven fortress. The sky was red, and he was armed with his weapon. Yet, he didn't feel vengeful in the dream, rather, afraid. A light came from within the fortress, and he caught a slight glimpse of a giant mechanical, iron beast coming out, poised to eat him. He fired, but the shots simply bounced away. A moment later, he woke up.

He felt his confidence tempered. He really was up against a superpower, and there was no guarantee that he, one kobold with a crossbow, could manage to even put a dent in it. He looked down, and sighed slightly, but looked back up. He was not merely just a kobold, and his weapon was not merely just a crossbow. It might be insignificant compared to whatever super-weapon his foes had, but he would at the very least make a nasty mess for them on his way out. He sat up, and stood. He felt determined, and continue where he left off the day before. He trained all day it seemed. Eventually, his scattered shots centered more and more closely on the center of the target, the errant shots striking the edge of the target, then eventually the middle ring, then eventually, even at a distance, he was hitting the bullseye several times with a single clip. Still, several bolts always ended up near the edge of the target. He held the trigger down and let the weapon fire at its full potential. He found that at maximum pressure, it could loose between 4 and 5 bolts per second, a good average being 3 to 4. He kept training until the bolts were all bent in several ways, and the target so full of holes it wouldn't stand to catch more. He had gotten the hang of handling the crossbow, but he still wasn't an elite with it by any means. It would have to do. It was now nearly summer, and he had trained all he could. He loaded the best of the rest of the bolts, and left the tunnels. There was still a sasquatch out there, harassing all creatures it came across. It had stayed distant, but it was still a threat. It would be a test for Blitukus and his weapon. It was snowing. He walked out onto the glacier, and proceeded out toward the moving creature in the distance. He marched out directly, but slowed as he approached, softening his footsteps.

:p  
  
[ November 01, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 01, 2007, 04:18:00 pm**

Best story ever.Keep it up AlanL.Beyond Quality award!.  
  
Edit:You worry about the wine but not the fact that you hold a object that can stop time?!.  
Geez.So much for those pricy 'Box O Artifacts' i got down at the Evil for less shop.

[ November 01, 2007 Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]



Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 01, 2007, 04:34:00 pm**

To be honest I didn't even know what that thing does, let alone how to use it XD

Anyway, thanks, and thanks again for saving this thread from getting pushed onto page 2 :p

The new version was too tempting. I started messing around in adventure mode. I had nothing better to do anyway.

[ November 01, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 01, 2007, 05:08:00 pm**

If you dont feel like updateing, going out to see a movie, or doing something else that is of interest to you, I dont see what's the problem with geting impaled on a elephant tusk in the new version adventure mode.By the way...beware the fish.

Edit:And the day I let any active story of yours gets bumped into page 2, is the day Armok stops drinking blood.

[ November 01, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 01, 2007, 05:16:00 pm**

Hehe thanks :p

Actually, I should be able to update today, the thing is is an update takes about 3 hours to make on average, and thanks to AIMS testing making the schools schedule FUBAR'd, I have essentially all day to myself :p

I would probably do more than one update per day in this situation, but people are looking into the new version and I would end up far outpacing the rate at which people would read it. I basically don't want to cause it to pile up on people.

Edit: I killed my first adventurer by being a masochist and repeatedly jumping off of the castle. It took a while to get into position for the last jump since he kept going unconscious due to pain :p

[ November 01, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 01, 2007, 05:19:00 pm**

Best. Story. Ever.

"This is a aluminum Beyond Quality award. it is dedicated to AlanL. it menaces whit spikes of clear diamond. it is encrusted whit crystalline darkness. on the item is a image of a grin in wagon bone, the grin is laughing. on the item is a engraving of a rendition of another rendition of an ruby button in ruby. on the item is an inscription in elephant blood, the inscription says "to launch an ray of pure destruction, press the red button. Aim away from children, pets and self." " :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 01, 2007, 05:25:00 pm**

\*ponders the idea of scrambling NORAD by firing it at a satellite\*

Thanks :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **November 01, 2007, 06:09:00 pm**

I've seen your post in which you said you might do something like this in the new DF version. This is actually a very good idea, with all the windmills and water wheels and stuff. If you do, I'm sure you'll get even more "Beyond Quality!" posts. ;)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 01, 2007, 11:56:00 pm**

Thanks :)

I already have ideas for what I could do in the next version... although, those are just ideas for stories. Until then I still have this to write.  
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Time past, and Blitukus' body took well deserved down-time. That day he had a dream almost like a surreal warning. He found himself on the surface of the sun, fire all around. Goblins burned, and hell rained down... but he looked up. There was an entire universe outside of this fire, and far back, behind the stars themselves, he cought a glimpse of his mother. Messages came from the universe down to him, but the fire roared and shattered the messages before they could reach him. Eventually, the universe above seemed to become dimmer, monochrome. It was an eternity in age, and would take no annoyance in waiting patiently for the flames to die down. When Blitukus awoke, he felt the presence of his two conflicting goals. His vengeful feelings pulled him outside toward the battlefield, yet his desire to be with his mother pulled him inside towards the metals and workshops. His mother was beyond time, but time was of the essence when dealing with those who committed those atrocities. He sat up, and rose to his feet.

*If only time would work with me rather than against me...*

For the sake of justice and the name of all of his comrades, for the name of his mother, he would bring those vile agents of destruction to their own destruction. Still... He pulled out his timepiece. It read "04:57 PM, Felsite 26, 1082". Time, it was a beautiful force, flowing effortlessly and without emotion as empires rose and fell within its wake. He put his timepiece away. It was time to get back to work. He forged the shell of the device, the bomb, a spherical container, designed to hold the maximum pressure possible. Within, he loaded the loop, and set it to activate with the pull of a lever.

**It is now summer.**

He stopped for a drink then continued to forge the 4 sections, riveting them together as he finished them, the loop mounted on the inside. The inner chamber was spherical, but it had spikes on it that would shoot out when it exploded, causing extra shrapnel damage. Slowly, he slid the finished bomb out to a designated testing site, against the base of the cliff.

:p

[ November 02, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 02, 2007, 02:53:00 pm**



[insert a repeat of everything I have said about this story here]

code:

xx    xxx x    x   xxx   x    x xxx  
x x   x    x   x   x xx   x x   x  
xx   xxx   xxx   x    x x x x x x  
x x   x    x   x   x x   xx x   x  
xx   xxx   x    xxx   x    x xxx    Quality!

(I'm no ASKII artist, sorry)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 02, 2007, 11:39:00 pm**

[www.anywherebb.com](#) has Artscii (sp?), lets you actually draw it and then it spits out the ascii-art version. I'm still thinking of drawing a pictures of Fale and Blitukus using it, but unfortunately I'm not skilled in 2d art    :)

Now's where the massive chunks of not-from-df story come into play. Although, DF will still be involved to the end, it's impractical to render a lot of these scenes in DF. unfortunately, that means no images. It's technically all text anyway, though    :p

Blitukus began to check all of the flying machines systems after mounting the weapon. He spoke, "We will see. Describe the route, I accept your challenge." Dracha replied, "There's a notch in the mountains to the southwest. The notch marks a path through those mountains. On the other side of that path there's a tunnel full of magma on the inside. The path goes through the tunnel, it's quicker than goin' around. Then there's the valley you passed through on the other side of the tunnel, the route goes through the valley and around the backside of the mountain, over the second range and you end up right back here. Never seen anyone take a flyin' machine through it but I've flown it a few times myself when I want to stretch my wings a bit. That crater of yours'll be the start and finish line." Blitukus nodded, and replied, "That sounds fun!" Dracha yawned and stretched, speaking "Hurry up already!" They laughed.

A minute or two later...

Blitukus finished, and hopped into the cockpit, pressurizing the steam tanks and starting his engines. Dracha backed off as he taxied out, and then he took off. Instead of slowly lifting off, the flying machine seemed to drift upward rapidly thanks to the new generators. He ascended, and tilted forward, allowing the craft to get a decent forward velocity, before switching to horizontal flight. He pulled up to level, flying at a slow speed in a circle. Dracha took off and flew alongside him. They exchanged smiles, and straightened out to fly along the cliffside. When they crossed over the crater, Blitukus firewalled the regulator, but Dracha let off a burst of magical energy and catapulted ahead. She quickly reached top speed, flying rapidly ahead of Blitukus. But, his machine kept accelerating, and accelerating, lunging forward when the turbines began to churn the generators, new ones included. Soon he found himself flying at the same speed as Dracha, and then he began to approach her from behind. They turned to face the southwest mountains, flying upward. Blitukus' engines roared, and he reached maximum speed, the pressure gauges redlining for the first time since his first flight. She seemed surprise as he overtook her and flew ahead, through the clouds and over the mountaintops. They came up to a corner in the path, and Blitukus had to slow down, the momentum of his flying machine forcing him into the outside edge of the corner. Dracha barely had to slow at all, and rounded the inside of the corner with agility, slipping ahead of Blitukus again. But, once the corner had straightened, Blitukus accelerated once more. She tried to block him passing but once again he passed her. The mountain ended in a cliff ahead, another mountain beginning shortly after, the tunnel near the bottom. Dracha retracted her wings and allowed herself to fall forward toward the entrance to the tunnel. Blitukus turned his flying machine upside down and pulled up, flying rapidly toward the ground. In the middle of the maneuver, he rolled right-side-up again, and pulled up. Dracha spread her wings, catching herself before entering the tunnel. Blitukus saw he was falling too fast, and pulled up with full force. He heard a "SHRANG!" as the tail of his flying machine barely scraped against the bottom of the entrance to the tunnel, sending sparks into Drachas face as she entered. Blitukus had to slow down, the tunnels were broad but unfamiliar, luckily lit by a pool of magma at the bottom. Dracha, on the other hand, was fully familiar with the tunnels, and sped ahead, focusing her magic to create an orb of light in front of her to guide the way. Blitukus accelerated once more, but Dracha suddenly rocketed ahead on a magical wave, proceeding out through the light at the end of the tunnel.

*So, we're going to play that way?*

He lowered his flying machine closer and closer to the magma.

*Fumes hovering over the surface... looks kinda flammable!*

He shut the back end of the turbines, allowing the gas to collect in the turbines, flowing back into the steam chambers as he allowed the engines to slow. The exit was nearing. He then pressed the lever for the blades tilt all the way, making the blades nearly align themselves with airflow, making them useless as propellers, and the engines quickly slowed to a stop. But, the blades now presented little drag.

*This is probably a stupid stunt... I hope it doesn't break it but if it does, then at least it was one hell of a fun ride!*

The gas had now entirely replaced the steam in the steam tanks, building up quite a bit at high pressure. Blitukus then opened the rear of the turbines, opened all valves of the pistons, allowing the gas to empty into the turbine, then allowed magma to touch the gas... Suddenly the engines let out a loud BANG, followed by deafening roar, the engines shooting blue flames out of the rear of their turbines. The turbine speed gauges were both maxed out, and Blitukus was firmly pressed against the back of his seat. The engines were stopped, but the machine accelerated, and accelerated, pushing a shockwave of air in front of it that set snow in motion as he exited the tunnel. It kept accelerating, far beyond any speed he had ever seen before. He found the terrain, and even the mountains, moving so fast it was all an entire blur. He kept low to the glacier, but he reached such speeds that any motion outside of straight and level flight felt as if it would cause his craft to disintegrate. He rocketed ahead, the wind feeling as if it would push his face inside of his head. He ducked down, just enough of his head exposed to see the world around. He saw a red streak, rapidly approaching. Air piled up denser and denser on the front of the craft, and for a moment, the steel seeming to warp and bend as if it were paper in the force of the rushing air, the waves of air piled over themselves, creating a solid wall of nothing but shockwave. Dracha smiled, effortlessly drifting, then looked back. Blitukus' flying machine rocketed towards her at an incredible rate, a streaking blur trailing blue flame and dark smoke. The shockwave in front of the craft was sending snow into the sky, leaving a white trail behind his craft. Dracha seemed to freeze. All was silent. A small fraction of a second later..

**BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!**

Blitukus' machine rocketed ahead of her, the shockwave sending Dracha tumbling through the air, ears painfully ringing. Blitukus' craft rapidly slowed as the magma gas ran out. He waited for the craft to slow to a more sane speed, and engaged the pistons and propellers once more. He sighed, and looked straight ahead, an odd sense of displacement coming to him. He then laughed loudly.

*That... for the slightly-over-one-second it lasted... was truly surreal.*

He noticed that the very top of his head seemed to be numb. He also noticed that some of his flying machines frame seemed to have been warped and bent, but it wasn't serious. What was serious was the cause of the oddly grey smoke coming out of the engines. The turbine sections of the engines glew a bright orange due to heat, and the turbines refused to turn. He was forced to continue at a slowed rate, but Dracha had been stunned by the shockwave, and also continued at a slowed rate until she fully regained her senses. Blitukus noticed a slight bit of steam escaping the left engine from a missing rivet. Not a good sign. He shrugged and laughed again. If he hadn't have frozen when the craft reached those speeds, it likely wouldn't have flown perfectly straight, and would have disintegrated. But, he was still flying, and still in the race. Dracha regained her senses fully and rapidly approached Blitukus' slowed machine. They were now behind the mountains, and it was the last leg of the route, but several turns complicated it. He noticed an alternative path. Dracha smiles as she once again passed him, this time the she seemed guaranteed to win as Blitukus' turbines had completely seized up due to heat. He saw the designated, winding, long route ahead, and the deviant, short, straight route off to the side. He cleared his throat, looked around, and turned off to his left, taking the deviant path. He gritted his teeth together as he left the smooth glacier surface and flew over jagged rocks through an untraveled canyon. The turbines cooled, and he attempted to get them to start. They wouldn't start. He waited until they cooled completely. They still wouldn't start. He opened the turbine inlet completely and finally the wind forced the turbines to rotate.

Once they started to turn again, they once again had. There was a PANG, and the left engine began to lose more steam out of its side as the turbines once again churned the generators. Blitukus' machine once again reached its normal top speed. He exited the dark, jagged tunnel, merging back into the designated path. When he had left the designated path, Dracha was flying quite a bit ahead. Now she rounded the corner in the distance behind him. Blitukus snickered. It was the home stretch, he was flying along the cliffside far ahead, and was guaranteed to win, if dishonorably. Suddenly, he heard a zapping sound. Several second passed, and he heard a flapping. Dracha descended from above him, having seemingly jumped ahead in space. She was now ahead of him. Blitukus looked behind himself, then back ahead. He quickly passed her, but his left engine was still showing signs of trouble. The turbine in its blaze of glory had overstressed some of the generators. There was a loud BANG. The left engine began to spit out dark steam, almost the color of smoke, magma spewing out of the engine, covering the turbine exhaust. The steam pressure gauge fell, and the engine sputtered. He had to reduce the power of the right engine to avoid flat-spinning, and his craft slowed dramatically. Dracha once again rapidly approached. when they crossed the crater once more, ending the race... neither was in the lead. It was a tie.

The engine banged and sputtered once more, and Blitukus growled slightly under his breath, complaining to nobody, "Oh god-dammit!" That was quite a bit of work damaged, but at least it was in a friendly race. Had that happened over the battlefield, he would be resting in pieces in his own personal crater. Realizing this, he smiled once more. He switched to vertical flight, but the engines were refusing to fully support the weight. He turned the craft back to face the storage, and landed while still moving forward just fast enough to keep from stalling. He then skidded down to a taxiing speed, and taxied into the storage tail first, shutting off the engines after stopping. Dracha landed in front of him, and approached the front of his flying machine. She spoke, "Now you got me wantin' a couple of those engines to strap to my back! Never, ever, EVER seen something fly that fast! Not once in the last 3000 years!" Blitukus smiled. She continued, "And when did you learn teleportation? Saw you ahead of me but you never passed me?" Blitukus smiled, shrugged, and replied, "I flew high over the mountainside, outside of your field of view." She pressed him to his seat with her index finger, and spoke, "You took the crap chute didn't you? I've been around long enough to spot a piss-taking a mile away you cheatin' bastard!" Blitukus asked, "But what of your own teleportation stunt?" They hesitated a second, then both laughed.

Blitukus sighed as he looked at the half-broken engine, magma slowly dripping from it. He spoke, "I've got work to do, more armaments to load, two of those explosives to load." Dracha replied, "Off to fight the good fight somewhere?" Blitukus nodded. Dracha spoke, "Then I'll leave you to that. That was fun! Thanks for the run!" Blitukus nodded again, smiled, and waved as they parted. He smiled inwardly and outwardly, his loneliness being at least temporarily satisfied. He hopped out of the cockpit, and inspected the engine. Despite functioning in ways he had never before imagined, and having spewed smoke and magma, the engine was actually not damaged that badly. Some of the generators had ruptured, but he could hammer the bent areas back and fuse the cracks together, mending it. The turbines were char-black, through and through, and were warped due to heat and torque, but still spun efficiently and could easily be warped back. Patching up the short ends and forging new controls to release bombs would take two bars of bronze. He would use the leftover bronze to improve upon the generators to prevent such failures in the future. He was exhausted from the race, and walked back to bed. He lay, and found another book he had never seen before, "Glass Optics" by Tori Sightbend. Within, he found new information he had never seen before, regarding refraction, how to use it, and how to calculate it. Slowly, he let himself fall asleep after reading the first part of it. That day, he had a dream, that seemed almost like a nightmare, but nothing happened to him within it. He saw the damaged statue of his mother. He strolled the barren, desert landscape, charred buildings around, the sky a blood red above him. A zombie goblin seemed to emerge from the ground in front of him. It approached him. He had nothing with which to defend himself against it. He raised his fist, and brought it down as if to strike it over the head at a distance. A bolt of lightning came down from the sky and struck the zombie goblin, causing it to explode, blood and gore spattering everywhere, covering Blitukus. He opened his hand, and looked at the charred ground where the zombie goblin once stood. He awoke, and found the joy of the race had vanished. His flying machine had more than proved itself, and the time for horseplay was over. He had a quest to accomplish. He stood, and left the room. There was still malachite left over, so he brought one lump of malachite from deep in the tunnels back to the smelter, fetching the cassiterite to go with it, and stopping to eat breakfast before smelting them into bronze. As it pooled, he gazed into the molten substance. He realized, the smelter, the forge, the technology, was neither orderly nor chaotic, neither good nor evil. It served to amplify the order or chaos, amplify the good or evil of the one who wields it. He poured the bronze into the bar moulds, making sure the slag got dumped into the magma, and allowed the bronze to cool. Then he brought it up to the storage, set a generator to act as a heat source, then began to forge it into the line, mechanisms, and filler he would need, hammering and welding the ruptured generators back together. He pondered what that was, that shockwave, the sensation of what seemed like nearly infinite speed. Whatever it was, he wouldn't have a source of magma fumes on the battlefield. He noted that bronze and steel expand differently under heat. He used this to make a device that, when heated to high temperatures, would open a valve, releasing water and cooling the engine. The valve would automatically shut when the temperature dropped. He installed this new device, along with modifying the transmission from the turbine to the generators, allowing for the transmission to temporarily disengage if the turbines were to begin spinning too fast. When he was finished with repairs, he hammered mounts for the bombs onto the wings near the fuselage. If they were far out, then the mass of the remaining bomb would disrupt balance if only one were dropped. He connected these mounts to levers within the cockpit. Then, one at a time, he slid the bombs out to the storage, and lifted them, fitting the bombs, with a nearly tedious amount of care and caution, onto their mounts, and latching them in. When he had mounted both, he brought the 4 clips of ammunition and loaded one into the automatic crossbow, resting the other 3 under the seat. The metal of these war machines was cold and hard, seemingly contradicting Blitukus' scorching desire for vengeance.

Then, he realized... he would be corrupting his own technology by using it for solely combat. If he were to perish, it was likely that all of his discoveries would be forgotten, left to rust and turn to dust in this frozen wasteland. He walked back down the tunnel, and dismantled the remains of his archery target. Then, he retrieved some coal dust from the smelter, and proceeded to write down all that he could fit on the flat wooden surfaces. He wrote down the details of his steel-smelting furnace, his steam boiler and engines, the details of production en masse. He ran out of room by the time he got to writing down the design for the flying machine, but what he had written down was enough to begin a technological revolution if placed in the proper hands. He planned in his mind how he would introduce these technologies. He placed faith in the outcome of chaos. He would load these designs into his flying machine, and fly over that odd civilization on his way south. The wood was thin and would glide down, rather than plummet and shatter. He would fly over a town, and chuck it overboard, letting the winds dictate who received the designs. If he were to perish, then just maybe this civilization could use these technologies to stand a fighting chance against the super-weapon. He brought the thin lumber back to his flying machine, and placed it carefully in the cockpit, wedging it in to make sure that it wouldn't blow away unintentionally. He reset the generator back to its original function, inspected the flying machine one last time, then shut the panels. The steel rivets that had been lost were replaced with bronze rivets. It may not be as good as steel but he was in a hurry, and a full compliment of rivets was much better than simply leaving some missing. Once he was satisfied, he once again hopped in the cockpit, finding the fit a bit tighter with all of the other items, and activated the engines. The generators had been repaired, and worked properly, the engines spinning as they should. He taxied once more out onto the glacier. It was now the dead of night. It would likely be the morning by the time he arrived to the southern regions. He throttled up, and the craft, laden down with bombs, munition, and a few design... boards... hesitated to lift off. The engines spun faster with time, and shortly after it did lift off. He found with the extra thrust it was much easier to transition from vertical to horizontal flight and back again. After making that transition and speeding up to a proper cruising speed, he let the aircraft ascend on its own, finding its own preferred altitude slightly above the clouds. He steered it by the stars, directing it southward.

As he let the aircraft cruise, he looked up at the stars. He set his vengeful feelings aside for a moment, and allowed himself to daydream, delving deep into thought, allowing the stars to direct his mind. He was parting the flames, albeit temporarily, to receive one of the universes messages if it wished to send him one. He began to think about the universe and its chaotic nature. Actually, chaos seemed to be the natural tendency of things. A glass would drop, and shatter. Wood would burn, the ashes scattered to the wind. Order could be created, but in order to create a construction, you had to burn fuel, generating chaos that in total outweighed the order. A perfect machine could only hope to break even, and order would never magically appear in a closed space. The universe went from order to chaos as past went to future. Blitukus smiled.

*Does the flow of time determine the progress of chaos, or does the progress of chaos determine the flow of time?*

He thanked the stars above for this new train of thought, and processed the implications as he drifted on. Soon, he found the lights of towns below. He dislodged the lumber, and dumped the designs as he approached one town. Slowly, the thin, light wood segments tumbled and spiraled downwards, landing cleanly and intact in the towns streets... and in windows, on rooves, in trees, etcetera. Blitukus laughed at the sight of such randomness, but then felt a sense of a boundary come to him. Said broken glass took fuel to mend. A broken glass is broken, and spent fuel was nothing but refuse. As orderly constructs took to random dust and fragments, civilization, hundreds, maybe thousands of years down the road would spend itself, could spend the world in its pursuit of sustenance. Was there such a thing as too much chaos, when nothing useful could come of the environment? He sighed, and tried not to think about it. It was far, far beyond his days when such things would become a concern. For now, he had the deaths of hundreds to avenge. He had his mothers death to avenge.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 03, 2007, 01:29:00 pm**

An entropic time, machine, pertum mobile, the circle is closing...

AlanL the awesomeness of awesome awesomenesses.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 03, 2007, 05:34:00 pm**

Thanks :p

I have no clue what a pertum mobile is though.

[ November 03, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Jay Kayell** on **November 03, 2007, 05:53:00 pm**

I think it´s spelled "Perpetuum Mobile". It´s latin, i think, for a machine that never stops. BTW: Best story ever!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 03, 2007, 06:00:00 pm**

Thank you :D

I kind of thought thats what it was but I wasn't sure, thanks for clearing it up.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 01:19:00 am**

I've said time and time again this has turned out better than I thought it would. The thing is, I haven't found a word to describe the magnitude of it. Thank you all for your support :)

I tried the new versions Dwarf Fortress mode. Thanks to reading about everyones problems, I didn't encounter that many. Magma set-up worked the first time, and I got rid of the imps with nothing but wrestlers (which is, coincidentally, how i whittled it down to a lone inhabitant).

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Blitukus sat back, idly inspecting his automatic crossbow and ammunition as the flying machine continued on. Occasionally he would turn the machine slightly in a course correction. Dawn was breaking. The sun slowly rose, scattering its rays through the atmosphere, skipping off the clouds and surface at a shallow angle. Once again, he soared down from the poles, crossing from the freezing wastes through the temperate woodlands to his scorching homelands. As he traveled, the sun continued to rise. Animals looked up from the surface as the bat-winged steel contraption distantly roared through the sky far above, leaving a trail of light-colored steam behind it. He looked ahead, resting his head on his hand. He noticed he was entering the scorched land that was once called Anthath Sizat. He sighed out of his nose, and looked around. The goblins somehow managed to make flying machines of their own. They were primitive, and their machines would be easy to spot and intercept... if they were within visible range. He thought they would have a mobile army somewhere around, to sift through the wreckage and laugh about the destruction they had caused. Criminals such as them tended to return to the scene of the crime. He spotted a fleet of flying objects in the distance to the west, and changed course to approach. He approached, and noticed he was nearing, but they still seemed rather small. He gripped the trigger of the automatic crossbow, and watched carefully as he passed under the flying objects... nothing more than a flock of birds, forming a bottomless triangle in the sky. He watched them, but something moving, just out of the corner of his eye, triggered his instincts. He quickly looked over in that direction. Something was moving in the distance, the suns rays shifting over its surface. He turned southwest, and flew along the deserts. Whatever it was, it was flying over the suburbs of the old capital. As he approached... he saw their identity. He was coming up behind a fleet of flying machines. They were blimps, 20 feet in length and 3 feet across, ropes slung over their envelopes, carrying a 10 by 3 foot wooden platform each. The platforms each had two engines mounted to it, the broad blades slowly turning not under steam power, but under manual force, slowly pushing the blimp through the air. They were nearly still compared to Blitukus' flying machine. Each blimp had several green figures standing on the platform, one running each engine. He flew past, watching them. Something small parted from one of the blimps, and whizzed through the air. An iron bolt ricocheted off of Blitukus' right engine. Down below, many green figures were scrambling to find cover.

*You only make this easier...*

Blitukus flew forward, ignoring the blimps. He pulled up, and armed one of the bombs. The bomb creaked and heated to a glowing heat as Blitukus turned around. He saw many of the goblin infantry taking cover in an abandoned marketplace. They were expecting a rain of bolts. They had expected wrong. Blitukus lined up with the abandoned building, and swooped down, pulling the release lever as he neared the bottom of the swoop. The mounting unlatched, and the bomb detached from the flying machine, plummeting towards the surface. The magma-laden bomb punched through the ceiling, and detonated within the building, blowing the roof off and collapsing the walls, sending burning debris into the air. Many !!goblin corpses!! were catapulted away from the explosion, some were impaled with flying shrapnel, and several goblins ran frantically out of the burning, magma-filled wreckage, flaming. They set fire to all that they ran near, and died the most painful death possible, collapsing, occasionally twitching as their bodies lay. One of the goblins unfortunate enough to suffer this fate collapsed 3 feet away from a body of water. Liquid fire spilled slowly through the ruins, setting trees, brush, and the occasional hapless goblin ablaze. Blitukus watched it as he passed by, grinning and snickering. Blitukus armed the second bomb, and turned around. The goblins below were scrambling behind the buildings. There were odd flying machines, more complex than the blimps, hidden behind the buildings. Three bolts rained down from a blimp above, two lodging themselves within the fuselage of Blitukus' flying machine, one piercing into the engine. Blitukus swooped down, and dropped the second bomb. It exploded on impact with a wall, magma raining down, ruining several flying machines but causing many less casualties than the last. That was the last bomb, Blitukus was down to his automatic crossbow. Several goblins ran under the nearby trees and began shouting and flailing about. Blitukus wondered what they were doing. Soon, birds took flight from the trees. Birds? Blitukus laughed... BIRDS! He realized he was about to collide with several innocent avians. He pulled up full force and ducked. Several birds smacked into the front of the flying machine, sending feathers and blood into Blitukus' face. One bird was sucked into the left engines turbine, which resulted in a dismembered corpse and several chunks being catapulted out of the back. The flying machine shook, and the left turbine snapped and groaned for a second, the turbine speed meter dropping sharply, losing a third of its full value. The exhaust from the left engine darkened, and its power dropped, but it was still flying with plenty of power. Minor damage, nothing more. Blitukus wiped the bird blood from his goggles. Then, he turned the flying machine around, ascending to meet with the blimps. The blimps had begun to turn around, and their sides faced Blitukus as he lined up.

He faced four blimps, each carrying three goblin crossbowmen in their platform. As Blitukus approached, they fired simultaneously. Blitukus ducked and growled as several bolts sank into the front of his fuselage and into the wings of his machine. The goblin crossbowmen stopped to reload. Blitukus took advantage of this and turned, firing to the side, strafing by the blimps. He fired at the envelope of one blimp, each hit causing a larger impact until the seventh caused the envelope to rupture, sending the platform, and all those aboard, plummeting hundreds of feet. He approached the second blimp nearly head on, firing across its platform. A bloody mist rose as several goblins were hit. They returned fire at the same time, one goblin firing one shot just before his death, the bolt sinking into the tail of Blitukus' flying machine, another, the last alive aboard, firing as Blitukus flew past, the bolt striking the back of the wing, piercing a conduit. The conduit leaked some steam. Blitukus turned around, and fired directly into the sights of that goblin, finishing the goblin off, leaving that blimp to float, unmanned, derelict. The remaining two blimps fired, 3 or the 6 bolts landing. Two of those landed on fuselage plating, and one struck the top of the left engine, piercing a generator. Magma leaked out of the engine and water washed through. The engines power fell and the steam coming out of it darkened further. To keep the aircraft balanced, he reduced the power of the right engine slightly. He turned once again, and fired at the envelope of the blimp in front of him. Like the first, he ruptured that blimps envelope after several shots, sending the platform crashing down, destined to become wreckage on impact. As he approached the last blimp, he fired, and nothing came out. His clip was empty. Two bolts struck the right side of the fuselage, but the third crossbowman



Using his time aiming. Blitukus detached the empty clip, and held it, ready to throw it at the goblins as he flew by. The goblin crossbowman aimed carefully, and loosed his bolt as Blitukus approached. Blitukus immediately felt dread as the bolt whizzed through the air on its precise path. He moved to duck, to turn the craft, to do something, but his impulses were ever so slightly slower than the bolt. The bolt flew towards his head and struck just above his skull with a loud "PANG" as it sunk into the steel behind him. Pain shot through Blitukus' head and down his body. He shut his eyes and yelled in pain, feeling blood trickle down onto his head. He opened his hand, losing hold of the empty clip. He opened his eyes as he realized he had jerked to the side, and immediately shut them again. He was headed straight for the blimp. He braced himself. SH-SHANG! His flying machine jerked to the right, but wasn't sent out of control. He opened his eyes, and turned the flying machine around. His wing had caught on the ropes holding the goblins platform to their envelope, and severed them. The platform dangled vertically below the envelope, being held up by only one side, its former inhabitants plummeting toward the ground. Blitukus tried to look down, but pain shot through his head once again as he tried to move. He looked up with his eyes. His right ear had been nailed to the back of the cockpit by an iron bolt, and blood was slowly dripping down his ear, onto his head. He growled, and pulled the bolt out, grunting as he did so. If it had landed only a couple of inches lower, that would've been his brains nailed to the steel plating. He looked over the side of his flying machine, and threw the bloody bolt down toward the ground, holding a slight hope it would fall upon a goblins head. Those odd flying machines spat out steam, and took to the skies, hovering beneath rapidly spinning rotors, a small fan on their tail to regulate their rotation.

Blitukus slowed his flying machine, and turned to face them, loading a new clip of bolts into his automatic crossbow. He fired at them as they fired at him. Bolts whizzed by at shallow angles, many ricocheting off of Blitukus' metal fuselage without sinking in. Many of Blitukus' bolts sunk into the unimportant front of the goblin flying machines, ricocheted off, or were effectively batted away by the rapidly rotating rotors. Blitukus continued firing, but the small goblin flying machines were very agile despite their lack of speed, and evaded Blitukus' sights. If Blitukus wanted a chance at hitting his target, he would have to fight on their level. He pulled up, and switched to vertical flight mode. He slowed down to a near hover, and hovered close to the ground, flying above the streets of the once prosperous town. The goblin flying machines surrounded him but couldn't get below him due to this. Blitukus advanced, charging at one of the goblins machines, firing as he approached. The shots were absorbed by thick wooden and leather armor. He held his fire as he pulled up to avoid a collision. The goblin fired, striking the nose of his flying machine. Blitukus tilted his flying machine to the side, and fired into the cockpit of the goblin flying machine. The goblin shook, gagged, and fell from his seat, the flying machine falling, bouncing off the ground, then crashing on its side, hard ground stopping its rotors. Another goblin was charging in behind him. He firewalled the regulator, making his flying machine jump upwards. The goblin flying machine behind him rushed under him and continued, smashing into a wall, putting a hole in it, but the machine didn't stop running. The pilot was stunned, but the rotor kept turning. He faced another goblin flying machine, and strafed it, trading shots with it. He saw the third remaining goblin trying to help the first pull himself out of the hole in the wall, but ended up getting tangled in the rubble himself.

*I think I'll call you dumb, and you dumber!*

They were temporarily out of the way, and he faced one opponent at that moment. Blitukus tilted his craft the other way and forward, approaching as he strafed in. Blitukus held his fire as the goblin pelted his flying machine with bolts. Several more conduits were pierced, and he felt his controls losing a bit of pressure, but it was worth it. He fired into the side of the goblin flying machine, landing several direct hits on the goblins boiler and tail, breaking several valves on its boiler, and jamming the tail fan. The goblin machine relied on its tailfan to counteract the torque of its rotor, so, it began to spin out of control. It smacked into the ground and skidded, but that goblin, even without a tail rotor, refused to give up. No longer did steam escape the boiler of that goblins flying machine. The boiler began to tap and creek. There was a clanking and the sound of stones hitting one another as the other two goblins managed to dislodge themselves from the rubble and take to the air once more. They fired, striking Blitukus' right engine. The engine sputtered and began to spit out grey steam. Blitukus' machine rocked toward the damage engine, and stumbled to the side, but he regained control. He turned, and fired, but once again, nothing came out. He popped the empty clip out and threw the casing at one of the goblins flying machines. Sparks were sent as it ricocheted off of the rotor. He heard a goblin yell. The flying machine he had critically damaged, now behind him, steam spewing out of missing rivets on its boiler, lunged into the air, on a collision course with Blitukus. Blitukus brought his engines to zero power, and fell, letting the enraged goblin whiz by above him. He then firewalled the regulator to catch himself. The enraged goblin collided with his two friends. Blitukus laughed, and loaded another clip. He charged forward, lining up to fire, but saw the two goblins working together to hurl their injured squadmate at Blitukus. The goblins Xrotary flying machineX was hurled at Blitukus. He saw more rivets shoot out of the goblins boiler, and it laughed as it rocketed towards him, black smoke coming out of its engine. Blitukus held his breath and pulled back as hard as he could. He had broken the relief valve on the goblins boiler, and now it was reaching critical pressure. The goblins flying machine struck the bottom of Blitukus' flying machine, and Blitukus felt slammed into his seat with immense force. The goblins boiler erupted with intense force, disintegrating the goblin flying machine, sending flaming fragments flying everywhere. It all seemed a blur to Blitukus. He felt hot steam blow against his face, riding a shockwave, the body of his flying machine torquing and bending. Blitukus was stunned, his flying machine knocked back. He dimly sensed himself smacking into something, and stuff dropped into the cockpit, falling on his lap. He grunted, rubbed his head, and focused until he was no longer stunned, his blurry senses once again returning to clarity. He realized the tail of his flying machine had impaled itself in the wall of a building, dust was in the air and a few bricks had fallen into the cockpit. The other two goblin flying machines had also been blown back, smashed into walls. Blitukus saw the horrid damage that had happened, steam escaping out of his control console, his engines dented up and pierced multiple times, his wings warped and twisted, and much of the steel plating on the bottom of his fuselage had been blown open on top of it. Yet somehow, his engines still spun. He pressed the regulator and flight control forward in an attempt to break free from the wall. The controls were reluctant to move, but Blitukus forced them to. Slowly, the flying machine dragged itself out of the hole in the wall, and kept flying. Somehow, it kept flying. Blitukus laughed. Steel was the toughest metal around. He thought, maybe being the son of Fale Siegedriven, the devices that he made may have just inherited a bit of her toughness through him. He smiled as he faced the stunned and injured goblins. He turned to face one, still stuck in the wall. He fired at the flying machine until its transmission jammed, causing the rotor to seize, leaving it dangling from the wall, its pilot, nearly unconscious, sent tumbling down, becoming impaled in rubble when said pilot landed. The last goblin had just managed to free its flying machine from the building, and when he looked up, he found himself looking right into Blitukus' bloodied face. Blitukus had approached, and was practically nose to nose with the goblin flying machine. Blitukus laughed and grinned, ears laid back. Blitukus spoke, "Goodbye!" The goblin froze in dread, as Blitukus fired his automatic crossbow. Two bolts sank into the goblins forehead, and the goblin fell limp, sliding off of his seat and falling to the ground. The derelict flying machine slowly drifted downwards, and brushed against the ground, tipping over and parting from its rotor as it fell on its side.

Blitukus had defeated them. He continued with his laughing as he ascended away from the ruins. It was going to be a slow ride home. His wings were trash, and his engines would refuse to tilt anyway. He would have to fly in vertical mode the rest of the way. His flying machine shook slightly as it ascended. Blitukus sat back as he slowly rose up closer and closer to the clouds. He noticed the sun becoming blocked. Then, a loud roaring erupted, almost like a horn. There was then the sound of many goblins laughing, yelling, and cussing in their own tongue. A sense of certain, omnipresent gloom came over Blitukus. A flying machine, like nothing he had ever dreamed before, was slowly coming through the clouds. It wasn't just a blimp. It was a zeppelin, a full airship. It had an envelope 100 feet in length, a gondola suspended below 50 feet in length and 25 feet wide. It was powered by 4 steam driven engines, each half as large as Blitukus' entire flying machine. The gondola was open topped, and held a fully crewed ballista within along with a weapon he had never seen before. One of the goblins crewing it yelled down at Blitukus, "This is the end for you!" Blitukus felt his dread rising. It probably was the end for him. No matter, he would go out with a fight even if it was truly the last thing he would do! He pulled back, and aimed upwards. He ignored the goblin crossbowmen, and fired at the zeppelins right rear engine. He fired a continuous burst, puncturing several pipes, causing the engine to sputter and vent steam. A wave of bolts mostly missed him, but several landed, further damaging the front of his wings. He kept firing, the zeppelins engine spewing darker and darker steam until it smoked and flamed, seeming to come apart as Blitukus emptied his clip. He saw himself ascending to the same height as the zeppelin, and reloaded his automatic crossbow. This was his last clip. The goblins yelled furiously as their right rear engine was mangled, and scrambled to take aim at Blitukus. Blitukus turned to distance himself from them, but they fired right at that moment, further mangling the bottom of Blitukus' fuselage and his right wing. Several bolts pierced into the bottom of the right engine, and the turbine finally gave out. The engine sputtered, and lost a significant amount of power, magma and sparks spewing out from it as it trailed black smoke. It clanked as gears ground with one another. The zeppelin ascended once more above the clouds. Blitukus growled, and tried to follow, but his flying machine lost lift and refused to pursue to those heights. Once again, he saw the zeppelin dipping down below the clouds. He took aim on the enormous envelope and opened fire.

*Pop goes the weasel!*

The envelope seemed to absorb the bolts without becoming punctured or rupturing at all. It was reinforced, a thin leather coat draped over it as well.

*... or not?*

The zeppelin pulled in front of Blitukus, and they trained their odd weapon on him. When they fired, flame spewed forth from their weapon, engulfing Blitukus' flying machine for a moment. Blitukus ducked, and escaped much of the inferno, but after that moment, the



fire was replaced by thick smoke. Blitukus coughed and couldn't see a thing. He tried to ascend as he felt himself suffocating, and eventually ascended above the trail of thick smoke. His fur had been partially blackened in the heat and smoke. Such a weapon could set fire to an entire town, that was for sure, but it wouldn't leave metal melted, energy burns on its victims. This was not the super-weapon, even though it was powerful. He yelled in rage, and fired full auto into the heavily populated gondola of the zeppelin, sinking his bronze bolts into the bodies and craniums of several goblins, but quickly running out of ammo. An enormous projectile whizzed by him. They had fired the ballista, and thankfully, missed. He flew up close to the gondola, and, despite bolts whizzing uncomfortably close to his own cranium, he detached the empty clip and threw it at a goblin, knocking the goblin back, off of the gondola. He then pulled away and turned back to face the zeppelin. They were rapidly loading another ballista arrow. He went to reload... and realized, that was his last clip. He had spent his means for vengeance, and now found himself unable to flee as well. The ballista the goblins had was able to rapidly and accurately aim thanks to steam machinery turning it. They finished reloading, and aimed at Blitukus. Blitukus pushed the regulator as far forward as he could possibly force it, and angled himself upwards, but his flying machine was refusing to move itself. It was too broken to dodge. The goblins loosed the ballista arrow, and it arced up, and fell right towards Blitukus. He was powerless to dodge. The arrow flew right into his flying machines left wing. The left wing parted from the flying machine, and the entire bottom of the left engine was ripped off, gears and generators torn away, left to tumble toward the ground. The left engine sputtered and let out its last turns as it trailed thick black smoke and flame. Blitukus found himself spinning out of control, but, he was above the goblin zeppelin. The goblin zeppelins flame thrower weapon had a large flame tank supplied by several fire snakes. If it were to hit the ground rather hard, the entire zeppelin would burst into flames. His flying machine was done for, but he wasn't... yet. He had one last chance to fulfill his vengeance, that one last chance was his right engine, spewing black smoke and sparks, but still managing to spin. With the last few gasps of steam left in his flying machines control systems, Blitukus directed the spinning near-wreck towards the top of the zeppelin.

*Yeah, he was right. This is the end for me. It's the end for him too! Today... What a great day to die!*

He laughed, and let himself sit, let his flying machine tumble on its own, not caring to move to change any of it. Blitukus' flying machine punched into the envelope of the zeppelin, rupturing three gas bags and punching a hole through the side of the gondola on its way down. The flying machine spun and tumbled downward, and Blitukus closed his eyes, awaiting his death in anticipation of what would come after. Behind him, the zeppelin, having lost nearly all of its lift, plummeted towards the ground. The roaring of the wind intensified, and Blitukus let out a breath, decided to make that his last one, and refused to inhale afterward.

A few seconds later...

SMASSSSHHHHHS!

CRUNCH!

CRANGGG!

The flying machine crashed through several trees, crashed into the ground, and skidded to a stop, leaving a trail of run down shrubs and mud behind it. During the crash, Blitukus' face was smashed into the console, and he was slammed into his own seat. He felt himself thrown from his connection to reality, and all was a dim, silent, nebulous white.

A few hours later...

Slowly, that nebulous white seemed to dissipate, and Blitukus found himself in a surreal, blurry depiction of reality. He felt rather numb.

*Ugh... I think I landed so hard I punched right through hell, looped around, then ended up in heaven! At last... I'm at my final resting place.*

The blur slowly faded, and he found himself looking up at at a tree. A bird had landed near him, cawed at him, then flew away. The numbness began to lift, and he found himself stifling a constant yell from intense pain. He had not reached his final resting place. He was ready to die... but the rest of the mortal plane wasn't so keen on letting him go it seemed. He found himself laying within the broken cockpit, mangled steel and mechanisms all around, the broken engines still smoking a bit. He slowly sat up, but still felt rather dizzy and light headed. He found his arm had come detached from his shoulder, and with a grunt, and a yell, forced it back into its socket. His left eye gave a clear image, but his right eye was still blurred. He found his face and much of his body soaked in blood, but much of the bleeding had stopped. Blitukus tried to move, to excavate himself from the wreckage, but yelled again as he discovered several bones in his body had been broken, his legs nearly so. He slowly eased himself out of the seat, sliding his legs out from the collapsed panel, and then carefully, gradually, stepped out of the cockpit, setting an unsure foot on the ground. Then, he eased his other foot down. He stumbled forward, holding his broken arm straight. He stood, and his body seemed to want to dangle over and collapse. Several parts of his skeleton had failed, and the only thing holding his body properly together and upright now was conscious effort and caution. He took his pulse. It was somewhat weak and rapid, but it was still there. He looked at the mangled wreck of his flying machine, engines smoldering, magma stewing below them. He looked at where the zeppelin had crash landed. The wreck of the zeppelin had been burned to a crisp.

*Well there goes the whole zeppelin industry!*

Blitukus laughed, but it was cut short as he found himself spitting up blood. He found a new sympathy for broken machinery. His body was in many ways broken. He stood, living on borrowed time. He remembered how the magic at the regions border had saved his mothers life in times of peril. The world had given him an opportunity to live. He slowly turned, and forced himself to walk toward the edge of the region. He would take the opportunity. He felt nearly invincible considering what he had just survived, but he realized just how close he came, how close he was, to death. Luck seemed to have fallen in love with him, it seemed. He snickered at the thought, and wore a bloody grin as he walked towards the region border. The fight wasn't over yet. He'd reach the border to heal, and then he would return. He limped his way forward. He promised the world that none of the goblins would survive that day.

I hope the fact that this is detached from DF isn't a negative point (it won't be detached all the time).

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 04, 2007, 09:43:00 am**

Beyond Quality!  
This is just becoming better and better!

And detachment from DF doesn't do anything at all, actually I have found the parts of this story not directly taken from DF to be the best ones.

Also, Draca, could you deliver this document to Blitukus the next time you sees him:

```
code:

for the ammoles gun, inset from number of magma loops (L)
feeding into presure camber (C), feed steam from loops (L2)
into C, when pressure builds up, open directed vent (V),
aim at enemies.

          /\
        /====\
       /-----L--\
-----|          |/\      concept craving, not to scale.
       V   C   L2=/
-----|          |
       \-----/

Can fire continuously by having all lops on and the vent open,
or in shorter more powerful bursts by building up pressure before
opening V.
for an increased intensifier...

[the rest of the document is burned to ashes by magma,
it radiates whit a strange felling, like of an age negative
by thousands of years, or as if it wasn't made in this universe at all]
```

Hope he can make sense of this, and that not the same fate comes to him as to the previous owner..

I really don't want anything that disrupts this story from the path you choses AlanL, not DF, not making me look nicer that I really am, not having to listen to suggestions like the one above, not nothing. However otherwise I think Blitukus have no reason to be limited on ammo when he have an literary unlimited amount of both molten rock and the power to propel it, no?

Great story, have I said that?

(Edit: page sise mesed up by the code tags, inserted :s)

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 10:33:00 am**

I think I could work that in. A hand-held version probably wouldn't work, but it wouldn't necessarily have to be hand-held. In fact, I already had another weapon in mind and this would make an interesting combo.

Thanks for the suggestion, and thanks for the compliment :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **November 04, 2007, 12:05:00 pm**

At last, slaughter! Blood for the blood god, skulls for the skull throne! Death to the false emperor, death to the weakling Imperium of man! Now seriously, I'm glad you are a good action writer as well. Good job!

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: Bluefire ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 12:10:00 pm**

Thanks :D

I was actually thinking the piston would be powered both on extending and on retracting. The Automatic Crossbow was actually a reference to the famous AK, with some of the dynamics of the oldschool gatling gun thrown in.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **November 04, 2007, 12:17:00 pm**

Eh, you saw my previous post I understand. I've seen your design includes a generator in it, which would make all that possible, though I don't think it would be small enough to be held. Mounting it on an aircraft is different thing, however.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 12:25:00 pm**

It isn't really practical to carry it all and fire, thats why he has to put the generator down and brace the weapon on something to fire it, and if theres nothing to brace it on, he has to crouch down in order to fire. Especially since the generator gets very hot while in operation.

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 04, 2007, 12:44:00 pm**

BEST STORY EVER AlanL.

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 06:51:00 pm**

Thanks :D

Something else to consider about Blitukus wielding heavy weapons: the game classifies him as 'Ultra-Mighty'.  
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Blitukus kept limping his way away from town. Luckily, he had crashed near the regions border. Unluckily, he was running out of his borrowed time. He forced himself to continue, but was trailing blood, pale beneath his fur. He found himself light headed and feeling weak, the pain cutting into his concentration, and it was only getting worse.

*Come on, just a little further!*

He grunted, his mouth pressed shut due to pain. He felt himself becoming more light headed, but saw the regions border ahead, its magic barrier barely visible. Just a little further... He approached it, but found himself slowing further. He felt unable to continue as he stood one space from the border. He looked down. He was very pale under his fur, and blood was slowly pooling under him. He felt the pain and blood loss causing him to lose his consciousness.

*No, not right here! I'm too close.*

He felt himself collapsing, and directed his fall forward toward the barrier. He cought his fall and used the impact to make himself roll toward the barrier. Upon hitting the ground, his broken body twisted in ways it had never been meant to. He yelled out in pain, and nearly fell unconscious. He didn't lose consciousness though, he felt his senses returning, and the pain dull. He was glowing as the magic energies mended his bones and flesh, replenishing his blood. It was physically the best he had felt in a very long time. He lay, sprawled out, and laughed.

*Bleeding to death one space away from the border is never an option!*

He sat up and stood, taking in a deep breath and letting it out. His strength returned, and he felt his pulse strengthen. He stretched, then turned around. He marched back toward the town. There was still more goblin infantry... but now he was unarmed. He would have to find armament. He would also have to find a means of transit to get home. It was possible for him to hoof it, as he had learned from his mother how to sustain himself in the wilderness, but that would take an enormous amount of time. He kept marching up the hill until he reached the town. Then, he snuck along the back wall of one of the buildings. Magma was still sizzling, but goblin infantry, the little bit that was left, was marching around the streets. He snuck along the back of the buildings until he reached the northeast corner of the town, the area in which his second bomb fell. There were the ruined remains of 5 goblin flying machines, never having had the chance to lift off. He carefully navigated around the smoldering stone, looking through the melted wrecks for anything he could salvage. On the fourth attempt, he salvaged the mounted crossbow from the flying machine, and a handful of bolts to go with it. It was a standard iron

crossbow. He ratcheted it back and loaded a bolt into it. Then, he snuck back behind the walls, looking around corners as he moved from building to building. Then, he snuck in between two of the buildings, walking through toward the street. He looked around the corner, and saw 4 goblin crossbowmen marching down the street away from him. He was standing next to the ruins of a bar, a hole in the back wall and the roof missing from it. He smiled, and aimed at the marching goblins. He targeted the center-right goblin, and fired, striking the goblin in the leg, causing the goblin to yell and fall to the ground. He whistled at the troops and waved at them, then ran back between the two buildings. The goblins yelled and chased. Two bolts struck the wall near Blitukus as he ran. Blitukus ran behind the bar, through the hole in the wall, up the stairs, and took position on the upper level, ratcheting the crossbow and loading another bolt. The goblins ran between the buildings, then stopped as they reached the back, unsure of where Blitukus went. Blitukus was above and behind them, aiming through a damaged portion of the bars wall. He fired, striking one of the goblins in the back of the head. The goblin gagged and fell to the ground as its brain was pierced. The remaining two goblins yelled in fury and ran towards the hole in the back of the bar. Blitukus quickly ratcheted the crossbow back and loaded another bolt. He fired from the balcony, striking one of the goblins in the arm, causing it to lose hold of its crossbow. The remaining goblin climbed the stairs. Blitukus pointed his empty crossbow at the goblin, and the goblin jumped in fear as it loosed its bolt. The bolt flew far above Blitukus, sailing into the distance.

*Congratulations! You've earned the Worst Marksman award!*

Blitukus grinned and ran at the goblin. The goblin turned to run away but before it could, Blitukus smacked it to the ground with the butt of his crossbow. Then, he repeatedly bashed the goblin in the head with his crossbow, making a rather bloody mess as the goblin yelled frantically in pain. Luckily for the goblin, it was only conscious for a short period. When Blitukus had finished bludgeoning the goblin to death, he turned to walk down the stairs. A bolt struck his leg, and he yelled, falling off the stairwell and grunting loudly as he landed. The goblin who he had shot in the arm was holding a crossbow with its good arm, one handed. The goblin frantically tried to reload the crossbow using one hand and its teeth, but Blitukus loaded his crossbow far faster. Blitukus pulled the bolt rapidly out of the shallow wound, it had not lodged firmly, and stood, shaking a bit. He walked up to the goblin, still frantically trying to reload its crossbow. He then knocked the goblin to the floor. The goblin tried to get up, but was sent back down as Blitukus loosed a bolt into the goblins head at point-blank range. He walked out the front of the bar, and loaded another bolt into his crossbow. He ran at the goblin that he had shot in the leg, and the goblin loosed a bolt despite being on the ground. Blitukus quickly jumped to his left, letting the bolt graze his right arm to little effect. He nearly fell due to his weakened leg, but kept going, stopping as he reached the goblin. The goblin grunted furiously and tried to drag itself into striking range. Blitukus looked down at the goblin, grinning, and spoke as he raised his crossbow to point into the goblins face, "That is a funny thing about enemies... sometimes they shoot back." Blitukus loosed his bolt. The bolt pierced into the goblins head, dislodging both eyes, and continuing through to poke the goblins throat out, lodging firmly in the wound. The goblin rolled over onto its back and yelled, falling unconscious due to pain as it bled out. Blitukus walked away along the front of the buildings, ratcheting his crossbow back and loading another bolt, leaving it lowered but ready. He heard a goblin marching in an alley between buildings, and ran towards that alley. The goblin exited the alley before Blitukus reached it, and they both skidded to a stop. They exchanged eye contact for a split second, and the scorching desert winds blew. The goblin drew his crossbow, but had failed to notice that Blitukus, like his mother, was perfectly agile. A bolt impaled itself in the goblins chest before the goblin could fully draw.

There was shouting from the other side of town. The last few goblins had gotten together, and were getting into position. A bolt whizzed between Blitukus' feet, sending a puff of dust into the air. Blitukus ran perpendicular to the line of fire, heading towards a pile of rubble to take cover behind. Two bolts whizzed by Blitukus, striking the dirt to his side. 3 goblins remained. Blitukus skidded to a stop, turning to face them, then sprinted the best he could in their direction. Blitukus lunged forward as they fired. He landed on the ground and rolled, a bolt grazing his back, becoming stuck in his clothes as he did so. At the end of the roll, he used his momentum to jump high into the air, quickly aiming and loosing a bolt midair as another bolt, falling below its intended target, struck Blitukus in the foot. His bolt struck one of the goblins in the neck. Blitukus yelled, and heard a definite 'CRUNCH' as he landed. He fell hard to the ground, the bolt wedged into the bones of his foot. 2 goblins remained. His foot was badly broken, but that would've been his lower body had he not jumped. Bolts flew over him and fell short as he dragged himself behind cover. He grunted and held his leg still. He ratcheted back his crossbow, and reached for another bolt as he pulled himself to nearly stand behind the rubble. Much to his horror... he found his hand was empty. He had no more bolts. The same second he had pulled himself up, the goblins fired again. One bolt grazed Blitukus' face, the other one piercing into Blitukus' lower body, puncturing his guts and kidneys. Blitukus froze in shock and horror, stumbled back and fell flat onto his back. The cold metal sapped heat from his flesh. He looked down, and saw the bolt protruding from his abdomen, firmly lodged in the bleeding wound. It hurt to an extreme, and Blitukus felt his consciousness leaving him. The goblins laughed, one of them yelling, "Let's twist the bolt until he bleeds to death!" It was a cold pain, a pain which his mother had experienced with her encounter with the goblin archer those years ago. It was a pain she had endured tenfold the night of the assassination. He would not succumb, his mother wasn't here to return that pain to these criminals, so he would have to do so in her absence...

*A simple bolt will not exempt you from justice...*

He growled deeply, and gripped the bolt. He yelled as he yanked it out from his abdomen, blood spilling out of the wound. He then took that very bolt, and loaded into his own already-ratcheted crossbow. The goblin rounded the corner, and jumped back. Blitukus fired, and the bloody bolt pierced through the goblins head, poking out both eyes and tearing through an ear. The goblin fell to the ground, blood leaking out of its gory eye sockets. Blitukus bunched up excess bits from his bloody clothes, and pressed them over the wound in his abdomen. He pulled the bolt out smoothly from his foot. At least that one hadn't lodged firmly. One bolt. One goblin remained. He ratcheted his crossbow back, and loaded the bolt in. The pain was still intense, and he found it difficult to aim at anything. Blitukus pulled himself up, slowly, shaking, and aimed over the rubble. There was one flyable goblin flying machine left, and the last goblin turned to run towards it. The goblin froze, and found itself unable to move. It faced Blitukus, and gritted its teeth together. Blitukus aimed. The goblin found itself hardly able to move, frozen in fear. It dropped its crossbow, lowered its head, pulled out a white flag, and started waving it. Blitukus fired anyway, and the goblin fell limply to the ground after the bolt pierced through the goblins brain. Blitukus grunted, and shut his eyes in pain, throwing the crossbow aside.

He lowered himself to the ground, and dragged himself to the alley near the last goblin. He dragged himself down the alley, to the goblin flying machine resting behind the building. On top of the pain, he felt sick as his guts slowly bled within. He vomited when he reached the flying machine. He slowly and carefully pulled himself into the cockpit of the flying machine. The controls sat a bit far from him, as the average goblin was a bit larger than the average kobold. Also, the chair was a bit on the narrow side compared to its depth. Blitukus ignored these details, and used trial and error to figure out the controls, and eventually figured out how to activate the boiler. This machine used perpetual fluid loops, but required a relatively large boiler to support its iron engines. He throttled the machine um, and engaged the transmission. The rotors spun, but the heavy iron blades took a while to get up to proper speed. The flying machine seemed to strain itself initially lifting off. Blitukus found it difficult to keep the single-rotor hovering machine balanced and steady, but he managed, despite the pain making it difficult to concentrate. The machine hovered in the direction it was tilted in, and Blitukus quickly became accustomed to flying it. He flew across the regions edge, and dropped the bloody wad of fabric as the barriers magic sealed his wounds, finally dimming the pain away. He had survived, barely, but his clothes were in blood soaked tatters. He turned around, and maneuvered the machine along the barrier, slowing and setting down near the wreckage of his old flying machine. He left the engine running as he walked over to the wreckage, detached the automatic crossbow from its mount, then stored the crossbow and its generator in the cockpit of the goblin flying machine. It was a tight fit, as the goblin flying machine had scant plating, but he managed to secure it. He abandoned the ruins and wreckage, hopping into the stolen goblin aircraft and flying away.

The flight was slow and tedious, but it gave Blitukus time to think. Goblins were a crude race, having barely discovered how to work iron. Where did they get these flying machines? He had faced some serious firepower... but he had not faced the super-weapon. The zeppelin was likely a secondary back-up for the super-weapon. How did these machines fly at all if the iron used was crude goblin iron? Wouldn't they fly apart? Blitukus took the butt of his automatic crossbow, and hit the side of the boiler with it. It didn't make a clang or a ping, but it made a stout, hardy 'CLUNGG'. This wasn't crude goblin iron. It was high quality dwarven iron. Why would the dwarves trust the goblins enough to support them? He sighed through his nose. The goblins were a mercenary force. The dwarves were the true criminals. He remembered how the orb of direction indicated his next objective lay within distant mountains. If not goblins, it must lay within a dwarven stronghold. This goblin flying machine was not a proper platform at all on which to mount an assault. He would need a new vehicle, but a second flying machine wouldn't do. They were dwarves, living within the mountain. They were nearly impervious to an air-strike. Blitukus left the scorching deserts and swamps, but was becoming exhausted as he flew over the more temperate areas. The machine was difficult to fly, and he couldn't afford to be drowsy while piloting it. He slowed, descended, and landed. He found a nearby pool of water, and drank from it. Then, he returned to the flying machine, lay across the cockpit, and let himself fall asleep right away. That day, he had a dream. Once again, he stood in front of a dwarven fortress, the sky blood red. The same iron beast finally emerged from the mouth of the fortress, searching for its next meal. Blitukus found the dream was different. He was of the same size as this iron beast, and his skin was made of steel. He strangled the iron beast, and broke its neck, throwing it to the side, then he stomped upon all of the little dwarves scrambling to and fro below. Bolts simply bounced off of his steel skin. He was invincible. When he woke up, he felt knowledge of a clue as to what he would build next. He needed a vehicle that would allow him to meet this superpower eye to eye. He needed to stand tall and have a steel exterior that would reflect away all damage. He needed the strength and toughness of steam and steel, directly, an extension of his own body. He sat back down in the pilots chair, and started the engines of the goblin flying machine once again. Shortly

after, he lifted off and continued his journey home. He kept thinking about what possibly could allow such direct control over such force. He needed an armored vehicle, and it would have to travel over land, yet also it would need to be controlled directly. After a while of throwing away bad idea after bad idea, one idea stuck out among them all. It fit all of the criteria. Powered mobile armor, a machine with arms and legs that would function as extensions of his own. It would be him, plus the toughness of steel, the strength of steam, and a large boost in size. It was an entirely preposterous idea. Blitukus laughed at the thought of such a machine. It was far, far too complicated to ever work. Yet, it was the only idea that fit the criteria: the need for strong, thick armor and brute strength, yet also the need for all-terrain maneuverability and versatile, rapid motion. Alone, he satisfied the latter need, but not the former. A heavily armored, treaded vehicle would satisfy the former need, but not the latter. The powered armor was the only option that satisfied both. He spent the next several hours thinking about possible alternatives, and possible ways to build such a device. An optimist would say there were a hundred and one ways he could fail in building such a machine. But, he was now faced with dwarves, not the swift-footed goblins. Dwarven mountain halls stayed put. Blitukus smiled. If he failed a hundred and one times, and succeeded on the hundred and second attempt, the mountain halls would still be there for him to lay siege to. His mined buzzed with ideas on how to design the machine, and nearly every one of them wasn't acceptable. This one would take a while to develop.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 04, 2007, 08:13:00 pm**

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AlanL,not to ruin the moment but...how would you transport either a 'Tank' or a 'Mech' that distance?.The tundra work shop is far from the dwarven halls, or should be.The only thing i can think of is makeing a big enough air transport,and bringing in the mechanical monstrosity.Or doing the smart thing and ask the humans from that other civilation for some assistance.  
Or maybe some other way...please explain your plan,or give me a SMALL spoil.

As always,Beyond Quality.

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 08:38:00 pm**

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The distance between the pole and the dwarven halls is probably less than 1/5 of that between the swamps and Blitukus' home. Dwarves don't make a lot of glacier settlements but I doubt they'd mind tundra that much. I actually took a long time to think of how he would get there actually. Essentially, I think he'd probably go there on his own, especially considering that despite 1/5 of the distance across the world map still being miles and miles, he's got infinite fuel, and also, it may be miles and miles but it isn't hundreds of miles. (probably on the order of 10s, 200 at the very most) Plus, it may not be as fast as flying or driving but it sure beats plain walking.

On second thought, the idea of chartering the human civ is an interesting idea, I'll have to think about that.

Edit: I'm thinking of putting the world map up with areas circled.

Edit II: Assuming the dwarven halls are 120 miles away, 8 hours of "marching" in the "mech" would probably suffice to get Blitukus there, seeing as the machine would probably have a cruising speed in the area of 15 mph.

Edit III:Just had a look at the world map myself. Yeah, considering the situation I'll probably have to rethink it.

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 04, 2007, 09:12:00 pm**

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Well,pulling levers for 8 hours cant be impossible.Theres the free energy generator.And theres have a nearly limitless supply of material to make this stuff at the Tundra work shop.But 100 bolts and only two bombs wont cut it like last time.And double plateing and protection for the generators [The last battle might have been fatal.The Generators took a beating.] could help too.I suppose makeing a way to carry large amounts of bolts, or makeing a new weapon would solve that to.  
The 'Mech' will be humanoid, right?.  
Also,i SUPPOSE you can throw out that map.Half this story was made with out useing what the game has in it.We could...just say theres a fortress 120 miles away.  
\*Shifty Eyes\*

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 04, 2007, 09:19:00 pm**

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The mech will have much heavier armaments than the flying machine. It's been true throughout all eras of air travel that flying machines are tissue paper compared to the armor of similarly priced land vehicles, from a military standpoint.

Also, the generators don't use combustion. If they get ruined, they might leak everywhere but they don't blow up.

Edit: I'll put the map out once I finish homework. (There's a difference between procrastination and Procrastination :p) Also, to answer some things: The mech will be humanoid (otherwise its kind of defeating the point), and also the dwarven fortress might end up being a lot further away, more like 400 miles, in which case other resources would likely be needed for transit. For simplicitys sake and to make the continent-hopping seem more reasonable, I'm assuming the world map is about 1000 miles top to bottom.

Edit II:  
Here's the world map:  
[http://i128.photobucket.com/albums/p197/alan\\_leandros/world\\_map-1-1050-0.png](http://i128.photobucket.com/albums/p197/alan_leandros/world_map-1-1050-0.png)

Red is where Fale first entered a human town.  
Blue is where the capital is, if memory serves me.

Green is where Blitukus and Dracha live.  
Orange is where I was originally thinking of putting the dwarven fort, somewhere in there.  
Light purplish is where I am currently thinking of putting the dwarven fort.

[ November 04, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 05, 2007, 06:07:00 pm**

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A giant humanoid robot exoskeleton? Are you sure about this? I dont know how you write if you made it up on the spot I would realy recomend you to think again.  
You dont need to change aything in the actual story, Blitucus wasn't actualy fully to his senses when he came up whit the idea, and he still questioned it.  
A litle sleep to lower the exitment and calculating the rediculus amounts of steel neded shuld fix that. This is your story and you are sutsh an remarkeble autor that uoy would probobly pul this of desite the dificulits, if you have considerd and solved the problems listed in this post, then just ignore it and keep going, your vision is the most importnant and I absolutly dont vant of force you to do anything, but:



- 1) humanoid macines are extremely neficient, the reaso we se them in the real world, and even then only in japanese labs, is for psykological efekt and because some peale think it's so nifty the don't care about them being kompleatly usles.
- 2) The dwarfs have defenses against bronse colosuses that would work almost as god against a steel one.
- 3)The exoskeletons main adwantage is being more chilling for some imaginations, and it being more statisfying to crush your enimies literary and personaly, puting that before the aktual goles is plain shelfis.
- 4) giant steel humanoids is the least creative thing ever, its older than, well, anything.
- 5) even coping with the inefisensy of the design and TRYING to bould it it's tecnicaly imposible, and the magic neded would in my defenitions disqualify it fron teknology. humanoids are virtualy imposible to balanse and steam while poerful hasn't the kind of reaktion tin ´m neded for this. it's tecially imposible.
- 6) I cant get an mental image of a giant steel kobold that isn't just stupid and sad and rediculus in an unfun way.

If I were Draca...

It is very late and I must get some sleep. I don't have time to finish tis post or spellchek it, just think befor you act. I will try to continue this post tomorow, I have some ideas on how to fix this up, so if you cant emedietly come up whit somting just wait til I finish it and take an brake.

This story is Beyond Quaity, and will still be so albit les if giant robots are aded, your wision is the most importnant and feel free to just ignore my wining, howevr I would just be very sad if you runed it with a steam version of Transformers.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 05, 2007, 06:40:00 pm**

The flying machine and the combat were really the highpoint in the story.Id say it be...a little diffrent but I kinda think a power suit is off like Armok does.But not as much.  
I think a tank going at 20 MPH would work just as well.A Automatic Crossbow with tons more bolts then last time,and a new weapon that can be relyed apon to have more ammo and fire power would work well.It could have the same hulk and design as the transport,minus the turret all tanks have in modern times.  
Then again,it would be friggin awesome to just stick with air combat,only enlist a crew of humans,and make a air fortress [Like in world war two where they had those bombers with 6 machine guns all over the plane,and bombs.Only with the magma bombs,and a few auto crossbows.] It wouldnt be big considering Blit would only have time to train a few people and make the Steam ship.This would be awesome going up agenst the dwarve fleet,and then you could make way for a small army of humans from that civ to charge into the fortress.  
All of that is just a suggestion of course.I dont know a story from a poem.  
I guess i would just like the air combat more then a steam gundam.  
Will wait for you to decide completely.Just leting you know that a Giant robot is a bit over done.  
Story rocks,please keep it rocking for a long time to come Alan.

[ November 05, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Ironic Deaths ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 05, 2007, 06:52:00 pm**

Yeah, well, it's still open for a change. I'm currently thinking about it. I wasn't thinking 100 foot tall gundam kind of thing, I was thinking more of something on the order of 10 feet tall, and really it would've ended up being less expensive than the flying machine. Really the reason I was originally thinking about the idea of a powered exoskeleton was due to one part of the very end where its just the maximum effect to have one. Although, I was also thinking about another device that would come later that would make this a redundancy in a way. I'm not sure. It's not really a giant robot, more like an over sized power-suit. If the majority of people think it's a bad idea I'll at least reconsider it. I already have a secondary option that would work.  
  
Edit: There was actually one scene I was thinking of that was kind of far out there, and by using another vehicle, it gives another opportunity to make the scene work. Hmm.  
  
Edit II: I'll probably change my plan. I was questioning it a bit since i first had the idea and I don't want to risk tainting this work with a bad idea. Most of the problems Armok listed I had already considered and thought of solutions for, but maybe it just wouldn't fit to have it in the mean time despite its applications at the end.  
  
[ November 05, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 05, 2007, 07:00:00 pm**

Well the count for the power suit is 0.  
The vote for no power suit is 2.  
Lets wait and see for a day, maybe longer.Sorry for the whineing, but i had one roleplay that kinda went confuseing by the time i put power suits/walkers [They were 15 feet :/.] into the story.We were lucky to get to space ships.I thought by the time we got into the mutantized zombies[Special kind of zombies...it was orriginally about zombies,but kinda went into a byproduct of a zombie infection WWIII roleplay/Future of mankind role play, hence the space ships.Its a long story.].Rambleing over.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 05, 2007, 07:04:00 pm**

I'm really glad you care enough to give feedback though, I want to make this the best I can possibly make it, and if someone can point out a flaw then they have my thanks :)  
  
Armok pointed out that the idea of an exoskeleton would make things personal and more direct. This goes against what I wanted the battle to end up as and also could be replaced by the secondary device in the end. So, I think I'll change my idea. Thanks for bringing it to my attention :)  
  
Edit: I probably would've stayed with air combat, but they're dwarves, so they could just huddle up inside the mountain. Aircraft can't attack things that are hidden under a mountain. All they would have to do is wait.  
  
[ November 05, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 05, 2007, 11:26:00 pm**

I decided on my own that the power suit would be redundant, and would also go against the way the story is put together. So, I'm replacing it by something that isn't as dynamic but will still get the job done. I could probably get away with it without using too much handwavium in the process but still, the two reasons mentioned above are what concerned me.  
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Blitukus kept thinking, realizing more and more difficulties with the idea. Yes, such a machine would be much more agile than a standard land vehicle, but it would severely limit the weight of what could be mounted on it, and therefore was severely limited in its potential firepower. If it were to be knocked over in the middle of travel or battle, Blitukus would have no way of getting it back upright. The entire vehicle could be lost easily that way. The weight issue also limited the armor that could be put on it. It was simply too weak to be able to stand up to a fortress. Plus, a highly optimistic person would say it would be a nightmare to try to control effectively, and the machinery, far more complex than the flying machine, would have a much greater tendency to fail due to its complexity.

*This is your common sense reminding you to Keep It Simple.*

Blitukus snickered. What other steel-skinned machine would he use? He needed something simple, robust, heavy, and powerful, able to mount the largest weapons, and able to take one heck of a pounding. One design he had earlier thrown out for its lack of agility fulfilled all of these new requirements. The treaded armored vehicle. It wouldn't be agile, but it could potentially be faster than the powered armor would have been, since it can roll along on its treads. Being a true land vehicle, it would be nearly immune to being knocked over, and weight, meaning armor and weapon limits, became much less of an issue. The drive and systems for such a vehicle would be far simpler than that of the flying machine, and would be therefore able to take quite a few dents before losing its effectiveness. Blitukus smiled. It wouldn't matter if he couldn't step over obstacles if he could simply knock them over or blow them apart. Then, he realized: What if the dwarven plans were larger in scope than the annihilation of his empire? If they were going to unleash their super-weapon again, it would be a disservice to the rest of the world if Blitukus were to spend years tinkering, trying to build a powered armor machine. The new design hardly needed much design as it was so simple, and could be built in a rather straightforward manner.

He quickly reached a solid design in his head for the machine as he passed over tundra and glacier. He then looked back into his memory, and laughed. The flame of vengeance left smoke upon his judgment, which had to be regularly cleaned if it were to function properly. Thanks to the new design, he wasn't limited to the automatic crossbow. He could build larger weapons. He continued to think, and consider what he could make. The idea of a rotating turret entered his mind, but this would introduce complex gadgetry that could potentially break at the worst possible moment. Blitukus watched the sky as he kept the goblin flying machine on its course. As he passed over the glacier, the dried blood on his clothes began to freeze, further damaging the fabric. He would need new clothes too. He kept thinking, searching for a usable weapon in his ideas. This was cut short, as he saw his home mountain range approaching ahead. He descended, slowly allowed the machine to hover into the storage, set down, and shut off the engine. He had returned home, victorious. Unfortunately, winning the battle and winning the war were two different things. Dracha landed right outside of the storage and walked in. Blitukus stepped out of the goblin machines cockpit, and spoke, "Greetings!" Dracha replied, "So ya won? Great!... minus one machine. Where'd ya get that? It looks a mix of goblin and dwarf make to me." Blitukus replied, "It is. Unfortunately, I found the need to make an emergency landing and arranged for separate transportation home." Dracha laughed, and spoke, "Glad to see you didn't have to hoof it. I was gettin' a bit worried about you. By the way, Armok in his eternal omnipowerful glory stopped by and told me to give you this. I had a look at it myself but I couldn't figure out what it meant by 'loops', sounds more like your kind of area." She held out a small piece of paper, and dropped it in front of Blitukus. He picked it up, and read it. It described how to make a weapon that generated its own ammunition, using a magma loop as a source of projectile fluid, and a steam generator as a source of propellant. It was a steam cannon that shot out liquid fire. Unfortunately, it would be too large for him to carry, but could be scaled to be mounted on a vehicle... He thought, the steam would mix wiht the magma and scattering chunks would result. Two chambers, one for magma, one for steam, steam behind the magma, would allow the magma to be pushed out as one lump, meaning it would miss more often but would cause much more damage when it hit, especially at the edge of its range. Unfortunately, such a device would have a low fire rate, as Blitukus would need to wait for the magma to build up to a full charge.

*Maybe I could enhance it further if I fed some of the steam into the top end of the magma loop and...*

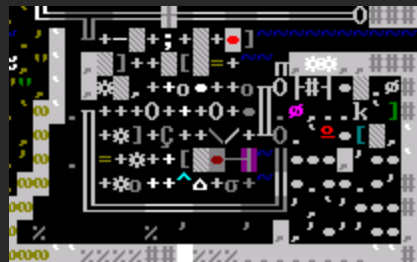
He saw the designs once had plans for improvements, but these plans were charred away.

*On second thought that might just make the weapon explode in my face... never mind then!*

He noticed that the document seemed oddly displaced in time, as if it weren't meant to exist... yet. He flipped it over, and read the text on the back. "Patent Pending 1794." Then beneath that, written in dried blood, "You have brought me pools, floods of fresh blood! For that, here is your reward. Finish your fight, then get back to work. -Armok"

*Get back to work? I don't think he ever told me to do anything.*

He felt something wasn't right about those last few words. Dracha interrupted his thinking, "Damn, that must'a been one hell of a hard fight! I thought your clothes might'a had rope reed stuffing but I just noticed you've painted it in your own blood!... it's painful to look at." Blitukus laughed. It WAS painful... but it was worth it. He had avenged the death of many, and still had many more to go. He replied, "I should probably make new ones. Thank you very much for delivering this document to me, it describes a very powerful weapon, capable of launching magma over long distances. Now I shall produce the resources with which to build it. I have another battle ahead, and need everything I could possibly bring to my aid." Dracha waved and began to leave, replying, "I've got some urgent matters of my own to attend to.... and if you happen to see 5 elephants, a bronze colossus and a frogman strolling idly across the glacier, please close and lock all of your doors and don't open them for the 12 following hours... Soon I might have to take you up on your offer regarding fixing my containment for me, if you don't mind." Blitukus snickered, let it evolve into a laugh, then waved. Even giant winged 3000 year old reptiles make mistakes, it seems. Then, he felt a shade of nervousness. Some of the escapees might be showing up through the chasm. He sighed, and put the concern aside. He had work to do, and if getting it done meant stopping the deaths of many more while bringing the murderers who ordered his mother dead to justice, he would do it no matter what threatened to interfere. First, he would need new clothes. Such things may be mere luxuries in the wilderness but when working with such equipment they were valuable protection. He walked down the tunnels to the boiler, and smiled at it as he walked by. It had loyally served him for quite some time now. He pulled the lever, shutting off the magma intake, allowing the water to flow through into the workplace magma channels. Steam rose throughout the channels and the glowing steel of the furnaces cooled, steam rising up through the vents. He had stone blocks left over. He needed to bridge the channel and dig out the space on the other side to make room for more workshops. He brought the blocks back between the smelters, and built a short but wide arch over the channel, turning a section of it effectively into a large pipe. He retrieved his pickaxe, crossed, and dug from the other side enough room for four more workshops. By doing this, he had one workshops worth shy of the effective maximum room available dug out. Any more, and liquid from the tunnels would pour in. He brought back another set of blocks, and assembled them into a loom, carving the round stone from leftover blocks. When he finished, he walked out and entered the farming room. There, he tore down a web, collecting the fibers, and took it back to the loom, where he wove it into cloth. He realized he would need more than just a loom to make clothes as he wasn't very keen on essentially dressing himself with towels. He grabbed a boulder from near the loom and brought it back to the masons workshop, chipping it down into another set of blocks. He then chipped the leftover stone into the tools needed to make clothes from cloth, brought it all down to the newly dug space, cleared the corner on the back left side of the room, then put the workshop together. When he finished, he stood between the workshops, and looked around. He couldn't afford the time to smooth these walls, but he wouldn't have to. He noted the sound of the water flowing nearby, and the left wall was damp.



He made trousers out of the cloth, simple, but tough, as cave spider silk, despite appearing flimsy, was as close to steel thread as possible as far as tensile strength. Then, he gathered more cloth, stopped for a drink, then made that into a shirt. Then, he stepped into the now water filled channel, washed the blood from his current clothes, washed the blood from his fur, then left his clothes between the furnaces. He stood for a moment as he noticed the goblin bolt, lodged in his clothes, fall out of the torn fabric. Another close call he was thankful was only a close call. He walked back to the clothesmakers workshop and dressed in his new clothes. They were rough and a bit uncomfortable, but they were much better than nothing. He shook off, sending drops of water flying, then left the room. He then walked back to the boiler, and reopened the magma inlet. It sent out steam once more as it reclaimed the channel from the water.

Seeing as that was done, he walked to an unmarked upon smooth surface behind the magma smelter, took some coal dust from said smelter, and began to sketch out the design for the armored vehicle on the wall. Unlike the flying machine, this machine needn't be delicate and fine tuned. He finished the sketch of the design, looked it over, then found himself satisfied with it on his first attempt. He then took out the document detailing the magma cannon, and looked through it again. On it, he used the tip of the claw of his index finger to mark additions to the design. He changed the design to use two chambers, one to hold the magma, one to hold the steam, and extended the barrel. This meant no spread or spray-firing, but it would allow for a much greater range on a single magma projectile. The most complex part of the armored vehicle was the control center, sitting in the middle of the thick armor, one small window to see out of for navigation and aiming of the cannon, one small window and space below that in which to mount the automatic crossbow. It used treads to propel itself, as an enemy that would normally rely on destroying wheels to decommission a vehicle would be out of luck when faced with a treaded vehicle. Several generators would feed into one large steam chamber, which would drive a single large piston,

attached to a simple crank to drive the treads. Valves on the steam feed would control the direction of movement. One of the treads had a gear that allowed the tread to be connected directly to the axle when disengaged, and connected via gear when engaged, allowing the treat to be reversible. When the tread was reversed, the other tread wouldn't be, causing the machine to turn. This would be how he would steer it. The automatic crossbow would be mounted near the bottom of the fixed turret, using a swivel mount to allow for a wide firing angle, and the top of the turret would carry the magma cannon, the rear of the cannon fixed to a hinge, the front of the cannon fixed to a piston that was itself hinged. When steam was forced into the piston, it would force the cannon to angle upwards. When steam was let out, it would allow the cannon to fall horizontal. He included small pipes and valves for this piston to allow for careful control of steam flow, and therefore careful control of what angle the cannon would point at. The entire machine would be sheilded with steel plating, but, nearly all of the internal mechanisms, save for the generators, could safely be made from bronze. This made construction much cheaper, as bronze required no coke or limestone to make. Still, he would need plenty of steel to make the plating as thick as possible. Blitukus grinned. All of the bases were covered. The steel would be so thick that bolts would bounce off completely and blows from swords and other such weapons would be fruitless. His cannon had the firepower to take on any machine that stood in his way, and the automatic crossbow was his weapon to level any infantry he would come across. Heck, with a machine so heavy and powerful he could simply run them over with impunity. He snickered at the thought. He looked through the design, factoring in every part in assessing what materials he would need. It tallied up to 14 stacks of steel bars, and 20 stacks of bronze bars. It was more material than the flying machine had cost, but the material would be easier to produce. He looked around, walking up and down his tunnels, and tallied the materials he had left. No bars, no ammo, 4 cassiterite, 1 malachite, no hematite, 1 limestone, and no coke. But, he could disassemble the goblin flying machine and melt down its parts. He walked back up the tunnels and looked carefully at it. There was likely enough metal to yield several stacks of iron bars. He walked back to the smelter, and activated the pistons. He didn't wait for it to fill with magma. He walked back to the flying machine, and tore it apart, using scraps from the machine to leverage out rivets. Then, he brought the gears, platings, rivets, linkages, and other parts back to the smelter. It took a long time, as the iron was dwarven iron, but eventually it was melted down. Blitukus dumped the rest of the flying machines metal parts into the molten iron, and watched the former equipment of his enemy glow with heat, and slowly lose form as it mixed into the substance that would now be put to his own use.

He poured a set of 3 stacks of bars, let it cool, then poured another set of 3 stacks, emptying the molten metal from the smelter. That was now 6 hematite he didn't have to mine and smelt, 6 stacks of iron bars that the dwarves will surely miss. It was one of the oddities of such impersonal, machine-driven warfare. Bravery and valor were no longer the pinnacle. Often the victor would be decided by superior technology or resources. He sighed through his nose. He couldn't quite reason why, but even though this was for the sake of justice, avenging the lives of innocents lost... something felt inherently evil about this kind of warfare.

[ November 05, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 06, 2007, 04:33:00 am**

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You know, you remind me of Toady, you make something far beyond quality, and you do it for free, for the love of the craft and of your creation, you have a vision, a mission, but you still listen to your fans when they point out the very few errors in that vision, you both is simply amazing! I, Armok, God of Blood, creator of the multiverse and emperor of the same, bow to you, your creations is far superior to mine.  
(then, of course, we have the paradox of you being part of reality, withs I have created, you being part of reality would make it it implode from awesomeness overlode, as I cant make it contain more awesomeness than I am awesome, and therefor, you can't be real)

Beyond Quality! :D

I also see that Draca delivered my message, and the result was by far better than I expected, you handled that part, as well as all the other parts, superbly, you rule! :D  
One of the best updates so far.

\*bows and faints slowly till only an hovering red-glowing grin remains\*  
(kind of like that cat in that Alice in wonderland (or whatever it was called, the one in the weird dream, something with cards of mirrors and whatever))

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Uruth Kranon** on **November 06, 2007, 10:44:00 am**

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ALANL you have written an amazing \*story\* studded with genius and menacing with spikes of reader addiction.....keep up the amazing work..and i agree that the idea for the tank style vehicle is better then the powered armor(when i read the powered armor idea i couldnt get the memory of mechwarrior out of my mind and all the countless little power armor guys i had slaughtered over the years)  
  
KEEP IT UP!!! :D

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 06, 2007, 05:00:00 pm**

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Thanks :)  
  
Also, thanks again for leading me to reconsider the mech. I had one idea for a tank scene that looked like it wouldn't fit anywhere, and I essentially scrapped it. Now that a tank is being used for what once was the mech scene, I can put the tank scene right next to it seamlessly. I thought about it quite a bit and came up with a plan of how it'd go. Also, I never considered involving the humans much, until now. Thanks for all of the fresh ideas, it helps keep things churning :)

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 06, 2007, 06:10:00 pm**

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I cant wait to see the tank battles come into place.And using the humans for this story would be very interesting.Them playing a big part in it might result in them being mentioned in the epilogue.  
  
[ November 06, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 06, 2007, 11:54:00 pm**

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I'm not sure if there will be an epilogue for this one, due to the way the ending occurs. Although, the humans should show up again after the tank battle.  
  
And Armok, one *possible* solution to that paradox would be me being an entity resting outside of the universe, looking in. Then again, the questions involving dimensionality that would arise would make things a lot more complicated than that :p  
-----  
Blitukus found this thought hovering over him. He took up his pickaxe and walked down the tunnel. He passed his statue, passed over the bridge by the aqueduct, and walked into the already partially excavated hematite vein. He dug into the vein, finding that his skill in exploiting the stone not only yielded a much higher digging speed, but also, he found that by exploiting defects in the rock that were not present in the hematite lumps, the occasions where he would ruin a lump of hematite were becoming more and more rare. He dug until he had 8 hematite resting upon the ground, then walked to the adjacent copper vein and dug into that until the vein was exhausted. 8 lumps rested on the floor, and he needed two more. He looked around. The rest of the copper rock nearby was the only thing keeping magma from spilling into his tunnels and flooding his fortress. Then, searching his memory, he remembered the malachite and hematite near his coal mine. He walked back down the tunnel, to the coal mine, and dug out two more malachite. Now, cassiterite was needed. As he walked back toward the main tunnel, he crossed the bridge over the magma channel. He looked down the bottom end of the magma tunnel, through the open floodgate, and straight out into hells moat. A dark train of thought condensed like rain clouds. He forced himself



to continue. He reached an open cassiterite vein, and dug into it. He found his heart was cautioning him, and it made him feel slightly sick. This war... was he doing something evil?

He disregarded the warning. They were the ones who had committed atrocities, slaughtered innocents. He was avenging those innocents. He finished digging out sufficient cassiterite, and begun bringing it and the malachite back to the smelter, letting the metals pool. Every time he hauled back three of each, he adjusted the metals, dumped out the slag, and poured 6 stacks of bars. He stopped to eat, but found that as he ate, it seemed less a friendly gift from nature, and more a simple rationing of food, a commodity. He convinced his mood to change, and once again enjoyed his meal.

**Autumn has come.**

Once again, the temperature was reaching a rather nasty cold outside as the suns rays glanced the surface at a shallower angle. He was beginning to feel drowsy. He wished to continue on anyway, but forced himself to find a stopping point in his work and go to bed. If his exhaustion led to an error, it could ruin an entire batch of bar stacks. He kept his dark thoughts out of the way by continuing his reading of Glass Optics. He focused on it, analyzing every detail, until he fell asleep out of simple drowsiness. That day, he had what seemed like a nightmare. He was standing in the ruins of the once glorious utopias metropolis. He found the ruins were sparsely maintained, and populated by people. The people were in a horrid state, deformed, limbs missing, extra limbs growing where there was never any natural reason for that to be. The sky was blood red, and the land was ash and rubble, no sign of vegetation except for dead trees, mostly rotted away, having lost their leaved decades before. The citys streets harbored spiked vehicles that mowed down the people, cruel and sick perversions of technology. The people were suffering, but were oblivious to their own suffering. Their eyes had foggy pupils as if they were all blind, and they milled about slowly in their horrid state, put into a false sense of happiness by blind stupor, oblivious to the true horror of the world around them. The air stank, and it was hard to breathe. He saw visions. The world in flames, a war which engulfed the world, the ocean plowing into coastal cities, washing the inhabitants away, the people... blissfully indulging in their blind stupor as they strolled the depths of hell. Above, demons laughed, their enormous form watching down, watching everyone, every move, managing every aspect of everyones life, as if it were one big game, where the people, with lives and family, were simple pawns to be expended for the sake of their demonic pleasures.

When he awoke, the book was still resting on him. He stood up, stretched, and walked to the river to get a drink. He felt a sense of gloom within. It wasn't an impending gloom, it was a gloom ever distant yet ever powerful. Technology becomes nothing but a curse in corrupt, evil hands. What he was doing may be to an extent evil, but by doing this... he very well may be preventing evils far in excess of anything he could ever do. The sense of gloom faded, seemingly far into the distance in a direction unknown. He collected his senses and got back to work. The river gushed as the seasonal cycling of the glacier forced water down it.

*I once thought technology was capable of immense evils and miraculous benevolence... I had underestimated it. It might be the key to turning the mortal plane into the next heaven... or the next hell... some day, far in advance of this. When this day will land cannot be determined, but I sense it will fall far after I have withered and perished. May Armok defend the future in my absence...*

He sighed through his nose, and continued his work. He had a chance to effect the future, now. He thought about the workings of cause and effect, how one action triggers another. Another feeling filled his soul, he felt as if this were a thought train worth pursuing. Cause and effect... one cause can have multiple effects, which in turn would have multiple effects. A cascade, each cycle increasing the magnitude but spreading the original event thinner. Water splashed about as the cave river flooded into the upper tunnels. One cause could result in many effects. As he poured the second set of 6 stacks, the shop began to become rather cluttered, bronze bars littering the tables. He began moving them to the storage. He thought about the cave river. One snow flake, landing somewhere on the glacier.. with its brethren, sets a snowball overweight. The overweight snowball becomes dislodged, rolling down a hill, gaining mass, and smashes into the glacier on the bottom, cracking the ice. Over the next several hours, the crack would become a fissure, and a section of the glacier would sink, sending waves of water throughout the bottom of the glacier. These waves would send shockwaves throughout the ice, sinking larger and larger portions in a cascade of ice shattering throughout the weakened portions of the glacier. These waves would pile into the tunnels in the mountain, causing floods throughout the entire region. These floods could change the temperature of the mountain, and through that, change the air temperature, shifting weather patterns for the entire biome. The floods also would pass through his tunnels, the water soaking into the tunnel floor, freeing the small particles of mud that stuck to his feet. All because of one snowflake... Then, the masses of ice would freeze together again, the mud would dry, and months later, it would all be forgotten. The question was... what was the **odds** of this happening? Such cascading effects could have numerous different results from essentially the same cause. It all depended on what was likely to happen. Nature no longer seemed quite the ordered system. In fact, life itself seemed rather a gambling game. Blitukus laughed at the sheer notion of how deceptively chaotic the universe was. He had no means of proving this idea, but he sensed it was evident, as if the universe had informed him in person. He felt almost a sort of kinship with the universe that in many ways was reminding him of himself. The idea was a strange concept that felt as if it had profound implications... but he couldn't find a use for this knowledge. Maybe it would have a use in the future? The future... it seemed a miraculous place, full of limitless possibilities to be determined as the universe cast its dice. He finished clearing out the bronze, and went back to smelting. He found that as miraculous as the future could be, his past was more important to him. Unlike the future... the past was set in stone. He felt the excitement of his insights dimming down, but refused to let himself fall into the pit of sadness.

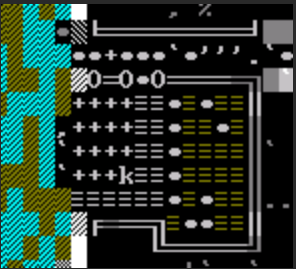
He found that walking up and down the tunnels was making the process take far longer than it needed to. It was one disadvantage of working alone, but Dracha had her own problems to tend to. He stopped to eat again, then continued his work. Blitukus finished smelting the last of the bronze, and moved it to the stockpile, one stack at a time, stopping for a drink as he did so. Another thought occurred to him. Maybe Dracha could interpret his dreams, seeing as she had 3000 years worth of wisdom? Maybe she would find more to make of the dreams than he could. Now was the hard part... steel making. Yet, the fruits of this labor were much richer than making bronze. After finishing hauling, he found himself exhausted once more. He had spent all night making the bronze, and it was time to sleep again. He went back to bed, and lay in it, thinking of the implications of his latest insights until eventually he drifted off to sleep. That day he drempt of something much different. He was in his armored vehicle, cannon ready. He fired the cannon, leveling buildings, and mowed down troops with the automatic crossbow, yet, he felt no sense of his vengeance coming to be, no sense of vengeance or sadness or anger at all. He felt as cold and mechanical, just like the machine he was using. When he awoke, he felt little of the dream. Maybe this war was evil... but was it corrupting him also? It was irrelevant. It had to be done. Blitukus grunted, and rose from bed. Immediately he took up his pickaxe and walked down the tunnels, digging out sufficient coal at his coal mine, then bringing it back to the smelter, processing it into coke bars. He stopped for a drink, and continued, realizing... his chaotic ways were causing inefficiencies. He had not designated any sort of stockpile for the products of the smelter, and instead piled them haphazardly on the smelters tables, causing clutter. Then again, the very act of moving needed materials to a far away stockpile was highly inefficient.

He found he had a lot of time to think while he hauled and processed. He stopped to eat, and pondered. He felt the universe had given him a quest to fulfill outside of his own or whatever Armok might expect of him. Yet, so far, all the universe has done is give him trains of thought that are extraordinary but generally without any value at the moment, then let him think about it, process the trains of thought. Such odd insights are always great to think about, but what did the universe really want? He would fulfill this quest after he finished his own. He had people to avenge. He also had his mother to speak to, eventually... somehow. He remembered, he had tried to venture to heaven and failed, but now planned to speak to the heavens in a voice spoken in the medium of pure energy... energy which he didn't have, and knew nothing of how to harness... energy which the dwarves fried his comrades with. He growled under his breath, but then realized, by defeating the dwarves, he would gain access to this energy, and through that, gain access to the knowledge with which to build his communication machine. His feelings immediately shifted, and he grinned. He would tear this technology from the cold, dead hands of his foes, and use it to speak with his mother. One goal being accomplished was merely a step in furthering the other. First, he couldn't tear the technology from his enemys cold dead hands without their hands being cold and dead first. He needed his armored vehicle, his weapons. He finished processing the coal, and found the workshop was already becoming cluttered. He brought back one lump of hematite and melted it down into metal to make it an even 7 stacks of bars worth of iron available. He then dumped 5 stacks of iron bars into the pool of molten metal, and left to dig out limestone while it melted, passing through a cave spiders web on the way, another while he worked. After he dug out 7 limestone chunks, he brought them back, and using the coke as a carbon source, infused carbon into the iron, turning it into pig iron. He stopped for a drink as the metal simmered. When it had been done, he added the 7th stack of bars into the metal, and began pouring pig iron bars as the metal convectively churned. He poured 4 stacks of pig iron bars that would be reintroduced later, leaving the other 3 stacks worth of metal to simmer in the smelter. Now he was going to turn it into steel. He dug out 7 more chunks of limestone, and brought it back to the smelter, then leaving again to retrieve hematite. He loaded in the hematite and flux and used the smelting reaction to fine tune the amount of carbon in the metal to a proper amount. When smelted together with the hematite, erroneous slag dumped into the magma, the 3 stacks of bars worth of pig iron yielded 6 stacks of steel bars when poured.

**Winter is upon you.**



The temperature outside became a bitter, deathly cold, the ice becoming as solid as true stone during the winter night. The inside of the caves remained comfortably warm. Still, the dwarves were guaranteed to have made a lot of progress in recovering from their losses, and were bound to strike again, if that were their goal. One question remained unanswered.... why did they build the super-weapon... why did they want his mother dead? Why did they attack Anthath Siset? He poured the steel, and gazed into the metal as it cool... shortly afterwards continuing with his work. It was odd that a part gnomish kobold would master steel yet not these energies, and a dwarven civilization would master pure energy, but not steel. Maybe they were just being cheap. Blitukus knew nothing of what he was up against, only it was extremely powerful and involved a lot of raw energy. Blitukus finished the next 6 stacks of steel bars, and called that a night. The day after, he would finish his steel production and begin construction of his armored vehicle. He set the bars aside to cool, and shut down the smelter, leaving to go to bed again. While in bed, he compared the materials listing he had with some of the descriptions and equations mentioned in Glass Optics, thinking of what he could build in the future, and if it would be useful. He thought about the concept behind the telescope, and realized that a much clearer picture could be attained not through the use of lenses, but through the use of mirrors. He thought about the benefits and costs of such a device, but realized that to be truly effective it would have to be rather large. He concluded his train of thoughts, set the book down, put his goggles aside, and let himself drift to sleep. Within his dream that day, he had access to his armored vehicle, a limitless supply of metal, and nothing around but flat, grey, seemingly gridded land. He tinkered around with the armored vehicle, looking for ways to improve it and devices to add onto it. He realized while within the dream that it was simply a dream, and found himself able to summon any tool and metal he desired within the dream. He snickered as he realized he was half-consciously finalizing his design in his sleep. When he woke, he took note of what he had drempt up. Little of value arose from the dream, except for an odd device. In tinkering with metals and magma loops, he discovered that steel and bronze tend to expand differently under heat. In his dream, he used this idea to build a device to measure temperature, the differently expanding metals causing a spiral-shaped curve made of them to either coil tighter or unravel, allowing a needle attached to the tip of the spiral to move with the temperature. He took a drink from the cold river, and ate a meal in the comfortably warm space of his room. He activated the smelter once more and waited for the pig iron and flux to melt back to its previous state, stopping to refine the design for the thermometer. When the metal had heated, he finished making the steel, poured the last of the stacks of bars, then started to move it down to the storage. This was more material than the flying machine had needed, so piles of metal overflowed the rear of the room. Blitukus arranged the metal to make sure it stayed out of the way unless it was needed. The flying machine had relatively thin plating and wings that spread over a large area. The armored vehicle would have thick, compact plating, and the entire vehicle would be smaller than the flying machine despite the material cost. A snow storm blew outside, the howling winds driving the bitter cold into the storage room and slightly through the tunnels. Occasionally it seemed as if the bitter cold of the glacier and the fiery heat of the magma were at competition with one another, at opposite ends of Blitukus' tunnel. He stopped for a drink, and then continued hauling the steel. He looked at it, and could never cease to feel proud of himself for making it, no matter his former mood. He soon after finished hauling the steel, and stood there, admiring the sheer volume of material he had produced.



It was unfortunate that it would have to go into building a machine of destruction... but maybe if his machine returned in one piece, he could find a more productive use for it. Others may make warfare into nothing but waste and tragedy, but Blitukus wouldn't stand to see that come of his work. He had other goals to reach, and while he still felt a very deep and powerful anger towards those who killed his mother, he would not allow it to blind him to the larger events taking place.

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Spell checker fished up a ton of typos this time. Sorry if there are a bunch of other flaws too. I try to avoid doing that the best I can though.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Adalore** on **November 07, 2007, 12:34:00 am**

And now, I hand out my useless reward of Awesomeness!!  
before any one comes in and takes it.  
"Rewards it"  
and yeah... not much else to say, exect for that you do really really really really really really "and ect" Really really reeeeeaaaallllyyyy, good story;s. :D

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 07, 2007, 12:43:00 am**

Thanks! I'm really glad people are so supportive. :)

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 07, 2007, 03:24:00 am**

Great story!

A thought just struck me; aren't molten metals fluid? Hmm... Infinite metal...

As for the optics; how long range will the tank have? \*pounders\* maybe a jointed periscope connecting to a telescope aligned whit the V vent... just an idea for inspiration, the magma would probably arc to mutsh anyway.

Also, I'd imagine that because the tank is rather big and need not be filled whit space consuming fuel, ammo, electronics, other crewmen etc. there will be space over, enough for a bed, you also have water loops, and plump helmets only need damp stone... so a self-sufficient tank is not beyond the possible, if not farming, a stack of 50 cooked food does only take one tile... how mutsh food do Blitukus need? But missions this long is probably not feasonable from a storytelling perspective anyway...

I will stop, this is your story, getting that gun in probably got to my head, you just have come up whit a really good alternate set of physics laws, I will use it for the next reality, just ignore these suggestions if you don't get very inspired by any of them, I'm just churning out random ideas anyway.

You are awesome.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 07, 2007, 12:08:00 pm**

Sorry i just got back from a big merger.  
\*Drifts back to when he merged a Dwarf and a Goblin together, cuaseing them to die.\*  
By the way ive been promoted from irony to CHAOS!.Beyond Quality as always Alan.Now i need to get back to sinking the NEW kindom of Atlantis on a far off world...called Earth.DUN DUN DUN!!!.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 07, 2007, 01:42:00 pm**

B-But... irony is above chaos!  
You have been fooled, my friend!

(really, I liked your old name MUTSI better, any specific reason you changed?)

Also, you are an subphenomena personification, if you were promoted you would become "Bringer of death", and then "Death"...

It wasn't the reaper who told you this, was it? The cheating bastard can accept competition...

(please change back to BoID, pretty please)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 07, 2007, 02:09:00 pm**

[You can still refer to me as BoID, But i changed it to simplify things.]  
He did!.Danm.Irony was never my thing,but i really got a demotion!.Wanna help a Half mortal out here?.If i cant get that promotion to Death,then ill never fulfill my dream of being the God of Chaos some day.

[ November 07, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 07, 2007, 02:43:00 pm**

Well, the place of "the Spirit of Heavy Falling Metal Objects" is unoccupied...  
So, should I start calling you SoHFMO?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 07, 2007, 04:42:00 pm**

Thank you :)

[ November 07, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

[ November 07, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 07, 2007, 08:14:00 pm**

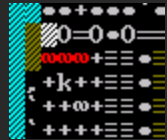
NEVER...EVER call that.I guess ill take this up with the Reaper.That Bringer of Death promotion is mine!.Theres 1 spot left in that division, and it WILL be mine!.  
\*Teleports away in a red flash of light.\*  
\*A note reading 'I cant wait for the next update' is left behind.\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 07, 2007, 11:38:00 pm**

I'm looking forward to what'll be up and coming as far as utilities. I'm hoping for at least a version of tileinfo that works for the new version eventually. For now, though, I'm just messing around with it. It'll probably be a while before I start making stories with the new version anyway :p

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Blitukus picked up as much steel as he could carry, and brought it back to the forge, pounding out three steam generators. He then brought the generators back to the storage room, and set them together, each running as a magma loop. This generated much more heat over a much larger area than a single loop, allowing for larger pieces of metal to be forged at the makeshift site. He would need this to make the armor plating without the inefficiencies of moving the steel back and forth. He then used it to finish the fourth generator, and then observed his materials and his equipment.

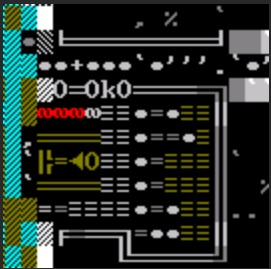


He was chasing this complex goal, and unleashing his vengeance... but he really just wanted to speak to his mother again... He sighed, but felt anger rising, and growled. If it weren't for those dwarves... he would still be able to talk to his mother any time he wished. They killed everyone he once knew... they would pay for that in full. He checked his timepiece. It read, "01:14 AM, Opal 13 1082." He had wasted enough time smelting bars, now was the final assembly.

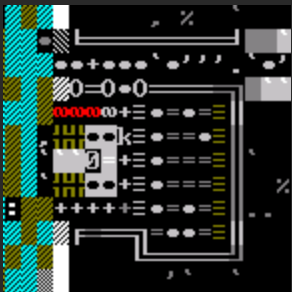
He took some bronze back to the makeshift forge, and began to pound out the boiler. He built the boiler in two halves, riveting them together. This boiler was simply a very large steam tank, a buffer for when more power was needed than the generators could produce in an instant. It was spherical, and simple to forge, large openings forged into it to connect pipes to. Next came the piston. He forged a piston that was just a simple steam engine piston with a jointed rod coming out of its front. He forged the piston with a large scale in mind, increasing the amount of raw torque that could be gotten out of the engine at the expense of a bit of top speed. With the kind of armor he would be forging, he wouldn't need to evade anything, and sheer power also had uses in forcing ones way through obstacles. He connected the piston to the boiler, and began to pound bronze bars out to make a set of struts and axles to hold the engine in place and transfer power to the treads. The main driving axle served as a crankshaft for the steam piston to drive. Then, he pounded more bronze bars into a hollow rectangle with a half-circle on each small end. These had grooves and plating on the outside, grooves to hold the treads. He stopped to eat, and found he actually enjoyed the plump helmet quite a bit. Kobolds had always had hardship due to their dependence on meat to have a full diet, but he was sustaining himself fully on nothing but plump helmets. They grew fast and cheaply, anywhere. It could indeed rid many populaces of hunger. He finished, and put the spores back into the seed bag. Humans never seemed to like plump helmets, and most kobolds are disgusted by it... perhaps it was an acquired taste. He would continue this train of thought later... plump helmets were no secret, and he had more urgent matters to attend to.

He walked back up the tunnel, and continued his work. He let the tread mounts rest upright, held up by stacks of bars. Then, he used the heat of the magma loops to melt the ends of the struts partially, essentially welding the struts to the tread mounts, then welding the boiler and piston to the struts. Dawn was breaking. As he slid the axle in, making sure it rotated freely and the hinged end of the piston latched onto the crank properly, the sun rose. The engine and boiler were mounted and the drive was coming together. The thick, heavy struts supported the equipment with ease, and offered extra protection below. It was a good stopping point, and he left for bed. He left his goggles on, and contemplated strategies, ways in which he could maximize the use of the cannon. The cannon had unlimited ammo... but the automatic crossbow didn't. He would have to smelt and forge bronze into bolts, many more than last time. He let himself fall asleep, seeing as he was running ever shorter on time. That day he had a very odd dream. He stood atop a volcano, and found he was able to direct the magma about with his gestures. An infinite supply of molten rock available, he etched images into the nearby hillsides, designing entire mountains. Much later, he found he had created an image of demons and towns in marble, etched into the terrain. The demons were withering away, and the towns were being repaired. When he awoke, he felt a new sense of responsibility. Civilization had delicate details, but when it came to pure survival, civilization was tough. No matter what evils fell upon the world, civilization would survive, and rebuild, and he felt he, as part of the entire worlds civilizations, as the entire civilization of Anthath Sizet, had a duty to repel evils and defend the existence and stability of not just of Anthath Sizet, but of the entire honest world. Then it occurred to him... the dwarves were far closer to the odd civilization nearby than they were to Anthath Sizet. Why did they attack his homeland first? His homeland, his mother, were a source of benevolence, wisdom, strength, and peace that would protect civilization at large from many evils. Perhaps the dwarves wanted much, much more than the annihilation of his homeland. He owed it to the world to find out their true goals, and to stop them before their goals could be completed. He owed it to his mother to defend the peace and prosperity that she had fought bravely to achieve and worked tirelessly to maintain.

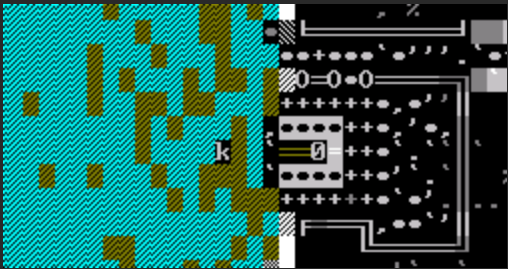
He got up, stretched, reviewed his design, then went back to work. He looked at the machine, and thought about what he would do next.



It was sturdy, but it was vulnerable and incomplete. He would progress to the bronze substrate of the armor. He hammered out a bronze plate to protect the steam equipment, and to isolate the mechanisms from himself. Then, he forged the linked plates that would form the tread. After forging these plates, he lined them together in a string, draped the metal tread over the top of the grooves, and continued linking the tread together on the bottom. When he finished, he lowered the machine from its previous supports to allow it to rest on its new unplated treads. It stood soundly. Blitukus forged and attached gears on the ends of the axle, the right tread being driven directly, the left possibly driven directly, possibly driven by a second gear, determined by the position of a lever, making the tread reversible. Then, he welded the bronze plating down over the boiler and piston, allowing gaps for pipes and lever linkages to come through. After the plating was sound, he stopped for a drink. He forged some bronze into a seat, and all of the levers and mechanisms he would need to control it, building a frame for the steel plating to rest upon. He linked the levers and controls in, regulator to the piston, activation switches for the generators, reverser for the left tread, then continued the frame all around what would be the cabin, a dip in the plating below giving room for any food he would need to bring. He forged 3 of his earlier designed thermometers, mounting one in the plating, exposed to the internal mechanisms of the machine, mounting another within the frame of the cabin to measure it, and mounting one with the back protruding out of the rear of the cabin frame, allowing it to measure outside air temperature. He calibrated them with the knowledge that most tunnels and caves tend to have a temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit. He had finished the bronze mechanisms, leaving enough bronze left over to make the mounting and cannon. Then, he got to work forging the steel into thick plates, and plating over the bronze plating, insulating the sides and top of the machine, plating over the bronze frame, sealing the cabin, installing a hatch on top, and adding a thin layer of steel on to the bronze treads to further secure and protect them.



He continued, plating the top of the treads and finishing the thick, riveted steel plating for the body and cabin. He then slowly leveraged the machine forward. It rolled. The drive system rolled freely, and the entire vehicle was as tough and sound as he had wished... and as heavy as he imagined. When he had rolled the vehicle forward enough to reveal what was formerly the bottom of the treads, he steel plated those as well. He leveraged it back despite the bitter cold, and walked back down the tunnel. He stopped to review his design, and took with the design for the cannon. The cabin had two small windows included, one just big enough to mount the automatic crossbow in, the other a viewport with a decent field of view, both for steering and aiming. Blitukus forged the rest of the bronze into the more parts of the cannon, the hinges, piston, chambers, valves, and barrel, and used the bit of leftover steel to make a thin plating over it. He used the last of the bronze to forge the rivets, pipes, levers, and sights to mount the cannon and automatic crossbow to the cabin. He turned off the generators, allowing them to cool, then installed the generator in the rear of the machine, attaching it to the boiler and attaching the control linkages. When he finished with that, he placed the bronze back plate on, then riveted the steel back plating over the bronze. Then, he walked back down the tunnel, quickly ate a meal, retrieved the automatic crossbow, and mounted it within the cabin. Then, he hopped down, and stepped out into the bitter cold, turning around to admire his work.



He looked at the vehicle, smiling. He looked at the mounted weapons, the cannons barrel made of bronze, encircled with bands of steel. An automatic crossbow, pointing at him, capable of turning him into a bloody pincushion in an instant. A cannon, properly aimed to make a mere grazing shot that could part Blitukus from his head, then part his head from his face. In no way could he ever hope to manage to dent this mobile siege engine. It was truly serious firepower, firepower that he had built, firepower that he would wield.

Spring has arrived!

He pulled out his timepiece, and looked at it. It was indeed Granite 1, 1083. 3 years ago, his mother was killed in cold blood by crossbowmen, the mercenaries of this evil entity. 3 years ago, he hardly escaped with his own life. 3 years ago, their plot to accomplish whatever their corrupt goals were was set in motion. He had endured 3 years of suffering in the pain of the loss of his mother... but on this day, 3 years exactly since their plans were set in motion, Blitukus had achieved the means with which to attempt to stop their plans and take them down. He put his timepiece away, and looked at his new creation. He would return his suffering to them in the form of a hail of bolts and red hot magma! He grinned menacingly, and rubbed his hands together, the fog of his breath escaping through his teeth. The 1st of Granite marked the beginning of the end for Anthath Sizat... it would also mark the beginning of the end of the dwarven villains.

[ November 07, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 08, 2007, 04:02:00 am**

Beyond Quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 08, 2007, 05:44:00 pm**

Thanks :)

I just skimmed through the first Kobold's Quest thread, rereading a lot of it, and listened to Green Fields afterwards, and I shed tears in the memory of Fale. It's a nice way to remind myself that the feeling is still alive, and bring it to the foreground once again.

Edit: Oh, and also, I'm thinking about bringing back the mech idea, but it'll be in a different way, much later in the story.

(spoil)  
It'll be futuretech, not steampunk, and it won't be Blitukus piloting it.  
(/spoil)

[ November 08, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

[ November 08, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]



Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 08, 2007, 09:04:00 pm**

Sorry to point out,but Dwarf fortress isnt dwarf fortress beyond steam punk.You can spin tales in steam punk better then anyone i know, but i cant imagine a DF where dwarves weild lazars, elves use ion beams, and kobolds think that a 100 ton war machine, which weve already gone over,wouldnt work quite well, would be a GRRRREAT idea.You're a Beyond Quality yarn spinner, one of the best i know, but id advise agenst that plan.  
As for the friggin epic tale you spun, and the one before that, you have it down.  
But...i cant tell you what to write.Just telling you what i think.If you have some ideas on how to not go TOO FAR then by all means rock on.If not...remember that role play i told you about?.Its like that.  
You rock dude, tell me you're ideas so that we may still think you are the best thing to hit this place since Armok started giveing out Elf Blood.

P.S Also...the tank battle is gonna be awesome.  
P.S.S I like that song.I put it on when i feel down.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 08, 2007, 09:13:00 pm**

(pretty highly spoily)  
There's going to be a part where Blitukus ends up in the far future late in the story, far past 2000 AD. This part will take place outside of the confines of DF. And in this specific part of the story, it will mostly be human and kobold characters. I don't see why mechs and the like wouldn't be possible with technology that's yet to be invented, especially considering in the case I have in mind, it would have been teams of people working with large equipment to assemble the mechs. Although, there's another story I have in mind that involves future-tech dwarves, and I think I know how to pull it off without changing their character (they still end up being short stubborn miners with a utilitarian lifestyle).  
(/pretty highly spoily)

In essence, I think I should be able to pull it off without being ridiculous.

[ November 08, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 08, 2007, 09:24:00 pm**

\*Sigh\*  
Well...have fun...with that.That doesnt explain much [Not how it happens in the sotry, just possibilty.] Really, i stuck around becuase steam punks cool.If i hear one more story with a friggin mech battle or space battle, or some weird explanation as to why elves would bother with technology, as they are strictly one with nature. [That last one was mostly what you were gonna do with it.]  
Guess ill only be here for half the story....Still,what a half itll be.Sorry if im a whiner but i just got finished with that one roleplay i told you about,2 mech roleplays that stunk in the end, and for the past month i cant find anything Interesting other then space crap.Steam punk sounded really interesting,and you doing Fales story in the first place with out changeing the very fabric of DF resulting in so many epic moments.It went beyond what other people have done.  
Peace.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 08, 2007, 09:34:00 pm**

Sorry to hear (really, I am), but this is what I had in mind from the start.

(spoily)  
I'm not making the elves advanced... in fact I'm going to end up getting rid of the elves due to their lack of tech in that part. If you really want to know how I'm going to impliment it in the story... I didn't want to give out plot details ahead of time, but it's essentially a military vehicle of a corrupt human government that gets stolen.  
(/spoily)

If all it is is the mech that's getting on peoples nerves, then it isn't needed as the mech in that part wasn't actually in my original plan. I guess I could eliminate that part and go closer to the original plan, if that's what people want.

The point is to write an interesting story, and what I'm doing near the very end does end up trekking quite a bit away from the original DF scene. I had a feeling from the start that this might not appeal to people, but it's what I chose to do. Oh well, at least it's only a relatively small portion of the story.

Edit: If people really hate the idea of any sort of future setting... I guess I could get rid of it, but it would have to be a pretty major negative response to the idea as it was part of the original plan. Well, the sooner people state their opinion, the more seamlessly I can try to fix whatever might be wrong.

[ November 08, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 08, 2007, 10:58:00 pm**

I was still feeling the emotions that drove me to write these stories when I started this. It's an odd feeling, but one I'll never wish to lose hold of.

Still, I want this to turn out as good as possible. I'm glad I've received feedback, thanks for posting it. It would be a disservice to the story and the characters if the ending were to turn out bad.

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Blitukus walked back up to the tank, hopped on top of its front side, and climbed to the top of the cabin. He opened the steel hatch, and lowered himself into the cabin, taking a seat within and sealing the hatch above himself. Then, he toggled the generators. The generators warmed up, and the boiler tapped as it pressurized with steam. The pressure stopped rising as it reached a high level, the generators unable to add more steam into the already full boiler. He sighed through his nose, checked the reverser was forward, and pressed the regulator forward. There was a hiss, and a clunk, as the piston, gears, and axles meshed with one another. The vehicle jerked forward slightly, and accelerated, the piston hissing and chugging, expelling excess steam out the underside of the vehicle. First, he was going to test it. No sense in riding off into battle if he wasn't sure of his own equipments reliability. He pressed the regulator all the way forward, and the vehicle kept accelerating. It rolled across the thin snow, reaching its top speed. Unlike the flying machine, the terrain didn't blur... except for the immediate surroundings. The vehicle traveled at about 3 times Blitukus' top running speed. A hill of snow was ahead, and Blitukus thought of launching off of it.

*A test of just how tough the structure is!*

The vehicle plowed into the hill, but didn't launch off of the top. It plowed through the top, toppling the peak and sending snow into the air, continuing on down the rear of the hill.

*That works too!*

He pulled back on the regulator, zeroing it. The machine slowed rapidly, but Blitukus pulled the reverser. The gears regulating the left tread changed, meshing violently. Both treads locked, and the vehicle turned left, skidding rapidly to a stop, a small pile of snow at its right side. Blitukus snickered, and pulled the regulator back behind the zero mark. The vehicle stayed at its position, but turned right. He



zeroed the regulator, then pressed i forward. The vehicle turned left. Then, he checked the thermometers. The outside temperature was 90 below, the cabin temperature was 30 degrees, and the mechanism temperature read 110 degrees. HE then sat back, and turned a valve on the cieling of the cabin. There was a hiss, and the piston under the cannons front extended, raising the angle of the cannon. When it had raised by about 30 degrees, he shut the valve off, and the cannon rested at that angle. He toggled the cannons magma loop, and slowly a charge of magma built up in the front chamber, causing it to glow with heat. Then, he opened the steam loop to the rear chamber, allowing it to build up decent pressure, then stopping it. It wasn't rapid fire by any means, but it was capable of a fire rate much higher than that of a ballista. He steadied the cannon, and pulled the trigger. Both the valve sealing the barrel and the valve separating the chambers opened simultaneously, and the steam under pressure drove out the magma charge as one lump. It arced up, then came down, landing on the glacier a short distance away, melting through the snow and ice. Then he sealed the valves, allowed another charge to fill, and pressurized the rear chamber.. this time letting it go all the way, the specially designed steam loop allowing for pressures of steam near the failing point of steel. It took longer to ready this shot, but when the maximum charge and pressure had been achieved, Blitukus pulled the trigger. The entire vehicle seemed to recoil slightly, a large puff of steam shooting out of the front of the barrel and rising into the air as the lump of magma flew rapidly into the distance. The magma landed a rather long distance away, splattering on impact, sending little bits of superheated magma scattered about. Blitukus grinned and snickered as the magma scorched through the terrain.

The automatic crossbow swiveled freely and efficiently... but Blitukus realized... in his eagerness to get into the drivers seat of his new vehicle, he had neglected to forge bolts for his crossbow. He pressed the regulator forward a bit, turning the machine left until it once again faced the storage. Then, he switched the reverser forward, and drove towards his home. When he had traveled about half of the way there, Dracha flew over him, and landed in front of him. He immediately yanked the regulator all the way back fully. There was a loud hiss and the gears remeshed in the opposite direction. The treads stopped and the vehicle skidded to a stop, a bit of snow piled in front of it. Blitukus zeroed the regulator, and a burst of steam shot out of the exhaust of the piston, leaving under and behind the vehicle. Blitukus opened the hatch, and stood, poking his head out into the open. Dracha grinned, and spoke, "Got a new toy I see? Nice and shiny, and it's got a big ol' cannon on top too! Good work, I've never seen anything quite like it before." Blitukus replied, "... did you realize that you nearly got yourself flattened?" Dracha laughed, "I knew you'd stop in time, I just wanted to see how you'd react. Besides, its big and heavy but it wouldn't leave a scratch on me." Blitukus replied, "I beg to differ. Not even your might would repel this amount of mass." Dracha stood on her hind legs, spread her wings, and looked down at Blitukus and his machine. She spoke, grinning, full of pride, "Nothin's mightier than a dragon!" Blitukus asked, "Are you able to provide proof?" Dracha stepped back, and lowered herself, speaking, "Sure, go ahead and try to knock me back, I'll end up pushing YOU back, you'll see. I won't even use magic!" Blitukus grinned, and replied, "Ok! Let us see." He sat back down, shut the hatch, and pressed the regulator all the way forward, Drasha charging at him, low to the ground, ready to catch the front of the vehicle.

*Yeah... this is so stupid, but heck, it's fun!*

When they collided, the sheer momentum of the vehicle broke through her efforts to catch it, the majority of the impact breaking through to land on her head. Blitukus immediately zeroed the regulator, as Dracha stumbled back on her hind legs and fell over, stunned. Blitukus laughed. She spoke, slowly, "... Ow!..." She then shook off the stun, rolling over and standing once more. The armored vehicle had a dent in the front, but it wasn't even very noticeable. She laughed, "Been a long time since I charged into something and ended up getting knocked back! Looks like you win... that machine's got a lot more metal in it than your last one!" Indeed, the armored vehicle lacked the grace and elegance of the flying machine, but it had sheer strength and toughness, and that was what was needed of it. Blitukus nodded, and she saw through the window. She smiled, and spoke, "Well that was fun! I'll be seeing you... probably whenever you return, then. I've just managed to turn some iron into mithril for my cages. Containment is looking up!" Blitukus replied, waving, "Ok, have fun with your zoo!" Dracha replied as she took off, "Sure thing!"

Blitukus continued driving, stopping to correct his course once in a while, until he let the machine slow to a stop in the storage. He shut off all of the generators, and opened the release valve, steam hissing out of the boiler as pressure fell to ambient levels. He opened the hatch, and hopped out, walking back down the tunnels and taking up his pickaxe once more. He silently cursed at the rather blatant oversight. He thought about how much ammunition he would need. He decided on an even number of clips... 10 clips, for a total of 250 bolts. He dug out the needed 5 cassiterite lumps, and remembering the slight bit of malachite present in the stone of the exhausted vein, dug into the stone there after stopping for a drink. Behind the stone lay more malachite. The vein wasn't exhausted, it was interrupted by stone but there was still plenty more copper. He continued mining until he had 5 malachite lumps laying on the floor, breaking through a gem cluster. Then he brought the lumps back to the smelter, and melted the ore down, dumping the slag and pouring the bars. The cave river gushed through the tunnels as it overflowed once again. He forged the bars into bolts, creating a bronze disc that held 6 clips, but dawn was breaking. He moved the bolts to the vehicle, and lowered them through the hatch, placing the loaded disc on the floor and the 4 extra clips on top of it. He stored away several bits of food on the opposite side of the cabin as the clips. Now, properly supplied, he hopped back into the vehicle, and shut the hatch above. He activated the generators and shut the steam vent, allowing steam to build. When it had built sufficiently, he pulled back the reverser, allowing him to turn to face the exit, then pushed it forward, allowing him to drive away. The vehicle continued with no input, clanking as it rolled straight across the snowy glacier. The sun continued to rise, and Blitukus felt drowsy. He sighed through his nose, and stopped the machine, shutting it down. He left the cabin sealed, and then lay back in his chair, allowing himself to fall asleep as quickly as possible. The shut cabin retained heat for quite a while, but unfortunately, it eventually did get rather cold as the metal readily conducted and radiated heat. That day, he had an odd dream... as if he were playing an unnamed evil entity in a game of chess. He plotted strategies and executed them, and over a long period of time, eventually reached a stalemate... When he awoke, he thought about this. This kind of war was cold, but was there a kind of war where nobody ever truly won? He felt sickened at the thought, and drove it out of his mind. He had nothing but himself and his machine with which to face his foes. It wasn't a game of chess when you participated directly in the battle... and Blitukus was alone in this one. He sat up, and shivered. The metal was sapping away his body heat. He started the machine again, and continued driving. He moved about the cabin, trying to warm himself using the heat of the mechanisms. Eventually, despite the bitter cold outside, the cabin warmed due to the magma within the generators below. He passed through the valleys and vast glaciers, following the same path he had taken 3 years ago in reverse order. The glacier eventually gave way to tundra, the tundra to frigid grasslands, isolated in a warm spot in a large valley. Beyond this isolated patch of grasslands lay further tundra. He drove through the muddy shores of a lake, and through the shallowest points of rivers to cross. The armored vehicle was a land vehicle, incapable of travel through deep water, so he was careful in choosing his path to cross. He followed a river through the tundra. He reached a road that led out of the tundra and into the grasslands, into a town of the odd civilization. He approached the town, but noticed dust and smoke rising from it. In the distance, he saw a battle beginning to erupt, dark, iron land and air vehicles roving near the town. There weren't many vehicles... but if the human civilization hadn't advanced to higher technologies with which to defend itself... it wouldn't take many vehicles to eliminate them. Blitukus sighed, growled, and pressed the regulator as far forward as it would go. He was right. He wasn't the only target, and innocents were being slaughtered once again by the murderers. He may be a bit late to arrive, but he would stand in the way of the plans of the criminal dwarves, no matter the mass and speed of said plans he was standing in the way of. These murderers, the ones that ordered his mother dead, were to be held to pay dearly for what they had done, for what they were doing... at last, he would try. Blitukus knew he didn't have a super-weapon, but it was the closest he could come, and it would have to do, no matter what he faced.

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Sorry if I overreacted to your comments. I get nervous sometimes since I really don't want to mess this up.

[ November 08, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Uruth Kranon** on **November 09, 2007, 12:06:00 am**

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dont worry Alan....you still are making an amazing story.....the idea for a future setting for later could fit really well. It could also fit not so well. But your ideas so far ahve been amazing and holding the mech idea off till the future is better then having it in the steam punk era(in my opinion regular steam mechs would be relatively weak and impossible with the mechanics and the amount of armor needed for protection on the legs).....and that dream blitukus had earlier about the giant portal suspended above the magma might work for a portal to "heaven" that shoots him into the future....

BOID finds a note lying on the ground as he teleports in to facilitate a few ironic deaths "dear bringer. the village I watch over is in the midst of a plague. And it has been said, that you and death are after the same job. Alot of people are about to die here and death will be very busy and distracted. If you wanted that job, why not ironically remove him from the promotion game?"

(i figured id give a hand at your guys rp..if you care to ignore me please do so)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 09, 2007, 12:13:00 am**

Thanks :D

To be honest, that made me feel quite a bit better.

Yeah, I have my ideas but they won't really be anything more than nebulous ideas until they're about to be put into text. I guess it would be better to wait until it starts getting close to really discuss it if it needs discussion.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 09, 2007, 02:31:00 pm**

We finally read all of this and the previous incredible stories. When this story is over, we are mandating a Parade in Your Honor.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 09, 2007, 03:41:00 pm**

[Generic comment on this story's infinite awesomeness]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 09, 2007, 04:41:00 pm**

Thanks, you brought a smile to my face, and I need to smile more often :)

Well, I've come up with a few solutions, and my confidence is basically restored. On top of it... 3 day weekend! At least for some of those who live in the U.S.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 09, 2007, 09:33:00 pm**

I may have...done a few things with Grim.Hes a bit distracted like you said, and im far closer to geting the rank of 'Death'.Also, ive finally have a ambition Armok.Some day...I shall be God of IRONY!.  
Awesome update.

P.S Thanks for puting up with my role playing Alan.Im have loads of fun.Ive never tryed forum rping before.And better yet, the seting is in the Seigedriven universe.

As your friendly neibrohood evil entity, i bid you farewell...or just goodbye. :P

[ November 09, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer ]

[ November 09, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 09, 2007, 11:41:00 pm**

Thanks :)

Anyway... now the battle begins.

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Blitukus leaned forward onto his controls as the armored vehicle charged toward the town at full speed. He slowed as he approached the town, loading the automatic crossbow. There were a total of four vehicles, including two goblin flying machines and two land vehicles... they weren't like Blitukus' armored vehicle, but instead one carried several goblin troops, the other carried little other than a ballista. More goblin mercenaries wielding dwarven equipment.

*These dwarves are such cowards! They refuse to even fight their own wars! I've known other dwarves before... and these criminals are a disgrace to their species.*

There was a loud racket, and one of the goblin flying machines buzzed overhead. There was a dull panging as several bolts struck Blitukus' armored vehicle, but the bolts ricocheted harmlessly off of the thick steel plating. Blitukus aimed and fired at the flying machine. Several bolts missed, but a few hit, sending small scraps of material flying from the thin armor on the goblin flying machine, the last hit striking the tubes behind the boiler, causing a large puff of steam to rise into the air. The machine shook and stumbled through the sky, but remained aloft and active, trailing steam behind it. Blitukus zeroed the regulator, and let the armored vehicle come to a stop. He leaned into the automatic crossbow, letting his eye peer through the bronze sight. He aimed carefully. The damaged goblin flying machine circled around, and approached Blitukus' armored vehicle directly. This was a very bad move on their part... with their damaged engine, they were powerless to evade as Blitukus took careful aim and fired above the goblins cockpit to hit the sensitive mechanisms behind it. Most bolts were batted away by the rotor or ricocheted off of the cockpit armor and iron engine, but the occasional one sunk into the pipes and mechanisms. A bolt lodged in the gear assembly driving the rotor, immediately jamming it. The goblins rotor seized, sending the goblin flying machine spinning, plummeting to earth. The goblins cheaply made drive piston exploded under the sudden pressure, and burning magma spilled out from under it. The flying machine trailed steam and black smoke as it fell. Blitukus saw the broken machine arc through the sky... it was going to make its 'landing' right on Blitukus' head! He jammed the regulator forward, and the armored vehicle jerked ahead. A large puff of flame came out of the back of the broken machine, and it crashed behind the armored vehicle, its boiler exploding on impact, the shockwave rocking Blitukus' armored vehicle a bit. The fire still hung in the sky, and fell... flaming liquid poured down all over the armored vehicle, and seeped through into the cabin. They had dropped burning oil as a last ditch attack. Blitukus pulled his legs up and zeroed the regulator. Flames sizzled beneath him as the burning oil cooled. Smoke filled the cabin. He opened the hatch and pulled himself out. There was the sound of crossbow fire and the chugging and clanking of steam vehicles in the distance, punctuated by occasional screams. Blitukus looked at the town under siege... looked into his smoking cabin... then looked at the town. He would have to wait for the oil to burn away.

*F\*CK! Someone needs to invent something for this kind of situation...*

The second flying machine was attracted to the smoke. A bolt whizzed by Blitukus. He looked up, and saw the goblin flying machine approaching. Another bolt whizzed by. Blitukus took cover behind the cabin as the goblin flying machine passed overhead. The flying machine turned around, and opened fire once more. A bolt whizzed by, sending up sparks as it ricocheted off of the steel. Blitukus scrambled to take cover behind the cabin. Another bolt whizzed by, and pain shot through Blitukus' arm. He yelled as several drops of blood were sent flying onto the steel. He held his arm as he jumped in front of the cabin, then looked at what had happened. The flying machine flew by overhead. Blitukus' pain rapidly dulled to much less than a typical hit. He saw that his clothes and flesh were somewhat torn, but no bolt was sticking out. That was a grazing shot. He grunted, and pulled himself on top of the cabin, and looked down into the smoke once more...

... F\*ck it!

He hopped into the cabin, propping his legs against the wall plating to avoid the small flames below. He left the hatch open, and jammed the regulator forward. He charged the cannon, and allowed steam to build up. Smoke made it difficult to navigate and nearly impossible to aim. He realized the metal he was sitting on had become rather hot... but he focused his attention ahead despite the stinging pain. He saw the silhouette of the flying machine turn and once again approach from the front. He raised the cannon, and despite the smoke and motion, fired. Magma shot out of the muzzle of the cannon, and arced through the air. Blitukus quickly stood upon the chair to view the

trajectory of the magma. It couldn't even clearly missed the flying machine, had the goblin pilot not panicked and pulled up sharply, causing his machine to travel straight into the path of the projectile. The magma directly hit the goblin flying machine, piercing into it and splattering throughout the cockpit and mechanisms. The flying machine became a ball of flame, tumbling through the air. About 2 seconds later, the goblins boiler exploded, causing the goblin flying machine to disintegrate in midair. Flaming bits of armor and iron parts rained down, bouncing off of the ground and bouncing off of the armor of Blitukus' armored vehicle. Blitukus laughed.

*Note to self: goblins are the worst pilots in the world.*

The flames died in the cabin, and the flow of air due to the hatch being open drove the smoke out. Blitukus seated himself once more, and when the smoke had cleared, closed the hatch above him. Blitukus was rapidly approaching the town, traveling at high speed over the stone road. A goblin troop, clad in leather and light iron armor, heard the approaching machine, and expecting easy targets riding on top of it, sprung from behind a tree and loosed a bolt. The bolt glanced away upon striking the armored vehicles thick plating. The goblin froze there, dropping its crossbow. It mumbled, "... ah crap!" It turned to jump away, but a fraction of a second later, the treads of the armored vehicle rolled over the goblin, leaving behind a bloody red mush, flattened iron armor, and the mangled remains of a crossbow. Blitukus continued into the village. Many of the villagers were engaged in combat with goblins, some fighting over long distance with bow against crossbow, some fighting up close, swords, axes, and maces clashing. The goblin troop carrier carried several goblin crossbowmen, and the ballista vehicle had its ballista aimed and drawn by steam pistons. Blitukus reached up to charge the cannon, but stopped. If he killed the inhabitants of the vehicles, the vehicle could be reclaimed and put to use against its former owners. He pulled into the front of the town, and pulled the reverser back. He turned to face the troop carrier, and aimed with the automatic crossbow as it drew closer. Both of the goblin vehicles were leaving an exhaust of dark smoke behind them. Apparently they used conventional steam engines, not magma-loop-powered ones. As the troop carrier turned to lay siege upon a not-so-unsuspecting crowd of villagers, Blitukus opened fire into its side. The goblin troops were packed in such a tight group that nearly every hitting bolt struck a goblin, several of their number dropping dead as Blitukus emptied the clip firing at them. Blitukus turned the machine to lead their vehicle, shoved the reverser forward, then shoved the regulator forward. His armored machine rammed into the troop carrier, sending two goblins falling from the opposite side of the carrier and stopping said carrier from moving further. Blitukus zeroed the regulator, and reloaded the automatic crossbow, leaving the empty clip on the floor. Blitukus' armored vehicle rolled back, and the troop carrier continued on without its passengers. Blitukus opened fire, mowing down the two unlucky goblins sitting in the dirt, then aiming to fire into the other side of the troop carrier. SPANG! Something large and heavy struck Blitukus' armored vehicle in the side, denting its armor and causing it to rock sideways slightly. Blitukus ignored it, and fired into the troop carrier. As most of the goblins aboard had been killed, more bolts struck metal this time. The last remaining passenger fell to the dirt as it was struck in the head, and the driver was hit a total of 3 times. The driver gagged, spat up blood, and fell to the dirt, unconscious, leaving the troop carrier to continue unmanned, crashing into a building and stopping there. It hissed and let out steam. The troop carrier could still be salvaged as he had hoped. SPANG! Sparks were shot up into the air and some of the cabins plating was bent, visibly bulging toward Blitukus. Blitukus pulled the reverser back, and turned the machine left to view whatever was attacking him. It was the ballista vehicle, firing large iron arrows at him. Steam sprayed out of it from several points, and a multiple goblin crew loaded another large iron arrow. They quickly launched the arrow. It flew towards Blitukus, and struck the bottom of the front side, punching through the plate and damaging the bronze struts and mechanisms below. The armored vehicle creaked and tilted slightly. Blitukus tried to force the reverser forward... but it wouldn't budge. He growled loudly and readied his cannon once more. As steam and magma built up, the goblins readied another arrow. Blitukus aimed carefully, and was first to fire. The magma struck the ballista, setting the wooden parts ablaze. The !!large arrow!! was released at the same time, flying through the air, soaring over Blitukus' machine, and landing behind it. The goblins, those that survived, immediately abandoned their flaming vehicle, and ran off into the town.

Blitukus found that although his reverser was jammed, he could still use the regulator and the engine still worked. He turned the machine to face into the town. The goblins, realizing they were now defenseless against the armored vehicle, chased as many humans as possible into an alley. They were regrouping. Blitukus readied the cannon once more, allowing the steam to build up to maximum power, aiming into the crowd of half-fleeing-half-attacking goblins. The goblins bottlenecked in the alley as they chased the villagers. Blitukus aimed the cannon low into the crowd. Several goblins started yelling and the group began to scatter. Blitukus fired, sending the magma lump flying through the air, full speed, splattering as it directly hit several goblins, the splattered bits, traveling at high speed, setting the surrounding goblins on fire. Blitukus began laughing, but his laughter quickly faded. He saw a goblin... a victim of his own fury... still standing after being engulfed in molten rock. Half of the goblins face was missing, revealing the skull beneath, the other half was char black, the eye and ear missing. The goblin was missing an arm, the bone exposed in the other arm. Much of the goblins innards were exposed and hanging out, the skin and muscle having been melted away from its body. Flames and smoke slowly rose from its already char black body. The disfigured entity, no longer in any resemblance to a goblin, stumbled forward two steps, its blackened internal organs hanging out, its charred brain exposed. It then fell to its knees, then slowly fell face first into the dirt, flame engulfing what once was a body, its heart turning into a shriveled cinder, its brain melting away. Blitukus felt deeply disgusted by the sight of this, and felt a gag reflex. Something was truly demonic about what had just occurred. He shut his eyes tightly, took in a deep breath, then sighed it out.

*This IS a new kind of war... where "conscription notification" is a euphemism for "ticket to hell, third class".*

He felt sadness rising within him, a form of sharp regret. He sighed again, but this feeling was cut short with the shouts, screams, and the sounds of bolts ricocheting and weapons clashing. He would keep fighting... if nothing else than to make sure this war was the last of its kind. He grunted as he heard his hatch being opened. He looked up and stood. The hatch opened and a goblin crossbowman hopped down into the cabin, finding itself unable to aim in such a cramped environment. It swung at Blitukus with its crossbow, but Blitukus caught it and wrestled with the goblin for possession of the crossbow. He clung to the weapon and kicked the goblin in the gut until the goblin was forced to release the crossbow. The goblin fell over, and looked rather sick. Blitukus fired the goblins crossbow into the goblins head at point blank range, killing it right away. Blitukus took up the goblins crossbow, and ratcheted it back, loading one of the dead goblins iron bolts into it. He heard another goblin troop climbing up onto his vehicle. Crossbow in hand, he pulled himself up... just to see the goblin swinging its crossbow down. It clubbed Blitukus in the side of the head with its crossbow, knocking him to the side. The goblin then bashed him in the head, a dull "crack" being heard. Blitukus let himself fall back into the cabin, and found himself semi-conscious... but still wielding a crossbow. As the goblin hopped down into the cabin, Blitukus loosed his bolt, the bolt striking the nearby goblin in the neck. The goblin yelled, fired into the metal plating, then crouched down, rapidly bleeding to death. When the goblin had bled out, it slumped over, face in a pool of its own blood. Blitukus felt his nose bleeding, and the side of his skull was causing him a lot of pain. He had been hit hard, but he was still at least half-conscious.

Blitukus grunted and sat up, proceeding to place the ammo and food up higher as the blood of the dead goblin pooled all around the cabin. He slowly pulled himself to his feet, another goblin climbing up onto his vehicle. He had been swarmed, and was now defenseless against his attackers. He felt a sense of dread. This was not the end he had picked for himself. The goblin pointed its crossbow through the hatch, aiming at Blitukus. Several bolts whizzed overhead. The goblin yelled loudly as multiple bolts sank into it, causing it to drop its crossbow and roll off of Blitukus' vehicle. Blitukus had recovered most of his consciousness, and stood up fully, pulling himself up to the hatch, and looking out. There was a steam vehicle approaching, but not of dwarven or goblin design. It was armored in wood, and sported two crude automatic crossbows, fed by belt rather than clip. It bore the flag of this human civilization. Despite a rather massive headache, Blitukus managed to smile. The humans had adopted his technology. A human army stormed in behind the human vehicle, a squad of marksmen advancing in front of a squad of 6 heavy infantry, which wielded and operated belt-fed automatic crossbows in groups of 3 per weapon, for a total of 2 weapons. Each one of these crossbows was larger, slower and less powerful than Blitukus' original version, as the mechanisms weren't created with such masterful skill and also they required conventional boilers to be wheeled along to supply them with steam as humans hadn't been able to get steel, but they still did the job, and did it at an astonishing rate. The human troops advanced, quickly mowing down the remains of the goblin troops. He, and what was left of the town, had been saved. He slowly exited the cabin, and lowered himself from the top of the tank, still feeling intense pain from his head. He stood there, and the human vehicle slowed to a stop before him. The hatch of the human vehicle opened, and a visibly highly ranked human climbed out. Likely a general, the human wore light iron goggles with crystal glass lenses, had a prominent mustache, and was wearing thick clothing, his clothes adorned with awards from a prolonged service. The general looked at Blitukus in disbelief, and raised his goggles to his forehead. Then, the general stepped down, and approached Blitukus. The general spoke, "It's really you? Blitukus Siegedriven?" Blitukus, standing in front of his armored vehicle, wearing his bronze goggles with green glass lenses, nodded. Blitukus still felt the pain of whatever injuries his head had been subjected to. He couldn't pinpoint the sources of the pain. The general approached, and held out his hand, speaking, "I'm Ori Axebane. It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Siegedriven." Blitukus smiled and shook hands with him, although one could tell Ori was looking at the damaged right side of Blitukus' head. He remembered what his mother said of him... late in his mothers campaign against evils around the world, in the year 1057 to early 1059, a young officer Axebane fought bravely under her northern allies command... and now here he was, 23 years later, general of the northern civilizations army. Ori continued, "We all thought you had died 3 years ago... I never thought I would get a chance to meet you!" Blitukus replied, "I nearly was killed. I escaped to..." Blitukus felt the pain in his head preventing him from speaking further. His jaw had been damaged it seemed. Blitukus touched the right side of his head, and pain shot through it as he touched it. Maybe he had been hit harder than he originally thought. Ori replied, "... yeah, I will await your return from the regions border then?" Blitukus replied, "No, I... I am ok, we must repair and mobilize as... as soon as possible." Ori asked, "You say you're ok?... er, well I don't think you would've said that if you had looked in a mirror." Blitukus responded, "We must continue." Ori looked at Blitukus, and held back laughter. Ori commented, "You remind me of your mother." Blitukus smiled, deeply honored by that. Ori



continued, "I'll take care of repairs, go and get healed. You won't be missing out on much." Blitukus felt the right side of his head again. Some of the bone was slightly disfigured, and his slightly deformed eye socket was putting pressure on his right eye. He had been hit harder than he had originally thought. Such are the effects of metal hitting flesh. Now, his face was slightly numb. Blitukus nodded, replying, "Ok, but please be swift, comrade." Ori nodded back. As Blitukus walked away, he looked back and saw the humans salvaging the goblin troop carrier. Ori yelled, "Mechanics! Over here ASAP, and bring the big toolkit, not the little one!" A few seconds later, Ori announced, "Our new ally has turned out to be Blitukus Siegedriven!" A few seconds of near silence passed. Then, Ori could be heard again, "No, I'm not kidding!" The human troops talked among themselves for a few moments, then cheered excitedly. A force had been united against the criminal dwarves. Maybe, if luck was still a loyal ally, there really was a real chance to take down the super-weapon after all.

[ November 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **November 10, 2007, 12:28:00 pm**

Awesome!! My turn to hand you your award Alan!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 10, 2007, 12:36:00 pm**

\*accepts\*

Thanks :)

Interesting take on the first post idea, and I'm honored to have it happen with one of my own stories :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 10, 2007, 01:10:00 pm**

BEYOND QUALITY!  
Please tell me you plan on makeing more DF storys, and if so, will they be in the Seigedriven universe?.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 10, 2007, 01:49:00 pm**

Thanks :)

I already have plans for many more stories in mind. Some will be in the Siegedriven universe, some will be in their own since they require a timeline that doesn't fit. I have ideas for stories across many different genres, and I'm thinking of trying my hand at several different genres, from magic/fantasy to futuretech/scifi and anything in between (it'll be good practice for my modding skills too :P). Of course, these are all just ideas at the moment.

[ November 10, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bluefire** on **November 10, 2007, 02:34:00 pm**

Of course a person can be chaotic and good at the same time. You people should play mre D&D. Ever heard about Robinhood? He's a good example of a chaos-good guy.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 10, 2007, 02:36:00 pm**

Not one parade. Two. AT LEAST.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 10, 2007, 03:07:00 pm**

Thanks :p

I forgot what game it was but I saw a game that essentially has a chaos/order and good/evil system thats almost the exact same as what I'm using.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 10, 2007, 03:57:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!

That being said, is it intentional that although Blitikus is a splendid inventor and engineer, he is quite an bad tactician and while being physically fit neither a very good fighter, he do things like running out in armed whit a crossbow and a single bolt font of people that just destroyed his flying machine and almost killed him, or using his limited ammo crossbow when the canon would have been mutsh more effective, or leaving the hatch of his tank open when goblins slowly pore in.

He also makes major mistakes in his military designs, like not realizing to use spray mode in the tank (just open all the vents at the same time and leave them so), or not making the tank liquid-tight\*, letting dangerous fluids in, and many more, tis might not be a flaw, maybe its needed for making the story balanced or maybe Blitikus's contraptions simply can't be successfully violent (and therefor corrupt) in nature.

Another ting I have noted is that never once is Blitikus's father mentioned, DF long distance pregnancy?

\*Another, to late, suggestion, if he makes the tank really pressure watertight, you could have an awesome scene whit him driving on the bottom of some water (river or sea along the coast), stealthily and invisible, then suddenly right up into some unsuspecting settlement, if the dwarfs have an underground river this would be even more awesome, and a way to avoid their ubertrapped main entrance, also, you would get very good environmental descriptions and philosophical pondering due to stalagmites, crystals and other beautiful geology, maybe Blitikus thinks up an industrial use of the crystals, discovers environmentalism, and feels bad, (can, but need not to include elves in the pondering)

Making it withstand the pressure of the deep sea is probably unrealistic, but maybe 5-10 meters?

Beyond Quality once again! ;)

Was going to say something more but forgot what. :mad:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 10, 2007, 04:07:00 pm**



Thanks :P

Well, he wasn't born a fighter, although there are some circumstances behind that. Some of the time he's using a standard crossbow which only holds one bolt at a time, since the automatic one isn't exactly conveniently portable. Sometimes a cannon can't be aimed fast enough to hit a quick target, especially since it doesn't have a rotating turret. The hatch ended up staying open because gobbos came too fast for him to close it again, and there is a definite reason not to make the cabin airtight. You can't mount a weapon half inside half outside without a port, and if it was airtight, he'd run out of air rather quickly. As far as the flying machine part, if you remember, although he did attack alone, he made heavy use of cover. He's intended to be a decent fighter, not uber1337 but decent.

Edit: His father isn't mentioned because I never really put any thought into his father. I kind of assumed it wasn't a very long term relationship, seeing as in DF people don't care if you run around naked, it doesn't seem like the kind of society that places extreme emphasis on marriage.

Edit II: Almost forgot to mention, but I thought about spray mode and found that due to the way steam has to build up, spray mode would be generally ineffective against anything that wasn't already about to get run over anyway.

Edit III: I might as well conclude that If he seems like a bad tactician and/or fighter, then its either because I didn't make the situation clear or an effect of me not being a good fighter myself (hard to write the details of something you don't know much about).

[ November 10, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 10, 2007, 06:04:00 pm**

What exactly do you want you parades to include? We generally find that even nobility does not exempt you from needing to reserve the marching band before hand.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 10, 2007, 06:21:00 pm**

I haven't even attended many parades. I have no clue what to say as a reply to be honest :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 10, 2007, 09:32:00 pm**

Just keep waveing Alan..., just keep waveing.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 12:12:00 am**

Yeah, I think Armok has a good point... I need to focus more on tactics.

I was getting kind of nervous that the tech involved in the dwarven super-weapon would be going too far, but I've already put out hints as to what it'll be (it's based on a super-weapon in another piece of steampunk art, actually), and nobody has complained, so I'm assuming that means it won't be a big deal. If it turns out to be one though, then this is probably the only time when I'd go back and edit. Still shouldn't be a problem though.

Anyway, now to continue...  
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Blitukus sped up, jogging towards the edge of the region. Luckily, the regions edge was only slightly outside of the town going east or west. They had actually managed to damage his armored vehicle... it wasn't so impervious to attack after all. He would face much stronger resistance at the dwarven stronghold, so he couldn't afford to charge in full of rage as he did toward the goblins. He had to calculate his every move, otherwise even small bits of damage could add up over time to ruin his machine. He stopped as he reached the regions edge. He heard a popping, and a stinging pain as the bone in his face shifted to its original position. Then, all the pain died away as the bone and flesh mended to its original state. He rubbed the right side of his head, and noticed it was back to normal. He smiled, but remembered what Dracha had said. Magic was a fading force, and some day, the regions border would no longer offer healing. He was definitely glad to still have it available, otherwise he wouldn't have made it this far. He turned around, and jogged back to the town. He realized... the super-weapon would pierce right through his armor, whatever it was. The dwarven super-weapon left fried bodies, melted metal, melted stone in its wake. It was a weapon that was based on the very same energy that Blitukus sought to harness... an energy that metal machines in particular is very vulnerable to. Blitukus couldn't afford to fall under fire from the weapon directly, as it had burned holes through stone... it would likely just as easily burn holes through his machines armor, and leave him as a charred corpse within. He would have to temper his rage, and fight carefully. Good thing his new friend was a general.

He marched back into town, and walked up to his armored vehicle. The front had been lifted from the ground by several extendable supports of some kind. Other than that, nothing had been done. Around, human troops were straightening their blades, cleaning and checking their crossbows, inspecting the components of their automatic versions, and in general performing basic upkeep on their equipment. A human, dressed in red clothes and holding a tool kit, seemed to be admiring Blitukus' armored vehicle. Blitukus walked up to him, and spoke, "Greetings!" The human turned around and seemed to be pleasantly surprised to see Blitukus there. She spoke, "It's really you!" He offered a handshake, and she eagerly accepted. She spoke, "You're one of my personal heroes, you know." Blitukus laughed happily, "Thank you!" He was flattered by her admiration. She was obviously a mechanic, not only visible due to the toolbox, but also due to the red tag on her clothes, an international designation for mechanics, much like a guild designation. She began to spoke, but Ori shouted from a rooftop, "Mechanics! Focus and finish up quickly, I want that broken valve fixed 5 minutes ago!" The human mechanic grumbled slightly about the ill timed call to work, but spoke, "I have to go, may I have a chat with you over breakfast?" Blitukus smiled and nodded, "I would be happy to." There was shouting and the clanking of metal being moved. She looked around, then jogged away after finding the most critical task at hand. Blitukus thought for a moment. It might be breakfast to her, but it would be dinner to him. In fact, he was getting slightly hungry. He crouched down, and slid under the propped up front of his armored vehicle. He felt a bit nervous, seeing the immense weight of the metal held up above him by human-made extendable supports. Each tread had 3 of these supports under the front, so if one failed, he would have time to move from under the vehicle. Luckily, a toolbox had been set under the vehicle as well. He had found good allies, they provided enough help to make accomplishing certain tasks much more efficient, without being intrusive. The lower front armor plating was bent badly, two struts had severely bent, and the front axle was slightly bent. The reverser had been knocked out of its proper meshing and had jammed. He fished out a hammer from the toolbox, and pounded the axle straight once again. Then, he used the handle to leverage the gears of the reverser, and with a loud pop, they jumped back into place. He saw that he had been in such a hurry to meet his new ally that he had left the boiler pressurized. He slid out from under the vehicle, climbed in the top, shut off the generators, opened the pressure release valves, climbed out, then slid back under the machine. He reached behind the center of the vehicle, and detached a generator from the boiler. He tweaked the generator, allowing its upper loop to function solely as a magma loop. Despite the motion caused by the circulating magma, Blitukus held it against the damaged armor plating, waited for the plating to glow with heat, then pounded it as straight as he could reasonably get it. He repeated this for the rest of the dented armor plates. Blitukus searched the toolbox, and found one extra extendable support. He wedged the device between the left tread and the armor plating above it, then extended it, slowly causing the plating to rise. He continued extending it until the broken struts lined up once again. He then used the heat of the magma loop to weld the broken ends of the struts together, mending them. He shut down the loop, reattached it, then slid back out from under the machine, and after the weld had cooled, retracted the support, placing it on the ground. The plating retained its raised position. He smiled... for a second. He had fixed the damage, it was damage mostly absorbed by the armor, the internals within suffering only mild damage. But still... it was damage, physical proof that his machine was not invulnerable. He collected the tools he had used, placed them back in the toolbox, then opened the valves on the extendable supports holding the front of his armored vehicle up, allowing them to retract. When they had retracted, Blitukus removed the supports from under the front of the armored vehicle. He carried the extendable supports and tools back to the supply wagon, waiting in line to return them. The line moved swiftly and efficiently, Blitukus exchanging smiles with the person in front of him after said person double took after spotting Blitukus. Many of the mechanics had finished up repairs, and were returning their tools as well. Several others were waiting idly for the tools to get sorted out. When Blitukus had returned the tools, he walked back to his armored vehicle, climbed into the cabin, then shut the hatch

above him. He sat there and waited for the rest of the troops to finish readying themselves. During this time, the villagers came out of hiding, and entered their town once again. In a multitude of ways, they thanked the all of those who defended them, including Blitukus. Blitukus smiled and accepted the thanks. They may not be citizens of Anthath Siset, but they were honest citizens, and that entitled them to the right to live, regardless of nationality. Blitukus considered it part of his duty to protect those in need from vile criminals. His smile faded, and he sighed. Still, this war was in and of itself vile enough to corrupt even the most honest deeds.

Ori announced the call to move. Blitukus powered up his generators. Ori climbed into his vehicle, and the troops attached the supply wagon to the rear of the steam driven vehicle. Many of the troops crowded together, sitting down in the back of the wagon, sitting on the top of the wooden-armored vehicle. All supplies, weapons and munitions were loaded into the wagon too, the boilers of the human-made automatic crossbows taking up a lot of room. Many of the troops were left clinging to the side of the wagon. Blitukus opened the hatch and stood, whistling then shouting out, "I have room for 6 more!" There were exactly 6 troops clinging to the side of the wagon. Those 6 jumped off, jogged up to Blitukus' armored vehicle, then took a seat on the front and rear armor plating, thanking Blitukus. Blitukus responded, "No problem at all." Then, he sat back down, and shut the hatch above him. He had noticed that unlike himself, Ori was a very structured and orderly person, although such traits are rather common among the military. Ori's vehicle let loose a puff of soot, then chugged forward. Blitukus pressed his reverser forward, and followed. The equipment performed as intended once again. They followed the road south, passing through another village. At the third village they came across, the road ended. They continued through the grassland along the river. Many of the humans took this opportunity to sleep, but Ori continued driving his vehicle tirelessly. Blitukus pondered the idea of Ori being one of the rare nocturnal humans. Several hours of night-time travel passed, following the tracks of the goblin vehicles back toward the mountains by the moonlight, and Blitukus pondered his strategy... but found that without prior knowledge of details such as terrain, he would have to improvise nearly all of it. The very act of plotting and calculating his strategy made him feel as cold hearted as he had thought his foes to be, but he would not let it leave any permanent effects on him. He would make sure to the best of his ability that this battle would be the last battle fought in this type of warfare. Dawn was approaching on the horizon. They followed the river through a long canyon, and emerged on the other side realizing that they had entered one of the most secluded regions of the world. Far back, near the horizon, a large reservoir of water slowly spilled over, creating an enormous waterfall as it fueled the rivers in this secluded area. One of the rivers was blocking the path. On the other side was a drawbridge attached to a lever, and the tracks crossed over the now retracted drawbridge. Ori stopped at the river, and Blitukus pulled up along side of his vehicle, stopping as well. Blitukus opened his hatch, and stood. Ori did the same. He vaguely remembered the orb of direction pointing to the front of the mountain range. They were very close, and even though his true objective didn't lie within this battle, he expected the orb had indicated his next objective to be within the dwarven fortress. He needed answers to the secrets of controlling raw energy, and he felt he would find the answer within, or at least near, the super-weapon. Ori asked, "Are you an Expert Swimmer at least?" Blitukus looked at the rushing water of the river, and replied, "No, and nor is my vehicle amphibious!" Ori spoke, "Neither I or anyone under me can swim in such a current, Blitukus!... If you can think of a way to use anything in the cart to flip the lever without tipping the dwarves off to our location, go for it! You know that cannon of yours better than any of us do." Blitukus nodded, and hopped down from his machine. He walked over to the back of the wagon, and inspected the inventory of it. Swords, maces, crossbows, boilers, gears, bolts, small lever with a clip on the end, a hook on a rope... A hook on a rope! Blitukus smiled, having immediately had an idea. He took the large hook and the long rope that was attached to it, and brought it back to his armored vehicle. He climbed up the front, and attached the rope to the front of the barrel of the cannon, stuffing the rest down the barrel. Then, he climbed into his cabin, and charged the steam chamber of the cannon, leaving the magma chamber empty. He didn't charge it all the way, instead, he turned to face the lever and aimed the cannon as high as it would go in order to use as little steam as possible. A large puff of steam might attract unwanted attention. He fired the cannon, and the steam forced the rope and hook out of the barrel. The hook flew through the air, trailing the rope behind it. The hook traveled a short distance, then landed in the river with a splash. Blitukus stood. Ori looked at the river, then looked at Blitukus. Blitukus shrugged. The cannon was never designed to fire such a projectile. Blitukus stepped out to the front armor, and reeled in the hook by pulling in the rope. When he had retrieved the hook, he loaded it back in again, and readied to fire once more. This time he used much more steam. He fired, and the hook shot out at a higher speed than before. This time it reached the end of its rope and recoiled back slightly, falling on land on the other side of the river. Blitukus slowly backed his machine up, stopping to change course occasionally. The hook was dragged along the ground toward the shore. Eventually, the hook caught the lever on the other side of the river, and the rope became a bit more taut. The lever clicked as the hook pulled it, causing the bridge to extend. Blitukus moved forward and back, finding the hook had become stuck on the lever. He tried to free the hook, and turned. The rope became very taut. The lever broke. Blitukus stood, and hopped onto the front of his machine again, reeling the hook in. It wasn't his lever, and he realized... he had just inadvertently guaranteed that nobody would sabotage the bridge to seal them in. A fortunate mistake. He reeled the hook in, and detached it from the front of his barrel. Then, he placed it back into the back of the wagon. He then proceeded back to his machine and entered the cabin once more, shutting the hatch above him. Ori nodded, and did the same. They continued over the bridge. Blitukus indicated to continue to the left, rather than forward. The orb of direction had indicated near the front of this mountain range, not a location sunk deep within it. They passed through an area more and more densely wooded, slowing them down. The sun was rising, and they were losing the cover of darkness. Many of the humans finished their sleep, those who weren't already interrupted by the river crossing. They passed through haunted forests. The sight of sickly animals, with the occasional skeletal and zombie animal, further added toward Blitukus' disgust with the war. The trees and terrain were darkened by soot, and the stench of spent coal drifted through the air. They were very close. Dawn had given way to a blue sky as the sun rose further. They came across a valley, an artificial valley carved into the mountain. Slowly, Ori and Blitukus ventured into this valley. On the other side of the valley, behind a patch of black, chemical scorched terrain lay smoothed walls, towering into the sky. These walls contained massive fortifications, siege machines resting on towers above. One would think such a militarily oriented facility would have a small, bottlenecking entrance... the entrance was truly enormous, as if something far larger than even a dragon were meant to travel through the corridors behind it.

Behind the towering fortifications, smokestacks towered into the sky. Black smoke poured out of the smokestacks, corrupting the surrounding terrain and tainting the clouds above. The entire stronghold radiated an aura of corruption, an aura that one would say could have been the force that haunted the forests, the harsh chemicals, whatever was being ejected, causing the animals to become sick, to become zombies and skeletons powered by evil and corruption. Blitukus felt their sensed the intent of such a place. These dwarves had also advanced beyond the age of iron into a new era of industry, but unlike Blitukus, who wished to use the benefits of technology to bring wonders to the world, to build wonders, to build utopia... he sensed the dwarves within wanted nothing more than to exploit the world, to gain as much wealth and power as possible, leaving spent, scorched terrain in their wake. It was the ideal perversion of everything Blitukus stood for. He found himself sickened deeply by it. He saw that he had been dragged down the path of technologically enhanced corruption, to fight on their hellish terms. He growled, his fury renewed. His first impulse was to jam the regulator forward and charge in at full speed... but he restrained himself, and took a deep breath.

*So I've crossed the bridge into hell... I'll fight the demon on his own hellish terms, and I'll win... or at least make one heck of an effort trying.*

Ori slowed to a stop, then stood after opening his hatch. Blitukus did the same. Ori spoke, "They've built us a bottleneck here. Let's use it against them. We can draw them out and fire in from the exit." Blitukus responded, "Perhaps your forces should station on top of the hills of the valley here, where you could rain fire down upon those crossing below with impunity." Ori responded, "That'll probably just make them call in the heavy weapons first. We need to get their attention from ground level first otherwise they'll all see us and come at the same time!" Blitukus replied, "Yes, *one* of us has to draw them from ground level." Ori hesitated for a moment, and asked, "Are you telling me to sacrifice one of my troops? I'd like to at least think that these people aren't expendable!" Blitukus replied, "I have the heaviest armor of anyone here. I'll draw them." Ori replied, "Are you sure?" Blitukus nodded. Ori spoke, "Ok, then... Squads 1 and 2 on top of the left hill, 3 and 4 on the right, keep low! Heavy 1 and 2, cover the exit... he's going to have a LOT of heat on his tail! It's your job to pick them off. I'll be over the left, any sharpshooters who need a vantage point can follow me!" Ori turned his vehicle around, and drove back, turning to climb up the hill. The troops got into position, and they hid behind the hills, unseen to the fortress. Blitukus drove forward through the valley, out into the open.

*As an old human classmate of mine once said... Whazaaap?*

A goblin scout, stationed on a tower, spotted Blitukus' armored vehicle, peering through a handheld telescope. The goblin was standing next to a goblin crossbowman who was supposed to be the sharpshooter on duty, but was asleep. The scout pushed the sharpshooter, then went back to watching the armored vehicle through his telescope. The scout then kicked the sharpshooter, yelling, "WAKE UP! Moron..." The sharpshooter stood, then smacked the scout with his crossbow. The telescope was sent flying, shattering as it hit the ground. The scout and sharpshooter then engaged each other in a fist fight, obscenities flying about to and fro. A scout standing in a different tower was watching the two fighting goblins with his telescope, laughing, "Idiots!..." The sharpshooter on said different tower pointed toward Blitukus' armored vehicle, and asked, "One of ours?" The scout turned, and looked at the armored vehicle, zooming in. He spoke, "No." He zoomed in further. He continued, "... hey what the hell? I thought we were the only ones who had magma cannons." The sharpshooter snatched the telescope away speaking, "Give me that!" The crossbowman observed the armored vehicle, continuing, "Sh\*t... Should we tell the artillery?" The scout replied, "Normally... yeah, but look, there's only ONE of them! Let's swarm him, tear him out of his cabin, and torture him to death! That way we get to keep his vehicle too." The crossbowman laughed in agreement, then they laughed together.

Blitukus was driving in a square pattern in front of the valley, whistling and intermittently growling.

*Where the hell are these guys?*

As if on cue, Blitukus heard the shouting of goblins rushing toward him. He turned to face them. They were forming a line, their front pushing along several wheeled tall iron shields that would at least partially absorb the impact of any magma projectile, and presented a solid wall against crossbow fire. He might be able to do away with some of them with a shot from his cannon... but at the expense of several more opportunities to fire. If he stayed to fire at them, he would be overrun, and then he would be defenseless against intruders into his cabin. He turned and fled from the goblins, driving down the valley toward the exit. The goblins chased him through the valley, but as the goblins poured into the mouth of the valley, Oris vehicle, several human crossbowmen standing on top of it, emerged from behind the hill. Several more crossbowmen emerged standing atop the hill. They let loose volley after volley of bolts into the crowd of bottlenecked goblins. The goblin sharpshooter yelled to the goblin scout, "YOU MORON! You said there was only ONE!!" Many goblins were picked off, and the crowds that remained began scrambling up the hillsides in an attempt to reach a position to fire at the humans. Each group of humans on each hill covered the opposite hill, picking off the goblins that were climbing up. Blitukus began to ready his cannon. Several of the iron shields were abandoned, but still two were manned, and a crowd of goblins still rushed toward Blitukus as he exited the other end of the valley. The heavy human infantry, with their two automatic crossbows, fired into the goblins pursuing Blitukus from behind. One of the remaining two shields was abandoned as those pushing it were shot dead. Blitukus then jammed the reverser back, skidded to a stop, spinning the machine around to face the goblins. His cannon was aimed low. He fired into the approaching goblins. It struck the iron shield, knocking it over. None of the goblins were killed by the magma, but now the goblins were without cover and further under fire from the human heavy infantry. Blitukus jammed the reverser forward, and moved the regulator forward fully. The goblins darted out of the way of the armored vehicle as Blitukus drove it into the crowd, but the goblins still tried to hop onto the vehicle. Several goblins were run over, one goblin trying to jump onto the front of the vehicle, and falling short, dying beneath the treads, another jumping and landing on the treads, thrown away by the motion of the treads. A third goblin jumped and clung to the side plating of the vehicle, dragging himself onto it. Blitukus stood and at the same time set his cannon to pressurize once more. The goblin unlatched the hatch, but just as he was about to open it, Blitukus slammed the hatch open, knocking the goblin off of the machine. Then, Blitukus shut the hatch and sat back down. Ahead lay a hail of bolts flying between goblins and humans about the hills, the humans having a hefty advantage due to terrain. The goblins behind him rapidly dwindled as the heavy infantry turned them into a bloody pile of corpses. Blitukus noticed goblins about to break through to the human crossbowman on the right hill. He stopped, and turned the vehicle to face the hill. He aimed, and fired a shot that grazed the very top of the upward slope, spreading magma about. The magma flowed down the hillside, setting some goblins alight, and forcing the rest to retreat down the hillside as human crossbowmen on the opposite hill fired at them. He readied his cannon once more, and fired a grazing shot across the top of the inner slope of the opposite hill. The same happened, and now magma was flowing down toward the bottom of the valley, human crossbowmen pelting away at the goblins as the goblins found themselves trapped by molten rock on both sides. Some of the goblins abandoned trying to get at the humans, but between the human sharpshooters, the human heavy infantry, and one more shot from Blitukus' cannon... they didn't make it very far. Flaming bodies of goblins rolled down the hill, and those who stubbornly tried to attack the humans found themselves trapped in a shrinking ring of flame as bolts rained down upon them.

*So demons also have fun when they lose?*

Blitukus sighed. He looked into the distance. Several siege engines and magma cannons were being readied among the fortifications. He saw small specks... the reflection of flame off of goggles... many, many goggles, in the distance, in the dark, within the fortresses inner tower. The eyes behind these goggles peered into the battle, their cold stares expressing little emotion at all. An iron wall rose, driven by steam, sealing them off from view. Blitukus realized... the reason the dwarves had enlisted the goblins as their fighting force was because they lacked a fighting force. The dwarves in this fortress weren't the cruel and brutal criminals he had expected them to be, they were members of the dwarven intellectual elite, masterminds of some kind of plot that spanned the entire world it seemed. A fortress of scores of elite scientists and engineers, working with heavy industry at their backs, had developed and assembled the super-weapon while they hired pawns to do their dirty work around the world. The entrance... it really was that big for a reason. A sense of dread overcame Blitukus. Whatever his comrades had seen the second before they were all fried by energy, was something truly never seen before in this world. Blitukus drew in a deep breath, and let it out slowly. He knew that on that day, he would see what the citizens of Anthath Siset had seen... he just hoped it wouldn't constitute the last second of his existence as it had theirs.

And yes, if memory serves me that is a blatant rip off of the famous false retreat strategy.

[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 11, 2007, 01:43:00 am**

Well it wouldn't be famous if it didn't work, now would it?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 10:42:00 am**

Yeah, Napoleon was a bit of a pr\*ck at times but he had some of the best strategies in history. Definitely a good reference for a person like me who's not really a strategist. :p

[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 11, 2007, 12:51:00 pm**

\*Teleports in front of the small human army\*  
And let those know on this dark day...we stood and fought!...and by we i mean you guys.Good luck!. \*Runs away cowardly from the giant metal monstrosity rapidly approaching on the humans and one kobold.\*  
Yeah, i alwaaaaaays liked ya Blitukus, but aint no way im sticking around with that there!.  
Beyond Quality.

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 02:08:00 pm**

Thanks :p

I also enjoy reading the rp... hmm, I'm probably going to change my title when this is done.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 11, 2007, 03:28:00 pm**

This is a Generic Beyond Quality Award, mencing whit spikes of envy.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 03:48:00 pm**

Thanks :p

Although it wasn't my intention to make people envy me.

Edit: Hmm... the first kobolds quest thread is getting close to being purged. Good thing I have the entire thing save to disk.



[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 11, 2007, 04:08:00 pm**

You could sell copys of the story on ebay. :P  
Anyhow, what do you mean by purged?.As in geting deleted?.And if so...  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOooooOOOoOOOOooOOooo-\*Cough\*OOOooOoooOOOooOOOOO-\*Hack\*oooooo-\*Cough Hack  
Wheeze\*OOoooOOOOooOO!!!.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 04:16:00 pm**

Look at the adventure mode threads, it's on page 3, nearing the cut-off point. When threads fall below that, I assume they get sent to oblivion. Likely it's to keep disk space usage low for the server.

It's not a big deal though. I have a text file of the entire story (303 kb of nothin' but text! I must've wrote a lot...). I can just repost all of the story when the thread falls overboard. In fact, the reason I copied it to a file in the first place was to have a back-up in case something happened to the thread.

[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 11, 2007, 04:43:00 pm**

Like i said.Sell it on ebayz=no need for job=more storys :P.  
I keed, i keed.I hope there will be one more update today.Then again fighting a video game adiction might hinder it...do you play video games?. :D

[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 04:54:00 pm**

I play video games but I'm not an addict. I always try to at least do one update a day and I've already done the other stuff I wanted to do today so I should have one today.

My hobby used to be modding videogames... in fact right now I'm modding the new version of DF.

[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 11, 2007, 04:58:00 pm**

Yeah and im sure the other writers feel the same way. -\_-  
LIVE FOR THE MOMENT MAN!!!.  
\*Runs off to bye a PS3 just for the heck of it.\*  
Any how thats cool.I think i might just sit around waiting for the update.  
\*Stares off into space\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 05:01:00 pm**

It'll be a while, they take a while to write and I generally start some time after dinner (I've made it my planned schedule in order to fit it in around school)... although if I get frustrated with this mod I might start sooner. :p

[ November 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Razzums** on **November 11, 2007, 06:38:00 pm**

How do you start out with just one person? It would be fun to just have 1 dwarf on a lone adventure :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 06:44:00 pm**

You could use adjuststart.exe, but whenever I use it it breaks things. I made a hidden, superheated chamber, then teleported the other 6 into it, where they were promptly vaporized. Those 6 were nothing but 1s and 0s to me... Blitukus, on the other hand... initially, I just picked him because I liked the name. Of course, the name isn't as important as the character it describes.

In the new version, there isn't the proper tools to do this yet, you at least need tileinfo.exe. What I do for the new version is heal.exe - hurt the units that I don't want around.

Anyway, I might as well get started on that update.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 11, 2007, 10:27:00 pm**

Yeah, this is the part where I'm not sure if the super-weapon will be called on as going too far or not. Well, I put up a description of the aftermath of what it does and nobody has complained, so I'm gunna go ahead with it.

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The goblins were shot dead, their bodies reduced to cinders by magma and flame. Blitukus let his armored vehicle slow to a stop as the magma pooled in the bottom of the valley, boiling away the goblin blood. As Blitukus waited for the magma to spread out, he pulled up to the back of the hill, and stood after opening his hatch. Ori drove to the edge of the hill, and did the same. Ori spoke, "Great defense but it's got us stuck here! I can't drive through magma, my vehicle's plated with wood!" Blitukus asked, "Is your vehicle lighter than mine?" Ori responded, "Looks like it, quite a bit." Blitukus sat back down and carefully maneuvered up the back of the hill, pulling up next to Oris vehicle. Human sharpshooters were sitting idly on the wooden plate. Blitukus stood once more, and spoke, "I have an idea, someone tie one end of a rope to my front plating, and the other end to his rear plating. Make sure you tie it on metal!" The sharpshooters looked at Ori, Ori nodded, and then the sharpshooters got up and tied a thick, heavy rope between the two vehicles. Ori asked, "Are you going to do what I think you are? I sure hope you have a big engine for this." Blitukus nodded, "It will suffice." Ori spoke, "Ok, that machine had better be as strong as it looks then." Ori sat and closed his hatch, and Blitukus did the same. Ori drove forward toward the front of the hill, facing the fortress, and Blitukus followed behind, the rope dangling between them. Ori slowly drove over the edge. The front of his machine plummeted down to line up with the steep slope, the rear of his machine raising up, revealing the bottom of his machine.



Blitukus pulled back on the reverseras Oris machine slid down the slope. The rope became taut and Blitukus' machine was jerked forward. Blitukus' treads slowly turned in reverse, but his machine slowly inched forward, a small pile of soil building up in front of his treads. Blitukus carefully lowered Ori down the side of the hill. Luckily, they were out of range of the artillery and sharpshooters that had readied and were waiting for them to draw closer. Blitukus had nearly let Ori down the entire length of the slope when his treads slipped, sending his vehicle sliding forward, bits of dirt sent flying in front of it. Immediately after, the rope, frayed from rubbing against the terrain, broke. SMACK! Blitukus drove up to the edge of the hill, and turned. He opened the hatch and stood, and looked down the slope. One of the wooden planks on the front of Oris vehicle had broken, but other than that it wasn't damaged at all. Ori drove out from the slope, then opened his hatch and stood. Ori spoke, "Well that turned out better than I thought it would! Troops, grab all you can carry out of the wagon and slide down!" The troops gathered around the wagon, refilled all of their supplies and took extra when they could, and proceeded to the edge of the hill, sliding down the steep slope. Blitukus sat, closed the hatch, then turned and drove back down the front of the hill. Nobody was there to help him down the slope of the back of the hill, but luckily the magma had spread.

He drove over the thinly spread substance. His treads were plated with steel, and the bronze inner workings were held up off of the ground, so this didn't damage his machine. He made haste though, as he noticed the mechanism temperature increasing rapidly. If it were to rise above 212 degrees, the water within the generators would begin to boil. If it were to ever exceed 240 degrees, it was nearly guaranteed that the water would boil at a high enough rate to cause the generators to fail, stranding Blitukus over the magma. He made it through, his treads tracking magma a short distance from the valleys exit. The mechanism temperature read 201 degrees. Hot, but not quite too hot, luckily. The temperature reading once again fell. Blitukus pulled up next to ori, they opened their hatches and stood, the troops gathered around. Ori spoke, "Looks like they've got cannons and troops waiting for us over there. I need you to use that cannon of yours to take out the heavy weapons, I've got two machine crossbows to deal with infantry. I can't afford to send troops in with those cannons up there. We'll need to zigzag around, that way their cannons cant walk their aim to us. If we keep far to the left, then the cannons on the right won't be able to fire at us..." Blitukus sighed. More cold plotting, but it had to be done. Ori continued, "... are you ready?" Blitukus nodded, and sat back down, closing his hatch. Ori seated himself and sealed his machine as well, and they drove towards the fortress, straddling the left wall of the canyon. They were out of the field of view of the canyons on the right, but were directly in the line of fire of the cannons on the left. Blitukus readied his cannon, letting the steam charge to the highest pressure. Puffs of smoke rose from the tower as two cannons fired simultaneously, two dark iron projectiles flying through the air. Blitukus slowed and Ori accelerated to a higher speed. The projectiles landed harmlessly between the two, the iron, heated to glowing heat, rupturing on impact, sending magma flying about, a steam-fueled explosion driving the magma. In fact... it looked remarkably similar to a much smaller version of his own magma bomb! At least one goblin had escaped when he had attacked with his flying machine... and that goblin must've remembered enough to describe Blitukus' technology to the dwarves. Blitukus growled faintly, and stopped completely, turning and aiming the cannon. Blitukus fired... but even at full power, his projectile fell short of the cannons, doing little to no damage on the fortress wall. The doors of the fortress began to open. Blitukus looked up at the cannons. He saw several dwarves wearing goggles standing at the edge of the fortress wall, watching him. In the middle of the dwarves stood a particular dwarf, clothed in visibly pricey blood-red clothes. This dwarfs goggles were made of dark iron, the lenses made of ruby. He was obviously their leader, and Blitukus sensed he emanated an aura of evil several multiples that of those around him. Blitukus growled at the dwarves and readied his cannon again. The dwarves walked back behind the walls. Soon after, a stream of black smoke begun to emanate from behind the walls. The fortress cannons fired again, this time falling behind both vehicles as they accelerated. Automatic crossbows, nested behind fortifications opened fire on Oris vehicle. Ori turned and returned fire, Blitukus stopping and aiming high. Blitukus fired, and the projectile arced high into the air, slowing down by a large amount as it neared the top of its path. The projectile then fell downward, landing on the ledge in front of the cannon. It was a technical miss, magma dripping down from the fortifications, but the magma also flowed towards the cannon from the ledge. As magma slowly crept under the cannon, the goblins manning it were forced to abandon it.

Another pillar of black smoke began to rise alongside the first from behind the walls. Blitukus turned, and drove at a diagonal. The doors had opened, and were resting on the ground now... drawbridges without a moat? Blitukus was driving towards the doors, Ori strafing the fortified defenses. Four goblins, each pair holding a large, cylindrical weapon, steam generators worn as backpacks, emerged. Blitukus fired into the halls, obliterating two of the goblins, and setting off some traps in the corridor. The other two goblins took aim at Blitukus' vehicle, and fired. With a puff of steam, a small shell was launched, exploding on impact with Blitukus' armor. Magma splashed onto the front of Blitukus' vehicle, the exploding projectile driving open one end of one of the armor plates. Blitukus quickly turned them into pincushions with his automatic crossbow. Then, he began readying his cannon once more. There were only two units of goblin heavy infantry behind the gate... why only two? It's as if the dwarves were looking for an excuse to open the gate for some reason. Blitukus turned and followed Ori, stopping to fire at the sharpshooting tower resting high above. The magma from his cannon struck the bottom of the tower, splashing up, bits of magma injuring goblins in an adjacent tower. A third pillar of black smoke rose from behind the walls, alongside of the other two. Blitukus readied his cannon again. The three pillars of smoke seemed to be moving toward the top of the front wall. Blitukus and Ori turned, moving away from the fortress along the right wall of the valley. Blitukus and Ori turned to make another attack on the fortress, accelerating away as the right two cannons fired at them, their shots falling behind Blitukus and Ori. A fourth pillar of black smoke rose, and the source of the smoke neared the wall. The source of the smoke seemed to radiate a sort of energetic aura. A small arc of energy, barely noticeable at a distance, shot over the wall and curved back, striking the front of the wall. A sense of deep dread descended upon Blitukus. Smokestacks appeared over the wall, then, the entire machine, moving very slowly, inched up to the edge of the wall, stopping there. Blitukus slowly drew in a breath, and found himself holding it. The machine was 50 feet on a side, and nearly 12 feet tall... larger than a merchants shop. The machine was visibly barely mobile, and had an odd, delicate construction. Large devices, each comparable in size to Blitukus' entire vehicle, had what looked like immense coils of silver wire with a rotating assembly of magnetite in the middle, divided into 3 sections, suspended within the body of the machine. The machine had 4 boilers driving 12 large steam engines that rotated 6 of these devices at a high rate. The rest of the machine seemed to consist of heavy dark iron, coated in another material. Attached to the machine was several shafts, a dense coil of wire around each shaft, each shaft capped with a silver sphere. A blue glow began to build below the machine, and arcs of blue energy occasionally shot out from the silver spheres, the coating on the iron preventing the arcs from striking the machines plating.

The dwarven leader stood near, but not too near, the machine. Blitukus growled, and stopped, turning to face what was likely the super-weapon. The blue glow continued to build beneath the super-weapon. Blitukus aimed at the dwarven leader. The dwarven leader looked at Blitukus' armored vehicle. Blitukus fired, the projectile on a path that would take it right to where the dwarven leader was standing. The dwarven leader saw the projectile... and didn't move. As the projectile approached, a large arc of energy shot out from multiple silver spheres, striking the lump of magma with a loud crackling sound. The blue glow beneath the weapon dimmed noticeably as the magma projectile was dispersed by the raw energy, bits of magma raining down, none of it striking the dwarven leader. The blue glow began to intensify again. Blitukus found himself at a loss of what to do for a moment. He looked at the machine, eyes widened.

*What the hell is that?... Is that magic or technology? I'd have to assume the latter... they have mastered the art of manipulating energy. I will use their knowledge to finally contact my mother... if I somehow manage to get out of this... in less than 10,000 pieces.*

Blitukus let out a deep breath. Bolts were ineffective against most machines, and it could blow nearly any projectile right out of the sky with arcs of energy. Blitukus jammed the regulator forward to evade shells from the cannons. The shells exploded behind him, and the explosion made him jump slightly. He saw the super-weapons main weapon rise from behind the large cabin. The cannon had a truss that raised it, several small steam pistons mounted on it that aimed it, and dedicated tubing and wires that ran up the truss, connecting with it. The cannon itself was something Blitukus had never seen before... the barrel was made up of several layers of crystal glass, the rear encased in iron, but within the rear was a large gem, suspended, strips of magnetite running down the barrel, the magnetite surrounded by coils of wire. The entire cannon was also encircled by bands of magnetite, once again holding dense coils of wire, the largest coil being just at the tip of the barrel. It was obviously not meant to fire a physical projectile. The dwarven leader looked at Oris vehicle, and held his hand up in the air. The super-weapon aimed at Ori, the blue glow beneath it diminishing, energy shooting up the neck of its cannon, collecting within the barrel, causing the crystal glass to glow white in the center of the barrel. Blitukus turned to face Ori, and approached Oris vehicle at top speed. The dwarven leader stood atop the wall, not moving at all. The white glow within the super-weapons barrel intensified, the coils on the barrel occasionally letting out a small arc of energy, a blue arc that forked like the branches of a tree as it progressed through the air. The super-weapon was focusing its true firepower now... focusing it upon Blitukus' friend. Blitukus kept approaching at top speed. Blitukus yelled, "Ori! Move to the wall! Take cover NOW! ORI!!!" He was left unheard. The dwarven leader brought his hand down, and pointed at Oris vehicle. Sparks shot out from the super-weapons cannon as a ray of white energy erupted from its barrel, traveling exactly to where the dwarven leader had pointed. The ray of pure energy struck Oris vehicle. The wood plating immediately burst into flames, then a second later, the entire vehicle exploded as the boiler was melted through, sending fragments of flaming wood, charred mechanisms, and partially melted metal flying about. The ray of energy ceased, leaving nothing but a scorched, molten mark where Oris vehicle once stood, mangled and charred parts scattered about. Blitukus spoke under his breath, a tear running down his cheek, "Ori..."

*Farewell comrade. You had served alongside my mother. You had served alongside me. It was an honor being your ally...*

Blitukus gritted his teeth together, a deep sadness welling up within him. War had spoils... but at what cost? He looked up at the wall. The dwarven leader, still pointing at what was now a charred hole in the ground, slowly turned to look at Blitukus. Blitukus saw the red gleam

of the dwarven leaders ruby-lensed goggles. He felt anger erupting within him, as if out of sheer fury he could return a ray of energy back in the direction of the super-weapon. Tears running down his face, he yelled,"YOU WILL PAY DEARLY EVEN IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!" Blitukus growled deeply and muttered obscenities under his breath. He found himself breathing rapidly through is teeth, almost hyperventilating. He forced himself to calm. If he wanted any chance to do anything against this foe, he needed at the very least his full reasoning ability. The super-weapon aimed back at the valley, where the troops were standing, steam shooting out of the red hot crystal glass barrel as the barrel cooled itself, the wires leading up to it sagging due to heat. He wouldn't allow for more of his friends to be annihilated in such a way. He jerked the reverser back, and the regulator back as well, causing his vehicle to spin right. He then jammed the reverser and regulator forward again, taking a straight path back to the troops at maximum speed, several shells from cannon fire exploding behind him and to his left. Despite the 6 enormous powerplants, the super-weapon had drained itself by firing. The blue glow had dissipated, but was starting to slowly reappear. Blitukus stopped as he reached the valley. The troops were beginning to panic, and were ready to flee. They knew that they stood no chance against the super-weapon. Blitukus yelled, "EVERYONE behind the hills!" The magma had cooled, and the path was open. The troops scrambled behind the hills, and Blitukus drove through the valley, taking cover behind the hills as well. A ray of energy struck the hills, scorching a line into the terrain.

*This... this is like something from another world entirely!... It's... it's just a nightmare... except I'm awake... dear Armok...*

An opportunity was presenting itself. Blitukus opened the hatch, and stood. The super-weapon apparently spent an extraordinary amount of energy when it fired, as even with those enormous powerplants, it still was a bit of time between shots. Enough time for Blitukus to lead the troops into the fortress... hopefully. Blitukus yelled, "We shall NOT flee! Follow closely behind me, use my vehicle as a shield. We will storm their fortress and WE SHALL TAKE IT!" The troops were shaken by what they had seen, but, despite their fears, they obeyed their new leader, lining up behind Blitukus' armored vehicle. Blitukus turned around, and drove off towards the open gates. 3 cannons still remained, and an automatic crossbow fortification still remained. The automatic crossbow fortification fired as Blitukus drew near, the armored vehicle standing between the flying bolts and the human troops. Blitukus returned fire with his own automatic crossbow, but the cannons fired, one of the shells landing very close to the armored vehicles left side. The left tread lifted off the ground slightly, and slammed back to the ground, the magma shrapnel injuring several human troops. The super-weapon once again was nearly ready to fire. Blitukus was unsure if he would be able to make it in time or not. The super-weapon fired as Blitukus was about to enter the tunnel. The ray of energy struck into the crowd of troops following Blitukus, and swept among them, turning many of them into blackened, charred, partially melted corpses, their weapons charred and twisted by the energy. Both of the heavy infantry units were lost, and many of the crossbowmen were no more. Blitukus yelled as he traveled into the tunnel. His machine triggered row after row of traps, but he plowed through the traps, ruining them. The troops that remained stepped over the flattened traps. The traps ended, and Blitukus continued. Cages fell from the ceiling and bounced off of Blitukus' armor, the troops behind him navigating around the fallen cages. The rows of cages ended. Blitukus felt the armored vehicle suddenly jerk to a stop as something caught a hold of it. Steam shot out into the halls, and massive pistons pulled chains downward. Chains rose around the armored vehicle, and hauled it upward into the air. Blitukus shoved the reverser and regulator back and forth trying to drive the chains apart to no avail. He was stuck... worse... he had been captured. This is why they opened the gates with minimal defenses behind it... they wanted to capture Blitukus. Blitukus opened the hatch, and stood, looking down at the troops standing below. He yelled, "Advance without me!" It was their only choice, as retreating was no longer an option. The troops moved on into the tunnel. Blitukus spoke under his breath, "Good luck... I would give you my luck if I could."

Blitukus saw retractable walls and bridges extend around him, sealing him and his vehicle inside of a closed room. There was a hissing sound. Blitukus stood, unsure of what was occurring. He found himself coughing, and tried to hold his breath, but found he couldn't hold it indefinitely. The smell of chemicals filled the air. Blitukus found himself losing consciousness. He sat in order to avoid falling down onto the metal bridge below, and fell unconscious. The events occurring afterwards seemed nothing but a murky blur. Seemingly shortly after, Blitukus found himself waking up again. He still felt dizzy and detached from his senses. He vaguely heard someone say, "It's about time the mut woke up!" Blitukus asked, "How... how long was..." The same person spoke again, "A good two goddamn hours!" Two hours... the assault had failed. Blitukus opened his eyes, and found himself still dizzy, his head pointed downward, but his senses were returning to him. His vision began to clear. He found himself sitting, leaning against the wall of a cage. He looked up, and saw the dwarven leader, still wearing the black and red goggles, looking into the cage. The dwarf spoke, "Congratulations on leading your friends to their deaths! 'Siegedriven lineage'... bah!" Blitukus remembered how this dwarf had ordered Oris death... and then looked right at Blitukus, pointing at the scorched remains. Blitukus spoke, "You killed my mother and left me to suffer the tragedy, you killed my comrades, you killed my allies in cold blood, and now, this... why do you torture me?" The dwarf replied, "Torture? I was trying to kill you and you wouldn't die! You and your pesky mother kept getting in the way of our plans!" Blitukus asked, "Then why haven't you killed me already?" The dwarf replied, "You've done us a favor and brought yourself all the way out to us. Now I got an offer for you that you WON'T refuse." Blitukus sighed. The death of his mother, the death of his comrades, this corrupt and cold war were eating away at his soul, and he felt every bit of the pain. And now, this dwarf, the one who caused it all, was trying to offer him a deal that he 'won't refuse'? One cannot predict the actions of chaotic beings so easily.

Well, I hope the weapon wasn't going too far, but if I get a large negative response, as I said, this'll be the only time where I'd go back and edit.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **November 12, 2007, 12:47:00 am**

Honestly, I think that giving the dwarves a railgun was pretty awesome.

Also too bad about Ori, but oh well. I can't wait to see the next chapter!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 12, 2007, 01:02:00 am**

Thanks :D

If it turns out to have been an overall good idea, then details will follow. Although it's technically not really a railgun, I guess it would still kind of fall into that category.

[ November 12, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 12, 2007, 03:57:00 am**

Don't ask us how, but the inter-dimensional traders have managed to get me Ori's body. This will be present in the Parades.

[ November 12, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 12, 2007, 04:15:00 pm**

I'm wondering how the whole parade idea will go :p

I guess it's looking like the idea isn't turning out bad after all.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 12, 2007, 06:20:00 pm**

Beyond Quality! (is it just me or is even THAT beginning to get overused and meaningless)

I wonder how the parade will turn out, I have never actually seen a parade, considering I am the all seeing Armok, this means there have never actually BEEN any parades, leaving the question what Regin actually regins over...

It can't really become meaningless because it's a phrase that Toady himself invented.

Thanks though :p

[ November 12, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Well, seeing as that turned out well, it's going to be kept I guess.

Blitukus felt simultaneously the impulses of sadness and anger, but he hid these within. He looked at the dwarven leader... then looked behind him. There was a safe against the back of the room. It occurred to him that whatever was in that safe was so valuable it required special protection even with the super-weapon defending it. The items in the safe were likely his objective, whatever said items were. The dwarven leader spoke, "I usually don't make offers to my enemies, especially kobolds, but you're too valuable to waste. You see, those villagers out there, they're a bunch of primitive nobodies. They're nothing like us. They sit on unimaginable wealth and power that they're too primitive to exploit. To be concise, I have begun a campaign to take the entire world over from them, and I'm offering you a position as my second in command here. Together we could wield power a thousandfold that of the sum of all the worlds current civilizations, and the entire population of the world will do our bidding. Your role, as second in command, will be to contribute your technology and leadership abilities to the success of our campaign. In exchange for your loyalty, I will give you control of the entire southeastern continent as well as dominion over the resources beneath it."

Blitukus looked through the dwarfs ruby lenses. He sensed an evil so concentrated and cold that it was barely mortal. This dwarf wanted to conquer the world. Blitukus saw the images of his nightmares on the subject coming back. The explosion in utopias metropolis, cars being thrown about, burnt wreckage, scorched bodies. It would be a war of new proportions, brought to be by production of arms en masse, production of the vehicles of war, the vehicles that would roll out to unsuspecting towns and engulf the entire world with their masters hatred. It would be a war that would mow down innocents resulting in a 6 figure death toll minimum, a toll that would be recorded as nothing but a statistic. The corruption of the war had seeped into Blitukus too far to ignore. He felt an anger rising that would burn the corruption from his soul.

Blitukus replied, "You dare ask me to betray all that I stand for over trifles such as wealth and power?" The dwarven leader exclaimed, "Trifles?! Pah! Wealth is the force that drives day and night on this world, kobold. Your mother was nothing but a deviant, a pest. I am offering you a chance to be more than the other kobolds. Kobolds are the epitome of cowardice and weakness. It's how it has always been. Are too much of a weak coward to accept the benefits of a new world order?" Blitukus replied, "You dare insult my mother?! My species has been held down and abused by the likes of yours. My mother was an example of what we kobolds TRULY are!... You're afraid of kobolds, aren't you?" The dwarven leader exclaimed, "AFRAID?! It's the natural order of things for superior races like mine to take dominance over flawed races like yours. What your mother did was stepping out of line. Accept kobolds as equals? NEVER!" Blitukus sensed a deep pain within the dwarven leader. Something had happened to give him this attitude... some time, long ago. The leader continued, "This is your last chance to accept my offer. If you refuse, I will drop you into the pit as a public spectacle and drive your species to extinction!" Kobolds... to extinction? This was becoming more than a war... this was becoming genocide. He killed Blitukus' mother, then spat on her name. He spat on Blitukus' entire species. Blitukus was at the limit of holding back his anger. Blitukus stood, jumped at the front of the cage, and held onto the bars, sticking his nose out between the bars. He growled deeply at the dwarf, and spoke with a voice that radiated sharply of anger, "Eat sh\*t and DIE!" The dwarven leader hesitated for a second, and sighed. The dwarf spoke, "So be it then, it was an inconvenience meeting you..." The dwarf then walked to the back of the room, and pulled a lever. The floor opened beneath Blitukus' cage. There was a hiss, and a machine lowered the cage down through the opened floor into a room below. The room was fast, the bottom covered with blood. The cage jerked to a stop, stopping an inch off of the ground of the room. The cage opened. Blitukus left the cage, and looked around. He saw dwarves moving out above the cieling, and the empty cage was pulled back up through the hole. The hole closed. Dwarves entered the upper level of the room, a level far enough above the center to be inaccessible. Blitukus realized, he had been dropped into an arena, unarmed. Blitukus walked around, the blood staining the fur on his feet. Another cage was lowered from the ceiling, and came to a halt. The crowd cheered as a goblin, wielding a \*steel large dagger\*, emerged. The goblin looked at Blitukus and grinned, laughing, "Dr. Evil likes doing surgeries on kobolds!"

*You can't be Dr. Evil... I just finished talking to him.*

The goblin approached. Blitukus backed against the wall. He knew goblins loved to backstab, and they couldn't do that with a wall in the way, in fact... Blitukus spoke, "You would have trouble carving a slice out of a pie!" The goblin frowned, and drew back the knife, "Hold still!" Blitukus replied, "You could stab yourself, but you would probably miss." Blitukus crouched down slightly. Blitukus stood, defiantly indicating his chest as a target, forcing himself to laugh as he continued, "We could have a knife throwing competition, and you would probably win... if you didn't count the negative sign in front of your score." The goblin, frowning even more, standing relatively near, drew back the knife to throw it, "You'll see about that!" As the goblin moved to throw, Blitukus jumped to the side. The knife flew and lodged itself within the wall. Blitukus cought himself, and jumped back, grabbing the knife. Blitukus slashed at the air in front of the goblin, causing the goblin to step back. The crowd began booing. One of the dwarves in the crowd threw an axe down in front of the goblin, and the goblin promptly picked up the axe. Blitukus was perfectly agile and wielding a weapon that was fast on top of it... but the axe had far more range than his dagger. Blitukus sidestepped, waited for the goblin to move, then jumped in and tried to stab the goblin. The attempted attack wasn't skillful at all, as Blitukus had never trained in combat. The goblin jumped out of the way and swung the axe to the side, Blitukus jumping out of the way as the axe sliced through the air. The goblin slashed at Blitukus' neck but Blitukus jumped away. The goblin yelled, "Come on! Off with your head!" Blitukus jumped back two steps, let the goblin advance one, then charged in, the goblin jumping out of the way. As Blitukus turned to try to hit the goblins back, the goblin swung his axe around, the tip tearing through Blitukus' shirt, leaving a somewhat deep cut across his chest. Blitukus stifled a yell, and grunted loudly instead, blood slowly leaking out of the wound. It wasn't a life threatening wound, but it made the point clear. Blitukus was entirely untrained, and stood no chance in such close combat. Blitukus stepped back, and found himself standing upon a wooden flooring. The goblin was approaching. Wooden panels... they had a tendency to give way to axes. An idea came to Blitukus. He just needed to get the goblin angry enough... He spoke, "Your whole species is a bunch of sissy, tree-hugging, goodie goodie elves! Then again, maybe I should not insult the elves." The goblin apparently held a lot of pride in its species... it yelled and charged, holding the axe above its head. The idea worked perfectly. Blitukus jumped out of the way as the goblin brought its axe down in a very powerful swing. The axe broke through the wooden floor and became stuck. The goblin tried to pull the axe out but failed to do so. Blitukus took advantage of this, and stabbed the goblin between the ribs. The goblin yelled loudly, and the crowd silenced. Blitukus twisted the knife and jumped away. The goblin shook, and stopped breathing. The goblin struggled to pull the knife out of its chest, and with the last of its strength, tried to throw it at Blitukus. It fell short, and slid to a stop conveniently right under Blitukus' feet. The goblin then fell, gagged, then stopped moving. The crowd booed loudly, and threw refuse into the arena. Blitukus picked up the knife, walked over to the goblin, then picked up the axe as well. Of course, being a kobold, wielding such a large weapon with one hand lead to a complete lack of control over the weapon... that would've been there anyway, since he was unskilled. The crowd stopped booing and began cheering. Another cage was coming down. Blitukus remembered, the cage came down... the cage went up where it could be loaded again. Blitukus ran over to the cage. A bolt flew down and struck the ground behind Blitukus. A goblin crossbowman was standing in the cage. The cage lowered, and Blitukus swung the axe through the bars, forcing the crossbowman to jump out of the cage. Blitukus then threw the weapons on top of the cage, then pulled himself up , retrieving his weapons as he stood on top of the cage, holding onto the chain. The goblin yelled, "HEY!!!" The cage was lifted upwards, taking Blitukus with it. The crowd began yelling, and left their seats, milling about toward the exits, obviously displeased with the show. Blitukus looked at his axe and dagger. He felt the tides of vengeance surging through him once more. He laughed as he looked at his weapons. He would make sure the dwarven leader suffered a painful death, and he would have little patience for any other dwarves that stood between him and his goals. It was time for a counterstrike.

The cage was pulled through a hole in the ceiling, the hole shutting below him. The dwarven leader had left, but there was a dwarf manning the equipment that drove the cages, sitting at a table near a lever adjacent to Blitukus. The dwarf took up a mug and started drinking dwarven beer out of it. Blitukus jumped down on the table and kicked the mug, sending beer splashing across the dwarfs clothes. The dwarf spoke, "WHAT the F\*CK", and looked up. The dwarf found himself looking into the face of a kobold, grinning down at him menacingly, holding a dagger in one hand and an axe in the other. Blitukus spoke, "Greetings!" The dwarf yelled and immediately fled. Blitukus laughed, then dropped the axe, as it was too heavy for him, then drank the last bit of dwarven beer out of the mug. It would at least help him ignore the pain of the gash on his chest. Blitukus needed the combination to the safe, and the dwarven leader was



guaranteed to have it. He needed a powerful force to draw the dwarven leader out into the open. He needed his armored vehicle back. The armored vehicle was large, and therefore guaranteed to be near the main corridor as these dwarves wouldn't bother rolling such a machine through long distances of heavily trafficked corridors. Blitukus ran out through a corridor, and found it lead into a larger corridor, 2 spaces wide. This corridor led to another corridor, 3 spaces wide, this corridor was full of traffic. The corridors were already getting bigger. Blitukus was on the right track. Blitukus ran down the corridor in the opposite direction of where the dwarves were originally headed, the dwarven 'civilians' scattering, fleeing from the armed kobold. When the walls were removed, dwarven 'civilians' were rather cowardly, it seemed. Blitukus ignored them, and continued. His enemy killed civilians shamelessly. He was nothing like his enemy. The traffic cleared, and 4 goblin crossbowmen stood in his way. Blitukus stopped and threw the knife at the group. One goblin jumped out of the way, causing the goblin behind him to be struck in the gut by the flying blade. The goblin stumbled back, stumbled into a room, and fell over. Blitukus wouldn't have a use for a knife when ranged weapons were involved. Blitukus now faced 3 goblin crossbowmen, each aiming high at Blitukus. They all aimed high, a sign that they just wanted Blitukus dead, no matter how quickly it happened. Blitukus was still perfectly agile, though, and now had no equipment at all to slow him. But, there was no time to jump behind cover. They all aimed high, so as they fired, Blitukus jumped back, bending backwards to lower his head and chest. One bolt flew just a slightly above Blitukus' chest, traveling near his face as it passed by. The second bolt passed just under Blitukus' arm, missing his side and back. The third flying down, barely touching the fur on Blitukus' cheek as it passed by his head. Blitukus continued backwards, and fell to his back. The 3 bolts continued back into the distance.

*I bet they'll use that in a stage play some day!*

Blitukus stood. The goblins looked at each other, then looked at Blitukus again as they started ratcheting back their crossbows. Blitukus ran up to the front most crossbowman and began to wrestle with him for possession of the crossbow. The other two goblins charged at Blitukus, seeking to bash Blitukus with their crossbows. Blitukus jerked the crossbow he was wrestling with forward, placing that goblin in the position he once was standing. The goblins struck their own squadmate, knocking him unconscious. Blitukus quickly snatched the quiver and crossbow from the unconscious goblin, ratcheting the crossbow back the rest of the way and loading the bolt in. The goblins drew to fire, but Blitukus had already drawn. Blitukus fired into a goblins head at point blank, causing the goblin to gag, falling to the ground limp. The third goblin aimed for Blitukus' head. Blitukus swung his crossbow through the air, and as the goblin fired, Blitukus' crossbow caught the bolt, breaking the crossbow but saving Blitukus' life. Blitukus swung again, this time aiming to hit the goblin with the broken crossbow. The goblin jumped away, pulled out a bolt, held the bolt between its fingers, then flung it at Blitukus. The bolt hit with surprising force, sinking into Blitukus' arm. Blitukus yelled, then grunted in fury, cornering the goblin against the wall, proceeding to bash the goblin multiple times with the broken crossbow, albeit with less force than normal due to the bolt. The bolt hadn't sunk in nearly as far as if it had been fired from a crossbow, but thanks to the sharpened point of the bolt, it had still caused damage. Blitukus pulled it out easily, and dropped it. The unconscious goblin was beginning to wake up. Blitukus raised the broken crossbow, then, putting his weight into it, brought the butt of the crossbow down on the back of the goblins head. The goblin fell back to the floor, motionless. Blitukus dropped the broken crossbow, and picked up another, although he found it difficult to aim with his injured arm.

Blitukus continued down the corridor with as much speed as he could maintain. He passed by the living quarters, and continued down, not taking the chance of slowing as he moved past a barracks. A barracks! Military equipment means he must be getting close to where they stored his armored vehicle. He heard a distant voice... the voice of the dwarven leader, "There he is! He's mine! Fire up the iron elephant!" Blitukus continued on for quite a distance down the same tunnel. Eventually, the smell of soot filled the air. A sense of dread came over him. Coal smoke and soot shouldn't normally be traveling down a hallway. He found himself emerging into an enormous hallway. At the front of this cavernous hall, he saw the exit to the outside, toward the rear, he saw arcs of energy... the shadows of the super-weapon lit by bright blue and white glows along with the occasional arc of energy. It was ready to fire. Fear surged into Blitukus. Blitukus stumbled back and jumped into the nearest room. A white ray of energy erupted through the tunnels, filling the hall with blinding light. Pure energy poured into the room, the wall behind Blitukus glowing red hot. Blitukus ran toward the back left corner of the room. The wall glew yellow hot, then melted away, allowing the ray of energy to incinerate everything near and within the front right corner of the room. The stone and metal that made up that corner of the room sagged and curled from heat as the ray disappeared. Blitukus looked toward the center of this spacious room. There it was, his armored vehicle. Judging by the tools, it had been slated to be reverse engineered. Blitukus had gotten back to it first. Blitukus heard the dwarven leader yell, "Ready the butchers and kitchens. We're having fried kobold tonight!" TBlitukus hopped into his armored vehicle, and checked his equipment. It was all still there and working, although a bit of the front armor plates had been blackened by their proximity to the ray of energy. Blitukus shut the hatch and sat, engaging the generators and waiting for steam to build. He heard the humming and zapping of the super-weapon charging up another shot, the clanking of it approaching. As soon as the steam had gathered, Blitukus pressed the regulator forward, driving out into the halls, then turned toward the exit. The super-weapon was a mere 30 feet behind him, but his vehicle was far faster than the unwieldy giant. Blitukus drove ahead at full speed toward the exit. Blitukus continued out into the open, and jammed the reverser back, spinning a 90 degree turn from his motion. He then pressed both the reverser and regulator forward. A ray of energy erupted once more, the ray falling behind him by a narrow margin. Arcs of energy channeled within the ray sought after an easy target. There was a popping sound, and Blitukus felt a bit of energy jump into him through his seat, causing him to jump a bit. One of the arcs had struck the metal of his armored vehicle. The armor of his vehicle had gone from providing superior protection to cursing him with a major vulnerability. Blitukus looked at the temperature gauges. The nearby impact of the ray had caused the mechanism temperature to go from 90 degrees to 150 degrees in a matter of less than a second. Blitukus drove away from the entrance, stopped, turned to face the entrance, then readied his cannon. He drew in a deep breath, and let it out shakily, feelings of fear and the desire for vengeance clashing within him. He faced a foe that had no vulnerabilities to him, a foe that he himself was vulnerable to in every way. He knew that it would be impossible to try to defeat the super-weapon in a direct confrontation. If he had any hope of surviving, he had to find an indirect way to at the very least put a dent in it. Maybe he would find some vulnerability he hadn't noticed before? He just hoped that something would occur to him... otherwise he faced guaranteed annihilation.

I have a feeling that some of the combat might've ended up flawed, but unfortunately I'm not a fighter so I don't have much reference. I guess it's probably OK since nothing really stuck out as bad to me.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Uruth Kranon** on **November 13, 2007, 12:33:00 am**

\*hands ALANL the beyond quality trophy\*

You have blown my mind again.....  
i cant wait for the next release

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 13, 2007, 12:39:00 am**

Thanks :)

[ November 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 13, 2007, 10:51:00 am**

Beyond Quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 13, 2007, 05:08:00 pm**

Thanks :)

It almost looks like I've made you run out of things to say :p

Still got my eye on the original thread. I wonder how much longer it has left. Would people like me to copy all of the replies in it too?

[ November 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]



Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 13, 2007, 06:13:00 pm**

I forgot to say this:

The original story is not at all going to be wiped or harmed in any way, these forums save everything ever written on them; go to the page where it is, currently side 3 I think, then look at the very top of the page, you should find a drop down menu showing currently "show topics from the last 60 days" (or some other number, I THINK the default is 60), change to "show all topics", and enjoy browsing all the 11 pages of topics instead of just 3.  
Or you could just bump it to be on the safe side and make new people find it.

And yes, I have run out of ways to describe the awesomeness of this «story».

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 13, 2007, 06:52:00 pm**

Thanks for the compliment, and thanks for the info :)

I never noticed that menu there.

As far as bumping the old story, I might do it for 'nostalgia' purposes once I finish this one.

[ November 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 13, 2007, 08:33:00 pm**

I just reserved catering. Blitikus will enjoy fried dwarf right?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 13, 2007, 08:52:00 pm**

Blitukus, your makeing me want to send out my private army of armoured skeletons to aid you in ransacking that fortress!...sadly, i have them terrorizeing the other part of the world.  
Ahhhhh, to be a Overlord again, terrorizeing the elves, and punishing the dwarves...Unfortunately, thats when Armok put a end to it and gave me the jobs i have today.I still say i could have destroyed the elves once and for all but nooooo.  
Err, any way, awesome job.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 13, 2007, 08:58:00 pm**

Thanks :p

I'm working on the next update.

And fried dwarf? Well, it's dead anyway and full of protein. :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 13, 2007, 10:41:00 pm**

...Ill eat elf, but no way in hell am i sticking any meat thats been messing with dirt all day.  
Please include a fine selection of vegetables to attract elves...  
\*Demonic Voice\*SO I CAN EAT 'EM!!!\*/End Demonic Voice\*  
Wheres the bathroom?. :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 13, 2007, 11:41:00 pm**

This has taken much longer than I had originally expected, and I'm glad. This is already much longer than the first one, and it's not even getting close to being done.

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The super-weapon clanked its way down the hall, Blitukus waiting for it to emerge. Smoke rose from the mouth of the tunnel. Blitukus now faced the one who killed his mother. All those years that went into his childhood, all of those years he was in essence his mothers apprentice in leadership, those years where she was both his closest family and best friend. Those years were torn away, and cast into the past, due to the greed of this very dwarf. A deep sadness, a revival of the feelings when his mother had been assassinated awakened within him. He found himself hyperventilating, his mouth slightly open, a tear running down his cheek. Those years of peace, prosperity, and happiness, had been irrevocably ended. The feeling filled his soul, and he found himself overcome with it. The super-weapon began to emerge from the tunnel. It was all gone forever... thanks to this one dwarf. He yelled out of sadness, but as he yelled, felt his feelings begin to change. A chain reaction began within his soul, his sadness cascading into flames of fury, flames that burned the corruption of the war from his soul, leaving him with clean purpose.

*I fight not for power, not for myself, but for the honor and memory of my mother. Long live Fale Siegedriven, in the hearts and minds of those who remember, in my heart and my mind. I will not fail.*

Suddenly, the super-weapon, his own armored vehicle, the machines and gadgetry all seemed to become immaterial, as he felt as if the fury within, fueled by an infinite supply, the love for his mother, could burn with tenfold the energy of the full power of both the super-weapon and his armored vehicle combined. This was no longer war, no longer genocide, this was his opportunity to avenge his mothers death. The super-weapon pulled out, the dwarven leader within the main cabin, 4 other dwarves manning stations, 2 on each side. Blitukus looked at the main cannon of the super-weapon, it's awe-inspiring capability to project incredible amounts of energy. Blitukus let out a vengeful laugh, a tear still running down his cheek, and aimed the cannon low. On this day, he promised himself, he would finally achieve the proper means to attempt what was once thought impossible, to break through the barrier of death and dimensions and reach his mother once again. He would rip it out of the dwarfs flaming, charred hands!

Blitukus took in a deep breath, and let it out. The super-weapon began to turn, and the dwarven leaders stare pierced into Blitukus. Blitukus returned a defiant smile with an expression of incinerating fury about to burst forth. This would be the day his vengeance would be finally brought to a close, for better, or for worse. Blitukus laughed under his breath, and aimed at the boilers of the super-weapon.

*Today we will also see a spectacular fireworks display!*

Blitukus fired his cannon. The magma was splattered in a flash of lightning-like arcs, small bits scattering onto the super-weapon, dealing very little to no damage. Before the magma had even struck, Blitukus drove toward the super-weapon at full speed, firing with his automatic crossbow at the mechanisms holding up the energy generators on the super-weapon. As bolts flew through the air, one bolt was batted out of the way by an arc of energy. The next bolt was caught simultaneously by two large arcs from two silver spheres, the arc jumped from the bolt to the bolt behind it, shrinking in size, following through to the next, shrinking in size further, then a small arc jumping from the last bolt, just fired, to the automatic crossbow. Blitukus didn't know why at first, but he jumped, his arm recoiling from the crossbow, seemingly becoming numb for a second. His hand began to hurt quite sharply. He ignored it, but couldn't ignore the buzzing and escalating hum of the super-weapons main cannon charging, sparks arcing away from the coils on its barrel. Blitukus jerked

the armored vehicle to a stop as he saw arcs of energy fly in front of him from the spheres, landing on the ground just short, the energy reaching out to his metal vehicle just outside of the arcs reach. Blitukus turned the vehicle. The arcs from the spheres stopped suddenly. Blitukus felt fear impeding his formerly pure vengeance, and he jammed the regulator forward. The super-weapon fired, the white ray striking the ground, the cannon turning as it fired, the impact point of the ray chasing Blitukus. The ray vanished before it could reach him, although it left a straight line of scorched terrain behind. Blitukus' sense of pure vengeance vanished, the fires tempered by the waters of fear. He couldn't fight with disregard to death as his mother bravely did the day the tyrant fell. If Blitukus died... his mother would be forgotten, and kobolds would be wiped from the surface of this world. He was the best equipped to prevent this among all of the kobolds. He realized, he couldn't simply try to win and survive... he MUST survive... or at least, the super-weapon and the dwarven leader must be destroyed. Blitukus sighed from his nose, and allowed his vehicle to skid to a stop, turning it once again. He fired at the back of the super-weapon with his automatic crossbow as his cannon built steam and magma. The arcs of the spheres were unable to reach behind the machine to protect it from Blitukus' fire, but the plating on the rear of the super-weapon caused the bolts to bounce off. That rear section was near to many other large mechanisms, and therefore was likely to contain something vital... Blitukus noticed that despite not having a full charge... the weapon was still turning to aim at him. Blitukus turned and drove to the side. The super-weapon fired, letting loose a red-yellow ray for a fraction of a second that was much less powerful than the grand white ray, but could be fired at a quicker rate. He noticed something else... whenever the main cannon fired, it took the entire dedicated energy supply of the entire super-weapon, including the energy used to deflect projectiles... Blitukus turned and drove ahead of the super-weapon, turning again. It was charging another shot. Blitukus drove with full input, causing the armored vehicle to lunge forward. A white ray blasted over the top of the vehicle, landing behind it. The ray followed, and came to the side, the dwarven leader unable to get a good aim on such a rapidly moving target due to the control delays caused by steam. The dwarven leader yelled in frustration. Just as the ray was about to disappear, Blitukus aimed at the energy generator ahead, and fired at it with his automatic crossbow. Bolts bounced and ricocheted off of the metal, but a bolt lodged itself into the mechanisms driving the rotating mass of magnetite, causing it to shift and grind, sparks shooting out of it for a second. Another bolt lodged itself within the silver coils. The metal bolt allowed for energy to travel across the coil in a manner it was never intended to, causing part of the coil to turn bright red and melt as blue sparks erupted from it, the molten silver splattered by the rotating magnetite below. The damaged section of the energy generator began to smoke, and the rotation of the magnetite slowed, but it didn't stop. As Blitukus passed behind the vehicle, he jammed the reverser backwards, causing his vehicle to spin and skid to a halt as a red-yellow ray of energy fell ahead of him, missing again. The dwarven leader yelled in frustrated fury. The super-weapon began to turn, but Blitukus was still quicker. The rear was left exposed, and even if bronze bolts couldn't penetrate the plating... steel always wins over iron. Blitukus turned to face the rear of the super-weapon, then drove forward at full speed, charging into it. The armored vehicle crashed into the iron plating, smashing through it and crushing pipes that lay behind it. The pipes slowly leaked steam at very high pressure. Those were boiler pipes. One of the pipes had punched through a thin spot on the top of the super-weapon, and now lay exposed... exposed to the spheres. A large arc shot out of one of the silver spheres, hitting the pipes, traveling through the pipes into the armored vehicle. Blitukus felt himself overwhelmed with an odd yet painful sensation, his body torquing as if an unknown force had slammed into it. He felt himself fall limp against the back of his chair, sliding to the side. The overwhelming pain ceased, and he immediately tried to pull out from the super-weapon, but found his body was barely responding to his will. The super-weapon drove forward, leaving the armored vehicle behind. Blitukus felt that something was very, very wrong. He wasn't breathing, and found he couldn't force himself to either. He felt very cold, and his strength was leaving him rapidly. His vision was turning to a faded white. He sensed death was swooping in to take his soul.

*What... what the... how can this be? NO! Oh no.....*

The super-weapon didn't draw any more distant as it turned, exposing the silver spheres to their target. Another arc flew, striking the armored vehicle. Blitukus, having nearly faded into the white nothingness of eternity after, felt himself being torn back in a different direction. He found himself with only a fraction of a consciousness left. A second later, he felt as if someone had punched him in the chest, his heart jumping into his throat. He was clinging onto that last bit of consciousness, one more chance to cling onto life. Blitukus desperately sensed the state of his body, finding he still wasn't breathing, his pulse erratic, hardly a pulse at all. He directed the entirety of his willpower to forcing the devices of his body to work, forcing every detail of it back into function with sheer concentration. He wouldn't let go of the last thread that held him to the mortal plane, and desperately pulled himself up the thread. He found his throat clear, and drew in a breath, forcing his heart to stabilize. The fuzzy whiteness reversed, and slowly, he found the coldness disappear, and felt comfortably warm instead. The whiteness faded, leaving him seeing the familiar inside of his cabin again. He let his breath out and began to breath normally as he felt his heart returning to a stable rhythm. He looked down, and saw energy burns scorched into his hands and several points on his body. He found he was rather numb in several spots, but he could still move, shakily and with limited force, but it was movement. He had brought himself back. He coughed, shuddered, and managed to laugh.

*Not today, death, not today... I promise I will buy you a beer with a shot of gnomeblight when I die, but it's a bit early for that party...*

He looked up, and found he was looking straight into the barrel of the super-weapons main cannon. Despite having lost his sense of touch in both hands, he found he was still able to loosely grasp the levers, just enough to be able to reliably use them. The cannon had charged, the glow gently filling Blitukus' cabin, arcs of energy emanating from the coils directly in front of him. Blitukus slid the reverser forward slowly, and slid the regulator back. His machine accelerated backwards, causing the super-weapons main cannon to unleash its ferocious energies harmlessly into the ground, leaving a molten hole where Blitukus' machine once stood. Blitukus laughed again as the dwarven leader yelled, "WHAAAT?! AAAARGH WHY WON'T THIS DAMN KOBOLD DIEEE?!?" Blitukus stopped, and watched the super-weapon turn to face him. The dwarven leader seemed to be just about throwing a tantrum, yelling, pounding on his console, throwing every lever around him as far forward as possible. Black smoke poured from the smokestacks, and the energy generators it had aboard rotated faster and faster, the magnetite nearly becoming a blur. The superweapon seemed to shake, its steam pistons making a roaring racket as they passed high above their intended maximum limit. Steam shot out of the pistons, and the blue glow grew swiftly beneath the super-weapon. The damaged energy generator, pushed above its limits, began smoking more, sparks shooting out of the mechanisms. Blitukus turned his vehicle around, and slid the regulator forward, sitting back as the vehicle accelerated toward its top speed toward a solid hill. The blue glow grew to a piercing intensity, the main cannon of the super-weapon also taking on a piercing radiance as much more energy was packed into it than had ever been before, and now Blitukus was driving away... unable to evade in his current position. Blitukus let the armored vehicle plow upwards across the hill. The dwarven leader brought his fist down upon the large red button on his console, yelling as he did so. Just as Blitukus launched off of the top of the hill, the top of the hill was struck by a white ray of energy, coming very near but missing the armored vehicle. The white ray expanded and turned a piercing fiery blue, the entire hilltop glowing yellow with heat. The ray melted through the hilltop, and arced into the distance, passing under the armored vehicle as the armored vehicle flew through the air. The damaged energy generator on the super-weapon shattered, sending large blocks of magnetite flying into the air at high speed, the dwarf maintaining the generator eating an arc of energy that fried all but a smidgen of the dwarfs life away, that smidgen being scalded away by steam. The smoothed and polished crystal glass of the barrel of the main cannon shattering into countless shards, fragmenting the magnetite coils, sending the glowing hot silver wire bending out of its shape. The ray ended, and Blitukus' armored vehicle fell to the ground, slamming down, still intact. Blitukus coughed, and placed one hand over his chest, using his other hand to zero the regulator. The equipment on the super-weapon glew with heat as if it were about to burst into flame. The silver wire feeding into the main cannon glew yellow hot, the wire drooping down lower and lower, finally parting, dropping to the armor plating as molten metal. Bits of crystal glass, magnetite, and silver rained down. Blitukus laughed, but barely had any breath to do so.

*That was something truly from another world...*

He turned the armored vehicle, and drove out from behind the hill, observing the hole burned through the very top of the hill. The dwarven leader gazed for several seconds, unmoving, overwhelmed by sheer disbelief, then erupted with a yell of fury nearly demonic in scale. The super-weapon, its cannon partially melted, one energy generator blown apart, the adjacent energy generator grinding and billowing black smoke and orange sparks... boiler piping crimped... still crawled its way toward Blitukus, arcs of energy shooting from what remained of its silver spheres. The dwarven leader yelled, "I'll fry you to a crisp and feed you to the dogs!"

*The last time I checked it was only a dog-eat-dog world if you made it that way.*

Blitukus smiled. The doors to the fortress had been closed, but there was a gatehouse near the wall to the right of it. Blitukus realized that the dwarven leader was sealed within a specially armored cabin, something the dwarven crewmates lacked. Something heavy would be needed to crack the cabin open... Blitukus drove towards the left side of the gate, and stopped there, waiting for the super-weapon to approach. As it drew nearer, Blitukus slowly drove towards the right side of the gate, letting it pursue him at its own slow rate. Arcs of energy left the silver spheres and landed on the metal surface of the gate. Blitukus turned, and drove out, then turned again, and drove towards the gatehouse, crashing into it, toppling it over. There was a clank and a twang. The gate swung open, its drawbridge design falling down upon the side of the super-weapon. Blitukus laughed mockingly.

*So that's the infamous Dwarven Smashy Smash..."*

There was a roar, and the deep hiss of large steam engines. The gate bulged, and was ripped off its hinges, reduced to its metal components, a somewhat more damaged super-weapon still running and moving.

... bridge...?

The dwarven leader yelled, turning the damaged machine to face Blitukus. The dwarven leader let out a nearly insane laugh, charging the main cannon again, despite its mangled state. The dwarfs laughter slowed, and stopped, the dwarfs expression turning rapidly turning to one of regret. Arcs of energy arced from the broken, mangled coils, clashing with the arcs from the silver spheres. The energy generators buzzed and groaned, arcs jumping along their coils as energy was forced in directions it had never been intended to go in. The boilers creaked and tapped... the pipes at the rear still crushed and crimped. A rivet shot out of a boiler, steam escaping at extreme pressure. The adjacent boiler soon did the same. The dwarven leader spoke to himself, "Oh... erm... Shutdown!.... Shut-Down... SHUTDOWN!" The dwarven leader pulled levers to no avail as the blue glow beneath the super-weapon illuminated steam shooting out beneath it, illuminated further by the occasional arc of energy coming out of the bottom of the machine where no arcs used to emanate. Blitukus pulled back on the regulator, rapidly backing away from the super-weapon. The dwarven leader continued, "It's... it's not shutting down?!" The dwarven leader let out a laugh that was loaded with a mixture of insanity and piercing, overwhelming fear. Blitukus backed away at full speed.

*I think I finally get what Dracha meant about being smart but not being wise. Also, what they say about dwarves throwing tantrums hurting themselves more than anyone else... also true.*

The dwarven leader spoke, "Oh... oh dear Armok no... NO! FFUUUU-" Blitukus watched. For a thousandth of a second... the metal of the vast boilers seemed to peel away like paper, the steam within emerging like a splash of liquid, energy shooting out in all directions, fanning out like branches on a large tree. A bright white light emanated from the center of the super-weapon as the beautiful yet ferocious combination of steam and raw energy unleashed its fury for the last time. The resulting explosion sent a shockwave roaring across the land.

BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

The shockwave hit the armored vehicle, pushing the front of it into the air. Steam rushed by at amazing speed, and obscured the sky. Iron and magnetite were catapulted far into the sky. Where the super-weapon once stood rose a vast, intense ball of steam and flame, the sheer heat of it causing cooler air to sweep in below it as the plume rose, forming a churning mushroom cloud. Blitukus sat speechless for a moment as all around iron and silver rained from the sky, the plume of steam and smoke darkening the immediate landscape as it drifted in front of the sun. Blitukus chuckled, then laughed. He grinned, whistling and clapping the best he could in his state.

*I just LOVE a good fireworks show!*

Blitukus let his breath out with a smile. There was nothing but twisted wreckage where the super-weapon once ominously stood. Still, the dwarven leader sat within an insulated capsule, heavily armored. The charred head of a dwarf fell from the sky and landed on the ground in front of the armored vehicle, and it was not that of the dwarven leader.

*A nice thick capsule... unlike what he had provided for his 'friends'.*

Whether the dwarf could've survived despite the armor in such a grand explosion was debatable. One could also debate whether the dwarven leader was still in one piece or not. It was likely the dwarven leader was dead, and it was guaranteed he was at least in no condition to fight back. Blitukus looked around, and spotted a hole in the corner of the wall. The thick, armored cabin had passed through the corner of the wall, and smashed into the wall adjacent to it, stopping there. Blitukus drove up to the cabin. The cabin was mangled... but it seemed it was designed to absorb the energy of the blow, as if the designer were expecting an enormous blow to fall upon the cabin. Blitukus noticed slight motion. There the dwarven leader was unconscious and pinned by twisted metal, blood dripping out of his mouth, but still alive. Blitukus pondered how the dwarven leader could've possibly survived such an enormous explosion. Likely the structure behind the cabin was designed to crumple, absorbing the force of the explosion for the cabin. Indeed, it was if the super-weapon was designed to preserve the dwarven leader at the expense of the rest of the crew. Luck was very clever, but had not switched sides. The dwarven leader held the combination to the safe and held other secrets of technology. The dwarven leader was still the one who killed Blitukus' mother. Blitukus wanted vengeance, and he wanted the combination to the safe. Luckily for Blitukus, unluckily for the dwarven leader, the dwarven leader was still alive, pinned down in a convenient location. Blitukus grinned menacingly.

*This is going to be fun!*

[ November 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 13, 2007, 11:44:00 pm**

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Not just elves, we invited the entire elven council to the dinner.

And can we borrow your skeleton army during the parade? My own army always seems so... ineffectual... probably because we don't seem to be able to get anyone who isn't already retired or only a recruiter.

And we're currently figuring how much it would cost to get salvage crew out there and collect some of the peices.

[ November 13, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

[ November 14, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 13, 2007, 11:50:00 pm**

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Now that's a first. I think we have the record for the quickest reply... if that was a reply to the story. :p

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 13, 2007, 11:58:00 pm**

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We managed to edit in a reply to a story.

And We're probably going to die for this, but we're going to have to steal Armok's shtick and say this story is beyond quality.

[ November 14, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 14, 2007, 12:37:00 am**

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Thanks :p

I also get the feeling that you're building up towards something you'll post at the end. Then again, that's just a feeling.

Maybe I put too much thought into things like that :p

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 14, 2007, 01:38:00 am**

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Maybe you are, and maybe you aren't.

Edit: That grammar made a lot of sense to us at the moment...

[ November 14, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL on November 14, 2007, 08:19:00 pm**

Hmm, the first one is gong to turn a month old the day after tomorrow.... sheesh, that means I've been writing this for almost a month now.

[ November 14, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL on November 14, 2007, 11:49:00 pm**

Sorry if I bump a bit much, but I'll probably always bump when I post an update in order to let people know there is one.

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Blitukus stopped near the unconscious dwarf, and opened the hatch. He carefully pulled himself out, and slowly slid his way down to the ground. He placed his hand over his chest. His heart was hurting, both physically and emotionally, but it was still beating. Perhaps the 3 years he had spent searching for a way back to his dead mother had made his heart tougher in more ways than one. Blitukus stood, and looked down at his other hand. It was burned, some of the fur blackened, but he felt no pain from it. He licked the burn, and snickered.

*Fried kobold... tastes like chicken!*

He found himself a bit light headed, shaking slightly as he walked over to the dwarven leader, his legs unwilling to support a lot of weight. Blitukus stood in front of the dwarf, and watched as the dwarf slowly came to.

*He would have to die slowly a hundred times over to pay in full for the pain he has caused us all. One is far better than zero, though. But... I still need that technology, despite this.*

Blitukus swiped at the dwarfs face, leaving deep scratches, then punched the dwarven leader in the face, causing the scratches to bleed at a quicker rate. The dwarven leader grunted loudly, then coughed up more blood, spitting it at Blitukus. Blitukus looked down, then looked back at the dwarven leader. Blitukus spoke, "No matter what you do, this will likely be your final hour, dwarf. I have an offer for *you*, my enemy. Give me the combination to the safe, and I will kill you quickly, or give you a chance to live on as a crippled dwarf if you are compliant enough and abandon your evil ways." The dwarven leader responded, "... go f\*ck yourself, kobold..." Blitukus replied, "I recommend you talk." The dwarven leader responded, "The day a kobold lays his grubby paws on my technology is the day elves and goblins start having children together!" Blitukus replied, "If you are unwilling to talk... then I have ways of making you talk, and all day to administer them." The dwarven leader replied, "Bluff!" Blitukus smiled and snickered, a menacing gaze piercing into the dwarfs eyes, "Bad call, dwarf... Have it your way, then. I think this will prove entertaining..." Blitukus walked a short distance, and spotted a metal shard on the ground. Blitukus picked up some dirt to insulate his hands, and picked up the metal shard by the back. It was twisted and sharp at the front, the tip still glowing with heat. It was iron, a fragment of one of the super-weapons plates. Blitukus then walked over to the dwarven leader, and spoke, grinning menacingly, "Hold still, this should only take a few minutes..." Blitukus ripped the dwarfs goggles off and moved the shard near the dwarfs eye, the dwarven leader tilting his head back. Blitukus then jammed the shard in under the dwarfs left eyeball, the sharp, twisted metal piercing through to the back of the socket, the glowing got end of it burying itself in, causing the flesh on the eyeball to sizzle and bubble. The dwarf screamed with such intensity as to allow the scream to echo off of the cliffs. The dwarf thrashed about, only making the wound worse, the metal pinning him digging into his mangled limbs. Blitukus pushed the end of the shard down, prying at the dwarfs eyeball. The eyeball sizzled as it was squished and pried out of its socket. The dwarven leader fell unconscious again due to pain. The dwarfs eyeball dangled out, smoke rising from the back of it, intense burns visible on both the eyeball and the now thoroughly cut up eye socket. The blood on the shard boiled and smoked due to the heat still within the metal. Blitukus waited for the dwarf to reawaken. Blitukus dragged a piece of nearby debris back to brace himself upon. As the dwarven leader woke up again, Blitukus braced himself, and kicked the dwarf in the face, his heel landing on the dislodged eyeball, splattering it across the dwarfs face. The dwarven leader screamed several times. When the screaming had died down, Blitukus walked up to the dwarven leader again. The dwarven leader watched as Blitukus, ears laid back and snickering, brought the shard toward the dwarven leaders right eye. The dwarf pulled away and squinted. For the first time in his life, Blitukus witnessed an adult dwarf cry. The dwarven leader yelled, "8-14-10-42! 8...14...10...42... the combination is my birthday..." The dwarfs voice faded away into a shaky mutter, "Please. Please... no more... I... erh, I promise I will stop my plans... you said you would give me a chance to live... if i did...."

*Just ask Dracha... I am not a skilled liar. You'll have your 'chance'.*

Blitukus tossed the metal shard away, and went back to his armored vehicle. He had assembled and brought with a rotatable tray to hold 6 clips. He unloaded the automatic crossbow and took bolts out of 3 clips, placed one empty clip, 4 nearly empty clips, and one full clip in the tray. He then dismounted the automatic crossbow, and dragged it and the ammo tray slowly back towards the dwarven leader. Blitukus then dropped the tray on the ground. Blitukus spoke, "I will let the forces of chaos decide your fate... in a game of roulette." Blitukus stood behind the tray, and spun it with as much force as he could put into it. The tray spun, then its spin slowed to a stop. Blitukus chose the clip closest to him, and loaded it into the automatic crossbow. He readied the crossbow, and braced it against the debris, aiming at the dwarven leaders head. Blitukus allowed the crossbow to ready, a bolt going from the clip to the bow. The clip was not the empty clip... or one of the 4 nearly empty clips... pure chance had given Blitukus the fully loaded clip. It seemed chaos has a strong desire for the dwarven leaders death as well. Blitukus laughed, "Sorry, you lose!" The dwarven leader gasped, an expression of overwhelming fear on his face. Blitukus fired, two bolts piercing through the dwarven leaders forehead. The dwarven leader immediately died, falling limp and motionless. Blitukus sighed through his nose. The one who ordered his mother dead had been killed. His smile died down, and he frowned. He stood victorious... but at what cost? It was supposed to be breakfast time for the humans... that one mechanic, the one who looked up to him, was no more. Ori, his ally, was no more. All of those humans that fought bravely alongside of him, were now nothing but figures of the past. Blitukus took the ammunition and automatic crossbow back to the armored vehicle, placing it on the floor of the cabin, shutting down the generator of the crossbow. He then took the goblin crossbow. He was still weakened, and he wouldn't be able to enter and exit in a reasonable time dragging such a heavy weapon behind himself. But, the dwarves were no without their iron fisted leader and without their goblin troops. He would face no resistance, the crossbow he carried merely to scare away would be attackers from the citizenry.

He walked back into the gate, stepping over the traps and cages that he had ruined... that his fallen comrades had once stepped over. People with lives, friends, and family back home, who would feel a pain similar to that which Blitukus felt. It seemed that this war was a type of war where nobody won. Blitukus continued down the halls, dwarves staying far away from the crossbow wielding kobold. Blitukus backtracked his escape route, the mangled areas of the room that once held his armored vehicle now a cool, dead black. Blitukus reached the room... the cages were empty, and no dwarves were tending the equipment. It seemed that this was almost like an office in the back, the safe embedded in the back wall behind a masterpiece obsidian table that was encrusted with ruby. Blitukus dialed in 8-14-10-42. The safe clunked. Blitukus pulled the latch and opened it. Within the safe lay a mess of papers, sticking out from it a book titled "Of Electromagnetism, the Interaction of Matter and Energy", and below the book, several blueprints. The blueprints detailed the design of the super-weapons main cannon, titled, "Shiva Mk IV Charged Particle Cannon. *Affectionately known as the Death Ray.*" Blitukus looked at the designs... this technology was as otherworldly as the effects it had when used as a weapon. The weapon itself wasn't enormously complex, but the concepts it was founded upon seemed far too advanced for any known race existing on the world. The dwarves were geniuses to understand and apply these concepts... but they couldn't have thought of them on their own, not with the current understanding of the universe. Under the designs was a small book, but a very odd book. The covers were bendable, and seemed made of a material that Blitukus had never encountered before. Like the document Blitukus had received from Armok, it seemed oddly displaced in time. It was titled, "The Worlds Easiest Atom Smasher". The text within was uniform and dense as if it had been rapidly printed by a machine. On the front page, Blitukus caught the text, "Copyright 1991". On the back of the book, written in blood, were two bold letters... "Have Fun." Armok had given the dwarves a document from the future as well... but why? Perhaps Armok knew that Blitukus would be victorious, and gave it to the dwarves knowing it would end up in Blitukus' hands. Maybe... Blitukus knew that Armok wanted something of him, but didn't know what. Blitukus bunched up the books and papers, and carried them with as he walked back out. Armok would



have also knew that giving the dwarves such power would have triggered the death of Fale... something felt very wrong about this to Blitukus. Blitukus left the dwarven stronghold, and dumped the papers into the cabin of his armored vehicle. Luckily, the goblin blood had long been emptied and dried. Blitukus began to climb in but stopped. Blitukus walked back towards the walls, and spotted a small plant patch The plants were sickly, but one small bit of the patch still looked healthy. Blitukus found a flower among the vines, and picked it. He then walked in front of the gates of the stronghold, and knelt down, planting the flower, alone, a symbol of purity among the polluted and corrupted wastes. He closed his eyes. His mother, Fale Siegedriven, had been avenged. She will never be forgotten. He opened his eyes, and looked up. Those who had fought bravely and died this day would also be remembered.

*This fortress, a demonic pit in the mountain, was their mass grave... may the flower serve as a reminder far into the future... that these people were NOT just a statistic. They were my friends, they were someones family.*

Blitukus felt himself becoming teary eyed, and stood, walking back to his armored vehicle. He pulled himself in, sat, shut the hatch, and drove off, leaving the flower standing in front of the now dormant stronghold. He passed through the valley. The magma had cooled to stone, eternally still, the charred remains of goblins embedded motionless within. The remains of goblins, humans, their weapons, the wagon, supplies, machines, men and women of war, sat, eternally motionless, their fury and fire having departed the mortal plane. A gust of wind blew as Blitukus left the valley, proceeding out into the wilderness. The stronghold ceased emitting smoke... it was being abandoned. Its stone walls would also sit motionless. Blitukus felt alone, and felt a coldness. The only sound was the dull clanking of his own machine and wind gusting. The cannon, the armor, the automatic crossbow, the bolts, the clips... all of which he had forged for this battle, that which he was once proud of, now made him feel disgusted, nearly ashamed... but it had to be done. It had been done. It was over. The wind continued gusting, and time passed without even the animals stirring. The war was over, and everybody had, in one form or another, lost. Blitukus took a slight comfort in knowing that he had vanquished the evils of that stronghold and avenged his mother and the people of Anthath Siset... but he had still lost many allies in the process... and lost the pure intent of his creations. Nothing good could come of such a war.. and Blitukus promised, or at least hoped and prayed... that from present to infinity in the future, that would be the last instance of that kind of war.

*Never again. **Never. Again.***

Blitukus crossed out of the region, and his strength and senses restored themselves, but his spirit remained in pain. It would heal... with time. Blitukus kept driving, and crossed the bridge, passing the broken lever, the top of the lever laying on the ground idly near the shore. He was crossing the bridge out of hell, leaving behind an entire section of his quest... and leaving many of his friends with it, frozen eternally into the past. Again... the idea of time. Armok had displaced the documents across time... 1000's... 1700's... 1900's... this was still the golden age... and a bright future lay ahead, hopefully. It was tradition to define a new age every 500 years, the age of myth, the age of legend, the golden age... what would the people of 1500 to 1999 call their day? Blitukus looked back, then looked forward. He had done away with great evils, and the future must harbor utopias metropolis... at some point in space, at some point in time. Blitukus smiled slightly, a tear nearly forming, and half-laughed through his nose. His methods of production en-masse... bringing items to those in need, solving hunger, providing a better future... that was the true form of his technology. He felt it inside... despite the war, he had retained his good nature perfectly intact. He sighed through his nose, and looked at his new reading material. He may have lost like everyone else, but he still kept his life, and his quest. He allowed the vehicle to continue on without further input, and looked down at the blueprints for the "death ray"... he pondered the contraption. Like an arrow, his insight pierced through the corruption that this technology had been subjected to, and found its mark on the simple basics within. The weapon was a weapon, but the ideas and technologies it was founded on were simple, elegant, and profound, all in one. A colossal amount of energy could be channeled... not solely for the sake of destruction, but for any use that would require a large amount of energy confined to a small point in space. He felt something was very important about this... but couldn't explain why, as he had found no need for such a thing. He let his breath out slowly through his nose. He had a brighter future ahead... but his soul was still in pain, a pain that would only cease once he spoke to his mother once more. She was, like his allies and comrades from before, eternally frozen in the past... no more. But, her memory lived on, and Blitukus, his love for his mother fueled on by this memory, refused to accept that she was truly gone. Death and the planes of existence would not stand between him and his mother... no matter how much matter, energy, space, or time it took. Blitukus took up the book, "Of Electromagnetism", and began skimming the index, looking for possible ways to project his voice into the heavens, and listen for the voices of those among the heavens who might reply. He flipped to a section titled "Long Range Electromagnetic flux: Particles and Waves". Within, it detailed how careful manipulation of magnetic fields through electricity could send out waves of energy, how these waves, when they hit a suitable receiver, cause a small amount of electricity to shift within. The transmitter could change the properties of its waves, change the state, and what the receiver indicated would follow. In one location, one person could manipulate a powerful transmitter, and a receiver a long distance away could pick up on the waves. Standards of transmission could be established. These waves could carry more than just changes of state, these changes of state could hold information encoded into them. It was an unheard of idea, and seemed nearly magical... but there was no magic involved. Blitukus looked up at the sky, the stars and planets dancing behind the veil of a blue sky. He found his insights had given him new hope in attempting to contact his mother. He would develop and build a wave transmitter powerful enough to blast a message up through the sky and into the heavens beyond... yet it would also have to be sensitive enough to receive the faintest reply when dealing with such enormous distances. Luckily, his reading of Glass Optics would allow him to build a small mountable telescope to aid with aiming the transmitter. He would need energy generators of his own, the steam to aim and drive the massive transmitter, and the massive transmitter to start with. This idea seemed to rapidly become a large scale project, especially since he would have to experiment to develop prerequisite technologies on his own, but Blitukus had all the time in the world now to attempt it. His voice would be heard, carried into the heavens on waves of energy. He knew that the astral plane was very attune to certain energies, and this energy seemed to be one of them. His mother was out there somewhere, and even if he had to probe every single speck in the sky, he would establish communication, eventually.

[ November 14, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 15, 2007, 12:23:00 am**

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Beyond Quality!  
And the council shall be in for a surprise.The last time i met with those hippies they invited me to lunch.Oh sure the talk was fine, hell we even agreed on a few things.But when it came to paying the \*Blip\*F\*^k\*Blip\* check they walked out on me!.  
70 \*Blip\*F\*@k\*Blip\*ing silver coins!.They shall pay!.  
Ahem.Good job Alan.I think i get what Armoks up to.You see, the blood god requires blood to be shed from a confrontation.I.E War, Single Combat, Elephant Rampages ect.  
In reality, if the blood aint flowing, Armok will make it flow, even if it means exploiting one Kobolds personel quest for vengeance, and yes truly insane quest to get to, and or send a message to heaven.Obviously he would have to negotiate a deal with the reaper for one last talk with mom before he passed into a diffrent realm when he died, or take a trip threw space and time.Since it was added in KQ 1, its the latter.  
In this multi universe, the gods take one soul, and pass it on to the next realm,and take a diffrent one and pass it back...then create a new flux of souls every once in the while.Err any how...will have to see how Blitukus handles this.Oh i almost forgot.  
\*Hands Alan a letter.\* Its from Archin.The God of...dont make me say it Armok...fine, The God of Pansys.He's says you owe him 17.50 for the cake you ordered for a parade.Parade, did you have something to do with this?.  
  
\*Mutters\*Danm Gods pushing me around...im a ultimate being of destruction.I should be going places, buuut noooo.Now Armok wants me to make more blood for him...maybe he should get his own danm blood.\*Mutter\*

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 15, 2007, 12:33:00 am**

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Thanks :p  
  
Actually, in this story, what Armok wants isn't blood, it's something thats much more powerful. It'll come pretty soon when it all shows up :p  
  
And yeah, I made it pretty straightforward to connect the dots. At least the final ending I haven't given any hints at.  
  
edit: 17.50 for ordering a cake? Wrong person. :p  
  
[ November 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 15, 2007, 12:34:00 am**

Oh I know how the council can be. I've managed to get payback a couple times. You ever heard about the tree plauge of '21? I had the parasite in question genetically engineered.

wait a second **1** cake? I ordered 8. Only 2 of which aren't hollow. I also order 6 minor explosives. Exploding cake. Pure awesome huh?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 15, 2007, 07:13:00 am**

Beyond Quality!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Bringer:  
1) It's called multiverse, not "multi universe", I created it so I should know.  
2) I recommend you to stop trying to comprehend my goals, even if should you be successful it would just make your head explode.  
3) You KNOW that as a subphenomena personification and a halfmortal on top of that, if you have no phenomena to personify, and are correctly named after it, you will cease to exist at the next reality shift, you wont even get archived like the mortals. all this should be in your instinct files, but I might have missed it when I created you. Your personality is a needed asset to meet the violence quotas, and also very entertaining, so I don't want it to happen.  
3.5)The place as The Spirit of Falling Anvils are empty...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 15, 2007, 12:03:00 pm**

Armok, stop trying to demote me to a one task job.Besides...being a chaos bringer, which i may or may not be has its ups.I get to cuase as much mayhem as possible, and take a few death contracts from you on the side.  
Sure ill cease to exist if i dont get a high ranking promotion...but a Half Mortals gotta have something to work for.  
And Parade, dont order cakes in Alans name.You're throwing this grand parade for him and two awesome Kobolds, not with him.  
Any how, i wanted to surprise you next update Armok but...I got the job!.Im a 'Death'!.Grim was so busy with that Goblin blood bath i may have cuased, the virus let loose on the elves, and the anvil dropathon i MAY have sponsored.  
MUHAHAHAHAHA those elves are in for a surprise this time.Last time i was a lowly spirt.Today...today i am something!.  
\*Teleports off in a red flash of light, maniacal laughter still echoing off of everything.\*  
\*Teleports back\* Oh wait, im suppose to wait till that pizza i ordered for Armok and me gets here....

[ November 15, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 15, 2007, 03:21:00 pm**

You got the promotion? Your forum name does not show so, The Laws say that the title the name and the identity of an subphenomena- or phenomena personification is always equal and the same. Until the name has been updater what you have are a PROMISE of a title, this is as you see not as good or permanent as the title itself...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 15, 2007, 04:11:00 pm**

Thanks :p  
  
(a tiny bit spoily)  
You realize that in the story, the gods are somewhat less powerful than they are in your RP, their power being limited to sections of galaxies, rather than multiple universes. Kind of like a large scale version of the gods in Black and White. :p  
  
(somewhat more spoily)  
In fact, the gods power struggles over star systems and portions of galaxies is one of the key causes of one plot event that should surface very soon.

Edit: Is cussing OK on this forum? If so, I may just stop masking obscenities.

[ November 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 15, 2007, 06:38:00 pm**

I have never claimed to have power over the entire multiverse, only that I crated it... even that whit a bit of "help". I do run several low-level universes, one of the interfaces for creating and ruling these universes is DF, also, the entire thing is quite twisted in space, but as I xmember (like re-membering, but dislodged in time), I was/will indeed quite weak in that universe at the time.  
It's really more complicated than it sounds.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 15, 2007, 10:05:00 pm**

The pizza's here Armok.We have two smalls and one large...oh and a Dr Blood, and Diet Blood.  
Also, the struggles, from whats not been hidden from me, are quite large...well Archin keep to himself, but just last week i deformed 4 spirits.It was a heated debate on whether or not the Humans on multiple planats, includeing this one, which i dont care to specifi \*Shifty Eyes\*, should be destoryed and then the world reset once they reach space age, and discover many things we have kept hidden.This of course led to me and a few other spirits throwing Dark Blasts at them.The effect was a destroyed dwarven fort.  
Any ways, you can exspect quite alot...tho i dont EXACTLY know what Armok really wants.But i DO know that he wont have any of the no violance.Hell its kinda MY job...well it used to be.  
I suppose itll be like the God war of -----...we will expect many galaxys to be crushed completely, and the Senate of this Universe to get angry and intervene.  
I remember when i was around in ----- and they lunched a gamma ray into this other sun!.HAHAHA it was a sight!.i THINK Armok was there, then again, hes everywhere.  
Pass the chease pizza Armok.

[ November 15, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Death ]

[ November 15, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Death ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 15, 2007, 11:38:00 pm**

Sometimes We wonder if Armok himself knows what he wants.

We'd certainly understand if he didn't. We've held godly ranks before, and never really had a clear idea of long term goals. We find the more power you have, the less you know what you want.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL on November 15, 2007, 11:55:00 pm**

Glad to see the thread alive.

Thanks again all for the compliments. :)

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Blitukus let a deep breath out. Fale Siegedriven... her name passed through his mind several times, along with his memories of the times long passed... gone forever. If only the past could be changed... none of this would have ever, ever happened. It was unfortunate that the past was frozen in stone, but it was as it was. As he followed the river on his way out, a large army of goblins charged in. Blitukus checked the seal of the hatch, and continued in his current direction. They charged on the other side of the river towards the now abandoned dwarven fortress, ignoring Blitukus entirely. Had they planned to storm their former masters the entire time? Goblins have a preference for back-stabbing indeed... Blitukus sighed, and continued. Soon he passed near a town, and continued on the road north. He would revisit the town in which he had met Ori to disclose what had happened. He continued reading through the books and papers, reading the first bit of "The Worlds Easiest Atom Smasher" and becoming thoroughly impressed with it. The pages of the book were crisp and pure, unlike the rough paper and scrolls he was used to, and the covers... the covers still fascinated him, bendable, foldable, yet solid and strong. The covers smelled faintly of industrial chemicals. The text within was all printed by machine, the diagrams and text sharing equal levels of ink. The materials were amazing... yet nothing was flashy or adorned. This book was obviously designed to be produced en masse. What the book detailed was scientific concepts that Blitukus had a hard time believing at first, particles impossibly small that moved at such impossibly great speeds... and did *what* when they moved at those speeds? The book discussed in detail scientific devices the size of entire cities in scale, billions of moneys in cost. Whatever civilization printed this book, whatever civilization was present in that year 1991 was fully industrial, vast, and enormously powerful... and shared its wealth and secrets with its citizens, dedicating vast resources to science and discovery. Blitukus thought, if he had to predict a year for his dream of utopias metropolis to become reality... it would be near the year 2000. A deep sense of pride filled Blitukus as he thought about it. He had developed the first example of true production en masse used to such benevolent ends... was this bright future an indirect result of his work, like the snowflake falling, causing vast effects? Blitukus' sense of pride subsided, and he sighed. Dracha was the only person he knew that had any chance of living long enough to see that year. Blitukus knew... Armok wanted something from him, but it was the collective Universe that drew him towards a common goal... why would the universe give him such knowledge in dreams, aiding him to find his mother? Perhaps Blitukus speaking to his mother was in the universes best interest somehow. Much of this seemed extraneous... the energy projector, knowledge of these impossibly small particles, the sense of scale of the universe, other worlds... maybe the Universe was nudging Blitukus in the direction of building something far more complex and powerful than a wave transmitter.. but he still didn't know what or why. On the other hand, it was entirely possible that the collective universe had not been speaking to Blitukus and Blitukus had thought of these things on his own. Blitukus sighed. He would look into these ideas while he built and operated the wave transmitter. No matter what the forces of nature, civilization, and the heavens desired... Blitukus was left with one goal alone, contacting his mother once again.

Blitukus ate as he read, studying both books for details that could aid him in his quest. He started to draw connections between the forces and particles described, but as the sun advanced into the sky, Blitukus felt rather drowsy, and it was unwise to continue driving while drowsy considering the human wagons and other obstacles that would occasionally occur on the road. Blitukus pulled off to the side of the road and stopped, locating a nearby pond and taking a drink of water. He then sealed himself into the armored vehicle, lay back, and allowed himself to sleep. That day, he found himself processing in the most abstract manner what he had read about. The gravity that held the planets and stars together and in position, the electromagnetism that shot through the skies, that could be generated and manipulated, even the forces that projected energy and held together the very smallest parts of matter entered his thought process. He found himself standing on a platform in pitch black, empty space, before him glowed the equations he had read from both books... tiny particles, incomprehensibly small, buzzing about, moving chaotically at high speed, and immense planets slowly moving in a predictable manner filled the background. The particles... the planets were pieces of a puzzle it seemed. A puzzle that Blitukus felt held one of the universes most powerful secrets... if only the pieces could be put together. The equations also shared some remarkable commonalities... but there was a stark contrast between the world of the particles and the world of the planets. Blitukus found the pieces of the puzzle, where the boundaries lay, where the pieces fit together. A truly spectacular picture of the interaction of forces, energy, and matter was coming to be. He felt as if centuries were passing in this one dream... yet also felt as if time was counting in the billionths of a second. Blitukus eventually pieced together much of the puzzle... but the largest pieces, the planets, extreme masses over colossal scales, the forces dealing in the most visible way with these entities... seemed to follow an entirely different architecture than that of the impossibly small, rapidly moving particles. It wouldn't fit, not after dozens of tries. It was as if two entirely different sets of rules governed these two realms, and these rules often conflicted. Blitukus gave up, and the dream ended.

When Blitukus awoke, he immediately sensed the presence of a powerful being. Armok had been watching his dream... and was slightly disappointed in the outcome. What did Armok want with secrets that, if the legends were to be believed, he already knew anyway? Blitukus felt the presence leave. Maybe it was just a fluke, merely a bad gut feeling. Maybe. Blitukus himself was disappointed with the results. He knew the universe only churned by one set of rules... these two apparently conflicting realms had to be, in their most simplest and elegant essence, two parts of the same thing. Whatever this thing, this vast secret, was, Blitukus saw it was something truly beautiful yet astonishingly powerful... the key to the universe perhaps? Perhaps this roadblock was simply a means to keep mere mortals from tinkering with the powers of the gods.

Then again... it was all wild speculation based on a dream and a gut feeling or two. Blitukus had more solid and concrete goals to pursue at the moment. He sat up, started the generators, and continued driving. Blitukus continued reading "Of Electromagnetism", and began to sketch out a design on the margins using the dried goblin blood on the floor, sketching out his plans for the wave generator. It needed components to handle the current, to turn it into a proper wave suitable for transmitting, but these components were made of materials that Blitukus actually had in his mines, materials that he previously disregarded as simple rock. He would have time to think and dream, but putting too much time and resources into wild speculation almost always resulted in waste. He left that dream as simply part of his memory, for now. He continued into the night, passing through another town, continuing north, then stopping at the northmost town, the plains and forests having given way to more frigid grasslands. He stopped the armored vehicle in the middle of town, the town having for the most part gone to sleep, The mayor approached, and Blitukus stepped out. The town was being repaired, patches placed over holes, walls being sealed. Already the magma and char had been dispersed for the most part. The mayor spoke, "You're back! This means you are victorious?" Blitukus nodded. The mayor continued, "Excellent! No longer will the goblins destroy our buildings and endanger the lives of our citizens and their children! Thank you, Blitukus. We are all deeply grateful." They shook hands, but Blitukus felt no pride in the war. The mayor continued, "I see you've arrived ahead of Ori as well!" Blitukus responded, "... Ori.... will not be coming home... and nor will those who served under him. They fought bravely and perished... I nearly perished as well, and consider myself lucky to have survived." Blitukus looked down, the bitter sadness of the war coming back to haunt him. The mayor stood still and silent for several moments. The mayor commented, "This is a bright day for our nation, but it is shrouded by the darkest clouds, Blitukus." Blitukus nodded slowly, "I feel the same. They were my comrades." Another moment of silence passed under the cold, stary night sky. The mayor spoke, "I will be sure they are properly remembered... their loved ones informed... Still, despite these losses... all that fought bravely are responsible for saving many more lives. It is for this that we are and forever will be indebted to those that fought. This includes you, Blitukus. You were the last one standing. You risked your life for those who didn't even fly the same banner as you. We are forever in your debt for these heroic deeds. The Siegedriven legacy lives on... I remember the days when your mother performed similar acts of heroism... I was but a child then, but am glad I finally have a chance to meet one of the legendary Siegedrivens." This warmed Blitukus' heart. He was not proud of the war, but this, what the mayor had just said, he felt was a very high honor. The mayor handed Blitukus a small box, and spoke, "I had arranged for the minting of several souvenirs before you had returned. Please accept this as a token of our eternal gratitude." Blitukus accepted it, and looked into the box. It was a medal of valor... something that the northern army hardly issued to anyone at all. Blitukus accepted the token, and again shook hands with the mayor. Then, they both saluted one another.. but found that they were both saluting in remembrance of those who had fallen. After they had finished, the mayor asked, "So, this is goodbye then?" Blitukus nodded, responding, "May you find peace of mind and heart as well as prosperity in the future. This peace is something I must seek myself, for it lies elsewhere for me." The mayor nodded, "I understand. Goodbye, and good luck, Blitukus. It was truly a miracle meeting you." With that, they parted, both walking slowly, saddened by what had taken place. It was a loss... but it could have been much worse. Blitukus picked up a hand full of dirt as he climbed to the cabin of his armored vehicle. He stood by the cabin, and opened his hand. The dirt was slowly cast away by a gust of wind, the small grains drifting into the air, far away, nothing but a memory. Blitukus found himself getting teary eyed, and shut his eyes, lowering his head, and sighing. It was over.. it was time to let go. He would have to put the death of his fallen comrades and allies behind him... but one death in the conflict... his mother... was a death that he could never put behind him. Until he spoke with his mother... spoke his final words to his mother, the words that he was too late to speak that one winter night... there was no force in the world that would bring his heart to peace. Not even death itself could. Blitukus climbed into the cabin, and sealed the hatch above himself. He continued driving, leaving the road, continuing north of the frigid grasslands into the tundra. He followed the



river, passing through tundra and more frigid grasslands, passing through a muddy valley into raw glacier. The night wore on, and he passed through a glacial valley, following the mountains to his right, retracing the path he had took in a wagon... those 3 long years ago. There it was... the tunnels to his home. He parked the armored vehicle within the storage, powered it down, then stepped out. He walked out of the storage onto the snowy glacier, then looked out into the distant, frozen horizon. The war... it was over... he was home, finally home. For a moment, the sadness was broken, and a sense of relief came over Blitukus. He smiled and spread his arms, facing into the wind, embracing the bitter cold as if it were a dear friend. An aurora waved in the sky above as the matter kicked out of the sun at enormous speed became entangled in the energies of the worlds magnetic fields. Blitukus kept smiling, looking up. The universe, in all of its forces and aspects and contents, was truly beautiful when viewed on a grand scale. Blitukus looked across at the horizon again, and stopped smiling. It was beautiful... until ones point of view were placed back within the confines of the world, where the ugliness and corruption of local evils can dominate the view. Such corruption was luckily no longer in Blitukus' local area... but its effects were still felt.

Dracha landed behind Blitukus, sending a plume of snow flying toward Blitukus. Blitukus jumped and dived into the snow as if it were an instinct, evading the rushing plume. His mind was still firing impulses as if it were a combat situation, even though it was over. Dracha asked, "A little skittish today, are we?" Blitukus stood up, and spoke, "That... that was Hell, Dracha." Dracha replied, "Really?... Yeah, I understand... I had a feeling that was going to happen. Back when I was a little one, there was a battle between the archmages that tore the landscape apart and made life a living hell for many of us. I was afraid the wars of technology would reach a similar point... and I'm glad as hell you stopped it before it had a chance to get any closer. I did a bit of research on who you were fighting, and it wadn't looking pretty at all. You're a hero now, Blitukus." Blitukus smiled, and tried to hug Dracha, but found size differences made it rather impractical. Blitukus spoke, "I just hope someone invents a more mature way for people to settle their conflicts... or at least actually invents a **less** destructive way to wage war." Dracha replied, "Oh there's been a less destructive method of battle for a long time now! A type of battle that nearly never kills anyone." Blitukus asked, "What is it?" Dracha stood up on her hind legs and swung at the air after assuming a fighting stance, "A good ol' boxin' match, 'specially fun if you're drunk at the time!" Blitukus laughed, and pondered the thought of wars being decided not by technology or numbers, but by the result of a boxing match between national leaders. It could be put in an arena and made into a form of public entertainment! Blitukus snickered further at the thought. But, another thought arose to comfort him. Despite the pains that ate away at his heart, at least he had a friend to help make life bearable, especially since melancholy had a tendency to get in the way of achieving ones goals.

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You know, space-age humans do some of the funniest dumb sh\*t... \*points to instance of mars-orbiting spacecraft crashing into the planet because someone did the math wrong translating between imperial and metric\*

[ November 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 16, 2007, 12:00:00 am**

We must say that Blitikus is an extraordinary individual. Most, when confronted with seemingly grand designs, think they come from the gods. He actually IS confronted with grand designs from a god, and thinks that there are MORE grand designs, from the universe itself.

And the best part about the space age is the ability to take advantage of gravity.

If you had controll over the moon, you could take over the world by threatening to throw rocks at it.

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 16, 2007, 08:25:00 am**

I tried that already....  
Beyond Quality!.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 16, 2007, 10:04:00 am**

Trowing rocks at the humans is always fun! :(  
Must hurt self...

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 16, 2007, 11:09:00 am**

If you get enough rocks going at once you should be fine.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 16, 2007, 11:43:00 am**

Every one knows live rats are the ultimate throwing weapon!.

The spinging live rat hits the Giant in the head!.  
The Giant as been struck down!.  
Classic.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 16, 2007, 12:40:00 pm**

The problem is that on most moons you will have a very hard time finding live rats large enough to not burn up in the atmosphere. When you do, yes then the are probably one of the funniest shows in the multiverse! :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 16, 2007, 12:49:00 pm**

The best part about being a god is being able to set that sort of thing up. I miss god-hood sometimes.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 16, 2007, 01:10:00 pm**

Technically, you never stop being a god.Which means you never were a god, WHICH MEANS YOU DONT EXIST!!!.  
\*Universe Kerplodes\*  
BOOSH! :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 16, 2007, 05:09:00 pm**



Actually, one of the things that has already been kind of made a point (albiet in a very hard to see way) is you don't need to ruin the environment to be industrial. That point should resurface much more readily depending on how the last section of the story goes. The dwarves already showed an instance of industrial tech gone wrong, though. It's not part of the plan for Blitukus to experience such a scene of guilt.

Slightly Spoily edit: I figure I might as well point out that the year 2000 in this story is a lot different than the year 2000 on Earth.

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Bringer of Ironic Deaths** on **November 16, 2007, 05:59:00 pm**

Well duh.Due to the events cuased by Armok, which is giveing the dwarves this tech, cuased Blitukus to harness steam,which with both will lead to advances far quicker then real world history.We can expect alot to happen by 2000.Unfortunately, theres one thing that will not change end even by then.War and violance.Its human nature.And when humans cuase this, the dwarves, elves, and Goblins, and kobolds get involved.And the goblins and some dwarves are also warmongering...and there ARE some Kobold criminals. We can expect great beams of plasma to be shot at other citys.THIS IS-ANTHATH SPARTA!. [A nation located at the other side of the world.Dont pick a fight with them.They are Bad Ass.]

Note:Half of this post is all a joke.So laugh damn it.LAUGH!!!!.

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Death ]

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: Bringer of Death ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 16, 2007, 06:15:00 pm**

Nice :p

Actually, the idea of a kobold criminal might be the story coming after this (I have a range of several different stories in mind to write after this, detailing the future history of the world between approximately 1100 AD and 3000 AD, It'll be a fun modding exercise on top of it :p).

(slightly spoily details follow)  
Warmongering actually pushes back tech in this story by a large amount (details may follow in a future update), meaning there won't be that much futuretech in 2000, but keep in mind humans tend to have civs that lag behind, civs that are on par, and civs that are ahead of the curve. Some aspects of 2000 should be very familiar, some should be something that you'd never expect to see in a modern civ. Although, this discussion may be irrelevant, since I'm not sure if having Blitukus adventure through time like that would be considered going too far or not (I've basically dumped the mech idea entirely though).

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 16, 2007, 06:46:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Reign on your Parade: <STRONG>The best part about being a god is being able to set that sort of thing up. I miss god-hood sometimes.</STRONG>

Ah, you see, that is the very reason I has been a god for millions of eternities, but when I promoted you, you where back at making parades in just a few eons.  
It is all about setting restraints at yourself, making up goals.  
Sure I could just create rats, sure I could just smack the demons whit drawbridges, but that is forgetting the ultimate goal, why you are running this universe, it's really very mutsh like DF, the goal isn't to win, but to have fun losing.  
I type seeds into the world generator in DF, and I do something quite similar to the "real" worlds, thus I created those worlds, but that doesn't make me immune to losing the fort I chose to control.

This is really what it is all about, over millions of universes I rule and manipulate, sometimes I materialize stars from noting to catapult into some civilizations to see how they handle it, but I make sure they firs have some way of defending themselves, because seeing savages starve because the rain evaporated is not as fun as epic struggles or gigantic contraptions of gravity manipulation being constructed by the sweat of a thousand backs rather than a wink of my holy hand to divert it from the homes of those very backs.

Another example, I could keep telling you more of these deep secrets of the universe till your heads exploded, getting a lot of funny gore, but then I would never get to hear the end of this magnificent story, so I go make someones head explode by forming them stupid enough to put their own head in the microwave while trying to repair it, making it short-circuit, turn on despite security measures, and cook him alive till he explodes, that way I can still both have my gore and eat it...

I'm running around babbling...

Edit: was writing while you posted...  
I think now that Blitukus have electricity and soon quantum-gravity, it would be fun whit a bit of the more advanced stuff. On the powersuite my complaint was that steam was to slow and a humanoid design to inefficient, I would love to have the idea back in a more limited form, think a single arm on a tank (or mini sub, please?) controlled using a long glove inside the cockpit while controlling the craft using the other arm. I am all for flashing back an forth in time and messing up with various paradoxes and fates, its one of my favorite activities

[ November 16, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 16, 2007, 06:54:00 pm**

But... I became the king of parades AFTER god-hood. I never had anything to do with them before, I only got the position because I had a witty name, and no one else did.  
  
Of course, the first couple centuries of God-hood weren't that fun. Stupid phil, stealing my position as god of paradoxes and getting me demoted to atheism.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 16, 2007, 07:05:00 pm**

Oops, I just came from a please whit cyclic time so I kinda just assumed...  
  
But my point still holds.

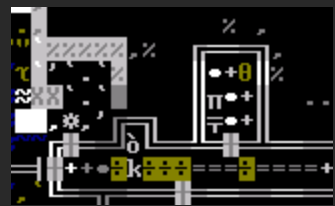
Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 16, 2007, 07:10:00 pm**

And then I didn't even manage to get Paradoxes BACK. They just added onto my portfolio, giving me suicide as well. I **AM** going to get Phil back for that, I know he drugged me into that depression.... I'm sorry, was I ranting again?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 17, 2007, 12:02:00 am**

It's fun reading the RP :p  
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Blitukus spoke, "Thank you Dracha, I needed to laugh." Dracha replied, "Well what are friends for? After what you've been through you're welcome to any kind of support you need. It's really the least I can do." They smiled at each other. Blitukus spoke, "Knowing that I have a true friend in these times is quite a lot in itself." Dracha replied, "I'm glad I have a friend as well, gets kinda lonely sittin' around on a glacier by yerself y'know.... I guess we should just put it behind us." Blitukus nodded, "Yes, but, they killed my mother... I may have avenged her, but I have still yet to speak my last words to her... I have retrieved new technology, and designed a new machine to allow me to send signals into the heavens." Dracha replied, "What a coincidence!" Blitukus tilted his head a bit, "What coincidence?" Dracha continued, "I'm puttin' together a new set of runes to pick up on messages hidden within astral vibrations! What you've planned sounds like the technology equivalent." Astral vibrations? If his mother were to try to contact him... it would be more direct that way. Blitukus found a new reason to be grateful for his friendship with Dracha. Blitukus spoke, "Good luck, and listen carefully, please. I do not know the inner workings of the heavens, but if anyone should try to contact me... please tell me." Dracha replied, "Sure thing! I guess we should get started then... maybe when I take a break sometime I'll come over to visit again." Blitukus nodded, "I look forward to that. Until then... we both have much work to do." Dracha nodded and waved, "Good luck on your end as well." Blitukus waved back as Dracha parted. Blitukus walked back to the armored vehicle, and took the remaining plump helmet back to the food barrels.... he found the barrel he was placing it in was nearly empty. Blitukus sensed a mistake had been made. He opened all the barrels and looked in... a bag of seeds, a few bits of food.... other than that, empty, empty, empty.



**Meat: None**  
**Fish: None**  
**Plant: 3**  
**Drink: None**  
**Other: None**

Blitukus grumbled under his breath... in his pursuit of industry, he had neglected the other side of a civilizations productivity... agriculture. Indeed, the farm room was bone dry and had nothing growing within but a spiders web. Luckily, it was still early spring, and there were several seeds. In an emergency, he could cook these seeds and eat them... but it didn't look like it would result in a tasty meal, considering they were fungus spores. When he had first struck the cliff face... he knew nothing of farming, and now he had a sufficient knowledge to pass as a grower... but not enough to earn any title of merit in it. It would still do. Blitukus pulled the lever, opening the farm room to the river. The water from the river was taken in by the floodgate, flooding the room, washing away the spiders web. Blitukus pressed the lever back, and the floodgates closed, the water rapidly soaking into the ground. For the first time in a long time, the dust had now become moist soil once again. He tilled the soil, and planted the spores. He thought about the balance of industry, production en masse, gadgetry and technology... and old fashioned, simple agriculture. The dwarves had, in their desire to exploit, created a large industrial base... but at the cost of polluting and corrupting the environment around them. Production en masse, especially with the use of steam generating loops, actually reduced the environmental toll of production when used efficiently and wisely... but if it were to be used for the sole intent of power and wealth, used without heed to its effects and costs... the friendly and familiar grasslands and lakes could become wastes of soot and sludge. Technology was an amplifier of the will of its user... for better or for worse. Which direction would the humans take it? The humans were, historically, a fairly neutral species... there were some instances of honest bravery and dedication... as well as some instances of corruption and apathy. Fale had instilled a sense of morality in the humans, and they saw for themselves the results of abusing technology... they could be trusted, for now. He remembered the book "The Worlds Easiest Atom Smasher", the vast dedication of a vast civilization... civilization would still be alive and thriving in 1991, the people well and educated enough to develop such exotic theories. A bright future was ahead... but still, times change. He remembered the nightmare he had had that one night... the explosion in utopias metropolis, buildings shattered, vehicles thrown... what would happen after 2000? Blitukus sighed. He couldn't think of a way to change, or even predict the events of the third millennium... it was beyond his influence. But, the ones who committed the atrocities in that dream... they were not humans... they were demons. Likely the whole dream was just generated, none of it a true prediction of the future. Hopefully.

Blitukus finished planting the last seed, and walked down the tunnels. In the book "Of Electromagnetism", he read about the conductivity of metals... copper was a decently efficient metal for carrying energy, but silver, despite its rarity, was even more effective... in fact, aside from a note about adamantite "predicted to have no resistance to energy flow whatsoever", silver was the best conductor. Right in front of Blitukus, a large vein of galena, an ore containing silver along with decent amounts of lead. Since Blitukus didn't need to armor anything with steel, and the wave generator would be a stationary structure, he could build the majority of it out of bronze. He walked back and reviewed his design. The actual generator itself was relatively simple, consisting of a few electrical components... large components designed to handle large amounts of power, that would modulate a waves amplitude by the input then amplify the result. This device was also meant to work in reverse, disassembling a modulated wave back into its components... in theory allowing audio to be transmitted and received. But, although it seemed relatively straightforward to transfer electrical waves to air waves due to the motion of wires and magnets in a changing field, he knew of no way to make a device sensitive enough to air flow to transfer audio to electrical waves. He would be able to listen, but only able to speak in pulses, on or off. The wave itself would oscillate at an enormous rate... nearly 2 billion cycles per second... but the encoded wave, the wave that would be modulated into it, could very well be in the audible range. In order to be sensitive enough to receive any reply, it would follow the same principle as the reflecting telescope... a dish would reflect the energy waved into another reflector, which would focus them on a receiver beneath the dish. This dish would have to be very large, and heavy. Only the force of steam could conveniently aim the machine. He included two large pistons per axis to aim the dish on a ball joint, levers controlling steam flow allowing Blitukus to aim the dish. The assembly would be mechanically linked to a chair where Blitukus would sit, causing the chair to point in the same direction as the dish. Mounted on the chair would be an optical telescope, just big enough for Blitukus to get a closer look at what he would be speaking to. The wires insulation and mirrors as well would need glass to make... green glass would do for insulation, but for the purposes of the telescope, the glass would have to be made much purer, preferably crystal glass. Pearlash was out of the question, and the only rock crystal he had seen was located on the opposite end of the magma flow... green glass would have to do. Blitukus did have magma to fuel his glass making, and that meant that he wouldn't have to worry about smoke from fuel getting into the glass though. Luckily, as far as bronze went, the dish substrate would be pouned very thin, meaning there wasn't much metal required for that. The whole project would take 5 steel bar stacks, 14 bronze bar stacks, 4 stacks of silver bars, and 5 good chunks of cut glass. Magnetite and the other materials he would need were embedded in stone and could be smelted out from the ore. Luckily, not much was needed, and there was a vein of stone he had previously not identified before as magnetite.

He would start with the steel first, as in order to make a magma glass furnace, he would need steel. First, he retrieved his pickaxe and walked back down to the exhausted vein, and dug through the stone, laden with the previously ignored minerals and magnetite. He noticed a deposit of rock crystal in the wall... but he could get by with green glass. He had a feeling he should save it for when he really needed it, as it was a limited resource. He continued digging through the stone, crossing a platinum vein, coming to encounter a large amount of hematite where he previously thought there was little. He dug out 6 lumps, and took a break to eat. It was the third to last plump helmet... he had faith that his farm would yield food before he had to resort to cooking and eating the fungus spores. He brought 3 lumps of hematite back to the smelter, melting them down into iron, stopping to drink. When he finished, he walked back down the tunnels, to the coal, and dug out 3 lumps of it, bringing them back, processing the large, heavy lumps into 2 stacks of coke bars each. He let out a deep breath. He worked the furnace with efficiency and skill, and worked with a precision that would've made his former teacher proud. He had survived for 3 years on this frozen glacier, and had become skilled in many fields... all in the name of being with his mother... one last time. He continued, digging along the cave river, unearthing more limestone to use. He then brought it back, converting the molten iron to molten pig iron, using the coke as a carbon source. He then hauled the rest of the hematite back, and, using up most of the rest of the limestone, smelted the hematite into the pig iron, adjusting the carbon content to make steel. He remembered how those years ago, he had produced his first steel, he was so proud of his accomplishments that he hugged the bars... and now it was

becoming a process he took for granted. It was only a means to an end, even though it was marvelous in its own way. As Blitukus worked, the plump helmets matured, and mature mushrooms began cropping up on the fields. At the moment, food was more important. Blitukus got to a stopping point with what he was doing, and stopped to pick the mushrooms, storing them as they cropped up. He planted another row after picking 3, seeing as he would need to rebuild his stockpile of food. He stopped for a drink, then kept picking them. The night had worn on, and the sun was rising. When he had picked all that had grown, he found he had quite enough food to last for a while. He had reversed his food problem... now it was time to maybe finish making steel, if his drowsiness didn't get to him first. Just before finishing... he felt his drowsiness get to him. He found a new sense of how even though the resources of the mountain were vast... they were limited, and botching a steel recipe would be a waste of those resources. He left the metal simmering, and went off to bed, studying and perfecting his designs for a few minutes, then putting the book down, letting himself fall asleep. That day, he found himself in the same dream he had the last time... the puzzle of the universe, beautiful in every way, sitting nearly complete before him. He felt he must complete the puzzle, and unveil the full picture of the universe... but again, no matter how he tried, no matter how clever he was in his attempts... the two realms of large and small never fit together. Blitukus tried and tried... but eventually gave up, the dream ending there. As he awoke, he sensed Armok was becoming a bit frustrated. Blitukus realized... this was the goal Armok had placed for him, solving this puzzle... but why? As a test of faith? The gods performed in mysterious ways... and Blitukus thought to himself, he shouldn't be troubling himself with it. He got up, stretched, then finished adjusting the carbon content of the still sizzling metal, pouring the metal to form 6 stacks of steel bars. Armok seemed to feel strongly about this one kobold... why did Armok have such a strong desire for him to solve the puzzle? Blitukus kept it in the back of his mind as he went back to work. He went into the work room, and dug through the wall by the magma channel. He shut off the magma feed in order to work safely, and extended the channel, allowing for another magma-fueled workshop to be built within the new room. He then restarted the magma feed, and forged a stack of steel bars into the parts needed for a glass furnace. He extended the steam tubes from the magma forge, and with the feeds in place, built the magma glass furnace.

Now he was faced with a separate problem... he needed sand to make glass, and needed a bag to put the sand in, as using his hands was too inefficient and using an entire barrel would be a bit overkill. He collected cave spider webs, wove the silk into cloth, stopped to eat, then continued to make the cloth into a bag. He took the bag out to the shore of the cave river, stuffed it full of sand, then brought it back, melting the sand down, creating a decent lump of glass with it. The raw glass was far larger than the amount he had used to make his goggles with... but it was rough, and needed to be properly smoothed and cut in order to obtain optically viable quality, and it would also have to be cut into the proper form if it were going to serve as an insulator. He needed yet another workshop, but luckily this one could be made of stone. He chiseled out proper blocks to make a proper surface, and made the tools for the job out of the leftover stone. Then, he brought the material over, cleared a space, then assembled the workshop. He took the rough green glass into the adjacent workshop, then cut it into several pieces, trimmed it down and smoothed it until he had created several sections of insulation for the wires, and a smooth eyepiece for what would eventually be the optical telescope. He crafted it to the specifications mentioned in Glass Optics, and found it worked in an interesting manner. He pushed his goggled up to his forehead, and looked through the eyepiece, one eye shut. It distorted his view within the area it encompassed, the rays of light changing course as they passed through the glass. Coincidentally, waves of electricity and magnetism behaved in the exact same way as rays of light... implying directly that light was nothing more than waves of electricity and magnetism. Blitukus smiled. Electricity, waves of electromagnetism, optics, flying machines and machines to send messages wirelessly through the sky... he felt he was peering into a future beyond that of simple production en masse, where such production was only a foundation for more advanced and refined arts. Technology seemed to have no upper limit, and he felt that not even he would be able to truly comprehend the scale and complexity of devices truly built upon the highest standards of technology physically possible... such was the subject for civilizations perhaps far beyond even the year 2000... but it wasn't of much relevance. Of all the details of the universes workings and technologies to use those details, they were nothing but a means to an end. Blitukus had only one true goal remaining, and even though he had surrounded himself with fascinating concepts and wondrous inventions... it was all mere gadgetry, and no mere gadget held any weight compared to that goal.

[ November 17, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 17, 2007, 10:44:00 am**

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First to the BQ award! :D

"This is a Beyond Quality award.  
It menaces whit spikes of tin.  
It is encirkel whit bands of awsomenes.  
On the item is a image of a kobold and a flying machine, the kobold is rising the flying machine.  
On the item is a image of a kobold and a tank, the kobold is rising the tank.  
On the item is a image of a kobold and a giant radio telescope, the kobold is rising the giant radio telescope.  
On the botom of the item is a label saying '-3258 eB ; 3258 pB'.  
This item emits an eerie feeling, as where it displaced in time.  
This item grants immortality to the owner."

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 17, 2007, 11:12:00 am**

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Thanks :)

[ November 17, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 17, 2007, 11:55:00 pm**

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I don't have much new to say, so, here's the update :p

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Blitukus sighed, and set the eyepiece down, closing his eyes. His one true goal... HE whimpered slightly and began crying as he remembered the day he found Fale 'Siege Engine' Siegedriven The Ageless Purple Spear, his mother, his best friend... laying motionless in a pool of her own blood. It made his heart feel as if he had just been shot in the chest... If only that never happened... Blitukus wished he could just step back to the happy and prosperous days of before the assassination, retreat into the past... but alas, it was not so. He muttered the words he spoke, when he ran up to her body, the last words he had spoken to her those 3 long years ago... "NO! Mother! What happened?! No, you CAN'T be dead! You can't!" But... she was... he missed her, every bit of her unique personality. He reached out and hugged, opening his eyes to find himself once again in the cold dark rooms of his new home, having hugged nothing but air. If only... Blitukus sniffled, wiped the tears from his face, wiped the dripping from his nose, and walked back into the main work room. He held himself silent but tears still formed on his face. The wound in his soul wasn't healing, for it was much too severe. Only one thing could allow him to mend it. He walked to the forge, and took his pickaxe in one hand, the hammer of the forge in the other. No longer did his mind flood with images of the past... it now flooded with images of the future. His technology, the lines and symbols and numbers and sketches that would be forged into reality... the means to finally bring closure to the past, and prosperity to the future. He held up his hammer, his pick, and smiled at them, a tear dropping from his cheek. He coughed, then muttered to the magma and steam, metal and stone... "It **will** be done." He found himself overrun by a mixture of emotions, a clashing of sadness about the past and optimism about the future. He slowly placed the hammer back down, then held the pickaxe with both hands, looking at it, smiling yet still teary eyed. Those words he spoke 3 years ago... they were by no means proper last words... his mother never got a chance to speak her last words to him... It was time to make it happen.

He raised his head, his determination renewed, and left the room, walking down the hall. He reached the galena vein... remembering that day a little less than 3 years ago when he had first struck the ore of silver.. how he regarded it as nothing but an ornamental metal, useless, suitable only for decoration and luxury commodities. Now it was by far the most useful metal to Blitukus... it would be used to make valuable energy. It would carry the electrical waves... it would carry the electronic voice of the heavens above. Blitukus had built his old experiment in free energy... a giant, crude steam generator, right into the galena vein, and the galena behind him was all that stood between him and molten rock.





He looked through the window at the familiar interior... remembering the failed free energy test that resulted in a successful invention. It was a milestone, a historical monument to his achievements... Blitukus raised his pickaxe, and smashed through the stone of the window.



*Out with the old, in with the new!*

It had stood between him and the silver that his future needed. It was historical, but it was irrelevant compared to his goals. He dug through the walls, ruining a loop and breaching it, until he had gotten 5 lumps on the ground. He then brought the galena back and, stopping for a drink, melted it down, dumping the slag into the magma, pouring the silver from the top of the cauldron, lead from the bottom of the cauldron. He set the lead aside, but stacked the silver bars. He might find a use for lead eventually... until then... He remembered the diplomatic fiasco of 1078 involving dwarves offering lead goblets to a human leader, causing the leader to become a babbling wreck and soon after die. Luckily, both Blitukus and his mother had aided an investigation that proved that these specific dwarves were isolated from human information flow and also proved that dwarves, who had used lead objects and dishes for centuries, were immune to the poisoning. Those facts together convinced the humans that the dwarves were unaware of the poisonous effects of lead on humans, resulting in the humans settling for material compensation rather than all out war... although this compensation was a bit steep. Lead caused rather nasty sickness in humans, everyone was informed after that fiasco, but what it would do to kobolds was still unknown. Blitukus didn't want to take the chance. Blitukus began to pound the silver into wire, but realized that if silver were heated to nearly its melting point, it could be forced through a small hole, wire coming out the other side. He found that the stacks of heavy bars produced great lengths of wire. After forming the wire, he let the remaining silver stay molten within the smelters cauldron. After finishing that, he went back to making glass, producing more lumps of raw green glass, stopping to pick the last few plants that were sprouting. Luckily for Blitukus, he had dabbled in working with glass before the assassination. He once made a few fake gems for fun. Time passed as he gathered sand and brought it back to melt down into glass.

### It is now summer.

After he had 4 sizable lumps, he took them back to the adjacent workshop and chipped them into suitable sheets of insulation, using the most flawless glass to form flat dishes and lenses. He considered himself lucky to have worked with glass and gems before, as even though he could only qualify as a novice at it, it was the only reason he could chip th glass into anything resembling optical quality. Using the last of the pooled silver, he dipped the optical glass dishes in the silver, and when the silver cooled, a nice, reflective mirror resulted. He repeated this for the other mirror, and then had all that he needed to make the optical portion of the telescope. He set the mirrors and lenses down. He had the glass, silver, and steel, but he still needed magnetite and minerals as well as 14 stacks of bronze bars. He took his pickaxe in hand, then walked back down the tunnels, digging out 7 lumps of malachite and 7 lumps of cassiterite. He then began the routine of bringing back the malachite and cassiterite, smelting them down into high quality bronze. The routine was becoming rather old hat now, but it was still a vital process. Cassiterite... He looked down at a lump of it as he hauled it... it was the very first metal he had struck within this mountain. He remembered his grumbling about the lack of copper those years ago. Now, he had as much as he needed, having located large veins of it, and despite the distance of his early experiences with it, it was still critical to his goals. The night wore on, and Blitukus began to feel sleepy. He kept working even though he was starting to get drowsy... but despite his determination, he noticed he was starting to find it difficult to concentrate due to it. He needed something to wake himself up. It was the monotony that was causing a lot of it, rather than just physical exhaustion. He stepped out to the river to drink. If only something would come and wake him up again, he might be able to get the entire project done quicker. At that moment, that something swept in with a roar. SPLASH! He was overtaken by a wall of water, knocked downstream. He found he had come to rest on the shore, near the river, but the river hadn't taken him in. He pulled himself up as the water roared by.



The water smacked into him again, forcing itself down his throat, knocking him into the river, dunking him, then promptly depositing him on the shore again. He picked himself up and coughed up some water, finding himself a bit winded from having the air forcefully removed from his lungs. He continued coughing as he treaded through the water, the ice cold water sinking through his fur and making him shiver. He walked back into the tunnels, and shook off, sending water onto the walls. Despite a rather unpleasant experience, he had wanted something to wake him up, and wanted a drink, and the river had, albeit forcefully, provided both. Blitukus laughed.

*The river... I guess it's as close as one can get to a friendly demon at times. Well, thank you oh sadistically benevolent being!*

He continued snickering a bit, then went back to what he was doing, feeling rather refreshed. He found his concentration renewed as he continued smelting the malachite and cassiterite. Eventually, he finished. He poured the bronze, cluttering the smelter with bars of bronze and steel. After this, he began to gather mineral-rich rocks and magnetite, bringing them back. He then chiseled the magnetite, getting rid of the common rock within wherever possible, and chipping off the rust on the surface. If he were to actually smelt it, it would lose its magnetic properties. Afterwards, he smelted the mineral rich rocks, separating the minerals and using them to form electrical components... some minerals resisted the flow of energy by a certain amount, some could be used to only allow current to flow one way, and coils allowed for beautiful use of the interaction between electricity and magnetism. Finally, he had finished producing materials. Now, he moved the materials outside, picking a spot on the glacier. But, his physical exhaustion soon became apparant... and he decided to save the rest for the day after. Blitukus finished his current hauling run and went to his room, laying in bed. He reviewed his designs again, checking the schematics for the wave generator, imagining what it would be like to be a particle, tugged along through the wires by the electrical current. When he was satisfied that he knew the details of his designs thoroughly, he set the book down, and allowed himself to sleep. That day, yet again the same dream happened. He found the puzzle, laying beautifully yet incomplete on a flat, nearly transparent surface. He was completely out of combinations to try, and spent the dream, unsuccessfully, trying to think of new combinations. It was all to no avail. When Blitukus awoke, he sensed deeply that Armok was becoming annoyed, but not annoyed at him... Armok seemed annoyed at the world, indeed the entire universe as a whole about this. Blitukus stood, and let out a deep breath. There was nothing he could do to solve the puzzle, he lacked an important piece of knowledge needed to solve it, but what that was... he didn't know where to begin searching for that answer. He walked out from his room, down to the river, and took another drink. Dracha said that Armok was using him... indeed, it seemed as if Armok had inadvertently caused the death of his mother through the dwarves... was it inadvertent? The thought ate slightly at Blitukus, but he forced it from his mind. He was still merely a mortal, and it was best for him not to start a conflict with the gods.

A snow storm blew as he moved the glass items, mineral items, bars, and spools of wire out to the glacier. Eventually, the storm ceased. More time passed... He stopped for a drink, and noticed a tower cap had reached maturity near the farms... a tower cap was threatening to compromise his door as well. If it did th...



...  
POOFH!

Armok was becoming rather angry with this obstacle. Blitukus sighed, got up, stretched, and continued the hauling. Just a bit more... he noticed that a large amount of snow had been toppled from the top of the mountain, forming a new hill on the glacier. A snow storm started as Blitukus hauled the last set of bronze bars out. He punched through the glacier and drank the freezing water beneath, then continued, moving the bronze bars the rest of the way to the site. As he reached the designated spot, he stood and grunted, the breath taking a nebulous form in the bitter cold. He then dropped the bars, the bars clanking together as they hit the surface. It was all ready.

Blitukus walked back to his armored vehicle, crawled under it, then removed a steam generator, configuring it to function as a magma loop. He then set it by his site, elevating it to prevent it from melting through the glacier under it, then smoothed the glacier where he was going to place the base of the wave generator.



Then, he proceeded to use the heat of the magma loop to forge the plating and rivets that would form a solid base for the structure. He also used the heat of the loop to keep himself from freezing out in the arctic cold. After forging the plates, he dug indentations into the floor, and used those indentations to secure the base of the machine. This would just hold the antenna... the actual wave generator itself and the control seat would be fine resting upon the raw glacier. He then pounded out the casing for the electronics box, and placed it at the side of the machine. Next, he bound the magnetite blocks together into a cylinder, and bent the silver wire into coils, separating the wires with glass insulation when needed. After that, he forged the base of the energy generator, mentioned as a 'dynamo', and set it near the electronics box. After that, he carefully mounted the magnetite rotor within the base, and placed the coils around it. Then, he retrieved another steam generator, and forged a simple steam chamber and steam engine to drive it.

### Autumn has come.

It was getting colder and colder. Blitukus feet became very sore.... he tripped, and fell. The frost had damaged his foot, and it was unproductive to try to continue further. He picked himself up, and went back to his room, resting for a slight bit as he tended to it. It didn't take long at all for him to tend to his feet. When he finished, he went right back to work, despite the cold. The snow storm cleared. He grunted... the frost was biting into him, and yet again it was damaging his flesh. He went back to tend to the frost damage. This was costing him more time. He was able to settle the damage quickly, but still... he would have to resort to standing by the magma loop for a decent amount of time. It would cost time, reducing the efficiency of his work, but it would be worth it as he would keep himself from being injured by the cold, in turn keeping himself from spending even more time waiting for his skin to heal. He continued on, perfecting the coils and setting up the bronze infrastructure of the antenna. He stopped frequently to warm the extremities of his body, and grumbled at the inconvenience, but it was better than losing them to frostbite. He stopped to eat, then continued. Eventually, the foundations were all done.

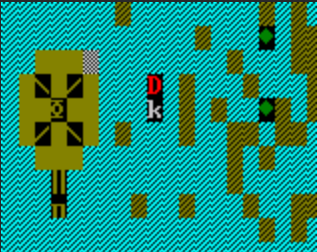


The dynamo was ready to operate. He was unsure of weather it would work... the technology was beyond what he had previously attempted. He pulled down the two silver wires that came out of the end, and placed them close to each other. Then, he walked behind it, turned on the steam loop, then pressed the regulator up on the piston driving the dynamo. As pressure built, it slowly chugged into action, turning the magnetite core of the dynamo. Blitukus walked back to the front of it, then watched the wires as the spin accelerated. Nothing was happening, but just as Blitukus was about to shut it down, there was a popping sound, and a blue arc shot between the wires. The spinning magnetic fields were dragging an electric current through the wires. Blitukus smiled as another arc jumped the gap. He had told himself he would pry this technology from the dwarves dead hands... and here it was. He had his energy, he had electricity. Still, there was much to do. Blitukus walked back to the piston, and pulled the regulator down. The machine spun down to a halt. He had energy... now he needed to use it. He continued, opening the electronics box and arranging the components within to fit the schematic, wiring the components together with silver wire. He also created a simple device that would provide a raised reading for a signal that was high frequency and constant frequency... it would return a high result if he was listening to a true reply... a low one if it was just natural noise. The cave river gushed over its bounds once more. Speaking of noise... that dynamo would drown out any reply with its whirling magnetic fields. He would need to build a shield around it. A simple metal mesh would catch and absorb any unwanted noise from the dynamo. He stopped for a drink. As he used the steel to forge the pistons that would aim the machine, he used leftover steel to make a mesh to fit over the coils, a thin mesh, but dense enough to catch unwanted magnetic radiation like fish in a net. The snowstorm cleared as Blitukus finished the base of the antenna, using the rest of the steam generators from the armored vehicle to power the pistons along with newly forged steam tanks. All that was left was the dish and the chair.



The night was wearing on, but dawn was still distant. He knew he would be speaking into the heavens that very day. He continued as the night wore on, pounding the bronze out thin, forming the hyperbolic dish, strut, and reflector to focus the rays down the middle to a silver receiving antenna, which in turn fed into the electronics box. Blitukus smiled as he noticed Dracha landing and sitting to watch him work. He finished the large dish. It had an enormous area, but was very thin, meaning it contained little material. The rest went to making his chair and the linkages. Leftover silver wire was used with magnetite to make the speaker, electrical meters, switches, and wires that would be on the console, the speaker mounted behind his head. He finished the chair, and linked it all in, bronze linkages swiveling the chair to point in the same direction as the dish... the only thing missing was the optical glass, the optical telescope being nothing but a small, hollow bronze cylinder. All that was left was installing a few lenses and mounting the dish... it was nearly complete, next, he... started thinking about how he was going to lift that large, heavy dish to the top of the base to mount it...

Blitukus walked up to Dracha, and spoke, "Greetings Dracha." She replied, "Hello there my fuzzy friend! Seems you've got a bit of an elevation problem?" Blitukus smiled and replied, "You knew what I was going to ask before I even spoke. I really could use some help with it..." Dracha stood, raised herself onto her hind legs, and spoke, "Sure thing! It's been a while since I've worked on a collaborative project." They smiled at each other, then Dracha looked at the dish, collecting snow, resting on the glacier. She gestured, her hands glowing a dim blue. The dish then began to glow a dim blue as well, then levitated slowly into the air, rotating, and positioning itself over the base. Blitukus laughed, climbed up, then riveted the dish into the mounting of the ball joint. He checked the metal, all of the rivets, then slid down. Dracha asked, "Secure?" Blitukus nodded. She stopped levitating the dish, and the dish tilted slightly, then came to rest. Blitukus shut down the magma loop, then set it near the rest of the machine. They stood side by side, and smiled at the nearly complete machine.





Dracha spoke, "Reminds me of the old days, we used to make giant towers that pierced the clouds, built by magic and supported by mithril. More often than not they were also a public power supply too. That is an impressive machine, but maybe you could help me out?" Blitukus asked, "Sure, how?" Dracha replied, "I dug all the rock crystal out of my cave long ago and I'm fresh out of sapphire. Lookin' at those lenses and mirrors I know you know what you're doing, so maybe you could spare me a couple of sapphires and a rock crystal? I need it to finish upgrading my energy crystals. More and more stuff takes more and more power y'know." Blitukus nodded, "Sure, I know just where to dig for them. I will have it ready by the end of the night. It's the least I could do after all you have done for me." Dracha smiled, "Thanks! I was digging around a while ago, found some rock junk from some dwarves, some cloth junk from some elves, but at the bottom, I found a spell book the contents of which date back to the year 211. If you think of something to ask for I can have a look through it and see if it'll still work, especially since I'll have more power to play with after I finish upgrading the crystals." Blitukus replied, "Perhaps... speaking of old magic, I keep seeing references to a metal called adamantine. I'm curious as to what it truly is." Dracha replied, "It's a highly valued product of the most advanced magic civilizations. Production reached its peak around the year -600, but from around -400 to -300, demons, using the most powerful magic, enslaved the people and wrecked our civilization. It was a long battle, but eventually the races of the world, fighting side by side, drove the demons back. We then took apart our valued adamantine possessions and buildings, and used the metal to trap the demons within the mountains. Haven't bothered us since. Been the occasional report that Dwarves have every now and then gotten a little too eager for the stuff and ended up letting loose one on themselves, but it's always been taken care of in one way or another.... oh, yeh, and about its properties... it was the ideal conductor of all energies magical and otherwise, offering no resistance whatsoever at any temperature. It also happens to be about 100 times the strength of mithril and light as air compared to most metals." Blitukus asked, "What is the strength of this 'mithril' then?" Dracha replied, "I don't have a number for you but apart from being a bit shinier, mithril is in most ways just like this 'steel' stuff that you've been making. It's just iron that's been enhanced by burning a power crystal into it, basically." Blitukus nodded. So, it really was real... but Blitukus dared not risk an encounter with a demon by searching for it. He was close to being able to talk to his mother... and if his soul were to be consumed by a demon, that day would never come. Blitukus spoke, "Thank you. I will have those gems ready by the next time we meet... hopefully I would have established contact by then as well." Dracha nodded and waved, "If you need me you know where to find me. Good luck!" As Dracha flew away, Blitukus waved, "Same to you, comrade."

He sighed through his nose, a puff of fog escaping into the cold air. He felt it, the time when his quest would end was finally nearing... although... it felt as if it wasn't exactly the night when it would happen. No matter, it was only a gut feeling. Blitukus took up the lenses and mirrors and installed them in the bronze tube mounted upon the chair, finishing the machine. He was eager to hop in the chair and test it. It was pointless to try to operate it if a target couldn't be locked on to during the day, but still a lot of night was left. He would have all of the rest of the night to speak into the heavens. A snow storm began to blow outside once more. He went back and checked the components of the machine, making sure they were all properly holding together. There was readily available proof that the structure was sound and sturdy... the snow storm was depositing a large amount of snow on the dish, and the dish wasn't budging. Blitukus decided to give the machines aiming its first test. He powered up the generators that drove the aiming pistons, and sat in the seat. By moving a lever, he allowed the dish to lower, spilling the snow to the ground with a loud "FOOMPH". As the dish tilted, so did the chair. The aim worked. He thought... how was he going to broadcast with only pulses? He could send numbers... either 1 or 0... base 2. Blitukus walked back into the work room, and took up a slab of stone and used more stone to form a small bucket full of coal dust. He then returned, holding his new makeshift documenting tools. He sat down in the bronze seat once more, and leaned back, positioning his eye against the eyepiece of the optical telescope. The image was all in shades of green, but it was sharp and decently magnified. He looked up into the night sky. The universe presented itself to Blitukus, celestial clouds of gas and dust, shining stars, twinkling planets... where to begin? Blitukus read about the definite speed of light... it would be impractical to communicate with the stars and nebulae, as he didn't have a thousand years to wait for a reply. The planets, on the other hand, were within a much more practical range. He remembered his dream, a long time ago... the white planet with the ring, in this same solar system... he didn't know why, but it seemed important. Perhaps he would happen upon it in reality?

For a moment, Blitukus sat, and looked up, smiling in awe at the stars and galaxies beyond... it filled him with a sense of the grand majesty of the universe, on a scale that, he dare not say within the gods realm, exceeded that of Armok himself... by several orders of magnitude. Blitukus got up, and walked behind the dynamo, engaging the piston that drives it. As the dynamo spun up, he walked back and sat down in his chair again. The moons light shined down. He watched the meters... the voltage rose until the dynamo had reached its operating speed, the piston chugging and hissing. Some of the racket was diverted away by the bulk of the dish itself, but still, Blitukus had taken care to create a system that could steeply amplify the sound waves before they reached the speaker. He also had a meter indicating the integrity of the signal... at its bottom, since there was no signal at the moment. He had also installed a variable resistor to control the amplitude of the sound... if somehow it were to end up too loud. He turned it up all the way, and flipped the on-switch. The signal integrity meter jumped, then fell back to zero, a moment later, the speaker behind him beginning to emit a loud but dull hiss. A hiss that was similar to the sound of a close waterfall... even the noise of the universe was beautiful. Still, it was not what he was searching for. He turned the sound down a bit, then looked around for a target. He spotted a planet, then turned the dish to face it. He lined up with the planet, and looked through the optical telescope... it was a distant world, a giant world, covered in churning clouds and seeming to lack a surface. Its surface was red, and it was ringless, yet surrounded by many smaller bodies. It was difficult to tell much from the small fuzzy ball the telescope portrayed, even after adjusting the focus, but it was enough. His search would start here. He looked up, and guessed the angle the planet was at on the horizon, and from that, where in the sky he was to be seen from the 'surface' of that world. He converted the angles to base-2, and switched to transmission mode, the sound from the speaker ceasing. He held his finger above the pulse button, and looked down at his numbers. He had 2 different tones of pulse... one tone would mark the beginning and end of his transmission, the other a 1, a pause being a 0. He pressed the buttons in sequence, and for the first time, a coherent transmission left the surface of that blue-green world. The energy waves flew at the speed of light across the cosmos, passing away from the local sun, being scattered and split up by an asteroid belt, and the bit that did eventually reach the planet... idly absorbed by a monstrous magnetic field. Blitukus waited and listened for a response. The planet responded with a dull howl, the howl of its powerful magnetic winds blowing through its atmosphere and dense inner core. It was a cold howl, much like the arctic wind... no-one home. Blitukus looked around, and found another planet, this one near to the horizon, close to the local sun. He turned the dish to face this planet, and looked through the optical telescope at it. The atmosphere obscured much, but he could make out that it was a small, rocky, grayish world, lacking an atmosphere but active within. Blitukus once again broadcast his coordinates in the sky to this world... and waited for a reply. The planet responded with a dull cracking as the suns powerful rays smacked into its magnetic field, like hail falling upon a roof... a roof under which nobody resided. Blitukus sighed. Time had passed, and his hours of night were ticking away. He checked his timepiece... it was nearly 4 AM. He stopped for a drink, then returned, sitting back, looking for another target. Where could his mother be?... maybe if he found that white planet... He found another planet near the local sun, and turned towards it. He looked at the obsidian colored, volcanically active planet through his optical telescope, then calculated his coordinates relative to the planet, sending them when he finished. He waited, and waited. The planet replied in the dull simmering, bubbling, and crackling of an active mantle... the surface scorched and lifeless. Blitukus sighed, and looked around... somewhere, out there... Blitukus turned the sound all the way up, and then looked for the whitest twinkling planet he could see... it was low on the horizon, likely to set within the next few hours. Blitukus closed his eyes and let out a breath slowly as he turned the dish in the direction of that world. Something seemed to disturb the monotony of dull noise, "PT-PT-PT". Blitukus was startled by this, and nearly jumped a bit. He immediately moved the dish back, centering on it. It continued, "PT-PT-PT-PT-PT". Blitukus looked at the signal integrity meter... it had risen... but it quickly fell back down to zero... it was a natural phenomena. He looked through the optical telescope. He was looking not at a planet but at a star, a puny star, immensely hot, sweeping beams of immense energy out like a cosmic lighthouse. The star continued in a monotonous tone, "PT-PT-PT-PT-PT". It was beautiful, something that his peers back in the golden days of Anthath Siset had never seen before, and never heard the voice of before... but it was not what he was looking for. He continued turning the dish, and centered it on the planet. He took in a breath as he looked into the optical telescope... and spat it out rapidly in excited laughter as he found the rocky, white, ringed planet, the planet from his dream, truly existed, and it was right there, right in front of him. Why was it important? It was time to find out. He calculated his position in that worlds sky... he based it on his guesses and came up with an angle of 30 degrees up by 10 degrees right. He transmitted this to the planet, and waited... and waited... he listened, and the planet didn't reply. The planets mantle had long ago siezed up, frozen. Its crust was unmoving, and nothing stirred upon its surface it seemed. Blitukus heard nothing from the planet but a cold silence... a dead silence. It saddened him as it reminded him of his mothers state... An aurora began to slowly emerge, a crackling and whirring arising as the very edge of it interfered with the wave machines line of sight. Blitukus sighed out of his nose, and lay back, eyes closed as the arctic winds blew around him, the whirring of the aurora playing behind him. Had he gone through all of that trouble just to remind himself of his mothers death? The thought filled him with a sense of frustration and sadness... but something else seemed to catch his attention. He heard a dull throbbing among the whirs. Eyes still closed, he checked his pulse... and found the throbbing didn't match his pulse. The throbbing seemed to intensify, not as if it were getting louder... but as if it were targeting him exactly, focusing on his machine. He began to recognize it... those were energy wave pulses, the same type as the ones he had sent. Perhaps the aurora was slightly disturbed by his signal and was playing it back at him somehow? Blitukus began to sigh, then took in a deep breath through his nose. No, something was different. The sound of the pulses intensified quickly, drowning out the whirs of the aurora, and reaching a point where they became so loud they were painful. The timing wasn't the manual button presses... it was precision. Blitukus opened his eyes and looked down at his console. The signal integrity meter was pegged full. Pulses booming behind him, he looked through the optical telescope... the planet still looking as it was, but now shouting loud and clear, its voice blasting through the edge of the aurora. Blitukus widened his eyes, and let the breath out. He turned the volume down to a comfortable level, and took his tablet and coal dust in hand. It was happening... he was

The sun was beginning to rise... he repeated it in his head, "1082, 93783, 1092, 5497, 0001, 4302, 50312, 8108, 96432, 110631, 7781"... 11 numbers... but what do they mean? Who exactly was it that sent that anyhow? He found he had a new faith in his dreams, and trusted that this was significant somehow... but how? He shut down the wave generator, got up, and shut down the steam equipment. He continued pondering the numbers... but it didn't make sense. They didn't seem to belong with anything. For now, though, he could spend the rest of his productive day fulfilling his promises to Dracha. He walked down the tunnels, took up his pickaxe, then struck the sapphire deposit, easily knocking loose two large chunks of rough sapphire. He continued further down the tunnel, then dig free one lump of rough rock crystal. He then took that lump back to the jewelers workshop, then chipped away at it until he had produced a decent cut gem, as big as the sides of the rough lump would allow. Then, he repeated this for the sapphires. He looked at the gems... maybe Dracha would know what to do with these 11 numbers? Maybe it would take breakthroughs in technology to make use of the numbers... whether the answer lay within the wisdom of the past, or the secrets of the future, still remained unknown.

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Posted by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 19, 2007, 03:21:00 am**

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Sent by: **Armok** on **November 19, 2007, 07:41:00 am**

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Sent by: **AlanL** on **November 19, 2007, 07:23:00 pm**

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Sent by: **AlanL** on **November 20, 2007, 01:15:00 am**

Dracha would soon be arriving... he could ask her about the numbers then. Blitukus stopped to eat, then moved the gems outside. He sat within the storage, gems sitting out, waiting as the sun shined down. A few minutes passed, and finally, Dracha arrived, landing and walking toward the gems. She smiled as she looked at them. Blitukus walked out to the side of the gems and looked at Dracha.

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Sent by: **Sukasa** on **November 20, 2007, 01:32:00 am**

**Re: Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
**Posted by: Reign on your Parade on November 20, 2007, 02:55:00 am**

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Sent by: **Armok** on **November 20, 2007, 04:51:00 am**

One question:  
Does the universe KNOW I'm reading this... ?

by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 20, 2007, 01:41:00 pm**

Re: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
 Sent by: **AlanL** on **November 20, 2007, 05:00:00 pm**

Thanks you all :D

Your comments reminded me of those feelings I felt when the first story picked up... writing this all has been quite an experience.

quote:

Originally posted by Armok:  
<STRONG>One question:  
Does the universe KNOW I'm reading this... ?</STRONG>

I don't know :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 20, 2007, 05:23:00 pm**

Do you have contact information for the universe?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 20, 2007, 05:26:00 pm**

No. To be honest, a lot of my inspiration for writing the details of that came from a combination of the wikipedia, a few books, too much time, and even more time to think about it :p

In fact right now I'm reading about cats on the wiki.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 20, 2007, 05:34:00 pm**

WE STILL WANT THAT SANDWICH YOU OWE US UNIVERSE!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 20, 2007, 05:58:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>Thanks you all :D

Your comments reminded me of those feelings I felt when the first story picked up... writing this all has been quite an experience.

I don't know :p</STRONG>

Thank YOU for giving me this wonderful Beyond Quality story.

If the universe DOES know we all better keep away... Actually we should rather say THAT universe, as at least I'm currently in another one, for good or bad.

This last update was truly the amazing to an if possible even higher extent, this story is so good in so many ways it is simply impossible, you should really consider an author carer.. That brings me to the question what IS it that you work whit, theoretical physics it would seem...

Not only is the characters truly fantastic and unique and the writing probably the most catching I have ever read, you have managed to have both emotional elements and technicals explanations; merged in harmony rather than fighting one another, that is, usually when I read I am looking forward to either action o explanations, most offenly the technical/magical explanations (because usually there is always the same age old stories draped in new names, something whits also never happens here), but this never happens here, because here the technical and emotional is simultaneous and the same.

What also makes this story unique is the realism, yet it keeps epic and magical, this story never says "a wizard did it". Actually I hesitate to call it steampunk, as steampunk implies something that seems like plausible technology but is not. Everything here is perfectly workable, GIVEN THE LAWS OF THAT UNIVERSE, rather than this, for examples steam loops would obviously not work here, but the specific difference in the laws of physics that makes it possible is pointed out, and what can be done whit it follows realism perfectly, like that powerarmor being impossible. Given the various multiversa theories one may argue that not only is it realistic, but that a universe where this is possible actually exists. The magic system is also realistic, the terms Draca uses indicates that it is studied scientifically, another set of laws just as real and logical as those that control matter and energy, additional laws of physics rater than anything supernatural, labeled "magic" by the inhabitants and just more easily exploitable whiteout tools. Not like in 'harry potter' \*spits at the name\* some undefined thing that illogically can be summoned by wooden sticks and understand languish yet is claimed to be nonsentient.

I can really go on like this forever but sadly I don't have the time, just remember you are Beyond Quality! This last update have me stunned, string theory forever!  
\*Bows deeply to AlanL like a lowly slave\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 20, 2007, 06:11:00 pm**

Wow... thanks :)

I am planning on getting into a career in science, but currently I'm a high school student. As I was basically saying, the reason I use stuff like that is that I got curious and read all about it, pretty interesting stuff too. As far as the physics in that universe, it's essentially a combination of real life physics, the dynamics of magic, and the oddities of DF (which more often than not get lumped in under magic).

The first story turned out better than I had ever expected... and it seems the second is doing the same all over again. To be honest, I would say thank the characters... it was probably my love for them that caused this all to reach this point.

Other than this, I don't know what to say, other than I'm glad I'm writing this.

[ November 20, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 21, 2007, 12:04:00 am**

I felt that my previous update was risky, either it would be one of the biggest flaws of this story, or it would be one of the very best parts... judging by the replies, it seems to have been the latter. I'm honored to be the one to write this story, and glad that I possess what it takes to do it properly.

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*The forces of time... they drive mountains into the sky, then wear them down again, they make civilizations grow, advance, turn to ruins, then turn to dust, it sets the stars and planets in motion... but it will never have an effect on my love for Fale, my mother... that, is eternal... beyond time. I love you, Fale. Now, in your memory, I progress...*



Blitukus kept smiling in realization of what was happening, but also shed tears in his mothers memory. He checked his timepiece... it read, "10:05 AM, Sandstone 17, 1083". It was time... Blitukus walked back down the tunnels, entered his room, and sat on his bed. He quieted his eagerness to allow himself to rest. He lay, and shut his eyes, digging into the wooden surface with his claws for a moment, a few drops of tears pooling beneath his head. It took quite a while to get his mind settled enough to sleep... but eventually, he welcomed his exhaustion taking over, and settled into a slumber. That day, he had the same dream... only now, he was equipped with the knowledge he needed. The secret was the space the puzzle existed within... the problem was the plane itself... Blitukus thought for a few moments... 11 dimensions... chaotic space, and at the heart of it all, the smallest possible level... all realms were so unified, they were unable to be told apart. After those few moments... it dawned on him. The puzzle was impossible to solve as it was, laying on that transparent plane... the secret was to view and analyze of the universe from multiple levels... and higher dimensionalities.

Blitukus grabbed the side of the puzzle, and lifted it off of the plane, forming an edge. Then he folded the puzzle further, forming some more edges and corners... assembling the previously flat puzzle into an object with depth and volume. Bit by bit, he assembled the marvelous, twisting, yet geometrically perfect and simple structure, and at the top... at the very corner of the top... it fit. The puzzle was solved. Gravity, the planets, the stars... miniscule particles, electromagnetism, and the forces that bind matter itself together... matter, energy, the forces, the universe, all shone in unison and sang together. Blitukus sat back and watched in awe as the structure, beautiful, intricate with the entire universe shining within, yet astoundingly simple at heart, seemed to move on its own, the entities within dancing in a plethora of countless cyclical motions. Despite its intricate beauty, its simplicity made Blitukus wonder why he never thought of it before... the feeling that always comes with true, complete insight, the heart of the greatest discoveries.

All around Blitukus, the equations that he had amassed and learned over time from books and insights, seemed to shed their contents, a fireworks display of sorts erupting as entire sections of math became irrelevant and disintegrated, equations merging together to form more and more general and unified statements. The brilliant display of light shrunk down before Blitukus, finally condensing and dying away, leaving a single, small equation. Blitukus walked over to the floating math symbols, and looked at it. He felt overwhelmed by the simple beauty of it. It was indescribable in words, yet easily described in math. All of the forces of the universe were related, in a space less than an inch across, and it was stated so simply that nearly anybody could use the equation... but Blitukus realized he was one of the only people in the universe to have truly understood it. He stood motionless in sheer awe at this inch-long equation, for this inch contained the universe in a nutshell.

He shut his eyes in the dream, and opened them slowly, finding himself awake... he felt a strange sensation of power, omnipresent power, not of Armok, but just raw, latent power. He felt as if something supernatural had occurred, and laughed again. He sat up, and found himself simultaneously depressed and ecstatic. Just as opposing heats could drive a machine forward, these opposing emotions drove him towards his goal. He took in a deep breath, and let it out... now was the time to start putting it to use. He began thinking of this new unified expression... all of the other equations he knew could be derived from it... and then some. He held the key to other equations that he would need to use. He began to pick it apart as he walked to the river and drank. Limitless possibilities lay before him. He walked back to the smelter, and retrieved coal dust... then walked back out, character by character, marking the true unified equation onto the wall. As he did so, he felt his sense of scale numbed by the significance of these simple coal dust markings. He finished, stood back, and smiled silently at it, taking it all in. Blitukus found his smile fading... something was very wrong. He took in a deep breath, and sensed the presence of Armok... scanning and analyzing the equation. Armok boomed, "Szo ye hast finaaaly ssolved the problem...." Blitukus sighed through his nose, then walked out to the front of the tunnel, peering out into the sunset sky. Blitukus spoke, "God of Blood, what use is this to you?... Are you not all-knowing then?" He was going to play dumb about what the universe had told him regarding the gods... no evidence of his contact could ever be uttered. Armok blasted out, "SILENCE MORTALLL! How DARE you imply that I am not all-knowing?" Blitukus spoke, "... I sense you wanted me to solve that puzzle because you yourself wanted the solution... you never gave me any other tasks to indicate otherwise, and I know you would never allow a mortal to gain this knowledge without good reason..." Armok replied, "I... ok, thennn.... you art a very clever mortal, and this is why I chose you. I am masster of several universzes, several of which I have created, several more of which I have conquered. In order to grow, I need more pure energy. This universze is vast, and full of richnesss of energy, vasst treasurezs that many gods are battling over as we speak! This universze has made life very... difficult... for us gods, many of our powers do not work here, and we are forced to stoop down to the level of mortalss and gain our knowledge within this universe by exploraation and sciencze. We gods **demanded** that we be provided with all knowledge as we had always been before... but the univerzse would not provide... this is why I have my... ssslavesss... to do the science and exploration for me... you have proven to be a very... vaaaluable... szlave, Blitukusss. I ussed to have to reszort to converting energy to matter to manipulate gravity... a very expeensive and ineffsicient processss. It never yielded any returns. Now, with this tool of unification, I may bend gravity and space with pure energyyyyy! We gods war over the enegry and now *I have the advantage*. IMAGINE the looksz on their faczes as I send their PLANETS FLYING INTO THEIR PARENT STARSZ!!!" An evil, sadistic laugh permeated all. Blitukus felt an anger rising within, an anger directed at Armok... Armok was going to abuse what Blitukus had worked hard to achieve... it was a cruel defacement of such a beautiful equation. The anger intensified exponentially... Armok had also caused the death of his mother.. Blitukus asked, "Why did you cause the dwarves to begin the campaign? Why... WHY LET MY MOTHER DIE?! You could have given it to me directly, with the same result... but, no..." Armok laughed again, "I, being the God of Blood, receive certain benefits whenever blood flowsz... your mother brought peace to this world, and I could not stand for that. By placing the book within the handsz of the dwarvesz, I eliminated the source of this peace, drove YOU to work, and in the end provided you with the materials to build MY new tools... all in the same move." Blitukus sniffed, and began to cry, "So... you killed my mother, and exploited my work... all for your cosmic war games?" Armok boomed, "It is NOT a GAME, mortal!... I sensze the universes avatar has come through here... for the sake of your soul **and your motherzs soul** I had better never learn of you being involved in ANY WAY with the plans of the collective universze. For now, szlave, you have outlived your uszefulness to me... this-" Blitukus interrupted, growling deeply, "I do NOT care if I have to RAISE HELL AND BRING DOWN HEAVEN to see my mother again! My quest is of greater importance here than yours, and I DO NOT care how powerful you th-" A bolt of lightning rained down, striking the side of the cliff. A large lump of snow was toppled from close overhead, landing right on Blitukus, burying him underneath. Blitukus grunted, and felt the snow chilling him from all sides. Armok boomed, "Cool it... mortal... You may have done much for me, but you are now a uszeless sslave... and I do not tolerate rebellion among sslaves. That was a warning. You are no longer uszeful to me, so now I leave you here to freeeze."

Blitukus sensed the presence of Armok moving off into the distance. He dug himself out of the pile of snow, and stood, shivering. He felt freezing without, and burning within. He let out a fierce mix between a yell and a growl, kicking a lump of snow against the face of the cliff. Ears laid back, still growling, he walked back into his tunnels.

*What Armok wants is irrelevant... I developed that equation in order to reach my mother, and it will be so. He... he killed her... after all that we have done in his name. Slaves to Armok indeed...*

He took in a deep breath, and sighed it out, tempering the fires of his rage. Anger wasn't productive at the moment but Blitukus had to be. He let his fingers uncurl, and breathed deeply, ears still laid back. He gathered more coal dust then walked back toward where he had written the equation. He set the coal dust down, sat, and thought... how was he going to form a portal through time? He needed to create and manipulate one of those holes through space that occur so randomly throughout the scale of the absolute smallest. Gravity... he had the power to create gravitational effects from pure energy too... and just as it was predicted that a relatively small amount of the force that binds particles together could create a massive amount of other energies... a relatively small amount of electromagnetism could create a massive amount of gravity, and gravity was unique in that its entire effect was derived from dragging and distorting the fabric of space itself. But, to punch a hole through and manipulate that hole in space... the amount of gravity needed would be truly astronomical, so great that not even light itself would escape its center. Mass commanded gravity, but energy and mass became in essence the same thing when viewed in totality. This tear, this rift in space, could be most efficiently begun by compacting so much energy within a single fundamental unit of space that that one fundamental unit collapsed in upon itself, creating a rift. Then gravity could be used to prop open this rift, wide enough for objects on familiar scales to pass through. The 'death ray'... it was precise but it wasn't precise enough to fit all of its energy within a single fundamental unit of space... it was many orders of magnitude short of that. But, these energetic charged particles were pushed around by magnetic fields. Adamantine... no resistance to current... so in an adamantine coil, as current levels approached infinity... the space the particles would be confined within would approach zero. This was how it would be focused. But at such levels, even adamantine wouldn't be able to hold it for much more than a second before it began to dematerialize as its particles flew out from within it. All of the energy would have to be channeled within a second, then. Blitukus looked back at his equation... a large rotating mass would drag space with it, allowing electromagnetism around it to take on a space bending effect, creating gravity within this rift. It would force the walls of the tunnel apart, spreading it across multiple fundamental space units... more and more, until it had been spread large enough for standard objects to pass through. It was the basics, enough in his mind to create the rift. The rift would be guided by a reduced field, produced by external sources of electromagnetism. A ring of silver spheres would suffice. Through the bridge to gravity, it could nudge the destination of the rift around as it expanded... as the rift reached the size of Blitukus, the probability of it having a solid destination approached 1. The energy involved would have to be in and of itself out of the ordinary... capable of freeing a spot of space from the confines of compact and expanded dimensions. Unfortunately, the center of the rift would still lay within the small scales, subjecting it to the chaotic nature of fundamental space. It would not remain stable forever. Plus, a lot of adamantine would be involved... he was going to have to bridge the magma and dig deeper to find it, if it was there at all.

Such a project would take a large amount of improvisation since he lacked the resources of a vast and advanced civilization to create numerically perfect designs and machines. He would design each component individually. First, he needed basic parameters... size was a non issue, he could carve a chamber of any size he needed out of the mountain. He needed to know how much energy it would take to collapse space within the smallest fundamental unit of distance. He stood, and took the coal dust. He began to pick apart the equation, using all sorts of maths to relate the collapse of space and the smallest possible distance... that small constant,  $6.626068 \times 10^{-34} \text{ m}^2 \cdot \text{kg/s}$ ... the units on it hinted of the smallest possible distance... and he found how he could derive a new formula to find this distance. As a byproduct of producing a number for the smallest possible distance... a truly numbingly small number... he used a closely related equation to get the mass that would cause this space to break. At this scale, trying to tear it open efficiently using magnified gravity wouldn't work... no machine was accurate enough. It would have to be done by natural gravity, by mass... and all mass was was compacted energy. Mass converted to energy, and... the number for the energy needed was about  $2 \times 10^9 \text{ J}$ ... not a ridiculously large number, but still... it was a little more energy than a decent bolt of lightning would contain, and it had to be all discharged within a second... Blitukus stood silent for a moment, then laughed a bit at the number before him. Adamantine wires could be used to carry the charge, but he definitely wouldn't be able to conventionally produce 2 gigawatts of power. It would have to be discharged from a capacitor... and that capacitor would take up several rooms worth of space to hold the entire charge. That was an immense amount of power for a lone kobold to try to channel...

*At least if I mess up I won't have more than the slightest fraction of a second to regret it.*

2 gigawatts... Blitukus looked at his hands... he closed his eyes, then opened them, viewing an overlay of the higher dimensions. The particles within his hands danced before him, the forces holding the particles together, the particles being towed amongst eachother by electromagnetic forces, particles bouncing around rapidly, being gently tugged upon by gravity. It was all nebulous, different manifestations of the same entity... Blitukus allowed this overlay from his mind to fade, and once again found himself staring into his familiar hands. He perked his ears up, and smiled.

*I don't need to conquer universes to gain sufficient power... 2 gigawatts then? 2 gigawatts it shall be. It is insignificant compared to the power of what drives me forward, my love for my mother.*

I'm hoping that this doesn't come as a let-down after the last one. I've noticed that the slow points of the story tends to be when he's building things. At least the adamantine and what we all know lies in front of it might make things more interesting. I just really hope memory hacking the adamantine count works, because I definitely don't want a too-deeped message.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 21, 2007, 03:55:00 am**

quote:  
the reason I use stuff like that is that I got curious and read all about it

The same reason I enjoy reading it, then.

quote:  
As far as the physics in that universe, it's essentially a combination of real life physics, the dynamics of magic, and the oddities of DF (which more often than not get lumped in under magic).

But compared to magic in most books it is still superior, in most books magic doesn't even HAVE set dynamics. It's the most inspiring and diverse law sett I have ever seen.

quote:  
To be honest, I would say thank the characters... it was probably my love for them that caused this all to reach this point.

You are not giving yourself enough credit; it was you who invented them, and who is a skilled enough writer to do them justice.

quote:  
Other than this, I don't know what to say, other than I'm glad I'm writing this.

I am glad you are writing this, to.

quote:  
I felt that my previous update was risky, either it would be one of the biggest flaws of this story, or it would be one of the very best parts... judging by the replies, it seems to have been the latter.

Even THE very best, I would say, not only in this story, but in the entire history of literature.

quote:  
I'm hoping that this doesn't come as a let-down after the last one. I've noticed that the slow points of the story tends to be when he's building things.

After that release I think we all really needed a break to relax, The building parts and the physics pats is really what makes this story unique; fighting and tragedy is in every story.

quote:  
I'm hoping that this doesn't come as a let-down after the last one. I've noticed that the slow points of the story tends to be when he's building things.

It'd better do.

Beyond Quality!

Reign; After 3000 years you are STILL arguing about that sandwich?!?  
You dropped a sandwich and it fell upside down, happens to everybody, Murphy's law, you should sue HIM, not the universe. :roll:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 21, 2007, 05:28:00 pm**

Again, your comments made me smile. Thanks :)

I'm surprised at the effects my writing has. I never thought it would come to this point when I started the first one... heck, I was debating to myself whether it would be a good idea to post my story before I started the first one, and it seems my choice to post anyway was one of the best choices I've made :)

As far as magic goes, I view magic as sort of similar to technology. Essentially, in the universe I'm portraying, the mortal plane contains the astral level and the physical level, both of which are available to developing civilizations. If a civilization chooses to develop its abilities in the astral, it develops magic, if it chooses the physical, it develops technology. Really, I see magic as more of a form or 'relative' of zero-point energy that can be manipulated manually.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 21, 2007, 05:38:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>  
As far as magic goes, I view magic as sort of similar to technology. Essentially, in the universe I'm portraying, the mortal plane contains the astral level and the physical level, both of which are available to developing civilizations. If a civilization chooses to develop its abilities in the astral, it develops magic, if it chooses the physical, it develops technology. Really, I see magic as more of a form or 'relative' of zero-point energy that can be manipulated manually.</STRONG>

Exactly!  
And that, exactly that, amongst other things of coarse, is what rises this story above all others!  
That view of magic is almost identical to my definition of "realistic magic", often the main quality I am looking for when I am reading something, and almost always when what I am reading is fantasy.  
  
Beyond Quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 21, 2007, 05:41:00 pm**

But he LAUGHED afterward!  
  
As soon as I finally get Yahweh fired for crimes against humanity, I'm going after the collective universe.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 21, 2007, 11:52:00 pm**

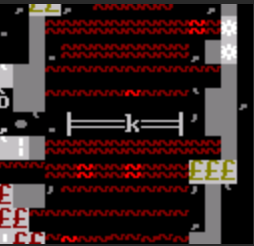
I'm glad someone has similar ideas on magic to me, I felt like my views were a bit of a rarity :)  
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Like particles emerging from nothingness and vanishing within the froth of space and time, two ideas appeared in Blitukus' mind, then shortly met and canceled eachother out. No machine was 100% efficient... much energy would be lost as heat, light, and other forms of emission, meaning more would be needed... but at the same time, the mass of the charged particles would contribute to the amassed energy within that region of fundamental space, reducing the needed energy. These two effects canceled one another out, and 2 gigawatts would still be needed as input. He thought of the largest electrical generator he could efficiently produce, and began to calculate its power... it came out to be around 400 kilowatts. That was one five thousandth of 2 gigawatts. But, he would be storing energy rather than releasing it directly from the generator. Five of these generators, working together, could produce the amount of total energy needed in around 15 minutes. The voltage could be stepped up to allow for much more efficient travel along the wires... the limit would be around 50,000 volts, over which the glass he used to insulate the wires may break down, ruining the whole machine. This was also going to take a capacitor big enough to walk inside of... Blitukus felt confident that with enough time he could build anything. The capacitor plates would be silver, and would be coiled up to save space, although the final discharge would have to be carried on adamantine wires... silver wires would be vaporized. The amount of adamantine on the capacitor would determine how long it took to discharge... he designed the capacitor, allowing for adamantine ribbing on the silver spirals spaced just right to allow for a 1 second discharge. The silver would be very thin to conserve material and maximize area, and the spiral sheets would be spaced very close to one another. He would need to make a whole new kind of magma forge to make these sheets, and as a byproduct... he could use it to turn large amounts of water to steam, then collect the condensation. Water was conductive to energy only because of its contaminants. When vaporized then recondensed, these contaminants were removed, and water actually insulated very well. This is what he would suspend the silver panels in... it probably wasn't the best material to use but it was at least structurally a better idea than leaving the thin sheets out in thin air. In order to unleash the power of it... he still needed adamantine.  
  
Blitukus walked back to his room, and retrieved the Sphere of Direction. He looked into it... and, as he expected, it pointed down within his tunnels, to a location beyond the magma river. He would need to bridge the magma first, and that meant steel. He remembered the width of the magma flow... about 6 steel bars would be needed. Blitukus retrieved his pickaxe, and walked down the tunnels, proceeding to dig into the exposed hematite vein behind the platinum. When he had dug out 6 decent lumps of it, he brought 3 back to his smelter, and began melting them down, stopping to get a drink first. When he finished that, pouring the bars, he went back down the tunnel, digging out the needed 3 lumps of coal, then bringing them back and processing them to 6 lumps of coke. As he walked across the bridge above the magma, he noticed a fire snake lounging on the side of his bridge. A very warm blooded reptile indeed... it was still odd that anything could survive in magma. Blitukus continued, stopping to eat, thinking of the fire snake. As he moved near the magma, he wondered... there was adamantine beyond it... but demons? He would need to protect himself from the demons somehow... he would need to once again wield the automatic crossbow, even though he now was ashamed of the abomination of technology. Even though he felt strongly against it, he had to, if he wanted to meet his mother again. He would never be able to speak with her again if his soul were to be consumed. He shrugged off the thought... no force would stand in his way. He took up his pickaxe once more, and from the shores of the river... the one friendly demon he knew... dug out 6 more lumps of limestone. He then melted the iron bars back into molten metal then turned it into pig iron. He then walked back to get the rest of the hematite, piece by piece, using it with the rest of the limestone and coke to make steel, paying careful attention to adjust the chemical combination to make this steel more resilient to heat.

**Winter is upon you.**

Heat was extreme within the mountain, but was now at an opposite extreme outside of it. Just before finishing, he stopped to once again drink from the cold river, the waters that it consisted of also becoming a major physical part of Blitukus. He finished the steel, planned out his bridge, then forged the still-hot bar stacks into the wire, sheets, and supports he would need, bringing it down to the shore of the magma flow. He found himself becoming drowsy as he did this... that productive day was coming to a close. Indeed, before he could begin actual construction, he found himself too drowsy to continue. He placed the steel bars gently down, then walked back up the tunnel, the air around him cooling as he ascended. He walked back into his room, lay on his bed, and thought about it all... this train of thought continuing into his sleep. That day he drempt of the machine... the portal... and once again, his mother stood on the other side, waiting for him. Like the previous instance, he ran towards the portal... finding himself walking upon the surface of magma and water with impunity... this time, he did not fall into the magma. As he leapt into the portal, the dream ended... leaving him feeling a bit let down, but it was still a good omen. He awoke, and smiled, feeling confident.

*No matter what forces resist me, no matter what I must achieve, I will succeed.*

He got up, yawned, then continued what he had begun the day before. It was magma... molten rock. It was laughable to try to sink supports within the fluid, so none could be used. Instead, he extended a steel truss out, supporting it with cables attached to the roof above. When he had finished the truss, he lay the steel sheets over it. As he walked the thin supports of the truss, he found himself often looking straight down into the magma, the heat starting to get to his head. One small misstep... and flaming death would ensue. Blitukus worked carefully, riveting the plates down to the truss. Eventually, it was finished... a steel bridge, suspended by cables, without supports below. A testament to the strength of steel and clever solutions of engineering. Blitukus smiled... it was a structure that might stand for decades... centuries... he walked to the center of the bridge, and looked over the side at a metal panel mounted to the outside edge... the panel he had engraved words into while forging it.



"Dedicated to the memory of Queen Fale 'Siege Engine' Siegedriven, the Ageless Purple Spear. May this structure, and her memory, last until the end of time."  
  
Blitukus breathed rapidly, then took a deep breath in, slowly letting it out through his nose. He smiled, teary eyed. It was all done in the name of reaching his mother again... he silently promised that these miracles of science and technology would give him the strength and power to overcome death itself... to **undo** deaths deeds. He felt the love of his mother, unwavering within... among this all, the steel, steam, electricity, magma, coils, pistons, minerals, adamantine... wars, machines, gods... he just wanted to be with his mother again. He sniffled and became more teary eyed as he walked up the tunnel again. He walkd to the front, opening the door to the river, and on the



opposite side of the river, stood Dracha. Dracha spoke, "Good news, you may have both luck AND fate on your side!... You alright there?" Blitukus replied, "I am, I think. I have just spent a few moments remembering my family... fate, you say?" Dracha replied, "I did a bit of looking up information on you and looking back through some old texts... there was an old prophecy listed and I think you might be the subject, the Prophecy of the Cats Legacy." Blitukus asked, "Cats... the small fuzzy creatures that speak with meows?" Dracha commented, "Back before they were silenced they spoke with a lot more. They occasionally visited us here on this world... even during our height, both their magic and their technology exceeded anything to have been seen on our world. All we knew of the cats is that they were a friendly, albeit occasionally aloof race of star-faring scientists, and we sensed they had visited every star visible within our skies. Their large craft, the size of a small moon, descended from the cosmos, parking in space near to our world. Then they made contact with us, spoke with us, then happily traded with us... there were quite a few crystals and ores that we thought were useless junk that they found particularly valuable for some reason, so trade went rather well. They refused to trade for secrets of magic or technology, though, responding to us, 'the best fruits are those of ones own labor'. Around 1200 years ago, all of a sudden, for no known reason... the cats, well, just suddenly lost their intellect, and became like animals, their craft and settlements buried and their visiting populace stranded among the worlds. We never found out why this happened." Blitukus nodded... maybe after he came to peace with his situation, the wound in his soul healed, he would venture through time and see these grand extremes... maybe, some day. Dracha continued, "The prophecy states that one being of this world will once again unite the forces of magic with the most extraordinary technology, and will achieve power the scale of which is indescribable by words." Blitukus thought, perhaps a reference to the use of adamantine in his design, allowing for enormous currents? Blitukus spoke, "I have found evidence of adamantine beyond the magma flow. I need this material for my constructs. As such, I will strike it and also reach whatever lays beyond it and-" Dracha interrupted, "Unwise! Very unwise! Pits to hell lay near adamantine, and the demons that come forth have annihilated fortresses that number well over a hundred! You... are a lone kobold, Blitukus! And absolutely nothing you do will stop the demon housed within the adamantine." Blitukus didn't ever want to have to wield his automatic crossbow again... but if that's what it took... He replied, "I am well armed, Dracha. Regardless of the odds, I do have a chance, and I *must* take it." Dracha responded, "Well... ok, then. It was nice knowin' ya, lad! Just please do me a favor... no matter how long they torture you, don't tell them the whereabouts of my cave. I would rather not die at the moment!" Blitukus sighed out of his nose, then nodded. Dracha spoke, "Goodbye then... if you're still alive the next time we meet, I might have a gift for you. Until then..." An expression of sadness and concern appeared on her face as she walked away. Blitukus looked down for a moment, then looked back up.

*I have already been through hell once, and if meeting my mother again means facing hell again then **I must face hell again**. I have learned how to fight fire with fire. No force shall stand in my way.*

He walked back to the armored vehicle, and took up his automatic crossbow and consolidated the remaining bolts... he had expected to never need to use this device again, and had dumped many bolts in his game of 'roulette' with the dwarven leader. Only 75 bolts remained. If he wanted to take on multiple enemies... he would need more, much more, at least 175 total... and even then there was no guarantees. With 175,000 bolts there would be no guarantees... but chaos smiled upon him. He took up his pick axe, and continued down the tunnel, digging out the needed malachite and cassiterite, then continuing further, digging out enough space for him to store his firepower. Then he hauled the lumps of ore back to the smelter, producing bronze. Half of the way through, he stopped for a drink. After smelting the bronze and pouring the bars, he forged the bronze into clips, each holding another 25 bolts. The added 100 bolts gave a total of 175. Part of the way through this, he stopped to eat... he was hungry, but he also felt the urge to stop what he was doing. He did NOT want to abuse his own technology... and luckily, this would truly be the last time he would have to. He moved the weapon and bolts down to the shores of the magma flow... if he were to encounter anything out of the ordinary... he was still perfectly agile. He could retreat back to his weapon and turn to fire upon any who pursued. If it would work... that was debatable. Ranged weapons have been known to be far more effective than traditional melee in skilled hands, and for Blitukus, this advantage was enhanced further by his stockpile of ammunition and his rapid-fire crossbow. Whatever happened... at least he tried. He drew his pickaxe, crossed his bridge, then began digging into the earth beyond the magma flow.



He felt a bit of dread. He may find adamantine, he may find demons, he may find both, he may find neither. Whatever he found, at least he was prepared... hopefully prepared well enough.

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I'm trying not to overuse cliffhangers but I think the way I split things up tends to make them anyway.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 22, 2007, 01:27:00 am**

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They did it on purpose. And eventually, after all these centuries of living in our homes, eating our food, killing our vermin, and most importantly PLOTTING, they are going to retake controll.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 22, 2007, 04:06:00 am**

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Beyond Quality.

quote:
I'm glad someone has similar ideas on magic to me, I felt like my views were a bit of a rarity

Have you ever read Eragon?  
Not nearly as good as this story but the magic is a little more consequent than most.

Are those cats a subtitle Noctis referens? Or is that just me being overly symbolic?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 22, 2007, 04:14:00 am**

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That's what we thought to, I think it's a reference.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 22, 2007, 10:42:00 am**

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Thanks :p

It's not really a reference to Noctis (I make a lot of references to other things that I like in my story though, and I do think Noctis is one of the best exploration sims available), but it did remind me of Noctis before I wrote it. It was inspired by the myths and beliefs regarding cats having extraordinary powers. For instance, the ancient Egyptians worshiped cats as gods.

I've never read Eragon but I've heard about it.

Edit: Remembering the cat in the first story, it's partly a reference to a flash game I played, I think.

Edit II: I think once or twice I thought about making it directly a reference to Noctis, but decided against it since it wasn't part of the original idea.

[ November 22, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Sadly, in our opinion the magic of Eragon is one of it's few redeeming traits.

We and Our friends have a joke "Hmmm... I feel like writing a book... I KNOW! I'll just steal the plot of another successful book and move it to a completely different setting! It worked for paolini, should work for me."

Too true in a lot of modern productions.

Hmm... I remember when I first started the first story... I'm amazed myself at what has come of this.

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Blitukus continued digging... his mind traveling back in time without need of a machine. After tunneling deeper, he found that the heat was becoming even more and more intense. He felt thirsty, and left for a drink, returning and continuing further... He remembered his childhood, his mother, his days spent as a child, those simple days of happy innocence. He remembered his mother, how her smile and grin comforted him, how he loved her as a parent and friend, how she was in many ways a hero of his as well. Days where everything was simpler, everything was looking up, and everything was alright... and now, he stood swinging his pickaxe into the stone of a mountain, alone, in the middle of a frozen glacier, searing magma behind him, unforgiving cold outside, and who knows what ahead... his mother had been torn away, cast out of the mortal realm... but he felt his love transcended the confines of the dimensions. He became teary eyed, and found himself breathing rapidly. He was still attached to her memory... and perhaps, her soul, wherever it was. He found, Armok, the time machine, the world, his life... all seemed immaterial. His heart painted one goal, and it shined through.

*Mother, I think I now understand what gave you your strength, when you emerged from the caves of your ancestors... those many years ago... indeed it may be the secret of heroism entirely. I now have a cause so important that whether I live or die is irrelevant... either way I will reach you again, either way I will live or die happy, my quest accomplished. No demon will be able to touch my soul... for my love for you grants it invulnerability to evil and corruption.*

It lay before him... he sniffled in a breath, then yelled, with new-found strength driving the pickaxe deep into the walls, collapsing entire sections. He hardly noticed the infernal heat blasting across his body... but eventually, turned around, and peered into what he had unveiled.



**A miner has located some eerie glowing pits.**

Fire sprayed out below, the walls lined with hideous and sadistic engravings, yells, squeals, and horrifying laughs emanating from within. Blitukus felt no fear. He stepped back, and crouched, ready to leap straight into the pit... but a thought stopped him. Yes, he may end up seeing her again either way... but one reason to preserve his life came to him... if he lived... there was a chance he could set it all right... make it so that none of this ever had to occur... make it so those days of happiness and prosperity within the peaceful, quaint little towns would never be torn away... it would be a bonus on top of his primary goal, if he lived. No, he needn't face the demons on their own territory... they would have to fight him on his. Blitukus darted back to his weapon, and stockpile of ammo. He grinned menacingly and laughed on the way.

*It's pincushion time!*

He retrieved his equipment, then crossed the bridge again, lugging it down the tunnel, then setting up near the pit, crouching down, the automatic crossbow ready, propped up against his knee and shoulder. He waited for a few moments... then grinning a bit, in a heat likely exceeding 120 degrees, he yelled, "Hey ELVES! It's getting a little chilly up here! Let's trade metal, or are you too busy with your <<rope>>? I'll make you a few new a\*sholes for free if you little pansies would get up here!" A demonic fury erupted from the vents. A voice from within snickered, "Too chilly for ya eh?" Suddenly, a spirit of fire hopped out of the pit then roared, breathing flame at Blitukus.



**Horrors! Demons in the deep!**

Blitukus ducked further, flame pressing its burning hand against Blitukus and everything he held... he felt the flame punching into his fur, the searing heat removing every trace of water on his surface. The tunnels were filled with smoke, and the spirit of fire was the only thing to be seen moving. It laughed, and a moment later... it found itself stumbling back, bolts flying out of the wall of smoke, striking the parts of it that were solid and damaging them. The smoke began to clear... behind it, Blitukus, uninjured save for a slightly darker hue of fur color. As bolts broke several of the magical members that held the flame together, parts of it vanished. One bolt flew high... and pierced through the very core of the beings neck, shattering the physical binding within. Its flame dissipated, and the remnants of its head fell to the ground, landing in the ash.



Blitukus coughed, releasing the smoke from his lungs, then laughed with a power that the demons themselves took notice of. Demons were beginning to rise. Blitukus turned and found himself looking at another spirit of fire... having witnessed its stronger accomplice annihilated, hesitated at the sight of the mere lone kobold. Blitukus took advantage of this to get by the spirit of fire, retreating down to the end of the tunnel. Now the demons were all bottlenecked... they couldn't surround him!

*Yay shooting gallery!*

Blitukus backed up further, guarding the end of the bridge, waiting for the spirit of fire to come around. The spirit of fire yelled at him, but Blitukus just grinned back at it. It spat an orb of fire, but Blitukus ducked and it passed overhead, blazing up the tunnels behind him. As the spirit crossed the bridge, Blitukus crouched, took aim, then fired. He fired the last of his bolts, damaging the spirit of fires legs, shattering one, sending it crashing to the steel floor. It grunted, then an expression of surprise appeared on its incandescent face. Blitukus lugged his weapon, out of ammo, over to it, and stood above it, ignoring the heat of the flame. It swung to no avail, then roared with a demonic fury. Blitukus looked down into its eyes, and tilted his head a bit, grinning, the light of the magma making his eyes seem to glow red. Blitukus raised the automatic crossbow, and brought the heavy assembly of dense metal down on the fragile magical members that held the spirit together. It furiously tried to fight back... but couldn't even manage to set Blitukus' clothes on fire. Its retaliation was to no avail. Aside from a slightly singed upper arm, he was unscathed.

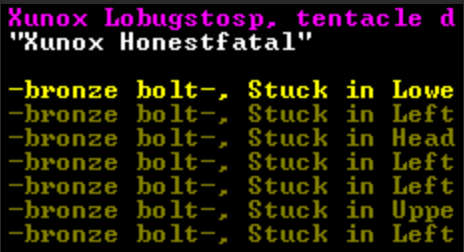


He kicked the ash into the magma, then removed the clip, tossing it away. He then went back to his stockpile, and loaded a fresh one in. He walked to the mouth of the tunnel down, and guarded there. He saw none remaining. He continued in further. He waited... he looked back, saw nothing, looked forward again... he was staring a tentacle demon in the face. It wrapped a tentacle firmly around Blitukus' arm, and pulled Blitukus to the ground, squeezing tight enough to injure Blitukus' arm a bit. But, the demon found a factor had appeared that had never been there before... the mass and size of the automatic crossbow interfered with the attack. Blitukus tried to tear away, but finally got away when he fired a bolt right into the tentacle, causing it to release. Immediately he leapt back then stood, backing up further. The tentacle demon grunted in pain... it could feel pain? Blitukus snickered, grinning. He fired at the demon, breaking its foot, sending it to the floor, then kept firing at its non vitals until the pain drove the demon unconscious after causing it to let out a hellish scream. Blitukus finally decided to fire into its vitals, killing it. Immediately a frog demon sprung out... nervous due to the sight of its peer having a bolt sticking out of many of its joints. The heavy crossbow slowed Blitukus, but he was still strong and agile enough to avoid getting pinned down. Blitukus dragged his weaponry back, away from the frog demon, the steam generator making a ruckus as it bounced along the ground. He then turned and fired on it... it felt no pain, and despite bolt after bolt hitting it... it didn't even slow. It's nervousness seemed to fade. Blitukus stopped, stood, moved back, then crouched again... his bolts were having little visible effect. He picked himself up again and retreated to the bridge... he fired at the frog demon as it emerged from the tunnel. This time luck acted. The demon stood far taller than Blitukus... but much to its surprised, as it stopped and gagged, found a bolt sticking straight out of its chest, goo oozing down. It found it very hard to breathe... Blitukus grinned and kept firing. Its black heart beat no more... it soon fell unconscious and fell to the ground. Eyes missing, throat missing, innards pierced and poking out... the frog demon died in a pool of hideous goo.



*Nobody dare stand between me and THIS goal! I mean **nobody**.*

Blitukus dragged his equipment down the tunnel... another tentacle demon approached. The tentacle demon yelled, "I wonder how many tentacles I can stick up your a\*s before your pelvis busts. Let's find out!" Blitukus replied, "I am not the subject of a dwarven engraving, thank you." Blitukus crouched down, and aimed. The tentacle demon, ignoring its fallen accomplices, laughed... but that laugh was stopped when a bolt pierced into its lower body, lodging firmly in the wound. Another bolt stuck in... a third bolt stuck in, sticking out of its head. The pain stopped it from laughing... it saw the bolt sticking out of its head, and for the first time, Blitukus saw fear on the face of a demon. Blitukus laughed, then kept firing, using up the rest of his bolts. It yelled in pain as bolt after bolt sunk in, and it fell to the ground unconscious. Blitukus ran out, then dragged his heavy weapon over... he laughed upon seeing the pincushion effect his weapon was capable of.



Shortly there after, ichor and goo spilled everywhere, the demon died, its tortured soul sent back to hell. Another tentacle demon was walking up the tunnel... slowly... it stopped. All around were the corpses of demons, impaled with numerous bolts in a manner most painful to gaze upon, goo and ichor spattered everywhere. This demon had been offered a contract... its superiors had offered it a promotion if it could see the death of a dwarven fortress of 100 well armed individuals... or see the death of a lone kobold. If it failed, it would be demoted, if it died, it would be demoted... it went with the obvious choice, which was indeed the wrong choice. Such was the nature of demonic contracts. It mumbled, "I've seen some messed up sh\*t down there but that was just cruel..." Among the shredded remains of demons resting in pools of their blood-equivalent, stood that lone kobold. Blitukus, a fraction of the size of the average demon, stood, his fur scorched, ears back, holding a large weapon, grinning, the light of the magma on one end and the pit on the other giving his eyes a fiery glow. The demon asked, "... are... are you a demon, or an angel?" Blitukus raised his head, his grin widening, showing the menacing expression that he inherited from his mother, "I am a Siegedriven..." Blitukus laughed slowly and deeply, pulling back the ratchet of his crossbow and letting it snap forward, then walking toward the demon, his grin unceasing. The tentacle demon backed off, "I... I'll kill you tomorrow!" The demon then turned around and fled, diving back into the pits. Blitukus laughed loudly, amused by the cowardice of the demons... they had no virtues so bravery wasn't to be expected anyway... the demon didn't even notice that Blitukus was out of bolts. Blitukus looked at his weapon... he found it no longer disgusted him. Technology was but an amplifier of the will of the user, and as such was inherently neutral, even weapons. Weapons could be used for extortion and murder... but they could also be used to protect the innocent and vanquish the agents of evil. He walked down the tunnels... then walked back up. The demons had been repelled.

He dropped his weapon, then took his pickaxe back up again. He walked back down to the pit, busted a boulder of limestone into smaller pieces, then used the chunks to plug up the pit.



*Kill me tomorrow? No thanks, I have a few things to do before I die, and 1 day isn't enough time.*

He found himself getting dizzy... not from the battle, and not from exertion, but from heat exposure. It was scorching, as hot as the hottest summer day he could remember from his desert home, and it would only get hotter as he went deeper. He wouldn't be able to go on like that... he needed a way to keep cool. For now, anyway... he was finally done with the struggles of combat. He had gained access to all that he needed it seemed. Smiling, he left the sealed pit, walking back up the tunnel. He dragged the dead demons up the tunnel, slinging them over into the chasm. Upon hauling the last stench-filled corpse, he met Dracha, walking down the tunnel. She was looking down, sighing, "... and when It's all over I'll be the one to bury 'im... why d-" She looked up, and spotted Blitukus, dragging the corpse of a demon behind him, made a pincushion by several stuck bolts. Dracha raised herself up, and stood motionless. She spoke, "Well... I'll be darned!..." She hesitated, but continued, "Congratulations, you, kobold, have impressed a dragon." Blitukus smiled and laughed. He then proceeded to chuck the corpse into the chasm, dusting his hands off afterwards. Dracha continued, "You deserve a nice long title for this! Not my job to think of one though." Blitukus smiled, letting a breath out of his nose, "My last name is all that I need, Dracha... It's one of the things I can still share with my mother..." Dracha smiled at such modesty, then sighed a bit as well, realizing the pain that those words indicated. It was becoming evident... technology in certain circumstances is a fair match for the divine...

*Armok threatened my soul and my mothers soul should he find evidence of my contact with the collective universe... by the time he learns of it, it will already be too late. History would have been rewritten... my mothers soul would still walk this plane, and this part of the mountain would lay untouched. No evidence would remain. I fear no demons, and I fear no gods. It will be done.*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Uruth Kranon** on **November 23, 2007, 01:27:00 am**

Alan...as always.....Beyond Quality.....\*runs and hides from armok for stealing his first reply spot\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 23, 2007, 02:55:00 am**



It's times like this I have to recite my resume to myself to avoid feeling small. THAT'S how awesome this story is.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 23, 2007, 10:01:00 am**

I am in awe.

Beyond Quality.

...

just... awesome.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 23, 2007, 11:30:00 am**

Wow, thanks :D

Now I'm really hoping that I don't get too-deeped here. I'll be keeping seasonal backups just in case, but... a long time ago I tried hacking the adamantine count, messed up, and got too-deeped anyway. Any tips?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 01:07:00 am**

So, I guess I'll be just hoping that everything goes ok :p

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Dracha, sensing Blitukus' pain, spoke, "You can count on me to help if you need any, Blitukus." Blitukus smiled, "Thank you, Dracha. I offer the same." Dracha spoke, "I had my doubts but now those doubts are no more, you are the one in the prophecy! I was one of 15 to be entrusted with a converter artifact, the cats left them behind, and I was told to give it to the one in the prophecy should I ever meet him. It's the gift I mentioned earlier." Blitukus noticed the Amulet Dracha was wearing. Dracha took off the large amulet, and dropped it in front of Blitukus. Blitukus picked it up and looked at it. The amulet was rather light for being so large. In fact, it looked as if it weren't originally meant to be an amulet, rather a device of some sort that had been attached to a long string. The right side of the device was encased in a blue, light metal... this must be adamantine. It was a beautiful substance, lustrous beyond all of the other metals, its blue shine piercing through. Within the case was an assembly of fine crystals, so fine it almost looked like large grains of sand adhered to the surfaces. These crystals were suspended in a matrix of adamantine, a magical controller below, connected and complex beyond anything Blitukus had seen before. The crystals were all perfect, and all perfectly aligned, as if they were assembled particle by particle. the left side was equally encased but in a material that was dark and slick, a nonmetal and not shiny at all... but it seemed to have similar properties to the adamantine. Within were coils and capacitors using materials Blitukus had never seen before, suspended in a matrix of the dark substance, below it an electrical circuit of some sort, enormously complex and again seeming as if it had been assembled on the scale of fundamental particles. The control was connected to the electronics above by some kind of optical fiber, made of a similar material to the cover of the book "The Worlds Easiest Atom Smasher". In the middle of the device lay an interwoven mesh of adamantine and the dark substance, holding up a crystal that glew an electric yellow, surrounded by coils and wires. Blitukus curiously looked at the odd fusion of extreme magic and extreme technology, analyzing every part of it. Blitukus asked, "What does it do?" Dracha replied, "We've never had a use for the technological side but I guess you will if the prophecy is right. The cats said it allows for conversion between the forces of magic and the forces of technology... in theory, if someone had a large supply of technological power they could use that to wield magic regardless of the mana flux of the world."

*A fusion of magic and technology... perhaps more than the sum of its parts.*

Blitukus tied the string to make it suitable for him to wear, then put it on... it was rather large for him but still didn't weigh him down much. He felt a strange physical sensation in his chest when he did so, a minor sensation of astral energy draw. The crystal on the amulet glew very slightly, then Blitukus felt slightly electrically charged, until the sensations of astral energy and physical energy came to a balance. Blitukus laughed a bit, "Thanks... I don't know how to use magic but I guess I could learn eventually." Dracha said, "If you get enough power together then just experiment. Unlike what people tend to say it's pretty hard to hurt yourself unless you're doing something large scale." Blitukus nodded, then asked, "Have you received any messages?" Dracha replied, "Nutt'n yet, except static of course. Death's been doin' a great job of keeping the astral bands clean, well, except for those ruins which keep making a ton of random noise... the ruins down where Anthath Siset used to be are quiet as solid rock though. The sounds those ruins made used to give me the shivers, but now nothin' but silence ever since 1050 on." Blitukus snickered and smiled... that was his mothers work, still standing a glorious truth. He spoke, "Thank you, my large, scaly comrade." Dracha smiled and struck a proud pose at her species being acknowledged in such a positive light.

The battle... the heat... all night and into the day. Blitukus felt exhausted. He spoke, "I need sleep. Good luck, Dracha." Dracha replied, "Same to you! I think after this is all over I'll sleep too... I hope you're long lived, I don't like being woken up. Anyway, until then I'll be around. Goodbye!" They waved at eachother, then parted. Blitukus continued up to his room, let himself fall onto his bed, and nearly immediately fell asleep. That day he slept so deeply that despite indications that he had drempt, he remembered none of it. When he woke up, he sensed no presence other than his own. He was useless to Armok now... and that meant he didn't have Armok observing him. He got up, then walked to the river and took a drink. He noticed that the amulet hadn't drained his energy any more since he first put it on, and felt his energy had restored itself as he slept. He finished, then walked back down the tunnel to retrieve his pickaxe... but as he was about to grab it, there was a slight flash and a pop sound. He felt electrical energy jump from his fingers into the metal of the pick. He immediately jumped away, and felt the amulet siphoning his astral energies to replace the electrical charge. Blitukus took off the amulet, pocketed it, then proceeded to pick up his pickaxe again. He walked back to his room, and set the amulet down on the table. It was a beautiful device... but it hadn't a use... yet. He thought about the heat problem... as temperatures grew above 150... perhaps above 200, 250... he would need an air-tight suit to keep from cooking. But, normally such a suit would only provide a temporary cooling until it also became heated, slowly cooking its inhabitant to death. The problem was air temperature... air, its temperature could be manipulated by changing its pressure and density. As any gas expanded, it cooled, but as it contracted, it heated. If the air within the suit could be circulated, compacted by a device in the back, the heat radiating away, then expanded once again as it left... heat could be, in essence, pumped out of the suit. He knew that even in the most compact and efficient design, such a suit would be heavy and cumbersome, but it was either that or slowly fry. Bronze would be far too heavy for the task... steel was the only option, but it would take a lot of it in order to, counting in other mechanisms and the waste of being inexperienced, forge the suit. He had a stack of steel bars but 7 more would be needed... it was an unreasonable amount of weight to wear, but 'luckily' only a portion of it would end up in the actual suit, and Blitukus was extraordinarily strong, especially for a kobold. He walked back down the tunnels, and began digging out the requisite material. He stopped to eat after digging out the hematite, then afterwards continued back to dig out the coal. After digging out the hematite, coal, and limestone, he started the magma forge and began smelting the hematite into molten iron. He found again he had to pour it into bars before processing the coal... why he hadn't worked this inefficiency out first seemed without a valid explanation. He made a note to start with coal first next time. He stopped for a drink as he did this. After finishing the coke processing, he melted down the iron again and turned it into pig iron.

**Spring has arrived!**

It was the year 1084... for once, the date seemed irrelevant. It may be the anniversary of his mothers death, but at the same time it was a day that brought him closer to meeting her again. He brought more hematite back, and began smelting the hematite, pouring new iron into pig iron. He adjusted the steel not for strength but for heat resistance. After pouring the bars, he let them solidify, but while they were still hot, held them in the smoke of a fire produced by the rest of the coke. This infused an enormous amount of carbon into the very surface of the bars, meaning the surface could hardly be called steel, and was weak, but had regular steel under it and was more resilient to heat flow. He transfered some of the fire into the glass furnace, then quickly, before it went out, gathered a small bit of sand, and made a small glass panel... it wasn't large at all, but it would do. He began forging his suit, stopping for a drink just after the river gushed through, stepping through the passed flood waters. He had been the apprentice of a metalsmith who in turn had once been the apprentice of a dwarven smith. The skills he had gained allowed him to make a well-crafted suit, even though he never worked with steel in his apprenticeship. He made the suit hinge-jointed, weaving cave spider silk into an elastic that sealed the joints air tight. The helm he made had two openings, one for each eye, each opening sealed with green glass. On the back of the suit, he mounted a small steam generator, and a small piston, driving a small air pump that sucked air out from within the suit, compressed it, and pumped it through a series of

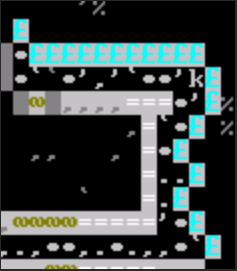
small tubes on the back, the tubes opening up, allowing the air to expand as it entered the suit again. The air would heat up as it was compressed entering the tubes, the tubes would radiate away the heat, cooling the air, the air would cool further as it expanded to re-enter the suit. It was all very heavy, but it wasn't beyond what Blitukus could wear. For the sake of safety he installed inside and outside temperature thermometers, made as small as he could manage, just under the eyepieces. Luckily, the faceplate of the helm was a bit distanced from his actual face at that point, giving the thermometers room to fit. He proceeded then to slip into his new suit... it was very difficult for him to get into it, as usually putting on such a suit would likely be done with the aid of a friend, but he managed, fitting himself into the leggings, slipping the boots on under it, and sealing the elastic together. He then wore the plating for his upper body, sealed it shut with the leggings, and then equipped the gauntlets to protect his hands. He then wore the helmet, sealed it, but left a vent on the mouth open... since it was otherwise air tight, he would have a limited amount of air supply when it was fully sealed. He found it difficult to move, his balance offset by the weight on his back, but he picked up his pickaxe and used the front of his pick in order to, at least to a small degree, balance out the weight. He slowly made his way down the tunnel, his metal boots thumping along the stone floors, and clanking over the steel bridge as he crossed the magma. He watched the outside temperature escalate... the inside temperature following slowly. When he neared the sealed pit, the external temperature read 125... it jumped to 135 just as he neared it. As he passed it it fell again to 125. Blitukus walked to the end of the tunnel, took his pickaxe up, and swung at the wall. He found the clumsy and heavy suit made his movements slow but at the same time gave his swing much more momentum. It balanced out, allowing him to dig at the same speed. After digging only one space of rock out, the temperature jumped from 128 to 138... he was near another pit. He felt the walls, and dug through the coolest one, traveling to the right. The temperature dropped... but soon after, it spiked again. He backed up a space, and then dug deeper into the mountain, avoiding what was likely a pit. As he dug down, the temperature gradually increased. Blitukus switched on his suits cooling system, and it clicked repeatedly and shook slightly. He felt air being sucked out from the suit, a blast of cool air replacing it. The temperature within the suit began to decrease. It worked... it would stave off the heat, for now. The temperature jumped from 134 to 144... another pit ahead. He dug to the right again... he didn't strike a pit, but it escalated further to 154. He was between two pits. He let out a nervous sigh and continued. He would've been made demon food 3 times over if it weren't for that thermometer... he thanked the universe that it didn't fail him. The temperature dropped... he felt the side facing towards the center of the mountain was the cool one. He turned and dug deeper into the mountain. The temperature dropped again... he was free from those pits. As he dug further, the temperature spiked again, the heat coming from deep and to the right. He dug to the left, then continued downward into the mountain. The temperature fell again... but the base temperature continued to rise steadily. 150... 170... 190... The internal temperature rose above 110 as the cooling system started to find itself overwhelmed. Just before the temperature outside of his suit reached the boiling point of water..



**The Metal of Metals!  
You have found it!**

**You have struck adamantine! Praise the miners!**

Of course, there was only one miner... Blitukus looked right into it, the beautiful ore... it was every dwarfs fantasy, and he had found it... but was it just a puny pocket, or was it enough to provide him with the materials for his time machine? He dug along the sides of it, and couldn't help but find himself in awe of the ores beauty... it was no wonder the dwarves loved it so much. He dug, and dug... he found that the face of the adamantine vein was concave... there was likely miles of the stuff, enough for a time machine and a lifetimes worth extra. He walked back to the corner, and pressed himself against the wall. He took in all that his senses brought to him.



He looked deep into the adamantine... it was a marvelous but blatantly artificial construct. It was actually, in essence, silver, although magical bonds, placed at the level of fundamental particles, channeled all energies effortlessly and held the silver particles spaced in a perfect structure, holding them together and giving the entire structure immense strength. The mana contained within the bonds is what gave the metal its beautiful lustrousness and blue tint, but, it all was dependent on mana flux... if mana flux dropped too low, then the bonds would fail and it would all turn to silver. Silver wires were conductive but this was infinitely more so. Something was amiss though... he sensed a sinister aura, vileness oozing from behind the wall... whatever it was, he felt confident it would not keep him from reaching his mother... he disregarded the feeling. He took a break to let it sink in, and ate, returning as quick as possible afterwards. He took his pickaxe and dug into the adamantine. Soon though, the wall collapsed and tumbled downward into the distance, and he found himself peering into sheer darkness, evil radiating from within.



**A miner has broken through to an expansive cave system.**

A sense of gloom seemed to erupt within... Blitukus did his best to shrug it off and continued, mining out the adamantine. He dug out quite a bit... then decided to retire to sleep, laughing a bit on the way back. He shut off his suit and took it off, letting himself immediately get to sleep on his bed. That day, he had a nightmare. In essence, his nightmare depicted his being mercilessly torn apart then eaten by a demon that would crawl from those dark caves. He was startled and a bit shaken by the nightmare, but he shrugged it off, put his suit back on, and got back to work. He dug, and dug, and dug, laughing occasionally as he did so. He stopped for a drink, thanks to the heat, then continued. He dug until he was was out of breath, the scorching air stinging at his mouth and lungs. He looked around... dozens of lumps of raw adamantine lay on the ground. It was time to go to work extracting it. He had read that adamantine, when unraveled, turned to fiber that could be woven into clothes or wafers, which could in turn be used to assemble basically anything. He eagerly picked up a lump of raw adamantine and hauled it back to his workshops. He set it down, and slowly began to pick the adamantine out of the rock, the centuries-old strands unraveling themselves. It was very slow but he found himself unaffected by the tedium. He then brought the strands over to the smelter, and gradually smelted the strands together, forming a stack of solid wafers. As Blitukus stepped away to get more adamantine, he slowed... there was a deep laugh, and a flash of magical energy from down the tunnel... a sense of dread slowly crept into him. He peeked out into the tunnels, and saw nothing. He sensed a great avatar of evil... right behind him. He felt his fur stand on end. Something tapped his shoulder. He jumped and turned around, and found himself looking right into the eyes of a female kobold, fur blood red, eyes glowing as hot as the surface of the sun, heart as dark as coal-covered obsidian. He backed away, but before he could move much at all, she punched him in the face, breaking an eyepiece on his suit and knocking him to the floor. She seemed without pain despite having hit a steel surface. Blitukus grunted in pain... luckily the neck joint of his suit saved him from a neck injury. He tried to sit up, but before he could do so, she ripped his helm off, grabbed him by the neck, pulled him up, then pinned him against the wall. There was nothing he could do to break free.



The demoness spoke, "I just love it when they squirm!... Hi." Blitukus gagged, "Hello....." Despite the fact that she was likely about to mercilessly devour him... he couldn't help but notice that despite her demonhood, her looks were very appealing. She licked her lips, forced him to the ground, then started to slowly undo his leggings, "I'm gunna have *fun* eating your soul!" Blitukus stopped her, then replied, somewhat defiantly, "You are beautiful, but you are not my type, demon." She tilted her head slightly, got up, grabbed a nearby metal bar, then returned. She let the metal bar fall to the palm of her other hand repeatedly, then smiled sadistically, "We can do it that way too, I just get to have a different kind of fun, that's all." She drew back to hit him in the knee with it, but he interrupted, "Halt! I, erm, I have an offer to make." She let the metal bar drop to the ground, then grinned wickedly, "Go ahead then, talk!" Blitukus spoke, "You know my rich, flavorful soul will not fall easily..." She replied, "Hmhmhmhmhm, pure hearts are tasty..." Blitukus continued, "I declare that you may consume my soul and the soul of any other of your choice upon my death, if you spare me now and allow me to mine the adamantine." She spoke, "Tasty... and more tasty... in exchange for the walls of my prison..." A scroll seemed to materialize,

and she held it in front of Blitukus, only showing the line to sign on, the rest rolled up. Blitukus reached out to grab it, but she pulled it away, speaking, "Sign first!" Blitukus spoke, "I have nothing with which to sign it, so I must take it and-" She swiped at his hand, gashing it, causing it to bleed. She spoke, "There you go! Sign." Blitukus grunted, mumbled a bit in protest, but complied, signing his name in his own blood at the bottom of the scorched scroll. The scroll disappeared. She grabbed Blitukus' head, and pressed her face against his, speaking, "Congratulations, you get to live and you get to mine the damn stuff, but when you die, I get to eat your soul, and about the other soul of my choice, I choose **your mothers soul**." In that moment, Blitukus' heart sank to the depths of regret and sadness. She continued, "I'll eat hers first just so I can make you watch, and then I'll eat yours." She threw him against the wall, and then stepped back, spreading her wings. She winked at him, grinning, "It was a pleasure doing business with you." She then walked out, running up the tunnels and taking flight into the world, free after a millennium of imprisonment. Blitukus sensed the voice of Armok in the distance, "What? Another one broke loose?... Send one of my more adventurous slaves to do away with her... no, you fool, the one with the <<adamantine>>!" Blitukus sat against the wall, feeling the deepest depths of regret... now he had doomed himself and his mother... He felt himself begin to cry, but that very moment, another thought entered his head. He felt the regret vanish. He smiled, grinned, then laughed. Indeed, it was the demon who was swindled, for Blitukus' quest, in stopping his mothers death, would stop his journey to the arctic, and stop his entire quest from starting in the first place. By giving him rights to the adamantine, the demon gave him the power to render the contract null and void by eliminating it from the continuum of time, forcing it from existence. All he had to do was stop that one event... and all would be well. The gods and demons would have nothing on him. He just had to make sure he didn't die before then... or else.

-----

I'm going to run a test tomorrow to see if my adamantine hacking strategy is working or not. If not, no major damage, I just need to find out what works.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 24, 2007, 05:29:00 am**

But... the souls... time it... doesn't work that way... NOOOO! Stupid Blitukus!

Firs post; Beyond Quality award AlanL!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 11:57:00 am**

Thanks :p

Don't worry though, it doesn't end in tragedy.

Edit: And we probably have different views on how time works and how the spirit realms relate. I guess it might show later. It's not really relevant but, something I might as well point out is the signing of the contract was an event that took place in the mortal realm, and was therefore subject to its laws, rather than the laws of the spirit realms.

[ November 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 24, 2007, 03:00:00 pm**

It'd better not!

And if time paradoxes are really possible then either  
1) I know more physics than you  
or 2) the laws of that universe differs not only in physics and magic, but also in very basic logic  
Because TIME PARADOXES ARE NOT POSSIBLE, by definition Blitukus cant prevent any thing that prevents the preventing.

Even if it IS possible it must be HORIBLE for the universe, and a MAIN GOAL for it to prevent, non paradoxal time travel don't brother universes at all...  
I actually imagined the thing the universe wanted from Blitukus WAS to prevent paradoxes.

300:t post! :D

This story is still pure genius!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 03:34:00 pm**

Actually there will be no paradoxes involved. In fact, I forgot the name of it but there's this theory that's been stated about a way the universe prevents paradoxes that I'm going to be using. In fact, I already subtly pointed out that it would cause a paradox if he did change the event. Don't worry, I'm not going to do something blatantly wrong like that :p

(spoiler)  
The trick is a little QM exploit that I'm using to allow for big rewrites of the timeline. I wasn't quite sure on how to explain it at first, but I just got done watching the movie "What the Bleep: Down the Rabbit hole", and I think I'll use some ideas I had while watching it. Those ideas are technically not possible (I think) but that's less blatant than a straight paradox (really to most it would be more of a technicality). The end, however, has nothing to do with demons or changing the event.  
(/spoiler)

(To be honest I probably just overreacted when I saw you call him stupid, which was probably a joke anyway :p)

Edit: Sheesh... this must be among the biggest story threads.

[ November 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 24, 2007, 06:17:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>Actually there will be no paradoxes involved. In fact, I forgot the name of it but there's this theory that's been stated about a way the universe prevents paradoxes that I'm going to be using. In fact, I already subtly pointed out that it would cause a paradox if he did change the event. Don't worry, I'm not going to do something blatantly wrong like that :)  
...wait that does mean there is no way to escape his and his mothers souls from being eaten! :(

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>  
(spoiler)  
The trick is a little QM exploit that I'm using to allow for big rewrites of the timeline. I wasn't quite sure on how to explain it at first, but I just got done watching the movie "What the Bleep: Down the Rabbit hole", and I think I'll use some ideas I had while watching it. Those ideas are technically not possible (I think) but that's less blatant than a straight paradox (really to most it would be more of a technicality). The end, however, has nothing to do with demons or changing the event.  
(/spoiler)  
</STRONG>

Eh... What? I don't think I understand that English, I'm no native speaker. Explain.



quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>  
(To be honest I probably just overreacted when I saw you call him stupid, which was probably a joke anyway :D  
Edit: also his... entry in the other story isen't what I would call a subtitle and hard to find HINT that there will be time travel. :roll:  
  
[ November 24, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 07:28:00 pm**

His entry in the first story wasn't meant to be a subtle hint, it was meant to be there to open the possibility of it happening. She was drunk at the time, so at the time it was only a possibility, but as you can see, the chances of it happening are approaching 100% as the second story goes on :p

(very spoily)  
Ok, well in short, the universe does things all in chaos and probabilities when nobody's looking. Every now and then a WTF-class ridiculously improbable event will happen, say, you vanishing and rematerializing on the other side of the room. I was thinking of this as a workaround for a paradox, basically, when you look at something the probabilities all fall into one solution... the trick is that one solution gets propagated back in time... so, here's the spoily part. Say Blitukus were entirely removed from observing the world, and 'frozen', meaning to him the world is all probabilities. Say the entire past got purged... meaning the timeline where his mother lived became a probability. If that probability became true when Blitukus were to observe the world next, then not only would his mother still be around, but all events preceeding it would be reformed from probability... in essence it would fundamentally rewrite time all at once, eliminating both ends of time travel simultaneously (no time travel and no need for time travel), and since there would be no ends left, no paradox would occur.

Ok, maybe I need to restate that more concisely XD

A paradox happens when a time traveller intervenes to prevent his own time travel, it's the intervention that causes the paradox. A quantum event would get rid of both the time travel and the intevention simultaneously... there would be no intervention-from-nowhere to cause a paradox.

It's not really THAT relevant though... the ending doesn't involve it.

And no, neither he nor his mother get eaten by the demon either.. in fact, the demon would become kind of irrelevant at the end. (/spoily)

[ November 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 24, 2007, 07:42:00 pm**

We now are obligated to state this quote. YOU NEVER EVER EVER MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 07:52:00 pm**

I noticed you refer to yourself as a collective "we". Who are you collaborating with? :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 09:05:00 pm**

Ok, sorry to double post, but I've come upon something that's not good at all. My hacking didn't work... luckily I have a proper backup, but the adamantine might tend to be 'hidden under stuff' if I can't find a way to do away with the too-deep screen. Any hints? It's not a big deal if it can't be fixed, although this likely means I won't have time to do an update today (I really should've done this test earlier...)

Edit:  
-Just ran through a no-edits control test to see if I was starting headed to the too-deep, and it didn't too-deep me. This is good news, it means the story is in no danger whatsoever, and I have inadvertently created the ideal conditions to test for the proper way to adamantine hack.

[ November 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 24, 2007, 11:31:00 pm**

As the king of parades, We refer to ourselves as the royal We about half the time.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **November 24, 2007, 11:35:00 pm**

I see.

Right now I'm seeing if locking the values early can get rid of the too-deeping. If that doesn't work I'll try to find some kind of chance value, and if that turns up empty... well, I guess the adamantine in the story won't be in the game. It wouldn't really much matter though since I can memory-edit in the parts that are supposed to be adamantine for the pictures.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 25, 2007, 07:32:00 am**

Good. If negativeness were to happen to this story, subjects would be punished.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Armok** on **November 25, 2007, 08:54:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>  
(very spoily)  
Ok, well in short, the universe does things all in chaos and probabilities when nobody's looking. Every now and then a WTF-class ridiculously improbable event will happen, say, you vanishing and rematerializing on the other side of the room. I was thinking of this as a workaround for a paradox, basically, when you look at something the probabilities all fall into one solution... the trick is that one solution gets propagated back in time... so, here's the spoily part. Say Blitukus were entirely removed from observing the world, and 'frozen', meaning to him the world is all probabilities. Say the entire past got purged... meaning the timeline where his mother lived became a probability. If that probability became true when Blitukus were to observe the world next, then not only would his mother still be around, but all events preceeding it would be reformed from probability... in essence it would fundamentally rewrite time all at once, eliminating both ends of time travel simultaneously (no time travel and no need for time travel), and since there would be no ends left, no paradox would occur.

Ok, maybe I need to restate that more concisely XD

A paradox happens when a time traveller intervenes to prevent his own time travel, it's the intervention that causes the paradox. A quantum event would get rid of both the time travel and the intervention simultaneously... there would be no intervention-from-nowhere to cause a paradox.

It's not really THAT relevant though... the ending doesn't involve it.

And no, neither he nor his mother get eaten by the demon either... in fact, the demon would become kind of irrelevant at the end.  
(/spoily)

[ November 24, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]</STRONG>

Then we are on the same side!  
It seems great mind thinks alike! (or just reads the same books)  
So, basically he is going to need something that affects quantum probability, kind of like the improbability drive in the hitchhikers guide to the galaxy?

I wonder if we even have the same idea on how shuts a devise would work using a button that cannot be pressed because it would unavoidably cause a paradoxis and thus blackmailing the universe to do as the owner wants because it otherwise the owner preses the button and this can't logically happen so in practice the owner is granted control over quantum probability?

Good luck whit the addie hacking! You and this story are truly Beyond Quality.

Edit: Maybe I need to phrase this a bit clearer; As a paradoxis is logically impossible, the universe prevents them from happening by setting all probabilities involving a paradoxis to zero, by having a button or other devise that causes a paradoxis if X doesn't happen, all probabilities that does not result in X will cause a paradoxis, thus are zero, and thus the probability of X are 1, please comment and point out faults in my logic before I discover them the hard way and fry the universe.

Also doesn't what you are saying just mean that this story just can't have happened?

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 12:21:00 pm**

What I'm thinking of is kind of like the infinite improbability drive, but not quite. Maybe I can represent it as ascii art :p

```
code:

Probability of (Chain of Events): 85%
True by probability.

|(chain of events)---Event-----Traveller-| No Paradox

              (change)<-----\
|(chain of events)---Event-----Traveller-| No paradox
Event forced false by intervention

              (Change)<-----?
|(chain of events)---No Event-----No Traveller-| Change has no origin, causing a paradox

So that doesn't work.

Now, say we somehow reopen that 85% chance again...

Probability of (Chain of Events): 85%
False by probability.

|(different chain of events)---No Event-----No Traveller-|
```

By reforming the preceding chain of events by probability, no direct intervention is required. This leaves no open ends, and thus, say there was a chance the crossbowmen would've gotten caught by guards before entering the castle. What if that was reopened as a probability wave, and then collapsed where they DID get busted? No direct intervention would be required, no open ends would be left, and no paradox would happen. In essence, the continuum of time would edit itself, rather than be edited by someone else. A new chain of events would emerge where not only did Blitukus not 'push the button', the flow of time doesn't require him to. Of course, this would erase the entire story from existence in that universe. It's not what happens, the end relies on something entirely else (spoily: albeit, using the same device for a different purpose)

Edit: To be honest, I would be surprised if we did have the same ideas on this stuff, since much of it is theoretical and, at least to me, open to multiple interpretations.

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 25, 2007, 12:48:00 pm**

No... time doesn't work like that either.

Time is set in stone. Even the future is set in stone, but nobody has the knowledge to figure out what it is.

You go back in time, and chances are you will CAUSE the event you wanted to change to begin with.  
Let's say for example, that you go back in time stop Abraham Lincoln from being killed. You tackle the guy who's gonna shoot him, but what you DON'T know is that he wasn't planning on killing lincoln that day, he was just checking for the future. So now he thinks he's been caught, and goes and shoots Lincoln ahead of schedule. And you feel like an idiot.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 12:51:00 pm**

```
quote:

Originally posted by Reign on your Parade:
<STRONG>Time is set in stone. Even the future is set in stone, but nobody has the knowledge to figure out what it is.</STRONG>
```

The whole point I'm using from QM is that the universe is actually not deterministic... as in neither the past nor the future are set in stone. Classical mechanics say things like that are set in stone, but classical mechanics doesn't work for things dealing with these subjects.

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Zironic** on **November 25, 2007, 01:05:00 pm**

The problem is this: If you go back in time to do something and do it, and then it will change the future. Thus you will never go back in time - you have no reason to or you don't exist, reseting the future again so you do go back in time.

Now if you were able to go back in time and make sure you would find out that you ( in present) would know what you did in the past so you can go back and do it, thus to break the loop, then there would be no paradox, just a slinky in which you would go back in time and then move on having already made sure you know that uoi did. Unless, according to your fiction, you remember the changes that happen at a point of change.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 01:14:00 pm**

Actually, I thought about that. There are no paradoxes at all. Keep in mind that in how I portray it, it takes a specific range of actions to cause a paradox, doing any of the other actions that don't is ok. Any attempt to cause a paradox is prevented by the universe. About that, I'm using a theory that's a real theory on the subject but I forgot the name of it (which is good since I don't want to spoil it yet). It'll become apparent when I get to it, until then, I don't actually want to argue about it. I get the feeling that an argument would put a stain on the thread, although I don't mind discussing like this.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 25, 2007, 04:35:00 pm**

I am now quite sure we are in the famous situation of everybody arguing for the same side while thinking the others are not, but these things are simply so hard to explain that we all use different examples and formulations to explain the same thing, and thus thinking the others mean something completely different.

Time IS set in stone, as time is were changes take place and thus cannot change itself, the universe is not COMPLETELY deterministic, However the system consisting of the universe + the RNG IS, also most things that seem random, for example the tumble of a dice or AlansL's example whit the guard, is not quantum probability, but rather just deterministic chaos. Also the state of the universe consists of quantum probability waves, and those really never collapses absolutely and permanently, especially in situations involving heavy time travel, like in this story.

Actually AlanL it DO seem like we are at least thinking of very similar devices, once again great minds think alike.

But as I said we are probably arguing for the same thing.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 25, 2007, 04:44:00 pm**

Great minds do not think alike. That's what the mediocre ones do. A great mind is the mind that thinks different.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 04:49:00 pm**

It seems like what we're doing is saying basically the same thing with different details, then focusing on those differing details. It's not even that relevant to the story though so I don't want to make a big deal of it.

And yes, great minds do differ, and they should. Science wouldn't work properly if nobody challenged anyone elses theories. Case in point when Galileo published his stuff and pissed off a whole lot of people because he thought differently.

I've found a few more adamantine 'clocks' and I'm letting a test run right now. If it fails, then I probably didn't find it and I'll continue the story without digging the stuff in the game.

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 25, 2007, 04:59:00 pm**

Great Minds think alike on some things and not on others, more specifically Great Minds think alike on facts and not creative ideas.

For example Great Minds would agree on what 98758914/(654^76)-9 equals, but would 8 year old humans?  
The nature of the universe and the logic of time paradoxes are facts, albeit harder to figure out facts, thus requiring GREATER minds to agree than 98758914/(654^76)-9, but great enough minds WILL think alike.

If I were to write a story the result would not be half as great as this, because I'm a really lousy author, but even a good author would not write identical, the mythology of this story is not the same as DFs, but neither better or worse, these are examples of creative situations where Great Mind do not think alike, don't you think alike me?

Edit: now we are all arguing for that we are all are arguing for the same thing! \*slaps forehead\*

The point about a scientist neading to think different for science to advance is true and I can counter it if I make a loooong argument about memetics, but all this is really of-topic so I won't.

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 05:16:00 pm**

I see what you're saying (and thanks for the compliment), but when facts aren't concretely determined, it's often still open to debate. QM can be interpreted in several different ways it seems.

From the Wiki:  
"The time evolution of wave functions is deterministic in the sense that, given a wavefunction at an initial time, it makes a definite prediction of what the wavefunction will be at any later time. During a measurement, the change of the wavefunction into another one is not deterministic, but rather unpredictable, i.e., random.

The probabilistic nature of quantum mechanics thus stems from the act of measurement."

Depending on how you look at it you could either say it is deterministic or it isn't, since measuring something could be as simple as looking at it or hearing it. I could be wrong, I'm just a high school student, not a Ph.D, but as far as the story goes I'm saying things tend to be non-deterministic.

Back on subject: getting close to finishing that adamantine test. If the next season change doesn't too-deep, then I've got it. If it does then I've probably not got it, and I don't want to do more tests because this takes a long time.

Edit: Nope, my efforts haven't changed anything. Well, at least I tried :p  
The story will be virtually unaffected, so this isn't a big deal.

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]



Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **November 25, 2007, 10:15:00 pm**

AlanL: on the wiki archive there's a note on how to turn off the end-game demon via a 4(6?)-byte hex edit. it modifies the actual EXE, though.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 11:02:00 pm**

Didn't notice that. It's a bit late for one, though. Two, messing with the EXE might lead to some bad, irrecoverable things down the road, and I don't want to risk that. Thanks for the info anyway :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 25, 2007, 11:44:00 pm**

Anyway, continuing on...  
-----

Blitukus stopped his laughter, and let a sigh out of his nose. He thought about it... such action would send waves through the fabric of time... he didn't know what this would cause, but he could always try... still... He had soon before fought without regard to self-preservation, and now self-preservation became of an utmost importance, not for the sake of himself, but for the sake of his mother. He sighed and mumbled, "I am so sorry mother... if you can hear me, please forgive my mistakes..." He sat, motionless, allowing a moment of silence to pass.

*I shall redeem myself... nobody dare threaten my mother... the demon will not prevail.*

He had all that he needed to summon the powers of technology, and possibly the powers of magic. It was time to make it so. He stood, and picked up his helm. Then, he cleared the broken glass from the eyepiece. He used the glass furnace to make a replacement from some sand, then replaced it. He then put the helm back on, and continued refining the adamantine into wafers. It was a very long task... and as he carried the adamantine, a metal perfect in every way, the most beautiful and valuable as well as the most useful, he found that with each lump of raw adamantine he hauled, his guilt and regret was renewed. As the night wore on, stacks of adamantine were created. Blitukus thought... the ancients... if he somehow couldn't save his mother by traveling back to her death and preventing it... maybe the ancients would have a solution. Maybe the solution would lay at those coordinates he had received from the heavens above? He stopped for a drink, then continued. These were only to be resorted to if he couldn't save his mother... He continued further, stopping to eat... more mushrooms had grown elsewhere. He looked out the front door... the door was impeding the growth of the tower cap under it, but a large tower cap had grown to block the entrance to the tunnel. He would take care of it when he was finished. He continued, finding himself getting swifter and swifter at refining the adamantine until finally his workshops begun to become cluttered with the metal. A workshop cluttered with adamantine... every dwarven metalsmiths dream, but a grim reminder of mistakes and duty to Blitukus. He had spent all night and into the morning, and finally, he had enough adamantine for whatever he would possibly need... luckily, each individual device wouldn't need much. A single thread was as good as any wire for carrying current. He set down his tools, took the suit off, then went back to bed, his heart still heavy from the 'deal' he had made... He allowed himself to fall asleep after sketching designs in his books and reviewing what he knew. That day he had an odd dream. He found himself standing in a pitch black space, yet he was fully lit. He was standing upon a glass-like transparent surface, that seemed to extend infinitely in all directions. Slowly, a dark sphere descended from the sky... it was half his size. It landed before him, and rested. It was of a similar construct to the amulet, although obviously different in function... it was ancient cat make. Blitukus rolled the dark sphere around, looking at the crystals embedded within its machine-made surface. There was a gap in the structure, and Blitukus peered inside. Within, he saw the fabric of space... being processed. Blitukus didn't understand what the device was doing with the fabric of space... but it revealed something at the scale of fundamental particles that he had not observed at first... it was what the gods sought from the universe. It was pure energy... so enormously dense that even the smallest spaces could yield enough to power the most vast civilizations for millenia... it was the treasure that the dragon of the universe guarded... so much energy, it was unspeakably large, a number that extended with countless digits into the realms of the most enormous scales. This device... it somehow worked with such unspeakable forces. Blitukus felt curious about its function. He summoned powers from within himself, channeling it into the device... it began to glow. It soon began to radiate out energy, light shining through the cracks with blinding intensity. The crystals glowed with similar intensity, until, all of a sudden, it stopped, the entire device darkening. For a moment, Blitukus felt disappointed, then suddenly... all seemed to shatter. The pitch black around him all at once turned a blinding white, a roar of an explosion not coming from the sphere, but surrounding him. It was as if the energy had all been released, resulting in an explosion that permeated every point in space throughout every point in time. All faded to white, then Blitukus woke up. He was unsure of what the dream meant... was it an actual device... or was it symbolic of something? Was it something he would cause or something he was meant to prevent?

Blitukus got up, and felt as if he were standing within a charged space... he realized the true scale of what the gods were fighting over. Within this one universe lay so much energy.... the god that controlled it might very well become the **only** god throughout all universes... Blitukus sighed. Was this energy a natural phenomena, or was it meant for something else? He walked over to the river, and drank. Such things were the subject of powers beyond his grasp... but there was one power that lay within his future grasp, and soon would be under his control.

*2 gigawatts... a lightning bolt unleashed within a room. Exciting... yet intimidating. For the sake of my mothers soul I must proceed with the utmost care.*

He had adamantine to carry the final burst, but in order to generate and store the energy, he needed bronze, magnetite, and silver... lots of silver. First, he needed to clear some excess flora. He had steel left over from making his suit. He carved a stone axe, then forged the remaining steel into the tip of the blade. He then took the axe, and used it to fell the tower cap blocking the tunnel, then proceeded to fell a nearby tower cap that had sprung up on the shore of the cave river. Blitukus had produced his own wood at the very top of the ice cap, where none would expect any lumber to arise.



It would become the pearlash that would be used to create crystal glass. Blitukus felt his guilt dwindle... his deal, it wasn't a mistake. It was his only choice. And now, he was better off because of it.

*Beforehand, I had a chance of meeting my mother... now I **will** contact my mother again, for I must, for her sake as well as mine... chance no longer has anything to do with that.*

He moved the 'wood' into his halls to prevent it from being washed away. He then exchanged the axe for the pickaxe. Each dynamo would take 3 stacks of silver bars to assemble, he needed 5 dynamos. Each sheet for the capacitor would need 2 stacks of silver bars... he needed 4 sheets. 2 stacks of silver bars could be used to form all of the wire that would be needed to string it all together. The total was 25 stacks of silver bars... a greedy merchants fantasy, but Blitukus held no consideration to monetary value. He dug out 25 lumps of galena, burrowing quite a distance into the vein. He then took the galena back, and started smelting it down, pouring the lead and the silver bars. He thought about it... what use would he have for all of the lead? Then, it occurred to him... the lead was vital to his life. The charged particle cannon would cast off many particles that had yet to be named, particles with extreme energy that would wreak havoc with Blitukus' fundamental structure as these projectile particles flew through him. Lead was known to absorb such damaging rays, and could be used as a shield to keep the most hazardously radiant portions of the device contained. He had made over 20 stacks of bars, but decided to tend to his hunger and thirst.

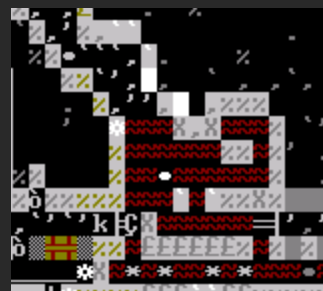
**It is now summer.**

When he was done eating and drinking, he continued, smelting down the rest of the galena. The smelter was very cluttered, the most cluttered it had ever been when he had finished. That being done, he now needed a magma forge... a magma forge the scale of which

hadn't been attempted before. Lucky, this one needn't be complex at all since it was only intended to produce one thing. Blitukus thought about how he would go about it for a while... he would need a flat surface for the silver to settle upon, and it would have to have a rim, otherwise the silver would simply spill out into the magma. There could be small ducts dug through the floor beneath to allow magma to fill it... yes, that would be how he would make it. He picked a spot further down, and proceeded to dig out what he had in mind. He found his skill in mining made this a much easier task. While digging it out, he happened upon a cluster of aquamarines, and proceeded to dig it out. He then dug the channels surrounding his intended platform, then smoothed the middle, leaving a rim around the edge.



Then, he dug the small ducts into the side of the channel that would allow magma deeper in order to heat the stone 'floor'. After that, he moved the gems and rocks out of the construction area, and shut off all magma and water flow. When the magma tunnels had emptied, Blitukus breached the wall of it across from the inlet to his new magma forge. He then salvaged parts from his old experimental magma loop in order to build the inlet. As he was taking apart the inlet to the old magma loop experiment... he slipped. The floodgate holding the magma back wasn't safely removed, instead it came crashing down nearly onto Blitukus, ripping the pulleys out of the walls. This wasn't the worst of it. Since the magma hadn't been properly stopped up, the floodgate having crashed down... it spilled through the broken inlet, then spilled OUT of the broken inlet, spilling into the damaged experimental loop, flooding it... and slowly spilling out into the walkway. The magma hissed and bubbled. Blitukus stepped back as the flood expanded, and finally stood, realizing the magnitude of that one slip-up, put his hands on his head and yelled in sheer frustration and regret. There was a glooping sound. He looked... parts that had never been designed to hold back a magma flood were holding it back... for now.

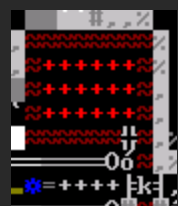


It was now time to properly decommission the magma loop, and plug the inlets... accidents do happen, but that was much too close. He dug around the damaged structure, and walked to the end of the tunnel, shutting off the entire magma feed. The magma slowly cleared, and it was safe to continue. Blitukus tore down all that he needed in order to manage his new construct, and placed it, digging the inlet to his new, larger 'forge'. He uprooted an old lever, and reinstalled it to function as the new control for the new inlet. Then, he tore down the floodgates at the heart of the loop, and used them to plug the now broken old inlet. After finishing, he walked back down the tunnel and opened the magma intake once more. The magma flowed, and was stopped at the now-plugged inlet, flooding out no more. He looked at what remained of his old experiment, and sighed through his nose.



*The days when that experiment was just being performed for the first time, even though those days were relatively recent, seem like a simpler and happier time. Much progress has been made, and there is still hope... but what lies within the future?*

He raised his head. There was still hope, at least in his heart. He opened the water inlet and allowed the tunnel to fill with water, then opened his new inlet. He stopped for a drink himself as it filled. Then, he shut off the water, and used the muddiness of the channel and blocks remaining from the old magma loop experiment to bridge over the inlet channel. Then, he disassembled the other old bridge, and used the blocks to bridge over one segment of the channel, allowing him to cross should the channel be filled with water. He got rid of the excess debris, then opened up the magma inlet for the boiler. Steam shot out as magma chased water down the channel. He then opened the inlet to his new 'forge'... magma fried the water from the muddy channels, and seeped into the ducts, slowly making the smooth stone surface glow red with heat.



It was likely the worlds largest magma forge... and also the worlds simplest. It would get the job done, a large tool for a large undertaking. He looked into the churning magma, the force that had nearly killed him now obediently powering his machines once again. The old might decay and wither as time passed, but time also brought the arrival of the new. Progress would continue to be made. Blitukus shut off the magma inlet and allowed the magma to drain. Finally, construction was beginning... and such a large project would take a proportionally large amount of time to complete. Luckily, Blitukus had all the time in the world.

[ November 25, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 26, 2007, 05:38:00 am**

Beyond Quality!  
You are truly amazing AlanL!

Since I got the first post:  
"This is a admantine beyond quality award.  
It is encircled whit bands of magnetite.  
It menaces whit arcs of electricity.  
On the item is a image if a kobold and a demon in star sapphire, the kobold is laughing, the demon is making a submissive gesture.  
on the item is a eerie glowing glyph in uranium, the glyphs power is yet unknown."

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 26, 2007, 07:29:00 pm**

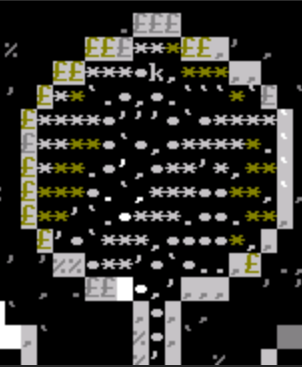
I have a feeling that my keeping the reward violates a few materials restrictions... (but it's only illegal if you get caught :)  
To be honest, I used to think I would never be able to make any art suitable for the web. I'm glad I proved myself wrong. Thanks again :)

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First, Blitukus needed to dig out the space in which he would build his machine... he had a general knowledge of where everything would need to be thanks to his sketches, and knew what he needed to dig. He decided on a spot on the wall to tunnel into. The machine needn't be far from his home; putting it so close would make construction much quicker as it was also much closer to the smelter and forges. He reached the wall and thought about what he was about to do. This was the official beginning of the construction of the machine... and yet the entire endeavor, all four years of it, seemed all of a sudden so short.

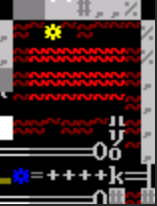
*My mother is dead.... I still sometimes find myself in disbelief thinking about it. It seems so hard to accept as a true event... yet it is. All up to this point has been mere preparation for this project... and now I begin.*

His goal, among all of the wonders and machines, struggles and mistakes, had remained the same. He just wanted to be with his mother again one last time, to make everything right once again. He had often thought it would be so... and now was time to make it so. He raised his pickaxe, and struck the wall, sending rock flying back to the other side of the hall.

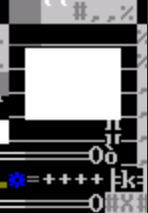
He tunneled beyond his room, and began to dig a vast circular chamber. He dug, and dug, and dug some more, and finally became exhausted. He retired to sleep. That day, he continued his design work in his sleep, his dream an experimental realm with which to test and perfect new ideas. He wouldn't refuse... he needed all of the time to perfect his design he could get. He refined his ideas regarding the dynamos and capacitors. When he awoke, he allowed himself a brief period for his body to fully awaken, then continued what he had started. When he finished the circular chamber... he looked around. The floors were littered with stone and ore, but those could be moved as needed. It was a room the size of which could fully accommodate a king. Technically, he was a king, king of a nation of one... yet he still regarded himself as a prince. The room was large but only machines would reside within.



He looked around, picturing the majestic power of the machine... but allowed the picture to fade, revealing the vast but still bare and rubble-cluttered room. That machine still lay within the future, a day that time was slowly ticking towards. First, he would assemble the capacitor. He left the room, and moved 2 stacks of silver bars into the now cool giant forge. Then, he opened the magma inlet, and stood by, watching the silver melt. He watched as the bars melted down, the molten metal pooling, contained neatly by the rim.



Then, he pulled the lever once more, and waited for the silver to cool as the magma drained away. Eventually, the glow disappeared. Blitukus put on the boots to his suit, and lay adamantine strands across the molten silver, the wires that would control the charge and discharge of the plate. He made sure they were spaced evenly, then stood back, waiting for it to cool. Finally, it solidified.



Blitukus waited for it to cool the rest of the way, then walked over to the beautiful, shiny sheet, adamantine wires sticking out of the bottom. The sheet was very thin, able to be easily bent by hand while it was cool. Blitukus rolled the sheet up, then lugged it away, into the chamber. He repeated the entire process 3 more times. At such high voltages, there was a danger of energy arcing out of the capacitor and onto surrounding equipment... He decided to dig out an alcove to place the capacitor. This would also save on materials as well, since the rock could be chiseled into a structural support as well as an insulator. In fact, much of the larger components would require an alcove... the interior of the chamber would be filled with smaller control machines as well as magma and water channels to power boilers. Not to mention, the inner space would need to be clear for the silver spheres and the electromagnetic fields they would create. When he had dug the alcove and cleared it, he connected the ends of the 4 silver sheets to make 2 long strips. He then stopped for a meal, but as soon as he finished...

**You hear a deep rumbling coming from the cavern.**

Immediately he knew what it was. He had forgotten what he had read those years ago, and had now remembered. He had made the chamber far too big... and now it might soon prove to have some rather inconvenient results. He immediately rushed to assemble a support from nearby stone, and, finding the mountain had stopped shifting, its movement arrested by the pillar, he continued on what he was doing. He smoothed the inside of the alcove carving supporting notches into the front and back of the alcove to hold up the silver. He stopped half way through to get a drink. He had left the corner open, but closed it, breaking apart a stone, smoothing what resulted, then assembling a wall to plug up the corner. He then placed proper supports and removed the makeshift one he had placed earlier. Finally, he placed the large silver strips inside of the alcove, bent into spirals, the surfaces of the two strips spaced very near one another. After he fixed the spirals in place, he linked the adamantine wires together into two large wires, one for each strip. He dug a small hole through the wall, and fed the wires through, using more adamantine to create two branches for each lead, one branch to go back to the dynamos, another branch to discharge from. Then, he walked back to the glass furnace, took the bag, scooped up sand into it, then forged the into a window which he used to make the capacitor liquid-tight save for a small opening on the top. Then, he returned to his large forge and begun to clean all of the contaminants away... but realized, this forge wouldn't be suitable. He walked back to his work room, disassembled the craftsman's workshop, then used the blocks to build a simple still. Then he used the heat of the nearby magma to distill water. He thoroughly cleaned his bucket, then used it to transfer the distilled water to the capacitor, bucket by bucket, slowly filling it. Finally, it was done. Blitukus stared through the glass window at the submerged insides of the capacitor.



It was a truly enormous capacitor, designed to hold a truly enormous charge. Now he needed the capacity to generate that charge. He began to forge the 15 spools of wire that would be needed. Silver was easy to work with, and he found it progressed swiftly. Blitukus stopped for a drink, then finished forging the spools of wire. Then, he dug a new alcove in which he would place the dynamos, moved



rubble from near it, and then began moving the spools of wire near the new alcove. After this, he forged 2 more spools of wire... the wire that would string the conventional equipment together... then brought them to the large chamber. Still more was needed... he didn't need any steel for the dynamos, bronze would suffice despite its weight. 20 stacks of bronze bars were needed to forge supports for the dynamos and pistons to drive them, 10 large lumps of glass were needed to insulate the wires, and 10 stacks of magnetite blocks were needed to form the rotors. This was already spiraling beyond what he had ever spent before on a project, but any cost was worth the reward he was seeking. Plus, this power source was the infrastructure that would drive all of the other equipment, and thus was the most resource-intensive to build of all the devices. Blitukus considered the thought of salvaging the components from the wave generator, but decided against it. It still might be needed if he couldn't save his mother directly. Blitukus got to work scooping sand and melting it down into the 10 large lumps of green glass, then chipped them down to the insulation he needed. He interrupted his work to stop to eat, then finding himself exhausted from a long days work, retired to bed again. During that days sleep he continued to refine his designs in his dream. More and more of the machine turned from sketch to solid plan. It seemed that all moments, waking or otherwise, were in some way dedicated to building this machine. He woke up, and proceeded to get a drink from the river. He quickly washed himself off in the river, then continued to produce the glass. As he processed the material, he thought about his situation regarding food. He wasn't running low yet but he would be soon. He acknowledged this, finished producing the raw lumps of glass, then chipped them down into proper parts.

Autumn has come.

Viewing his second thought... he considered it a good idea to finish cutting the glass and use that as a stopping point to plant more crops. Blitukus flooded the farm room, then shut off the flow, allowing the water to sink in to the dirt. He plowed the then fertile soil, and began planting the plump helmet spawn within it. He stopped to drink after a while then continued planting until the fields had all been occupied. Upon planting the last seed, he thought about nature... all technology and all magic were, in the complete, full picture, derived from the ores and rough gems that nature provided, the energies of mana and electricity that nature provided, and the beings that constructed the tools of magic and technology were fed by the food that nature provided. Nature, in all of its beauty, was just a function of the universe. Indeed, it seemed the universe potentially was much kinder to its civilizations that it was to the gods within it. Perhaps the more advanced civilizations were less prone to be subjugated by the gods? Then why did the universe take sides? There was likely more to the situation than was readily visible, but it seemed beyond the scope of what Blitukus was trying to achieve. He had dedicated his efforts to his own quest, and he would allow no further distractions from the task at hand outside of what was needed. The rest of the world could wait. It wouldn't be much longer now anyway.

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It's a bit short, but there's only so much in-game construction and story writing that can be done, and I try to mirror story events in the game as much as possible, and in turn mirror game events in the story whenever it fits.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 27, 2007, 12:58:00 am**

FIRST POST! Now to read it.

EDIT: Blitikus you fool... if you hadn't been fast enough I would have taken on that succubus to get your soul for myself so **I** could torture it.

[ November 27, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 27, 2007, 12:59:00 am**

Nice pounce :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 27, 2007, 01:03:00 am**

Thank you.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Zero Ziat** on **November 27, 2007, 02:19:00 am**

Actually Fale's son running from home in a raid remembered Scarface(Game, not movie) to me.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 27, 2007, 01:02:00 pm**

As always Beyond Quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 27, 2007, 05:00:00 pm**

Thanks :)

I've never played scarface the game, but if it's the same kind of thing as the movie... then again, I only know what I've heard about the movie. \*goes to look it up\*

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 28, 2007, 01:06:00 am**

Yep, I do see a few parallels, although the characters involved are on two opposite ends of the spectrum it looks like :)

[ November 28, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 28, 2007, 01:45:00 am**

Quite right Blitikus. You don't need gods, much as they want you to think that,

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 28, 2007, 04:11:00 am**

Absolutely amazing!  
Beyond Quality!  
**KA-POWWWW!**

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 28, 2007, 04:07:00 pm**

Thanks :)

Getting home and checking up on this thread tends to be one of the better parts of my day :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 28, 2007, 04:23:00 pm**

Getting home and checking up on this thread tends to be THE best part of my day.  
  
:) :(

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 28, 2007, 04:28:00 pm**

For me it usually is. Glad I could help :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 29, 2007, 12:11:00 am**

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Blitukus continued smiling. what had formerly been considered the realm of the divine had been done by a mere mortal... perhaps mortals weren't mere at all. If one kobold could do so much.... what could millions, perhaps billions of them do? The vast civilizations of the future may be beyond the need for gods... because they collectively **will** be gods. In the spirit of the chaotic nature of the universe... the possibilities were infinite. His smile faded. He was but one kobold standing against vast forces, standing against the odds. His mother also was but one kobold, who stood against vast forces, against the odds... and won. He took in a deep breath, then sighed it out. Civilization had its agenda, and Blitukus realized... what he was doing might cost him his presence among civilization. He was acting against the will of demons and the will of gods... the only reason he still stood was that they were all unaware. He may save his mother... but perhaps he would never be able to return.

*If I am stranded, displaced in time, never to return home... it will be an insignificant price to pay. I will still save my mother, and meet my mother again, and that is much more important. My mother had said she was all but destined to die a violent death the day she had confronted the tyrant Gustem... and yet she stood victorious. In her honor and for the sake of our existence, I stand against my own destiny. Even if I am somehow victorious... what happens after... I do not know. Until then, may your memory, mother, give me the strength and luck to be victorious as you once were, those now nearly 35 years ago.*

He took in a deep breath, and looked up. For a moment, he felt as though the time machine, the lightning and particles and fields, the unified equation, all of it... was a mere step towards a much larger goal.

*Still, I can only hope that my intervention may truly set it all right once again. If only the assassination had never happened....*

He let the breath out, then continued down the hall. He went back to his room, and looked through the designs. The machine consisted of 3 main components, the power core, the particle cannon, and the gravity control. The power core was complete and functioned beautifully. The particle cannon could be made fairly straight-forward, since despite using advanced concepts, the basic idea behind manipulating them was simple. The gravity control, on the other hand... he had sketched out the portal, the silver spheres, where to put them.... as the ring of the portal spun up, it should actually levitate, centering on a point of anti-gravity. In many ways it seemed more like magic than technology. It was actually a combination of both. The ring would have to spin ridiculously fast... anything other than adamantine would simply fly apart. Pure adamantine though was simply too light to act as a proper mass. He had intended the ring to be conventional metal at least partially encased in adamantine. He looked at his sketches and designs for the gravity control. Each silver sphere would need 3 stacks of silver bars in total, coil and all. He would need 6 of them... and adding silver wire for wiring them up, a total of 21 stacks of silver bars would be needed. Luckily, he had an enormous amount of galena he had dug from the chamber. The base and parts under the portal would be placed under considerable strain, and must be made of steel. Luckily, it was just a base, and mechanisms with which to secure the ring. 4 stacks of steel bars would be needed. Where it was relevant, wires could already be spaced far enough apart. No glass would be needed. The mechanisms that would link all of the electrical equipment to the console would be stone, otherwise tremendous voltages would be induced in a metal linkage. Luckily, since it was moving small wires rather than huge floodgates, the simple mechanisms needed could be much smaller, allowing sufficient ones to be created from a single stone. The lever on the console would be connected to the switch by cave spider silk threads. It seemed rather ironic that one of the most conceptually advanced parts of the machine would operate using some of the most basic materials and devices. Still, each sphere needed its own linkage; they would have to function independently to steer the portal. Blitukus stopped to drink, then went back to his room, opening his books, and using his new tools, compass working like a pencil using coal dust in a small bowl, began to sketch out a concrete design for the device. This device was simpler and less intensive than the power generator, but had to be more precise at the scales involved. He spend a long time thinking through it, then finding himself exhausted, lay on his bed and let himself fall asleep. He spent part of his dream that day working out the design of the portal, and the rest of the dream was given to his subconscious, finally. His subconscious placed him in a barren, ash filled wasteland, ruined buildings of enormous proportions all around. He stood on a ruined road... all around him was dead, still, and silent. All of a sudden, he felt a sharp, intense pain in his back, and yelled. He jumped away, and looked behind himself. There was the female kobold demon again, grinning sadistically, holding a bloodied dagger up, ready to strike again. Blitukus felt blood running down his back. He backed away, noticing his blood on the ground, then ran. He left a trail of blood behind, and found he was quickly out of breath, unable to properly breathe. The demon chased, slashing at him and laughing, and finally knocking him down. She rolled him onto his back, then stabbed him in the chest and gut multiple times. She then slashed his throat out, stabbed him through the heart, turning the blade in the wound, then drew it back up, blood dripping down from the dagger, grinning with the depths of darkness, and finally sent the dagger plummeting down into Blitukus' forehead. Blitukus woke up from the nightmare, nearly jumping from his bed, feeling his chest and abdomen for wounds and finding none. He fell from his bed, then stood up. He spoke, "Demon! Why do you torture me in my dreams? I swear upon existence itself that should you break our contract you will never feed upon another soul again!" He sensed no great force of evil was present or had been present recently.

*Then why, my subconscious, do you play such cruel games with my conscious?*

He sensed his subconscious had not intended to be cruel at all. It was a conventional nightmare... but why did it happen? Blitukus sighed.

*I will **NEVER** allow the demon to take my life, for if she does, it will mean my mothers soul would be next. No force will stop me from preventing that.*

He tried to put it behind him, and continued his design work. In total, he spent a while transferring his thoughts and sketches to a concrete plan, but eventually formed one. The ring would be adamantine on the outer layer, bronze in the middle, and magnetite in the inner layer, allowing the magnetic field of the adamantine coil around it to spin it up. It would rest on an adamantine roller set-up, set on a steel base. The silver spheres would be placed slightly lopsided to compensate for the beam from the particle cannon, and would be linked to the console via buttons rather than levers for the sake of better reaction time. He had his designs, now he needed to put it together. The total requirements would be 21 stacks of silver bars, 4 stacks of steel bars, 2 stacks of bronze bars, a set of stone mechanisms, a set of magnetite blocks, and a few stacks of adamantine wafers bent into various shapes. First, he started with the silver, bringing the galena back from the chamber, smelting it into lead and silver. He stopped for a drink, then continued, finding the shorter hauling distances made it a much more efficient and rapid task. After pouring the last of the bars, he forged the silver into silver spheres, in essence a hollow silver ball with a dense coil leading up to it, held up by a nonconductive material. Stone sufficed. When he finished forging them, he brought them to the chamber and placed them one by one. Next was the steel... only 4 stacks of bars were needed. First, he needed the coal and hematite for it. He walked down to the depths of the tunnel, proceeding to dig out the needed 4 lumps of hematite, then the needed 2 lumps of coal. He found he had exhausted that branch of the hematite vein, and proceeded further down the tunnel to dig out the rest. Coal though seemed still in ample supply... maybe the glacier had once been a thriving, life-filled continent, then over the millenia since those days drifted to the poles? First, he brought the coal back and refined it into coke. Then, he smelted 2 large lumps of hematite down into iron, dumping the slag out and letting the molten metal sit. He had limestone left over from digging out the cavern. He used it along with coke to turn the iron into pig iron. Leaving the pig iron molten, he walked back down the tunnels to retrieve more hematite... but found he was fresh out of limestone. He had dug some out but it apparantly wasn't much. He stopped to drink, then continued with his work, digging out limestone. He was further down the river, as he had already dug out a lot of limestone.

After he was done with that, he proceeded to dwindle the carbon content of the pig iron down until it was suitable steel. Finishing that, he stopped to eat. As he ate, he reflected on his efforts, and realized an interesting effect. Although the mountain contained enough material for a lifetime of projects, for each bit of ore he dug out, he had to go further to reach the next. As material was exhausted, it became ever harder to efficiently extract and use, despite still being present. Luckily, this should be the last large undertaking he would do on his own... unluckily, it might cause problems for an evolving civilization. He put the notion aside, and continued working, smelting the needed bronze. To finish, he gathered a stone, chiseled it to the needed mechanisms, gathered magnetite, chiseled it down to the needed blocks, then wove a cave spider web into silk cloth. Having finished making the needed materials, he moved them into the chamber. Then, he stood in the middle, and surveyed the chamber for what he would have to put where.

:p  
[ November 29, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 29, 2007, 01:12:00 am**

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This makes what... 3 first posts in a row? We is teh roxors.  
  
So, I've decided that a worthy parade would exhaust the resources of the entire universe. I better start conquering the next on over.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **November 29, 2007, 11:44:00 am**

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You are simply awesome, Beyond Quality!  
  
These construction descriptions are truly unique and one of the things that takes this story above all others, every book has fights and characters and tragedies, but I don't thing I have ever read this kind of construction anywhere else, you can claim down and relax but it is still interesting and exiting, even more so than the ordinary fights actually.  
  
Great job!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 29, 2007, 04:01:00 pm**

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Thanks all :)

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 29, 2007, 11:16:00 pm**

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I've noticed now that all of my story posts tend to be double posts now :p  
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Blitukus breathed deeply, and pushed the levers forward, allowing the channels to once more fill with magma and water. The now sealed boilers began to pressurize. Blitukus opened the valves to the pistons, and waited for the dynamos to spin up to speed. He stared at the portal, breathing slowly, deep in thought.  
  
*My mother, I have performed a miracle and in a moment I shall perform another, all in the name of reaching you once again. May all components in unison allow me to perform another miracle, eventually... the miracle of your death being undone. It is a miracle that many would pray for... I do not pray, I build.*  
  
The lightning bolt could be produced with no special concepts... but the portal itself would show for the first time Blitukus' understanding of true unity, the binding between electromagnetism and gravity. He tilted his head down slightly, and gazed at the portal. He pulled back the lever, connecting the inductors of the adamantine coil back to the dynamos. Sparks shot out from the connector, and the ring jumped slightly, slowly rotating. Blitukus pulled the lever linking the adamantine coil to itself, allowing current to freely circulate within... the only thing keeping the current from skyrocketing being the drain of spinning the ring. The ring started rotating slowly, but began to rotate faster, slowly accelerating. As it sped up, Blitukus noticed the current meter rising. Its slow rotation became a faster rotation, and kept accelerating, becoming a rather swift rotation. It kept accelerating until eventually the details on the ring became a blur. The dynamos were pumping their full output into the portal, but since they were physically separate from the adamantine coil, they were not damaged by the ever escalating energies at work. A buzzing and zapping sound started to emanate from the coils, sparks occasionally jumping across the wires of the coil. The air within the coil began to exhibit strange properties. Sparks occasionally shot out... then as if they were on a rail, curved around the outside of the coil, and sunk back into the coil on the other side, tracing out the lines of magnetism produced in an incandescent blue. The outer edge of the ring began to take on a dull red glow, the ring spinning so fast its details left trails on Blitukus' vision. Blitukus felt that the entire room, including himself, was becoming charged, the magnetic fields emanated from the coils reaching out and embracing every object in the room. He felt himself slightly pulled toward the portal, the strands of his fur standing on end. He sensed the electric attraction between his fur and the coil... but also sensed a small but growing force of repulsion away from it. The inside of the coil began to glow blue, and the repulsive force intensified. Blitukus raised his head slowly, and took in a deep breath as he watched. The ring began to shift... then levitated off from the rollers, hovering within the coil. Lines of magnetic force throughout the room carried sparks, energy circulating through the air. The air seemed to change... the coil glowed as if it had surrounded itself with an aurora, then suddenly, the blue glow intensified to a bright sky-blue light. The intense magnetic fields within the coil had torn the electrons from their parent particles within the air, then cast the electrons away. A sky-blue plasma circulated within the coil, contained by magnetic fields. The zapping sound had died away, replaced by a forceful but steady hum. The ring, barely visible enveloped in plasma, was spinning so fast it all seemed uniform. Blitukus walked towards the portal, and was repulsed by a force exponentially increasing as he approached. This force was gravity, produced purely through energy, no large masses needed. His equations were true... he had produced anti-gravity, the force which would aim his portal as well as force it open. Blitukus felt his movement seriously impeded as he stood adjacent to the ring, a maelstrom of forces present around it. A small arc jumped from the inner coil and landed on Blitukus' ear. Blitukus looked up, feeling no pain. He smiled and reached up, small, tenuous aurora-like fibers of energy trailing gently from the coil into his fingertips. The current within the coil oscillated at such an enormous rate that although considerable energy passed through him, it did not harm him. He noticed the strands of his fur tugged gently by intense magnetic fields. The magnetic winds of the coil blew his fur around. He then reached for the very center of the anti-gravity field... and found that despite his great strength, he could not achieve close proximity to it. Luckily, when the portal was in true operation, it would be caught within the tunnel through space and wouldn't pose such a problem.  
  
He heard a familiar voice, "That's pretty!... I haven't seen anything like it since the... time travel experiment." Blitukus looked at Dracha and smiled at her. She continued, "You're a most remarkable kobold, Blitukus... it's beautiful!" She smiled back at him. Blitukus stood on his toes, and stuck his tongue out at the top of the coil. An aurora-like arc of energy touched down on his tongue, not even making him move, although it vaporized the spit on the tip of his tongue." Dracha seemed thoroughly impressed, indeed nearly in awe, at what she was witnessing. She laughed lightly and asked, "How does it taste?" Blitukus replied with a smile, "Fairly sour, yet satisfying." Blitukus stepped away from the portal, and went back to his console. One at a time he pressed different buttons, causing the silver spheres to fire. The firing of the spheres shifted the magnetic and gravitational fields throughout the room... and when it was really in operation, they would shift the portal as well. Blitukus noticed, very, very near the center of the anti-gravity field, light itself seemed to bend as if a puny invisible lens were there. In fact, light seemed to be caught up in various fields throughout the room, creating a surreal display of shifting glows. Dracha asked, "So yer makin' a technological portal machine?" Blitukus replied, "I will save my mother by ensuring she was never killed to begin with. I am building a time machine, Dracha." Dracha smiled, "Good luck, your technology is a fresh take on the idea and maybe it'll succeed where the ancients failed! Just be careful before you know for sure... I don't know about you but seein' you scattered all over the floor isn't exactly my idea of a good day!" Blitukus responded, "Do not worry yourself. You mentioned the ancients had problems with their solutions being too slow... technology can speed things up." Blitukus finished testing the second component, then cut off power to it. The aurora-like arcs permeating the room faded, and vanished. Next, the plasma within the coil faded then disappeared as puffs of gas. With a clank, the ring set back down on the adamantine rollers, and began gradually slowing to a stop. As the ring slowed, the humming faded. All of the forces had faded away, and the room seemed cold and solid once again. Blitukus shut down the dynamos, vented the steam from the boilers, then drained the channels. Dracha commented, "I've seen people live and die, I know what it's like to



use a loved one, to wish they were back again... unlike everyone else, you're not giving up on that wish or just tryin' to make it come true... yer really doin' it! This is truly unique!" Blitukus laughed, "Thank you!" Dracha continued, "Apart from this, the reason I showed up is to let you know I keep hearing this scratching out in the cosmos as if something from either heaven or hell is trying to break through. I'm not sure but it's not centered around us... prob'ly the gods picking fights with demons. Every now and then the demons try to punch through but it never works." Blitukus nodded, "I am glad to hear that something other than noise is out there... even though it has nothing to do with me, it does help keep my hopes alive. Dracha, the last piece of my machine requires extraordinary materials on the scale of adamantine but with different properties. Are such non-adamantine materials present within this mountain?" Dracha replied, "Not that I know of, but a trick the ancients used to use is giving normal materials strange properties by melting it, mixing adamantine powder into it, then letting it resolidify. Adamantine can change the properties of other materials too." Blitukus nodded, "Yes, I will keep that in mind. I must continue my work. Sorry that I have to cut our time together short so much but this is something that I must do." Dracha replied, "I understand. There will be plenty of time to hang around and have fun after you're done, and, heh, being 3000 years old, I'm about the most patient person you'll meet." Blitukus smiled, and nodded, "Thank you again." She replied, "No problem at all, friend!" They waved at eachother, then parted, Blitukus walking back to his room. He heard the thudding of Dracha walking through the tunnels, leaving through the chasm. To her, the chasm was a convenient route between her home and his home, although it was merely a hazard to Blitukus. He looked through his books... channeling the energy and particles was a combination of electromagnetism and optics. He flipped through the book "Glass Optics" and his materials index... most transparent materials had an index of refraction, describing the degree to which it bent light. These numbers varied, from nearly zero to in some cases fairly large. The indexes of gems and glass and liquids were listed... and a plethora of different properties were available. What Blitukus needed to eliminate improper energies from the stream was a material that bent standard energies in the opposite direction... a material with a refractive index less than zero. Such a negative index was never mentioned as being possible, although the books did break up the properties of the waves into electromagnetic details, mentioning permittivity and permeability of different materials... when both were positive, light could pass through an object, when their signs opposed, an object was opaque. But, if both were somehow negative... the product would be positive, and it would be transparent, but relevant properties would be inverted... perhaps including refraction. The books mentioned adamantine, noting "The numbers aren't precise at all because they hardly gave us a scrap to test on." It was determined that the permittivity of adamantine was very heavily negative, and the permeability was close to zero... It had also been determined that the permittivity of opaque elements in blue diamonds was close to zero, and its permeability was very heavily negative... perhaps if the two were mixed, the traits of adamantine would 'rub off' into the blue diamond, causing both to be negative.

Blitukus walked into the work room, and took up his pickaxe. Blue diamond was considered to be one of the rarest gems in the entire world... and this was as good of a time as any to start looking for it. He held his pickaxe, and went down the tunnels, digging exploratory tunnels far into unexplored stone. He found emeralds... a sight that warmed his gnomish blood. Unfortunately, he found himself exhausted, and walked back to his room, allowing himself to sleep after doing some design work regarding the particle cannon. That day, half of his dream was dedicated to refining his designs, but within the other half, he found himself digging... not very far from his home at all. Eventually, seemingly right next to his familiar halls, he broke through to the middle of a giant geode, and found within the treasures of gems unlike anything he had previously seen. He spent the rest of his dream happily dislodging gem after gem, waking up to find himself feeling confident and refreshed. He got up, then stretched. After allowing his body to fully wake, he continued back down the tunnel to his previous exploratory tunnels... the gems he was after were never seen to have formed above the deepest layers of rock. He dug out the cluster of emeralds, then continued, digging out a cluster of sapphires. He dug another exploratory tunnel, digging through veins of coal and ore, and finally striking gems... mere red spinel. Further along he found turquoises... the right color but the wrong gem. He found aquamarines mixed with the turquoises. He had previously exposed aquamarines, chrysoberyl, rock crystal, rubies... but no blue diamonds, no diamonds at all. It was known that blue diamonds have only been found on very rare occasions, mixed in with highly valuable gem clusters. A dwarven nation had once held a large blue diamond as a national symbol of wealth... unfortunately, it was lost in a cave-in after the capital fell to demons, as legend had it. He kept digging, more red spinel. He breached through to the magma flow once more, finding aquamarine gems embedded in the wall of the flow. He had dug tunnels, searching far and wide, finding gems that would make him very wealthy had that been his intent, but he cared nothing for wealth, what he wanted was far more valuable than any amount of wealth and getting it required a gem that despite his efforts he hadn't unearthed any of. Frustrated, he left his exploratory tunnels, and walked up his main tunnels... but as he passed between the mined out veins, he had a sudden feeling that he should dig an exploratory tunnel there, between the magma and the chasm. He began digging, and only 3 spaces in, found himself in sheer disbelief at what he saw... he dug all around it, then hugged the beautiful, glistening cluster, looking just like the inside of the geode in his dream.



He shed tears due to the sheer beauty of the gems, and the relief they brought him. He embraced the cluster, the tips of the gems gently poking him. He stepped back, and smiled. Those 5 years ago when he had first arrived, he had virtually no experience with digging at all... and now his skill with the pick was the stuff of legends. He dug through the cluster, his skill allowing him to preserve the large gems... but unfortunately, diamond was a very delicate gem. The very last cluster had the large gem within shattered as Blitukus broke through it. This brought his feelings of relief back down slightly, but not much. He had 3 large gems to work with, and only needed 1 lens. Such clusters of pure, rare gems were entirely unheard of. It served Armok no purpose to put them there, either. They existed there not by the will of the gods, but by pure, chaotic chance. Blitukus smiled. Such was the nature of the universe. Blitukus brought the gems back to his workshop, cutting them into lenses as precise as he could manage, following the specifications he had outlined in his design. When he had finished cutting the diamonds, he thought about how he would apply the adamantine onto them... he couldn't melt the diamond, for it burned before it melted... the temperatures needed to melt adamantine were too high even for a magma furnace. He thought about using the amulet, and attempting to use magic to melt it... but he would need an enormous amount of energy to do so, and it would kill him to absorb that much. Then, a thought occurred to him. He didn't need to melt either of them. It would still be effective if only the surface of the lens had these special properties... and perhaps by heating adamantine, he could fuse it to the surface of the lens. He took some adamantine strands and, using large weights and a smooth corner, bit by bit wore the strands down into a powder. He then heated the powder in the magma smelter until it glew the color of the magma. It did not melt, though. Blitukus took one of his three beautiful gem lenses, and set it down. He sprinkled some of the superheated adamantine onto it, and the surface of the gem promptly began to combust. Blitukus quickly put it out... but much to his dismay, he had ruined the gem. Some of the surface was blackened, and if it were to be used, it would cause the particle cannon to ruin itself. He grunted and growled slightly in frustration and set the ruined lens aside. The adamantine was much too hot. He let it cool for a bit, its glow diminishing, then proceeded to apply it to the surface of the second lens. For a moment, the surface turned unnaturally transparent, exhibiting the strangest of properties... but Blitukus only got a glimpse of it. It then took on a dull sky-blue as the properties of pure adamantine took over. He had used too much. He sighed, and then set that aside... the adamantine was cooling further, and he was down to the last one, his last chance. He carefully applied the adamantine to the surface in an even coat... the adamantine bonded to the chemical structure of the diamond, and the properties were balanced. Gradually, the diamond lens turned from a dark blue to a sky-blue, far more transparent than had been previously seen. Blitukus looked into it... it seemed as if he gazed into an infinite number of semi-transparent mirrors positioned one over another, rather than a lens. Indeed, it seemed every familiar property was inverted when viewed through the lens. Blitukus held it up. Light behaved in such exotic manners that it produced a surreal sight from any mundane object. Blitukus held it up to his eye, and looked into it. He had produced the exotic materials he needed. Everything seemed contrary to the familiar through the lens. Even ones perception of space and time were inverted by the lens. Indeed... he felt the longer he gazed through it, the further he gazed back through time.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **November 30, 2007, 12:13:00 am**

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AWESOME!  
This is as awesome as winning the lottery... *twice*  
As awesome as having the IRS call to say THEY owe YOU 50000 dollars.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **November 30, 2007, 12:21:00 am**

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Thanks :D  
  
Although the day the IRS does that is the day I sprout wings :p



and become highly charged itself. Btukus had another intent in mind... as these particles became entangled in the magnetic field of the portal, they would be compressed into the center of the portal, their mass and energy confined to one single fundamental region of space by the enormous magnetic field. As the total energy of that one region became very high, its gravity due to the mass equivalent would far exceed that of the planet or the portals anti-gravity... when the charge was spent, the gravity would become so strong that not even light could escape, and the fabric of space would be torn open. This rift would then be spread out by an enormous factor by the anti-gravity of the portal, propping it open to a size which perhaps a kobold could walk through. The torn ends of space and time in the heart of the portal would be controlled through the silver spheres, and would during that brief moment of the portal opening, connect with another point in space and time... a distance of miles upon miles, or a distance of decades, could be rendered effectively shorter than one foot. Blitukus smiled... most would regard this as the idea of an insane person, a rabid kobold... but Blitukus felt particularly sound of mind... he had not just known true unity and the dimensions of space, he understood them.

He reviewed his design... he needed 4 lumps of crystal glass to make into the inner barrel, 10 lumps of green glass to make into insulation and the outer barrel, 8 stacks of bronze bars to support it solidly, a stack of magnetite blocks to make the coils with, his lens to filter the particles, keeping the desired, exotic particles within the barrel that would normally either fly off or be annihilated in a collision, emerald and ruby to direct unwanted particles safely out of the barrel, and plenty of adamantine to make wiring and coils from. First, he would go after producing the crystal glass... it was the steel of glass, requiring several steps and precious materials to produce. He left his room, and switched his pickaxe for an axe. He then proceeded up the tunnel, and chopped down the tower cap that had grown in the halls. He brought the wood back, then stopped for a drink. Then, he proceeded to burn the wood down into ashes. He stopped to eat part of the way through, then continued. Unfortunately, he found he lacked something important make the requisite amount for the pearlash...

**Blitukus Siegedriven cancels Make Ash: Needs wooden logs.**

He needed one more... and there was one just outside of the farm room, in a normally inaccessible place. He traded his axe for a pickaxe, then dug out the far wall of the farm room, exposing the otherwise inaccessible tower cap. Then, he took advantage of the moment and dug the needed space for an ashery... he had now maximized the space, and eventually number of workshops he could place, in his work room. He traded tools once again, then chopped down that tower cap, using the wood to create the rest of the ashes. Now he needed an ashery... and he lacked a bucket. He would stop the glass production there, and leave to make bronze. He would use the extra bronze to make a bucket. He retrieved his pickaxe and went down his tunnels, digging out the needed malachite. He then hauled the malachite and cassiterite back to the smelter, and started smelting them into bronze. When he had finished pouring the molten metal into bars and waiting for them to cool, he used the extra bars he had made to forge a bronze bucket. He found he still had left-over bronze. He then retrieved a boulder and chiseled it down into blocks. He used the blocks, bucket, and a barrel to construct the ashery. He then began turning the ash into potash. It was his first time doing so, and he was slow with it... yet another skill added to his abilities. He then took his 5 year old wood furnace apart, then used the materials there to create a kiln. He did not make a magma kiln since he didn't have any more room to channel magma. He stopped for a drink after finishing... he would need 4 coke to refine the potash. He took up his pickaxe, and proceeded down the tunnel, digging out 2 lumps of coal. He noticed he was beginning to feel the effects of exhaustion... but he still had enough energy to work. He brought the coal back to the smelter, one lump at a time, then processed it into coke bars. Then, he baked the potash into pearlash. Now he needed rock crystal. He took up his pick once more and proceeded down the tunnels, digging into the rock crystal which he had previously saved for a future purpose, that purpose was here. He dug out all of the rock crystal formations that he had found, and dug out exactly 4 suitable lumps. Next, he brought the rock crystal and pearlash to the glass furnace, baking it together to form crystal glass. Half way through, his exhaustion finally got to him, and he stopped what he was doing, proceeding to bed. He reviewed his designs, and then allowed himself to sleep. That day, his subconscious brought back the dream that he had had those years ago, the portal complete, yet he didn't see his mother on the other side. He looked around... he noticed there were a couple odd devices he had never included in his design added to the machine. At the end of the portal, lay not his mother, but the landscape of another world entirely. He looked through, and found that upon crossing over, he was suffocated and sucked apart by a thin atmosphere, radiation and heat burning down on him. He immediately leapt back through the portal, and the dream ended there. He awoke, and sat for a few moments on the side of his bed. Was that planet the other world from which he received those coordinates? What were those devices?... perhaps his subconscious just tinkering with the ideas his conscious had tucked away. He stood, then continued producing the crystal glass, stopping to eat 'breakfast' and drink. He finished the crystal glass... now he decided to cut an emerald lump and a ruby lump into proper vents for unwanted particles.e walked down the tunnels, and dug out a cluster of ruby, taking the large lump of ruby back to his workshop. He cut it down into a proper shape, then did the same with a lump of emerald. Next, he chiseled out the magnetite blocks. Now all that was left was simple green glass. Blitukus began the process of collecting sand and melting it down into raw green glass lumps. He stopped for a drink early on, then continued. He found that the water of the river had always been and likely will always be the best tasting water he had known to exist. It was free of the grit common from wells, and the trace minerals within gave it a slight sweet flavor. He continued and finished producing the green glass. He now had all the raw materials he needed, although the glass still needed to be processed. First, he cut the crystal glass, forming the tubes that would compress the particles down the barrel with its electrostatic charge. Then, he cut the green glass down into structural components, the outer tube of the barrel, and insulation.

Next, he walked back into the chamber and dug the sizable alcove the device would rest in. The particle cannon alone wouldn't be that large, but Blitukus allowed for enough space for lead shielding. The unwanted particles would otherwise bounce around after being vented, playing havoc with materials they encountered. Lead stopped this. Blitukus then gathered as many materials as he could fit in the room.

**It is now summer.**

He stopped to eat... the plump helmets were always fresh, a sign that the plant had been conditioned by selective breeding over long periods. He then finished and stopped to drink. When he finished drinking, he went back to hauling. Soon after, the cave river gushed... his farm room had been dug open! This meant the cave river had done him a favor, and watered his farm for him. He smiled and thanked the river. He continued hauling until the day bad arrived. He stopped, feeling worn out from the night spent essentially moving heavy things. He went back to his bed, and immediately allowed himself to sleep. That day, his subconsciously generously offered him the dream to continue perfecting his designs... but a strange noise woke him up in the middle of the day. He couldn't identify the noise, or locate it... it was likely just Dracha having fun, taking a break. Despite not being fully rested, he finished the hauling, then smoothed the alcove to make a proper surface to build on. It had to be aimed exactly... if the beam missed, the results were guaranteed to be instantly lethal. He finished smoothing, then looked around. The cavern was littered with materials and stone that would likely have to be cleared.

:p

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 01, 2007, 12:39:00 am**

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THE STREAK IS NOT BROKEN!

Yeah, it was pretty short!

ROUND THE FORTRESS YOU MUST GO, YOU MUST GO, YOU MUST GO,  
ROUND THE FORTRESS YOU MUST GO, ON YOUR BIRTHDAY!

\*waits at the entrance to the fortress with a bucket of water\*

[ December 01, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 01, 2007, 05:06:00 pm**

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Beyond Quality!

a few technical questions:  
First: how will he avoid being horribly crushed and distorted by the wormhole? A wormhole has naturally a spherical symmetry and trying to walk trough a unflattened wormhole will have the same effect as trying to fit a piece if paper flat on a bowling ball, so how will he make it flat enough to not deform him to death? I cant really explain very well but if you read books enough to know this mutsh you probably know what I'm talking about.  
Wont the anti gravity push the beam away either shattering it or turning it back towards the source, at least a significant enough redshift to make it insufficient?



I still cant figure out exactly how you make this Death ray work, a particle laser using only crystal glass?  
Even if admantine is frictionless air is not, you mentioned the plasma but not the reason it didn't melt everything.  
will the anti gravity generated by a rotating object really be centralized in a single unit in the middle of it? Also wasn't there a mention it needed to have a infinite length?

Great ¤story¤! :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 01, 2007, 05:45:00 pm**

I thought about the problems with the wormhole and the forces involved... if you wanted to be straight realistic across, then a time machine would require serious futuretech if it was possible at all, so I basically chalked it up to the anti-gravity displaces the wormholes gravity, and ignored the fact that it would probably make the wormhole vanish. I thought about air friction, and figured that adamantine would have a super-smooth surface and wouldn't catch on air molecules much, otherwise it wouldn't be frictionless on itself. As far as the antigravity pushing the beam away, I just figured the magnetic fields would overpower the gravitational ones (the gravitational field is not infinite at the center). As far as the particle cannon, its basically kind of like a linear particle accelerator with no cap combined with an electron gun, working on the gigawatts range, and shooting protons (or in this case, exotics like maybe positrons (I'm not a particle physicist, I don't know many exotic particles), I'm assuming some colliding goes on in the heart of it) instead of electrons. I do understand that such a thing wouldn't work at all in real life, I'm exaggerating the effects for the sake of having a working story :p

In essence, I'm simplifying some things and exaggerating some more things to make it practical enough for him to build alone. In reality, the idea of colliding so many particles in such a small space would be ridiculous in the first place, even with modern tech. It's a story, all you need to do to enjoy the absolute most realistic story possible is to walk outside :p

Edit: Also, I'm more leaning towards the cliché circular wormhole even though wormholes aren't like that, kind of like what Stargate SG1 did, although I'm not going to deviate that much. Maybe we could say the spin of the ring transfers to the wormhole, distorting the wormhole, flattening it onto the plane of the ring (even though it spins too slow for that).

Edit II: I might as well point out that I expected it would be understood that a story involving a 3 and a half foot tall sapient canine building a steam powered time machine would involve a bit of fudging some concepts :p

[ December 01, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 01, 2007, 06:32:00 pm**

NO!  
You are just like those bad bad people trying to fool me that Father Christmas does not exist! :(

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 01, 2007, 06:40:00 pm**

...? Have I offended you somehow?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 01, 2007, 07:26:00 pm**

\*sobs\*  
No... I cant be... :(  
this must be REAL, it must! :(  
Is to awesome not to be real... :(  
it can't... can't... :(

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 01, 2007, 07:43:00 pm**

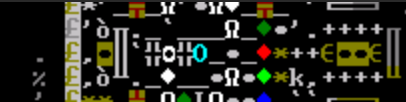
quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG><snip>  
I might as well point out that I expected it would be understood that a story involving a 3 and a half foot tall sapient canine building a steam powered time machine would involve a bit of fudging some concepts :p  
[ December 01, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]</STRONG>

That is the most awesomely hilarious thing we have ever heard.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 02, 2007, 12:00:00 am**

Anyhow, proceeding... :)  
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Blitukus looked at the empty space, then looked back at the various raw materials scattered about. Those materials would have to be put into the empty space, of course, in a very specific manner. First, Blitukus began by assembling the bronze base... it was the simplest part but despite being a mere helper, it was one of the most critical parts. The bronze base was forged to specification for the particle cannon to fit in snugly, and the base determined what direction the barrel would point in. Exact aim was a need, if the beam didn't cross through the exact center of the portal, the very best result possible would be a very major setback. Blitukus placed the front of the base, and found himself wishing for a device that could project a coherent beam of light that wouldn't scatter... such a device would make aiming much easier, but the book Glass Optics mentioned nothing about such a thing. He carefully adjusted the position of the base, pressing himself to the ground and looking through the corner where the base met the floor to see where the line formed by the corner projected to. Each adjustment became less major, until finally, he found that it was as straight as he could visibly measure. He looked down the left corner, and found the line formed by the edge of the base passed right under the very left edge of the portal. The edge beyond the right corner formed a line that passed right under the very right at the portal. Blitukus then climbed the back of the base, placing his point of view where the center of the particle cannon would lie. He looked in the direction that the base pointed, and found his line of sight passed exactly through the center of the portal, continuing on to a spot on the wall behind the control console. He smiled. It would do. He climbed back down, and then reviewed his plans for assembling the particle cannon itself. He stopped to drink, then returned to his glass and gems.



He looked at them, glistening gems, a most orderly structure of solid particles. The fact that their order went against his chaotic nature seemed irrelevant... machines thrived on order and chaos working together. He smiled. The beautiful sight of these gems warmed the gnomish component of his blood, and inspired a sense of admiration for the ordered beauty that could come from chaotic natural processes. He walked over to the green glass outer casing of the barrel... He grabbed hold of a piece, and lifted it. Even the glass was beautiful... He moved it back to the base and mounted it. HE then proceeded to assemble the rest of the outer barrel, then started

slipping in the pieces of the crystal glass inner barrel, placing the gems within the carefully crafted mounts. He stepped back... all of the beauty of the gems and glass stood in a cylindrical form.

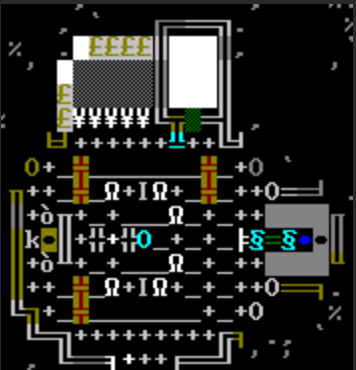


He put his hands together, and let out a deep breath through his nose, smiling. Gems, silver, and crystal glass... known to be luxury products, owned solely by nobles... and now, they were being put to a real use. It all fit together just right, it was aimed just right... he expected, it would perform just right as well. It was nearly finished. He walked back, and retrieved the adamantine plates and wires. Then he walked back, and placed the magnetite blocks on the spokes for the coil, wrapping the adamantine coils around them. Then, he slid the adamantine plate into the ionization chamber in the back of the particle cannon. He wired the coils, glass, and plate up, and connected the particle cannon to the adamantine discharge wires. Next, he walked back to the forge, and forged barriers from the lead bars he had sitting around the smelter. He insulated the ionization chamber, and barricaded the cannon with the lead barriers, leaving enough room for convection to pull air in, and that was about it. He walked back to the control panel, and looked at his creation. It was all as intended. Once again, he found himself staring down the barrel of a 'death ray'...



... only this time, it was what he had intended for. He felt immediate eagerness to test... forget testing, he wanted to put himself back in the castle that cold winter night, those 5 years ago, this time fully armed... but something occurred to him. In his dream, there was no rubble, the floors and walls were smooth... he asked himself why, then it occurred to him. Although it wouldn't normally be very visible, the minor metal content of the stone would disrupt the magnetic field slightly if it got entangled. It was best if the surfaces were even enough to keep the magnetic winds from becoming turbulent. This would push his test date beyond his birthday, but not by too much. He began the final cleaning up, removing ores from the room and getting rid of the leftover stone. Part of the way through, he found himself exhausted from the hauling and construction. He finished hauling a lump of ore then went back to his bed. He reviewed his designs, and compared them to his results, finding it all basically matched. He then put the books down, and allowed himself to sleep. That day, for most of the time he was in such a deep sleep his dreams weren't put to memory, thanks to his restless night the night before. But, at the end of it, he did remember the last part of a dream... he was standing in the ash-covered ruins of an enormous city, buildings decaying all around. A demon, unlike anything he had seen before, covered in perversions of technology, stood before him. The demon was holding a weapon unlike anything he had ever seen. The demon fired, the weapon firing a projectile so fast it punched a hole right through Blitukus' leg, sending him to the ground. The demon laughed. Blitukus suddenly felt a deep hatred... as if the demon had done something before to those around him, yet he did not recognize him. Blitukus found he had a weapon himself. He drew the weapon, it turned out to be an adamantine crossbow. Blitukus fired at the demon, and the bolt sank into the demons chest. The bolt glew a bright white, then exploded with tremendous force, sending demon chunks scattered about the landscape. Blitukus laughed, and then the dream ended.

Blitukus awoke, then sat, stretching and yawning. He wondered... those scratching sounds Dracha had mentioned, souls trying to punch through to the mortal plane... were these the demonic spirits that would turn the land to ash? Blitukus sighed, then stood. That would be just a dream, for if Armok would do nothing better he would protect his own worlds from such vile forces. Then again, it did happen to the dragons... Blitukus forced it from his mind, then ate a meal and took a drink, getting back to work afterwards. He moved boulders and lumps of ore out of the room bit by bit, stocking the walkways of his work room with raw ore. When the hauling was finally done, he began to smooth the floors and walls. The walls near the dynamos didn't need to be smoothed, they were far enough from the center to not cause a problem. The smoothing went surprisingly swiftly, and the resulting surface was smooth enough to ensure that the magnetic winds of the coil would flow smoothly and efficiently rather than in a turbulent jumble. He walked to the control console and stood behind it once more. He looked at his timepiece... it was Malachite 25, 1085. It was far past his birthday, but that didn't seem to much matter. He looked at the dynamos, then looked forward, through the ring, gazing at the barrel of the particle cannon. It was complete.



He grinned and laughed a bit under his breath. He looked around... the machine was just like it was portrayed in his dream... except for the dream depicted a device resting next to the control console, an area that at that moment held nothing but air. Perhaps it would be something he would build after his quest was complete? His machine was complete as far as it was designed... he just had to test it to make sure it wouldn't kill him, and if everything then checked out O.K... he would then begin the final part of his quest. He smiled, and shut his eyes, focusing as if in prayer.

*Mother, wherever you are, if you can somehow hear my thoughts across the dimensions... it will not be long now until finally all is made well once more. Conditions will be such that the demon will not be able to collect on her contract. Whatever those conditions may be, and whatever they result in, they will be so.*

I know it was a bit on the short and uneventful side, but several bugs, unforeseen consequences, and other inconveniences got in the way.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 02, 2007, 02:36:00 am**

Yet another first post... anyhow, We're just waiting to learn more about the person who followed blitikus back in A Kobolds Quest 1

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 02, 2007, 07:49:00 am**

BEYOND QUALITY!!! :D

I must really check this more so I can beat Reign to the first-post awards. :mad:

Is there a reason that Blitukus placed the console so the particle canon will hit him in the head if it misfires?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 02, 2007, 10:32:00 am**

Thanks :p

I thought about that, and I chose that spot originally for dramatic effect for one, two, he actually positions himself differently during the test (details will follow). Also, my original imaginings of the machine had the console right in front of the portal, and the ray above the portal instead of behind it. Then, when I thought about it, the ray had to go behind the portal for it to work. A lot of the imagery I came up with in my head though needed the console to be right in front of the portal. So... I combined the two, and that resulted. I know it's not the safest idea to put it there, but it looks best.







Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 03, 2007, 06:38:00 pm**

Thanks :D

I think my level of detail comes from, in essence, being able to simulate things in my mind. It's something that has seemed to become much more effective since I started the first one. In fact, I find that writing these stories has had many benefits for me.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 03, 2007, 07:10:00 pm**

I cannot begin to forumulate into words the shear amount of awsome that this story contains... This story is made of both awsome and win... I cannot wait to read the next installment, you have me hanging onto every word you type.

As a side note, this is also my first post on the DF forums though I have been playing since version 32a. So hello everyone :)

~DarkStar

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 03, 2007, 07:47:00 pm**

Thank you :)

It's posts like that that really remind me of the magnitude of what I'm doing. Thanks again, and welcome :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 03, 2007, 08:04:00 pm**

Welcome aboard Darkstar! You get a royal welcome!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 03, 2007, 08:16:00 pm**

Ah... Thank you for the welcome, oh King of Parades, and AlanL, if I had to describe your story as a magnitude, it would be a 10 on the Richter Scale, cos its rocking my world. Just keep it up, hehe.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 04, 2007, 12:05:00 am**

Wow... good thing I haven't leveled a city with it then :)  
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Blitukus thought... his quest has brought him artifacts both of the magic characteristic of the ancients and the technology characteristic of future civilizations... many of these artifacts were of his own making. He felt as if he could step through time at will, as if it were only yet another surface in space, a firm footing available. Perhaps, he soon would. He had tinkered with the idea of mechanical calculating machines before in his days pioneering mathematics, but never found the time or drive to bring them to fruition. Now his spirit was driven with limitless potential, and it seemed time no longer stood any opposition. A mechanical machine, the state set at the start, a result produced at the end, the mechanisms behaving based on the initial state, processing the input according to the function they were built to solve. Luckily, Blitukus' insights into the true inner workings of space and time allowed him to reduce the dimensional calculations down to a series of simpler calculations. He revived the ideas he had had those many years ago, before that dreadful night... He sighed slightly, and began designing his calculating machine. As simple calculations were combined together to solve larger problems, the complexity of the machine seemed to increase exponentially. HE found himself erasing parts of the design and redrawing them smaller in order to fit a cohesive design on the space of a page, resulting in all their complexity in a design that was rather difficult to read. Summer progressed, and fall was beginning to approach. He found his designs continued over one page, and onto the next, and onto the next. He found that although many interconnecting parts were needed, the parts needn't be large, and therefore the machine needn't be to large. He also found that many of the parts were copies of the exact same part put in other locations. It was truly a machine of an age of industry. Its parts could be readily produced en masse, and looked like despite their number, they would be easy to assemble. Its steam driven gearing would allow for calculations much faster than Blitukus would be able to do unaided. From its production to its function, it was fast, and it was en masse... it was a symbol of the pinnacle of the technological benefits he had produced. Such machines had numerous uses, from architecture to economics to scientific analysis to statistics, a multitude of fields unlisted... from the smallest, simplest addition to the vast tasks of designing monolithic, sky-piercing structures, this machine and its descendants could make civilization, the world, all much faster and more efficient. The possibilities were limitless. He grinned and laughed to himself. He was paving the way to the future, and perhaps he would journey there himself after his quest was complete, to see the large scale fruits of his labor. He had spent into the second half of late summer designing the machine, but it was finally designed. It was beautiful, but although its potential descendants would have limitless possibilities, it had only one purpose. This was all that was needed, for despite the possibilities looming ahead, Blitukus felt driven towards only one goal.

He looked at his design, and quickly multiplied and added to find out how much material would be needed. A mere 8 stacks of bronze bars, nothing more. The cassiterite needed was already stocked and ready, but he was out of malachite. He put his designs down, took up his pickaxe, then dug out the needed 4 lumps of malachite... the current malachite vein was coming towards exhaustion he noticed, he was nearing the chasm digging into it. Luckily, it would continue on the other side. Afterwards, he found it an opportune moment to take a short break to tend to himself, eating a meal then getting a drink. After that, he began bringing lumps of malachite and cassiterite back, smelting them into bronze. He smiled, and found that no longer did his smelter and forge seem old and commonplace, the sense of appreciation for his innovation and appreciation for what he had accomplished was renewed. 1085... it seemed but only a number. But, he noticed something had changed from before... in his dealings with the universe and analysis of space and time, he found he had begun to become more in tune with the ambient forces around him. He realized, he was himself simultaneously a creature of magic and a creature of technology. Perhaps Dracha would teach him to make use of his astral energies? It might come in handy... but it wasn't needed for what he wanted to accomplish at the moment. He had spent his night productively, and now it was nearing an end. Before exhaustion fully took hold, he used a bit of leftover steel to forge the moulds that would be used to cast the gears and parts that would make up the calculating machine. Then, he went back to his room, and allowed himself to fall asleep after reviewing his designs. As he slowly sank to the depths of the realm of dreams, small flakes of snow began to drift about outside.

**Autumn has come.**

That day, he had a rather odd dream. He found himself strolling on rough rock streets, immensely vast. The area around seemed to be filled with a sense of immense power, yet also a sense of tranquility. Dragons walked about on what seemed to be daily business, often near them mithril vehicles of sorts that levitated off of the ground, carrying cargoes on top. The establishment was as a unit vast, as far as the eye could see, but the buildings were sparse, forest between, connected solely by rough rock roads. Several tall spires pierced into the sky near the center, and at the very center, an immense mithril tower that seemed to radiate the energy that powered all of the magical wonders around. It was sunset, and a dull glow could be seen over the vast city, caused by crystal lamps. The dragons seemed to be happy, they each possessed many powers and made frequent productive use of them. They carried with miraculous devices of magic as well. Blitukus saw a construction site nearby. One dragon was using a device to lift a large mithril beam into the air that was far to heavy to manipulate with standard magic. A second dragon was using its powers to heat the bottom of the beam to glowing heat, causing it to melt slightly and fuse to the other beam it was resting on. All seemed serene and prosperous... it was a city of the ancients, indeed, it seemed that the dragons were the original plains civilization, even though many of their dwellings were technically subterranean. All of a sudden, the serenity seemed to be broken. All dragons around sensed something was very wrong, and turned to face the setting sun. Blitukus felt this as well, and looked straight into the blood red sunset. A dark, evil entity approached... it was a demon, and it glowed with infernal magic. It embodied the most twisted perversions of magic, and was intent on using them as well. The dragons immediately

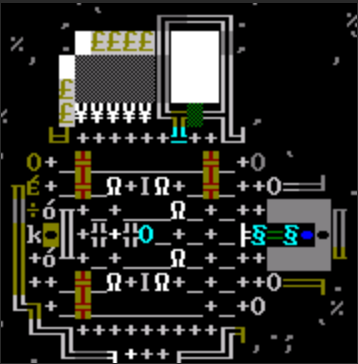
took flight. The demon summoned a huge ball of fire, and cast it down upon a building, causing the building to explode in a shower of debris. More demons arrived, and kept arriving. The dragons fought valiantly and proved a significant threat to the demons due to their advanced powers, but the demons kept coming, and kept coming. The dragons numbers were dwindling. The demons began casting fire down into the city, but several dragons gathered atop the mithril tower. They began reciting an incantation, and runes, shaped like shields, on the buildings around, began to glow. The lights around dimmed, and vanished, blue pulses of mana flowing down the streets toward the central tower. When all of the energy of the city had been focused, the dragons released it. The ground shook, and a vast sphere, a magical barrier, formed, enveloping the city. Flying machines, seemingly levitating, composed of mithril and crystal, zipped through the skies, firing bolts of what looked like ball lightning at the demons. This proved more powerful than unaided dragons, but the demons together blew one flying machine after another clear out of the sky. They cast fire down, but it bounced off of the citys shield. The demons then all banded together, reciting an incantation, a ball of yellow energy forming between them all. Then, a ray of yellow energy shot out from their group, piercing through the shield and striking the mithril mana tower, causing it to erupt in a fantastic explosion. The citys power source was gone. The shield vanished, and much of the city was left literally powerless. An arch demon arrived. Demons surrounded the city, and began reciting an incantation, the arch demon hovering above the middle of the city. A green glow surrounded the arch demon. The glow grew and grew until it seemed a green sun had appeared in the sky. Then the incantations stopped. The arch demon cast the energy down, and it sank into the earth. Several second of dead silence passed. Suddenly, an enormous explosion seemed to emanate from under the ground, an extreme earthquake ripping through the city. Tall buildings were toppled and reduced to rubble. The land itself seemed to fragment, then magma shot up through the fissures. The land itself seemed to be catapulted upward by a surge of magma. Vehicles and rubble were tossed about, flying through the air. The entire city was cast into the air, fragmented by the force of the magma. Blitukus was catapulted into the sky along with everything else. Below... only a scorched crater full of magma. The shredded bits of what was once a city fell into the magma, sending splashes of incinerating molten rock up. When Blitukus belly flopped into the magma, the nightmare had ended. He felt shaken and disturbed as he awoke, and sat up... it seemed eerily like the nightmare of the futures metropolis being annihilated by a demon, only with magic instead of technology.

*A clever historian once said History repeats itself... when my mother is safe I will prevent it from doing so in that case. The future... my future... our future, my mother, will be safe for us to enjoy... perhaps together? Ironically, only the future will tell. This is only of concern after my current quest has been completed... and it will soon be so.*

Then again, it may simply be his subconscious chewing on what Dracha had said, a mere coincidence that his dreams before were so similar. It was merely a possibility in an infinite pool of other possibilities. Such was the future... but the situation at hand was solid and observable. He had a quest to complete. He melted the bronze bars down, and poured the molten metal into the moulds, quickly producing many exact copies of the same part. He did this to specification until he had all of the needed parts, then poured the rest of the bronze back into bars. But, before the bars could cool completely, he forged them into the plating and supports that would hold up the mechanisms within. He moved the parts and lay them scattered on the nearby floor.



He walked back to his work room, and retrieved the designs he had made. Then, he assembled the frame of the machine, riveting it together. Carefully following the designs, he then placed the various dials, meters, sprockets, and other mechanisms within their designated spot. Finally, he linked the piston that would drive the machine, part of the frame, actually, to the boiler, installing a valve, then linked the clockwork control output to the buttons of the control panel. He looked around the room, and smiled. The calculating machine was the missing piece from his dream, and now his machine was truly complete. It was a relatively small addition, but it just might make all the difference as far as results.



*Perhaps, my mother, we will be together again... although, as long as you are safe again, and as long as I get to speak with you once more... to finally speak my last words to you and hear your last words to me, my quest will be complete.*

It was now time to test. Blitukus decided to set the portal to appear in front of and to the right of the portal, 3 minutes back in time. It was a smidgen of what he truly wanted, but if it worked... it would prove that the entire machine, in unison, truly worked. Blitukus pressed the inlet levers forward, allowing the channels to fill, and the steam to rise. He started the dynamos, and began charging the capacitors. He was now about to make use of a machine that was the worlds most powerful machine, the worlds smartest machine, and the worlds oddest machine, all in one... perhaps save for the relics from the cat civilization, but those were far beyond his current technological understanding. Blitukus snickered a bit, but felt his heart heavy with remembrance.

*If you had had the chance to speak your last words to me... perhaps my heart wouldn't be in such pain, and this quest would have never begun. My love of you has made those words rise to such value as to make adamantite look like common scrap. Our time together, even though it was cut short... you, and our love, had and still have a value of infinite scale. Time... it is insignificant compared to this.*

Blitukus made the observations and calculations needed to state the initial conditions of the portal. Again, knowing his 11-dimensional position reduced this from days of work to minutes of work, as many variables became constants. Blitukus entered in the initial conditions into the first input rollers of the calculating machine, then entered the standard 4 dimensional delta into the second input rollers. Blitukus then opened the steam valve leading to the piston on the calculating machine. The piston extended, and there was a 'kclunk' as the gears all meshed. The gears within the machine began moving, the result rollers slowly rolling new numbers, diverging from what was once all-zeros. The machine sped up until the piston was cycling several times a second, the gears within the machine rotating with quite a speed. The machine operated from the starting conditions, processing the information into an answer at a rate that was laughably slow compared to any suitably advanced version of the theoretical electronic calculating machine, but was still blazingly fast compared to paper and pencil. With a clunk, the first coordinate of 11 locked into a definite answer... then the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth... Several minutes passed. When the capacitor had charged, he switched the power to the portal ring. The seventh coordinate locked in... as higher dimensions were calculated, it proceeded at a slower rate. The eighth, ninth, tenth... a few minutes passed... eleventh answer was determined. It had taken a bit of waiting for the machine to calculate the answer... but it had calculated in less than a half hour what had previously taken Blitukus over a week to do. Blitukus pulled up the control releases on the clockwork output, then let them rest upon the machine-determined latches. The portal ring was getting close to getting up to speed. He decided to leave his timepiece on the bridge as a reference. But, before he could move to place it, he noticed space distorting, in front of and to the right of the portal ring. A portal opened... on the other side, his own cavern... ever so slightly in the future. A kobold approached, then stepped through. It was his future self. His future self grinned and laughed, "Deja Vu!" Blitukus and his future self approached one another, and then hugged. Before it had even happened, he had proof that it worked... now all that mattered was to form the portal himself and become this future self. Blitukus spoke to his future self, "Congratulations." His future self nodded with a smile, "Thank you, my former self... this is kind of strange in a way." Blitukus laughed and nodded in agreement. His future self spoke, "Now it is my turn to wait and watch." Blitukus and his future self walked back to the console. The portal ring was slowly reaching top speed. His future self stood nearby, watching as Blitukus checked the machine. The portal ring had gotten up to speed and was ready to recieve the particle beam. The machine was ready...

Blitukus pulled the discharge lever, and the particle beam fired. After a second of immense, brilliant discharge, the beam ceased. Blitukus pressed down on the output lever of the calculating machine. With speed and machine precision, the machine tugged at its connections to the buttons, 'typing' out the pulses that would steer the portal. The silver spheres fired their arcs in a beautiful array, timed with true precision. When the portal opened, and was observed, it latched to its destination solidly, forming a stable connection. The portal glew a strong and healthy blue. Blitukus stepped out from behind the console, and approached the portal. On the other side, a kobold, behind the console... as if it were a mirror of his cavern, peering into the past. He stepped through, and as he did so, for a moment saw himself



among the realm of the smallest possible again, his form twisted about across the levels of the higher dimensions. As he emerged, he found himself perfectly solid, and intact... he had just traveled into the past. He spotted his past self, grinned, then laughed, "Deja Vu!" He and his past self approached one another, and then hugged. He had now fulfilled the requirements of time and space... the loop was closed. Yet he felt kind of odd interacting with himself in such a manner... it made him feel slightly insane for a moment, but just for a moment, outweighed by the feelings that this success brought him. His past self spoke, "Congratulations." Blitukus nodded with a smile, "Thank you, my former self... this is kind of strange in a way." His past self laughed and nodded in agreement. Blitukus spoke, "Now it is my turn to wait and watch." He walked back to the console with his past self. The portal ring of this time was slowly reaching top speed. He stood nearby, watching as his past self checked the machine. The portal ring had gotten up to speed and was ready to receive the particle beam. The machine was ready... and now he was here to watch what happened after the matter.

His former self pulled the discharge lever, and the particle beam fired. After another second of immense, brilliant discharge, the beam ceased. His former self pressed down on the output lever of the calculating machine. With speed and machine precision, the machine tugged at its connections to the buttons, 'typing' out the pulses that would steer the portal. The silver spheres fired their arcs in a beautiful array, timed with true precision, a perfect repeat of what Blitukus had seen as his former self. When the portal opened, and was observed, it latched to its destination solidly, forming a stable connection. The portal glew a strong and healthy blue. Blitukus watched as his past self stepped out from behind the console, approached the portal, and stepped through. He looked through the portal from a distance, and watched his two now-past selves interacting, this time as a third party observer. Eventually, his more-distant past self passed through the portal of the past, exactly 3 minutes after he had entered the portal, leaving him looking at his 3-minutes-ago self. The portal stayed open for several minuted longer... Blitukus noticed that as the portal began to become unstable, it induced currents in the silver spheres. Unlike when pure probability had been in control, the more unstable the portal gets, the larger the induced current is, which in turn nudges the portal back into a stable position. Just by being there, the silver spheres kept the portal stable. After several minutes more, the fundamental-level chaotic actions of space won out, and the portal pinched off from its destination, the rift vanishing. It had been open for enough time to safely allow for a two-way trip. Blitukus walked to the console and powered down the portal ring. He looked into the water and magma, steam drifting slowly as wisps about the portal. It all seemed rather crazy... yet it all made perfect sense to him. All of the previous experiences, the years of tireless labor and dedication, of innovation and exploration, all paid off. It worked. If 3 minutes worked... the next step would be a bit larger. 5 years, and a sizable jump through space. It was finally time for Blitukus to return to that place and time in which he was nearly assassinated... but instead, he would be the one assassinating the assassins. The barrier of time no longer stood in his way... and soon enough, neither will the barrier of death itself.

I have my fingers crossed that I didn't break anything fundamental here. I did my best to close the loop.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 04, 2007, 12:52:00 am**

You're a transdimensional diety, surely you can beat us to a first post armok?

so... when does Blitikus make out with himself? It seems to be a standard in this sort of scenario.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 04, 2007, 12:54:00 am**

What? I wasn't aware of that, but that would ruin the mood of the story if I did that. To be honest, I'm not sure if you're joking or not, there.

[ December 04, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 04, 2007, 12:57:00 am**

It was semi-joking, semi-not joking. It happens in a disturbingly large number of places, but usually in comedy.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 04, 2007, 01:02:00 am**

Yeah, generally if it's meant to be comedy I try to make it pretty obvious. To be honest, I never noticed that... probably because I don't watch much TV :p

Although I imagine it would be rather efficient (a single event gets actually experienced twice or more), that kind of stuff doesn't really fit in my story. I can see how it would be funny as heck if it was employed properly though.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 04, 2007, 01:04:00 am**

"I just found myself too damn sexy to NOT make out with!"

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 04, 2007, 01:30:00 am**

Another awsome installment, as always, and oh the irony of your opening statement, hehe :p And of course someone had to make that comment about Blitukus and time travel.

As for first post, surely transdimentional deities can sometimes be distracted by goings on in other transdimensions. And as it has been seen, deities do not seem to be omnipresent...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 04, 2007, 02:00:00 am**

SEE! We weren't the only ones!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 04, 2007, 05:47:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG> I think my level of detail comes from, in essence, being able to simulate things in my mind.</STRONG>

I KNEW a mortal couldn't make something this awesome!  
I can do that to, it's a very rare and very powerful gift.

**(Edit: I was apparently very tired and in a great hurry when I wrote this, it seems to be mostly gibberish and you shouldn't really listen to this, I can't believe it was me that actually wrote this)**

I say this OOC, lets put aside the roleplay and be serious for the moment, it is not only due to roleplay that I call myself a god, it is probably a great deal of ego, but most importantly it is that ability, to simulate in my head, you having this ability makes also you a god, this will need further explanation:

What is real? What is the definition of reality?  
The immediate answerer is that it is what we see all around us, what we can take and hold in our hands, but this does not hold for a closer examination, for where does everything come from? The Big Bang, says one, yes, but where did Big Bang come from, what started it? Some come up whit theories of different things that caused Big Bang, cyclic time and another universe, gods, chance and quantum mechanical fluctuations, but where did those come from? And so we can go on and on, but the basic question remains; Why does everything everything brother existing?  
...

Okay, I am sidetracking and missionating, I got a lot of logic, but it all boils down to a detailed enough simulation being equally real as the actual universe, and this gift of ours, as I said in essence rendering us gods, controlling universes just as real as the one we are a part of, lots of philosophy I had thought to say now but sadly I find myself in lack of time, what I have written yet is not representative really and I DO have logic backing it up, also out-of-context explanation and justification it sounds really quite the opposite of what I am trying to say, I will continue when I have time, hopefully tomorrow.

(Edit: /nonsense, you can start listening again)

Anyways, I think we have mutsh in common, and this ability to simulate is really the root of it, it is probably this that makes me appreciate this story so mutsh, we have the same view of physics, of magic, and of a good story, big difference is that I don't have a output channel, you have figured out how these "word" things and these "sentence" things work, and I am the worst author in the history of the multiverse...

DAMN! :mad: I am running around babbling! I had thought out really god things to write, and how to write them, so I wanted to write them well, thus I wanted to have enough time, then I wanted to eat so my hunger wouldn't distract me, and so on and so on... Now I end up summing everything up quickly and not doing it justice despite all that because I need to go to sleep! :mad:  
"Armok is prone to procrastination"  
DAMN YOU MYSELF!!! :mad:

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>Wow... good thing I haven't leveled a city with it then Thanks </STRONG>

\*This story rocks so hard that big chasms open under all major cities and they tumble into the darkness, then hoards of demons spill forth to kill any survivors\*

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>I have my fingers crossed that I didn't break anything fundamental here. I did my best to close the loop.</STRONG>

This is one of the most stable and paradoxis free cases of timetravel I have seen actually, a masterpiece truly, you have broken nothing this story, neither laws nor logic nor suspension of disbelief.

////////////////////////////////////

DarkStar you are truly welcome, a Felisian I see, former Stardrifter?

quote:
Originally posted by Reign on your Parade: <STRONG>You're a transdimensional diety, surely you can beat us to a first post armok?</STRONG>

As AlanL pointed out; "transdimentional deities can sometimes be distracted by goings on in other transdimensions. And as it has been seen, deities do not seem to be omnipresent..."

It is these damn timezones, I am asleep when you both post, I don't have a chance!  
Also it is transuniversal, not transdimentional, it is a strange but common misconception that dimensions are the same thing as worlds, I had sertainly not expected souths uneducated views in this forum, you have seen to many B-movies about halfassed superheroes.

////////////////////////////////////  
As I said I need to go to sleep, and the order of this might be pretty random and confusing, I have also probably missed half of what I wanted to say, I will look this over and continue tomorrow, hopefully... Zzzzzzzz

[ December 05, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 04, 2007, 06:47:00 pm**

Seeing as other universe exist at a different position in a dimension other then the four primary ones (X,Y,Z,Time) to get from one to another, you need to be able to move through that dimension to get to it. So we guess we just used the wrong word for what we meant.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 04, 2007, 11:54:00 pm**

I don't see myself as a god really... or even that far above average. Although I find that the thoughts I have tend to be outside of most other peoples understanding, I see the potential for it in virtually everyone. I really see it as just a matter of learning how to properly use the faculties that we all have.

As far as the universe, I've heard that the 4 familiar dimensions are simply spread out, while the other 7 are curled up so tight (from our point of view) we can't see them with the biggest atom smashers. Also, considering the mass and properties of the universe, I would have to agree with the hypothesis that, from the outside, the universe looks like a black hole, and that what we see from Earth is the interior of a black hole relative to external viewpoints. This has some rather odd implications about the relative flow of time, though.

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Blitukus felt a new sense of determination. The dynamos were still spinning. Blitukus switched power over to the capacitor, to allow it to recharge. As it charged, he left the cavern. He walked back to his room, and retrieved the world map. He noticed the items on the table... 5 years ago, when he had fled the castle, saving himself, he also saved several of his mothers possessions and awards. He looked at them...

*You were a hero... you still are a hero. Perhaps I have followed in your footsteps... but now, it matters little. Your life ended in tragedy... soon, I will make that statement false. It is 1085, and you will still be queen of Anthath Siset... The war, Armok getting the unified equation, the super-weapon... may they never have occurred. I will allow my current form to be erased from all time, so that my next form will exist alongside of you.*

He gazed at the items... the years-old metal was beginning to rust, but Blitukus' love for his mother still shone, undecaying. He found the Sphere of Direction was pointing back to the capital of Anthath Siset. Useful, since with the world map, he could use these to calculate the coordinates, exactly where he would need to arrive. He brought the orb and the map with... the map was beginning to fade and tatter. It had been his mothers guide in her quest, showing the way... and now it served a very similar purpose, 35 years later, helping him find the way to his goals. He left his pickaxe, and left the room, retrieving his automatic crossbow and remaining bolts from down the hall. He lugged it all back to the cavern, set a book down, the map and the sphere of direction to the side. He carefully observed, and calculated the coordinates of the castle... Granite 1, 1080, 12:14 AM. It would give him 3 minutes to get into position... and then, he would at least dang try to change all of future history. He finished calculating the deltas at about the same time the capacitor finished charging. He switched power over to the portal ring. As the portal ring spun up, Blitukus reset the calculating machine, then entered in the new variables, starting it up after entering the last. The machines hissed and made a soft but cavernous racket that filled the entire room. Blitukus looked down at his automatic crossbow, then shut his eyes, standing still for a moment, then shedding a tear. It was finally time to put this 5 year long nightmare to its eternal end. The calculating machine churned out answers, and the ring spun up, its glow intensifying along with the energies it circulated about the room. Blitukus took in a deep breath, then opened his eyes. The machine was nearly ready. He let his breath out slowly, then began to focus his willpower. Whether this portal would be on target or not was a matter of probability... and perhaps magic evidenced that probability was influenced by the will of the observer that realizes the result. The calculating machine clicked out the last answer, and readied itself. The ring was spinning at top speed. It was ready. Blitukus pulled the discharge lever, causing a beam of energy to erupt forth, caught by the forces of the portal ring. When the energy had been discharged, the brilliant beam ceased, and Blitukus toggled the clockwork controls of the calculating machine. He then shut his eyes and focused his willpower and the entirety of his mind, carving a path through space and time between his cavern and the castle that dreadful night. When the path was solid, he placed the energies of his willpower and soul behind it and empowered it with all he had. He tried to project it out into the portal, and felt a physical force coming from his head. He thought to himself... it was no longer a possibility... it was the possibility above the rest. The will of the observer dictated so. He opened his eyes, and observed the rift. On the other side was the view of snowy ground and a castle wall. He found himself surprised that it actually worked... magic and technology together, the possibilities were... for after this was over. He took up his equipment, and approached the portal. He took out his timepiece. It read "10:52 PM, Limestone 4, 1085". He took his equipment up, took in a deep breath, then grunted, sprinting and leaping through the rift the best he could carrying such heavy equipment. He fell downwards upon emerging from the other side, landing in snow. He looked up... he was right next to the castle, behind it.

It was his former home... around, and to the sides... it was his home, his beautiful home, before it had been ruined by the super-weapon. He looked at his timepiece. It briefly readjusted itself, and came to a new conclusion. It read "12:14 AM, Granite 1, 1080". It was a winter night so bitter it reminded him of his new home... time was of the essence now. He picked up his equipment, then entered the castle through the back door. The guards were asleep, and all seemed quiet. He was careful not to make a sound entering, lest he awaken the guards and fail due to the resulting delay. He climbed the stairs, ascending to the balcony. He positioned himself at the rear corner of the balcony, gently set down his equipment, and crouched, taking aim at the open gates from the shadows. He looked at the throne... there was his mother, reviewing a law document. For a moment, it filled him with a sense of disbelief... after 5 years, there she was again, as if brought back from the dead... yet it wasn't the case. Blitukus was brought back from her future. Blitukus, tears forming a small path down his cheeks, readied himself. He looked at his timepiece... 57, 58, 59... 12:17 AM. Several seconds passed, than an immediate spike of dread pierced into Blitukus' soul... 6 crossbowmen entered through the open gates. His mother looked at them and greeted them with a smile, "Hello der! Ders warm water downstairs, if you'd like." Blitukus readied his automatic crossbow, unseen and silent to all others. Within... he felt his soul light up with flames seemingly as hot and bright as the surface of the sun.

*May all of the oceans of the world be turned to steam under the inferno of my hatred for these murderers... may their souls be impaled on a spit and forever roasted over an eternal flame.*

He snarled, but prevented himself from growling. He took aim, and placed his fingers firmly against the trigger. The crossbowmen were unresponsive to his mothers statement. The crossbowmen then readied their crossbows, aiming at Fale.

*Too late for you, shameless murderers. Goodbye... and good riddance.*

Blitukus pulled the trigger. The bolt traveled swiftly down the body of the crossbow... there was a barely audible 'shink' sound. The bolt had not left the crossbow, it seemed to have become jammed on the very minute imperfections in the metal, jamming in such a way as to not make any loud noise that would interrupt the events transpiring below. The odds of this happening were likely one in a billion at most. Fale stood... Blitukus saw the adhesive on her foot, keeping her from moving out of the line of the crossbowmens fire. Blitukus tried to pry the bolt out of his crossbow and replace it, jerk back the piston by hand... anything!... but it seemed his automatic crossbow had jammed in the most awfully perfect way. Blitukus took in a silent gasp, as he saw his mother holding the law document down in front of herself, realizing her own fate. Blitukus tried to yell but found his voice stifled by a flood of his own emotions.

TWANG!

THUD!

The 6 bolts pierced into his mother, pinning the law document to her guts... and he was there to bear witness. He saw her try to yell in pain but nothing came out. He saw his mother fall over onto her side, bleeding out from her wounds. She seemed to try to move, but then slowly lay, her soul parting her body, leaving her broken body in an eternal slumber. His mothers body lay motionless, a pool of blood slowly expanding around it. Blitukus felt himself in agony. His mouth was open, and he was weeping, sniffing and whimpering a bit. He lay the automatic crossbow down, shut his mouth, and shut his eyes, letting his head rest upon his hands. He felt as if he had been shot through the heart... yet no bolt had pierced him. 5 of the crossbowmen left as if nothing had happened, the sixth lay hidden behind a table. Blitukus heard footsteps, then the loud racket of various tools hitting the floor. His past self ran up to the body of his dead mother. He heard his past self yell, "NO! Mother! What happened?! No, you CAN'T be dead! You can't!" Blitukus opened his eyes. This was shortly followed by his past self kneeling down, covering his eyes and weeping, repeating "No" under his breath, over and over. The remaining crossbowman stood and laughed, "I'll shoot you dead like the dog you are." Blitukus saw his past self look up, jump in fear, then immediately turn to run. The crossbowman loosed a bolt, striking Blitukus' past self in the arm, causing his past self to grunt and bite his own lip as his past self fled. Blitukus felt the spot on his arm... he remembered being hit by that bolt. He saw his past self run into a corridor below, the crossbowman pursuing with a sadistically slow movement, as if he had trapped his target. It would not be so... his second quest had started...

*...and I have failed it. HOW COULD I HAVE FAILED!? No, no I... No.... my existence up to this point has been for the sole purpose of making it all right again... and I have failed. It means my entire existence constitutes a failure... perhaps I should just, find a river or a chasm, and cut my losses, here.*

He dragged his equipment and his mangled soul out of the castle, and back to the portal. He looked up, tears having moistened his fur... and saw all that he had created... the plasma, the energy, the machines... it was all functioning flawlessly, forged from the resources of the mountain with a special ingredient that no other construct in history has had put into it... the steel and bronze was not only tempered with mere fire and water, it was tempered by Blitukus' love for his mother... a resource infinite in supply... and it took these everyday materials, and made the impossible happen.

*Foolish me... I could not have failed... and I cannot fail, I have not failed.*

Blitukus looked down as a tear left his face, falling to the snow below. He spoke those words, under his breath... as he had spoken when his quest began... "Not even hell itself will stop me from speaking to my mother!" His soul was badly hurt... but it still stood. He still stood, and as long as he still stood... he would see his quest to its final end. He looked through the rift, then stepped through it, bringing all of his equipment with... he had stepped back into 1085. He walked to the control console, and shut down all of the equipment, causing the rift to collapse and vanish. Never again would he return to that day. He vented the steam from the boilers, and closed flow to the channels, draining them. He did not know how it would happen... but somehow, he would find a way to make everything all right again. Now though... that involved much more than just speaking with his mother. His goals... they will be done for they must be done. He walked to his room, and began thinking about what he would do. He had already constructed wonders of technology to achieve this goal... no miracle needed was too distant to pursue. His mother had given her life to see that all kobolds... to see that all peoples of all races, could share in a prosperous and joyful future... her soul deserved immortality and honor... and no demon would ever prevent that. A voice boomed in Blitukus' head,, the voice of Armok, "Morrta!!!! You have built muczh in my absenscsze, but, as you are my szlave, it belongs to meeee. You are NOT free to do as you wisssh with it. DO NOT DARE to try to manipulate MYYYYY time line! Luckily for me, the universsze has fail-safes that prevent paradoxes in time... an event, no matter how unlikely, alllways arises to prevent a paradox. Save yourself trouble, useleszs szlave, and give up now." With that, Blitukus sensed Armok moving away again. Blitukus spoke softly under his breath, "Go back to hell you oversized demon." Blitukus felt that among all of the chaos and probabilities of fundamental space... his goals and will were concrete and manifest. Blitukus began to have a new thought, although debated it in his mind... he was acting



deliberately against the will of the reigning deity, and he was forging his own destiny from his own efforts... he may have been a slave to Armok but he was starting to feel that this was becoming less and less the case. He couldn't just go and rewrite history... so his next goal would be to find a different way to change the past, one that worked... the question at the moment, though, was where to begin. He had his machines... he had the amulet, the Sphere of Direction... he felt deeply that no matter how simple or complex the solution was, he would figure it out. He had to, for the sake of his mothers soul.

[ December 04, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 05, 2007, 12:38:00 am**

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Whenever Armok gets mad at Blitikus it makes us glad to be from one of the abandoned universes...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 05, 2007, 04:59:00 pm**

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Firs I need to apologize for that first park of the last post, I wasn't really myself and in a hurry to go asleep, my bad authorship didn't help either, reading it now the day after I see what of my theories it might bee loosely based on, but twisted into an unrecognizable mess by fatigue, please just ignore that part.  
I have edited the post and marked what section should not be read if anyone should ever read this post in whole.

Now to the important part:

BEYOND QUALITY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :D

He didn't even figure that out? I had to tell him? How is that even possible if he had and understood that formula? Okay, he planed that a fairly long time before having the formula, and emotion does strange things to the minds of mortals, still... but I suppose it's understandable.  
THIS STORY IS AWESOME!

quote:
Whenever Armok gets mad at Blitikus it makes us glad to be from one of the abandoned universes...

Is that why you always hide the entrance so well?  
Damn you, I WILL get back there some day!  
\*mumbles to self\* Damn stupid to destroy that passage...

I am getting worried for BoID, might it have happened something?  
He should be here collecting souls! I have five universes overflowing whit ghosts, and no death to harvest them!  
Evryone that have read Discworld should know the problems I am experiencing...

DarkStar, you have yet not answered my question, are you a former Stardrifter, or if not why did you abandon those poor bastards?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 05, 2007, 06:46:00 pm**

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Thanks :p

I'm not sure about BoID, but I expect either he's reading and not posting, he's lost interest, or maybe he stopped reading due to it drifting out of his preferred genre.

About Blitukus not seeing ahead of time about the universes failsafe, I'm assuming that he was devoting resources solely to finding out how to make time travel work, and I hinted that he didn't really have much concern about the implications of time travel. Basically, I expected he never really thought into that specifically, although he could've easily come to the conclusion had it been part of his specific goal.

Looking back on your post, I think you also got the reason right the first time.

[ December 05, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 05, 2007, 10:20:00 pm**

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My apologies Armok, I did not mean to evade your question. I didn't abandon the Starstriders, I am still on Felysia. my full title is Gelp 'DarkStar' Venakas, one of the few Felysians of House Venakas to remain on the homeworld. I have had no contact with the Starstriders for a epoch, so my knowlege is a little out of date.

At least that would be the case if I hadn't stepped through that bloody Ancient-craft portal and found myself in the middle of a grass-plains with the portal destabalizing behind me. I am currently looking for any signs intelligent life, the ape-like mamalians I have found so far, and ingratiated myself with, seem only to happy to feed and provide me with shelter, but don't seem to bright, over 3000 years of histroy and still no Vimina drive...

Oh and as always AlanL, an excellent literary segment. Have some \*catnip\*

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 05, 2007, 10:45:00 pm**

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We "apes" are better in different universes. In our own universe, the lack of Devine influence has lead to one of the most successful societies ever! We mean, Armok is a great guy and all, but his presence drops property value TREMEDOUSLY.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 05, 2007, 10:54:00 pm**

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Do you mean Armok is suppressing these apes interlect? Armok must have his reasons for suppressing their interlect, but I have not seen many 'blood for the blood god' signs around, but maybe im not looking in the right places.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 05, 2007, 10:58:00 pm**

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Armok... like violence. When people are busy being violent, they have a hard time doing other things.

Thanks :p

Catnip always rocks, especially the Suricrasian variety (hallucinations involving enormous spacecraft embedded in the terrain are always are better than the average :p)

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Blitukus thought about it... how would he prevent his mother from dying if doing so was prevented by the universe... there had to be a way around... a way that didn't cause a paradox in time. No matter what he thought of, he came to the same conclusion... her death was what drove him to his current self, and that current self was what was needed in order to travel through time in the first place. He thought about it... all actions propagated through time with ever increasing effect... the further back in time, the more effective a past event in determining the present. Dracha had mentioned those dragons who had attempted to travel through time... maybe they knew something he didn't. He would have to contact them... but it would take more than a mere few minutes to do so. The further he traveled away from his current location, the quicker the portal would destabilize. The danger of the portal becoming unstable and closing was a true hazard... his quest would truly end a failure if he became stranded, displaced in time. He thought again... perhaps it wouldn't, necessarily, but still... he needed a warning. He knew that the more unstable the portal got, the larger the currents induced within the silver spheres... a current that could be used to drive some sort of warning system. He thought of it... an alarm bell, the bigger the current, the more unstable the portal, the louder the bell. Blitukus left the room, and went back to the work room. He had a little leftover bronze... hardly any at all compared to a massive constructions needs, but a bell needed hardly any material. Blitukus forged the bronze together, then made it into a simple bell, using two wires and a bit of magnetite to drive the bell from an oscillating current. He then used some of the leftover material from building the components for the wave generator to make a regulator... it was only one or two simple and small components, but it would keep the bell from being ruined by large voltages near the collapse of the rift. He brought the bell back to the cavern, and installed it near the power wires to the silver spheres, linking it to the wires. The direct current of the control pulses would not set it off, but the oscillating current of the portal ring inducing voltage in the coils would.

As he linked it... another thought entered his mind. Energy was required to move the portals destination... relatively little, but still over the time of the portal opening, not much energy would be available to work with. It would effectively limit the range of his machine... to what, he did not know. He now had a new goal... to test to see if traveling to the days of the ancients was possible, for it would determine what his next goal after would be. Blitukus left the cavern, put on the chest plating of his suit, steam cooling on the back, and wore his amulet... what he would face on the other side was an unknown, and it was best to be prepared. Blitukus then walked back to the control panel, and opened the flow to the channels. As steam became available, he engaged the dynamos and began charging the capacitor. He would use his old deltas he had calculated for his last one, except, he would use a time delta of -2000 years. As the capacitor charged, he revised his deltas, and calculated the initial conditions at the moment. He reset the calculating machine, and began to enter it all in. As he was doing that, the capacitor filled. He switched power over to the ring, and continued, preparing the calculating machine and finally starting it. As the machine readied, he thought... now he would unleash the true full power of his machine... and whether it would reach the full 2000 years, or fall horribly short, would soon be manifest. Gradually, the machine became ready... Blitukus deep down inside sensed this would begin an important event... he had a very powerful feeling about this, but couldn't identify it. He took in a deep breath, readied himself, then pulled the discharge lever. The brilliant beam, an incandescent line of immensely energetic particles, flew into the ring and as it cut off, the rift formed. Blitukus looked away, and toggled the calculating machines output. He did not focus his willpower... this was a test of the machine and the machine alone. But... despite his attempts to be stoic, his soul still cried out to speak with his mother once again. The portal formed, and as he observed it, he felt his soul unified, powered by the agony of his mothers death twice over. He took a deep breath in. The rift had opened... and on the other side, grassy plains with buildings behind. A tear running down his cheek, Blitukus crossed the bridges over the magma and water, stepping towards the portal... his mother standing on the other side. It was his dream... and now it had become a reality. A boiler vented its excess, causing a jet of steam to temporarily shoot into the air. He walked through the portal, and emerged on the other side. His mother stood... wearing apparently nothing else than a rusty old copper sword. This was her before she became queen... he must be in the year 1050! Or perhaps... had he stepped into heaven, and met his mothers soul? Blitukus on the other hand stood clad in his steel chest plating, wearing his goggles and wearing the crystal-and- unidentified amulet. The late portion of his quest had lead to the early portion of his mothers quest... at least it seemed. It didn't seem to matter... his original quest was to once again meet his mother, and now, he had done it.

Despite his somewhat heavy plate, Blitukus ran up to his mother, and gave her a big hug, shutting his eyes, tears trailing down his face. Somehow, he had just happened to end up meeting his mother when he had not deliberately aimed to... the test was failed, for he had not gone back 2000 years... but it was the best failure possible. The odds of him just happening to be there and then to meet his mother... it must have been one in a billion at most. He found himself in a state of simultaneous relief and disbelief. He spoke, "Mother! It's really you! It's a miracle!" A moment passed, and he kept hugging her. He continued, "You have no idea how happy I am to see you again!" His mother replied, "I dun tink I... I ever got pregnant.... Say, youz'n older dan me." Blitukus replied, "It's been a long, long time since we've met..." He realized, if this really was 1050, she had no clue of what had happened from 1080 to 1085... he continued, "for me, anyhow." His mother replied, "I d'no wasu meaning...?"

*Well... where can I start? Electromagnetic induction of graviton flux or the optical/wave properties of exotic matter? The world map... it is a common item in both of our quests... say... she told me once that... wait a moment, I'm the one to tell her of the world map! She got it from... a-... Atek! Yes.*

Blitukus replied, "It's... it's complicated. When you meet an axeman named Atek, ask him about a map. Trust me, you'll find it useful." Pressure differences forced more warm air out of the rift... forces building up caused more steam to be vented as it built up back in the cavern. Blitukus heard the ringing of his bell through the rift... indicating the portal was beginning to become unstable. He wished he could just stay, and be with his mother again... but it wasn't in the best interest of the flow of time... and also, he had not only a quest, but a duty... that demon was still out there. Blitukus, wishing he didn't have to say it, spoke, "I must leave..." But, he found the words he had forever wanted to speak to his mother since that tragic night, "I love you, mom." She hugged him, and replied, "I wuv you too!" Blitukus found himself smiling, a tear running down his cheeks. He stood there... he felt the full strength of his love for his mother again... only now, this strength lifted the heavy, melancholic depression from his heart, and cast it away. Those were the words she never got to say to him the night that she was killed... those were the words he had missed so much those 5 long years. The alarm bell became much louder as the portal destabilized, back-flowing forces forcing the boilers to vent a large burst of steam, some of which flew through the rift. Blitukus jumped... he still had further tasks. Blitukus leapt back through the rift, diving through to the other side, the rift collapsing down under fundamental-scale forces just after he passed through. The bell stopped. Blitukus pushed himself up, then knelt there. He took off his chest plate, then put his hand over his chest, his eyes shut. His heart beat with a strong pulse... his machine was complete, his original quest was complete, his heart was complete. Those words had filled the missing piece. His original quest had been completed. Death had failed to stop him, he had met his mother once more... and now he was ready for his soul to finally be at peace... he already felt the forces within his heart mending his soul. He had truly done it.

He opened his eyes, and looked up at the console. His original quest was complete... but extended events have led to extensions to his quest. The demon still lurked... and he was to put a stop to its plans. Then, finally, it would all be all right again. Blitukus stood, and walked back to the console. He switched power to the capacitor to recharge it. He thought... what would his next destination be... traveling through space was, in theory, much less energy intensive than traveling through time... the entire world and then some was easily accessible. The world, and then some... he remembered he had received some coordinates, some coordinates from the heavens above. He walked back to his room, and then sifted through his books and papers, eventually finding the tablet he had written down the coordinates on... the white ringed world wished him to go there, right there. Wherever 'there' was was unknown... the conditions 'there' could even be radically different than the conditions he was familiar with. Blitukus returned, and began to dial in the 11-dimensional coordinates into the middle stage of the calculating machine... after he did so, he started it going in order to transform those coordinates into button presses. As it worked, the capacitor finished charging. Blitukus switched power over to the ring. He thought... if 'there' could be as bad as near the adamantine, he would want his full suit on. While the ring spun up, he took his chest plate back, and suited up fully, making sure everything was properly connected. When he got back into the chamber, the heavy suit thumping on the floor as Blitukus walked in it, the ring had gotten up to speed. Once again the machine was ready... 35 years was impressive but it was far short of 2000... perhaps those of another world could aid him. He discharged the capacitor, causing a rift as the particle cannon finished its powerful fire, triggering the machine-driven controls immediately after. He curiously observed the portal... behind it lay white, dusty, barren terrain. Air was sucked violently through the rift. Blitukus walked slowly up to the rift... what lay on the other side was a world inhospitable to life as was known. Blitukus realized, his suit could be pulled apart for lack of pressure... he could be crushed by gravity or cast off into the black abyss of the heavens above, he could be turned to a skeleton by a corrosive air, or frozen eternally by inconceivably frigid winds. Blitukus took in a deep breath, then let it out. He shut the vent on the mouth of his suit, making it air tight. The rewards outweighed the risks. He stepped through the portal, and set foot on the fine, white dust on the other side. The joints of his suit stiffened quite a bit, making it difficult to move. It seemed as if the lack of pressure outside of the suit was unsuccessfully trying to suck the suit apart. Blitukus felt

much lighter all of a sudden. No sound was to be heard save for his own breath. He felt 1000 mile per hour winds gently nudging him as he stood within a barely existent atmosphere. He looked up, and saw the horizon had a thin white haze around it, straight above, the sun shone its piercing rays down, making him squint. He placed his hand between his eyes and the sun, and observed the skies. The stars shined brightly, glorious and majestic rings spanning above, slowly circulating. He had received a transmission from the white planet... and now he stood upon the white planet. Luckily, since he was merely traveling through space... even though it was a distance quite unimaginable to many... the portal would endure much longer. Blitukus looked forward, and smiled. He saw immediately ahead a chasm, on the other side, a small town of sorts. The town was composed of a few simple yet ingeniously designed mithril and adamantine buildings, a glass dome with mithril supports encasing it... or, at least it used to. The top of the dome had fallen in, and many buildings had collapsed at least partially, showing the signs of millenia of decay. Close by, just over the chasm, was what appeared to be a large antenna, similar to his wave generator, precision-manufactured and made primarily of a dark, unknown material. The town was dragon-make, and the antenna seemed to look like the amulet in material... it was cat make. Near the antenna was a hole in the ground, adjacent to which was a small metal box and a dragon-made crystal drilling rig of sorts, a crystal recessed within a barrel as if it bored a hole using a beam of specialized energy. Blitukus ran towards the chasm... he felt very light indeed. He leapt off the edge, the wind nudging him forward. He soared through the air, the low gravity giving him far more distance on his jump than he had ever previously done. He found though... he was falling slightly short. Thinking quickly, he realized that in all of the implications of his cooling suit on a foreign planet... one fundamental concept still held true. For every action there was an equal and opposite reaction. Blitukus reached behind himself in a rather uncomfortable motion, forcing the valve linkage of his cooling systems piston downward. This allowed high pressure steam to escape out of the lower exhaust, into the very low pressure environment. This produced upwards thrust... very little thrust, but enough to nudge his path up a slight bit. He landed on the very edge of the opposite side of the chasm. He walked over to the antenna, and looked down the line of where it was aimed at. It pointed toward a small, blue-green twinkling planet in the distance. Blitukus smiled. This was the antenna that had summoned him there... but why would the cats, or a cat relic, be so interested in his world? HE walked over to the metal box... on top of it were a scroll and a tablet made of an unidentifiable material. The tablet seemed to be of cat make, covered in almost hieroglyphic text, seemingly distorted in ways considered to be conventionally impossible. He investigated the scroll... it was titled "Scroll of Universal Translation". The text of the scroll was charred by misfiring energy, rendered illegible. On the bottom was a note, "Their encryption is at least 100-fold our current capabilities. Tell Leader, I know you will hate to have to tell him yourself, Auza, but somebody has to. This one has us stumped." Blitukus then looked back at the tablet... he realized, those seemingly impossible distortions reminded him of the bending of space at the fundamental level. He interpreted what he saw, using chance and chaos to choose results, and viewing it as he viewed the full universe in all its glory from the fundamentally small to the all encompassing large. It was not encrypted at all... it was simply written in a font involving more than 4 dimensions. Blitukus smiled and gazed into it through the glass lenses of his helmet... he overlayed his view of the true universe, and found that the distorted characters became solid... they transformed into plainly readable text, even though their original creators had likely written it in another language.

The message read, "Since you have made it here and are reading this at all without being completely stumped, we judge you have, mrrr, the proper mind, to operate the device within. We encased it in (word of an alien language) after the gods kept trying to get it, but, since you are not a god (this message will temporarily scramble itself should a god attempt to read it), AND you have the ability to read this, we know you are the one to be entrusted with it. It was, in fact, designed to be a device to manipulate and control certain gods... it is capable of reducing all paths to probability once more, allowing us to observe a path down which we wish the gods to take. Or, at least, it *will* be capable of that, once you find where we hid the rest of it. Until then, it may serve as an n-dimensional capacitor of sorts. We do not want to risk the entire device falling into the hands of the gods should you lose it to them, for it could in theory unlock the true power of this universe... if you manage to complete the device, you will at least be able to flee should a god attempt to kill you for it. Best of luck, fellow entity! -Feril Sai, Leader of All Felines". Below the message was a hieroglyphic combination... he found a button pad on the front of the metal crate... the metal was scorched by numerous entity blasts, but didn't even have the slightest dent. Blitukus typed in the combination on the pad... a few moments later, the crate opened, revealing a partially complete, spherical device... a combination of particle-scale technologies and particle-scale magic, about 1 foot in diameter, its surface black with an unknown material and blue with adamantine. Blitukus retrieved the device, and quickly made his way back to the chasm. He leapt over, and with his free hand, thrust in mid-air, crossing to the other side. He moved back through the portal, forcing his way through the rushing air, went back to the console, and shut off the machine and all of its components, closing the rift. Blitukus found the dark material of the spherical device blended in with the environment of the empty space beneath the calculating machine. He placed it there, and found it was well hidden. It hardly needed to be hidden though... Armok payed him no attention, believing his quest was a guaranteed failure. Blitukus thought otherwise... opening all paths to probability once more, and then narrowing it back down to one definite reality... perhaps there was a definite probability that this would all turn out to be a dream, and he would soon wake up, finding his mother was still perfectly alive. He smiled, and snickered a bit. He actually felt kind of amused and happy with the situation, for the first time in a long time. He had found a definite goal... the cats relic had to be completed.

I'm hoping my being tired didn't effect the quality of the end of the update. It shouldn't have done much.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 06, 2007, 02:31:00 am**

Firs post!!!! :D  
Finally!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 06, 2007, 02:32:00 am**

We feel left out... we seem to be the only among the readers not remotely connected to this tale...

EDIT: you are SOOOOOO lucky that the book I was reading wasn't a chapter shorter.

[ December 06, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 06, 2007, 02:54:00 am**

Hmm... mrrr... poor Felines... silenced for unknown reasons, no Feline should ever be muted. The feline artifate shall be completed... I wonder how far he will have to travel... and I wonder how much energy he can store in that n-dimensional capacitor...

And as always a masterfully crafted Adamantine Beyond Quality achievement decorated with masterfully worked catnip.

[ December 06, 2007: Message edited by: DarkStar ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 06, 2007, 03:03:00 am**

ARMOK! YOU MAY HAVE WON THIS BATTLE, BUT THE WAR RAGES ON! BUT ONLY ON THE INTERNET!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 06, 2007, 05:17:00 pm**

Thanks :p

Although...

quote:



Originally posted by Reign on your Parade:  
<STRONG>We feel left out... we seem to be the only among the readers not remotely connected to this tale...</STRONG>

What do you mean? If you mean I haven't made references to you, I just include things that I think are good ideas or are funny/fun references. I don't play favorites really. Also, the story hasn't ended yet, just up until the current point there hasn't been anything remotely related to parades in the story :p

Speaking of how far he will have to go, I have something spoily below but it relates to a discussion held long ago

I was originally planning to have an adventure through time here, and that means it'll pass through a lot of settings much different than the familiar. Do people think this is a good idea? The reason I'm asking is because BoID once brought up a point that it might be a bad idea to deviate so much. I'm ready either way, but seeing as this is a large chunk of the plot that was originally planned, it'll take a good reason to cut it. If there really is a good reason not to do it, then I'll listen. I need an answer before I can do the next update, but that's still several hours of time.

On a sidenote, I've eliminated the idea of a mech entirely.

[ December 06, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 06, 2007, 05:23:00 pm**

Actually, our stint as King of Parades is pretty recent, so we're sure we'll be connected somehow... wait a minute we just got an idea!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 06, 2007, 05:32:00 pm**

Amazing!  
Beyond Quality!

As I got the first post:  
"This is a (word of an alien language) Beyond Quality award.  
It menaces whit spikes of spikes of spikes of spikes... (fractal spikes!)  
It is encrusted in admantine and star sapphire.  
It is decorated whit bands of Nepeta. (catnip)  
On the item is a image of me and a quantum probability wave in lithium+, I am skreaming, the quantum probability wave is collapsing.  
On the item is a image of an observer and a quantum probability wave in UNDETERMINED\_MATERIAL\_TOKEN, the quantum probability wave is collapsing, the observer is observing the quantum probability wave  
On the item is an image of a kobold and a kobold in gold, the kobold is hugging the kobold, the kobold is crying.  
In the item is an image of a cat in wagon bones, the cat is smiling."

This is probably one of the best updates yet, those cats really kick ass (hint hint, DarkStar), you (another word of an alien language) of awesomeness! The languages of these stupid monkeys do come near expressing it, you [WORD AWESOMENESS MEANING OVERFLOW]!

Gelph 'DarkStar' Venakas, you should really stop handing out drugs to my friends, catnip is not good for your health.  
Or as they say in the schools, "Better catnap than catnip". \*strikes a menacing pose\*  
Being stuck whit those monkeys might drive anyone over the edge, but don't drag AlanL whit you please, I want to know how this story ends...

Just kidding! \*it begins to rain catnip\*

quote:  
EDIT: you are SOOOOOO lucky that the book I was reading wasn't a chapter shorter.

O YESZS INDEED I AM! \*grins\*

quote:  
Hmm... mrr... poor Felines... silenced for unknown reasons, no Feline should ever be muted. The feline artifate shall be completed... I wonder how far he will have to travel... and I wonder how much energy he can store in that n-dimensional capacitor...

Couldn't agree more.  
That capacitor... Quite a lot I suspect, those cats was quite a lot more technologically advanced than even you Felysians.

quote:  
ARMOK! YOU MAY HAVE WON THIS BATTLE, BUT THE WAR RAGES ON! BUT ONLY ON THE INTERNET!

YOU CAN NOT WIN AGAINST THE GODS!! FUTILE PARADE KING, the fact that you have until recently done so several times in a row is irrelevant...

Am I the only one that have noticed that for the first time we have no way of knowing what will happened, all the paradoxes has been resolved and all the spoilers have happened to, it is now logically possible for Blitukus to die! :(  
////////////////////////////////

I've also got a few ideas on things Blitukus could easily do:

- How for Blitukus to be able to travel time and space being away for a long time whiteout being afraid of portal collapse:
- 1) open a portal to the place you want to visit a few hours/days after the time you want to visit, do not enter.
  - 2) your future self will come out of the portal, if not try again a few minutes into the future (destination placement, not waiting) in case you were just to late, if no future self comes, then abandon unless you are prepared to die on the trip.
  - 3) now create the portal to your intended destination, go thought, let the portal collapse.
  - 4) do what you came for, after the set amount of time the portal will open and you can go home, you will see your former self there.

I am really bad at explaining this really simple concept, you could probably have described it better in a 10 word sentence, if it would not disrupt your planing this is what I would do if I where in that situation,  
it also has the side effect of it being logically impossible to die on the journey, otherwise the most dangerus part I can curently forsee, because you have already seen yourself come back unharmed.

I have said that the fights is not what makes this story, still it would be interesting if for some reason Blitukus had to destroy something, to get the psychological factor of corrupting his technology back, also it would be interesting to see what technical solutions he would use, I've got one idea;  
Can the current capacitor hold enough, or charge enough to fire 2 times in succession? (Or could he use th catmake capacitor somehow?)

If so, couldn't Blitukus first open the portal, shot the beam thought the portal, and then collapse it before anything is let back through? If so, that might be the perfect weapon, he can make a devastating beam shot out of thin air at any position at any time, as he can aim the portal at the exact same target moment several times he can actually make an infinite number of beams simultaneously, there is really only one major drawback; that is the exact cold plotting Blitukus hates most of all. Also using the portal infinite temporary self duplication is not very hard, maybe if Blitukus need to lift something heavy and Draca isn't there or he is in lack of time. More Draca by the way, another competition in something?

Many of these ideas results in very confusing situations to prevent paradoxes, but if you are as god at simulating as it seems that is no obstacle, also might affect many things that might disturb the plot or your vision, these are just suggestions.

Edit: New posts while writing detected: answer in next post.  
Last one while writing this was:"ARMOK! YOU MAY HAVE WON THIS BATTLE, BUT THE WAR RAGES ON! BUT ONLY ON THE INTERNET!"  
\*BEEP\* :D

[ December 06, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 06, 2007, 05:34:00 pm**

Well, ex-godhood tends to skewer blanket statements like that.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 06, 2007, 05:58:00 pm**

The extensive timetravel sounds great! It is something that is fairly damn hard to write, but I have no doubt you will make it great, keep whit your vision!  
I kind of suspected this actually, you can see some ideas I got on using the portal to greater effect in the last post.

Wee immortals are like stars, really, there are life cycles...

This tread seems strangely detached from time, the reason for this might be that I keep jumping back and forth in the same...  
Reign, didn't you have the post as death for some time? When you where promoted you immediately jumped back to be a god from scratch and the very beginning of the multivese, and since you resided in the abandonees except for short visits of a few millennia at a time every other eternity, until you somehow lost your godhood and was forced to flee here for some reason? Or is that them memory of what NOT happened? There should bee some reference... It was you that I needed that unified formula to throw planets on???

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 06, 2007, 06:03:00 pm**

Thank you very much for your support... I remember when I first started writing the first one, I half expected to get buried and forgotten. Now that expectation has been buried, although not forgotten.

Good ideas, but there are some catches:

The conventional capacitor barely holds enough charge for one shot (I actually got close to doing the actual math for the area needed, but I couldn't find certain constants. Sufficient to say real-life capacitor rigs with that amount of storage room probably exist, although they're probably tons of small capacitors linked up, not one huge one). The n-dimensional capacitor could hold a theoretically infinite amount of energy, seeing as how expanding space across further dimensions results in a "volume" that from a 3 dimensional standpoint becomes infinity, giving an infinite amount of room for *standard* charge to propagate. I'm assuming, though, that the cats built it for the purpose of working with energies that manifest equally on all dimensions, and therefore it would have a limited capacity for such exotic energies.

About multifiring, those high energy particles that get dumped before the beam is emitted have to go somewhere, and so does their energy. The filters and the lead around the particle cannon get hot when it fires. 30 minutes is plenty of time for it to cool, 5 seconds or less would result in things getting melty pretty fast.

About Dracha, you might find she makes much more of an appearance soon anyway :p

(spoilly)  
About him extending the amount of time away he can spend, the idea I originally had was actually fairly close to that, although it's done in an automated way and on the same charge.

Also, regarding his tech getting corrupted... I have plans involving him traveling into the future that may or may not happen depending on the result of whether people think its a good idea or not.

[ December 06, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 06, 2007, 07:46:00 pm**

AlanL: On the topic of an adventure through time, I think you should go for it, this story has gone beyond the boundries of DF and as such you should not really feel limited by the genre of DF. I say that you go for it, as Armok has said, you will no doubt blow us away with your writing, whatever the time period. ^^

Armok: We do kick ass, don't we. And yes, to have invented a device that could set the course of a universe, let alone build it, I have no doubt we Felysians have a long way to go technologically.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 06, 2007, 11:43:00 pm**

Tomorrow marks 2 months since this all first began. I remember in the very early days of October, or perhaps the late days of September... I started thinking about the idea of writing a fanfic story with a female kobold as the main character.. the first idea was nothing special... what it became when I started writing it... I don't know how, but all this started coming to me. It's ended up far superior to my very first thoughts. I feel writing this has changed me for the better, and I thank you all, for if nobody had replied, the idea would have just been another forgotten plot, never to come to fruition.

Seeing as the general opinion seems to be positive regarding the adventure, I'm going with it, and I'm glad to.

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Blitukus took in a deep breath, and let it out, smiling. It was finally coming to be... where, and when, he would be taken in searching for the missing pieces to the device was yet to be determined, but he would gladly stroll all chapters of time from its beginning to its end to once again guarantee the immortality and honor of his mothers soul. The final 'chapter' of his quest had begun. He heard a whistling, and looked over. The whistling suddenly stopped. He saw Dracha, who seemed to be frozen at the sight of what lay beneath the calculating machine. She spoke, "My eyes must be playin' tricks... no. The world plays such cruel tricks!" She seemed to ignore Blitukus, walked right over to the calculating machine, and retrieved the device under it. Apparantly Dragons had very keen vision... or the image had been burned into Drachas memory somehow. Dracha spoke, a tear running down one of her cheeks, "It just burns my eyes to see this false image... this impersonation shall taunt me no more!" Blitukus spoke, "Dracha, Dracha! Don-" Dracha closed her eyes, then crushed it in her hand... but, when she opened her eyes and opened her hand... it was still perfectly undamaged. She found that it was for all intents and purposes, indestructible. She looked at it closely... then a very surprised look appeared on her face, a look Blitukus had never seen before. She spoke, "The ancient souls may rejoice... it isn' false..." Blitukus asked, "Dracha, what's going on?" Dracha looked at the ring

of the portal... the machine... all around, and spoke, "So... it really does work..." Blitukus nodded. Dracha gently set the incomplete relic down, lowered herself to the ground, and hugged Blitukus as properly as she could manage considering size differences. She spoke, still teary eyed, "You've done us all such a great favor... anything you want, anything, just ask, friend!" Blitukus gagged, "Stop... crushing me?" Dracha let go, "Oops, sorry, I... It's a long story." Blitukus laughed, "I have all of the time in the world! I understand this is a powerful relic, but why does it bring you to tears to see it?" Dracha replied, "Ok... back before the cats were reduced to mere animals, they considered it their crowning achievement, a breakthrough toward realizing some long term goal of some sort, they wouldn't tell us what but we knew it was something **big**. They told us it had many functions, but only one of them we would understand. It was a vast power source, and could create the energies of magic and technology seemingly out of thin air in vast amounts! Just before the cats were silenced, they told us, they knew a calamity was about to happen, and trusted we would be the next 'Grand Avatar Civilization', their successor. They told us they wanted us to have the device, to use the device to "Clear a proper field for the transformation of powers", that whatever they meant by this was of critical importance. We asked them what they meant by proper fields and transforming powers but they just told us, 'You will understand, just give it about 2000 years.' Then, they hid the frame of the device on a world near our sun, and scattered the 4 missing components upon our world among the epochs of time. They said that they themselves didn't know where the components ended up, and that they didn't wish to, that it was for US to find out, and to never, ever, ever allow the device to fall into the hands of a god. After the time travel experiment failed so horribly we thought we would never be able to retrieve the components... and now here you are, with a real, working time machine. The cats were silenced... and then the demons came. Our civilization was left in shambles, and as magic began to fade, we knew our days were numbered. As a last ditch effort we decided we had to do SOMETHING! With the last of our civilizations might, we scoured the worlds, searching for the frame... just after we finally managed to dig below the cat communications building just outside one of our outposts, finding a strange crate there, our civilization finally let out its last breath... it all collapsed as the magic that powered it faded, leaving us all to live out the last of the days of magic as individuals in caves. And now, you somehow got to that distant world, broke the encryption and brought the frame back! This world no longer has anything left for us Dragons, but should the device be completed, we could use it to complete our portal to the stars, and leave this world to colonize a world near a distant star. Our civilization will begin anew! You are the sole person able to complete the device, for I am much too large to fit through that portal, and I lack the technological capabilities to make or even use any of this stuff. I would ask to learn it but neither of us have the resources for me to pursue such things! I understand... it's vital to your quest as much as it is to my new quest, but I ask one simple favor... may I keep it when you are done using it?" Blitukus nodded, "Absolutely, Dracha, and may your species once again reach its former glory... The future holds vast potential for us both." Dracha closed her eyes, and lowered her head slightly, "Thank you, Blitukus. Thank you, very much." She looked up at him and smiled, "I'll be braggin' to people about how I was your friend, you know." Blitukus smiled, and stood proudly, honored by her words.

Blitukus asked, "The sphere of direction... it will show me the way to the components, but, does it work in a more effective way?" Dracha replied, "Power it properly, and it becomes much more than just an arrow pointing the way. It will provide your exact location as well as the exact location of your goal, a convenient color map projected beneath. It was one of the later developments of our civilization, actually, coincidentally around the time we first started sending our first craft beyond the atmosphere." Blitukus spoke, "I will have to look into that, but, does it work in more than 4 dimensions?" Dracha grinned, "Ah, that's one of the most beautiful things about magic, and the secret to becoming a high mage. Mana is not directed through metal like the energies of technology, it is channeled and directed using the will and mind of the user. Therefore it always scales to the mind of the user, so the question becomes, do *you* work in more than 4 dimensions?" Blitukus smiled and nodded, "I believe I do." Dracha laughed slightly, "It takes months to train people how to properly use magic most of the time but you know so much about the universe you'd just be able to pick it up in a heartbeat! You really should try it some day." Blitukus replied, "Perhaps I will, but until then, more pressing matters are at hand. I have accomplished my original quest, my mother may have died but I have met her former self, and finally I was able to speak with my mother once more, but my current quest, it does not end there. You see... in making this work, I had to make a deal with a demon to get the proper materials and stay alive. My mothers soul is in danger, and I must act to save her. To do this, I must harness the full power of the cat relic. Of course, I will honor my word as well." Dracha nodded, still a bit teary eyed, "Good luck, my fuzzy friend, and may our futures both shine bright as a hundred suns... I guess this means I need to leave you to work on it then?" Blitukus replied, "If you wish." Dracha continued, "I have to grow some food and tend to my cages... but, just drop by any time you need something. I'll probably be showing up more often myself. Goodbye, and good luck, for both of our sakes." They waved, and began to part, but they exchanged smiles as Dracha left the cavern.

Blitukus shut the feeds to the channels, draining them, then walked back to his room. One large problem was in the way... the rift would collapse far before he could return with any component. He thought about it... he pictured the neck of the rift, existing in the fundamental levels of space and time... rather than letting the common a-to-b method of analyzing things, he used his own chaotic nature to picture that of the universe, leaving all outcomes truly random. He kept searching for a way to stabilize the randomness... but in order to have stability at all, order had to be introduced. Artificially inducing order was unnatural and didn't work at those levels... he thought, the portal always began to drift as it destabilized... the very chaos that he felt at home with is what collapses the rift. But... perhaps that very same chaos could be used to his advantage. Everything exists as probabilities unless it is actually being observed... so if nothing is observing the very heart of the rift, its waves of probability would begin to expand... not my much, since it was already a mature rift, but maybe by just enough to nudge the destination a little while it was open... perhaps nudge the destination into the future. While the rift was still small and growing, its probability waves are so huge that its destination could be moved on the scale of decades... perhaps a few days would be reasonable for when it was fully open but unobserved. Blitukus could walk through the portal... then a machine would nudge the portal into the future when literally nobody was looking, and when that future arrived, Blitukus would have returned to meet the rift at the new destination. The rifts destination would in essence jump forward, allowing ample time as Blitukus 'cought up' to it. Blitukus smiled. All it would take is to calculate what exact combination was needed to nudge the destination forward, and make a simple clockwork machine to trigger it. The energy to force the portal destination back and forward by millenia would come from being stored in the cat relic... it did function as a capacitor, the note said. Also, this would be useful for nudging the portal when it was already open... a gentle nudge would do just about nothing, but a nice kick from a capacitor should move it at least a bit. These two enhancements together, he expected, would be the last additions he would have to make to his machine. Indeed, he might be doing many things for the last time here... as what happens when the cat relic is truly harnessed was still very unknown. He smiled. No matter what happens... if he saves his mothers soul, it would be worth it.

Shorter than optimal because I was being inefficient. It happens when I'm tired :p

Also, hoping I didn't botch the explanation about the portal nudging, but I'm guessing it's alright.

[ December 06, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Kugu** on **December 07, 2007, 02:33:00 am**

Thought I might grab first post since it seems so widely loved, love the story, this is just the first time I've posted about it. Keep up the good work! :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 07, 2007, 10:25:00 am**

Yet another new guy.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 07, 2007, 05:06:00 pm**

Hello, and glad you like it :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 07, 2007, 06:01:00 pm**

Beyond Quality! As always. :)

REIGN, A PUNY LITTLE **MORTAL** TOOK **OUR** FIRST POST!!! WE MUST PUNISH THIS SACRILEGE NO THAT IT WILL NOT BE REPEATED! UNITED UNDER A COMMON ANGER WE MUST INVENT A THOUSAND NEW KINDS OF PAIN TO TORMENT THIS...KUGU. :D



You do realize I am currently mortal?

quote:
Originally posted by Reign on your Parade: <STRONG>You do realize I am currently mortal?</STRONG>

When did this happen?!? How?!? :eek:

Thank you all :)

Really, the main reason I don't want to include a firing through the portal is because first, it wasn't part of the original plan (to be honest I didn't think of it until you suggested it) and would conflict with the plot, two, I don't want Blitukus to really have to repeat what those dwarves did to such a degree. Although your explanation makes it feasible, it still doesn't fit... the only place it would would involve far too much collateral damage for Blitukus to consider it.

2 months... I really find it hard to believe how it happened myself... this has been truly amazing on my end as well. Sheesh, just thinking back on it... when I first started this story, DF was still completely 2d, and adventure mode travel was just T, no huge local maps, no placing a fort anywhere, carp was unheard of... outside of DF, a season change has occurred as I wrote. Looking back on it it feels like the world evolves around me while I write. It's really a good feeling, for several reasons this is the most dedicated I've ever been to a hobby.

When I finish this one, I'm going to have to do some sort of a full circle link. Maybe I'll dig up the old thread too... looking through it, it might be good to revisit, maybe one more time after I finish this.

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Blitukus thought... the cats had said the meaning of 'proper fields' and 'transformation of powers' would be understood somewhere around 2000 years after that contact... it likely was in the vicinity of 2000 years ahead of that contact as of 1085, although the cats likely also never foresaw the fall of the draconic civilization. He needed to build further mechanisms. It would only take one more stack of bars... not even that, actually, but it would take more than small scraps. One stack of bronze bars was all that was left. Blitukus walked back to the work room, and took up enough bronze for another mechanical device. He held the bronze under one arm, and placed his hand on the steel surface of the top of the inactive magma smelter, letting the cold of the metal sink into his hand. He smiled... he had worked for 5 years bringing this project to fruition... and this very well could be the last time he would be using his magma equipment for these goals... it could very well be the last time he would use it period. He brought the bronze back to the magma forge, and fired the forge up. He sketched out a small, general design for the device on the table of the forge. All it was was a simple spring-driven timer, connected to a weighted lever that would cause the clockwork controls already present to release in a certain way. As he designed it, he determined this certain way, calculating which spheres would have to fire to drive the destination rift into the future without moving it in space. He found it was conveniently only certain spheres that would have to fire, and the longer it fired, the further it would get pushed, a direct proportionality. He designed the modification to wait for 2 minutes after the rift formed to nudge it forward 1 day. 2 minutes would give him enough time to clear away from the rift enough for it to be truly unobserved. If it was observed in any way, it wouldn't budge... and he could freely pass back into the cavern, and try again in that case. He forged the device, brought it back to the cavern, and removed the panel on top of the clockwork controls, linking the new timer to the controls. It was a simple modification... but he expected, it would turn out to make a big difference. He then took up the incomplete cat relic... it did have two nodes, one on each pole, that looked rather conductive... an n-dimensional capacitor, it would do just fine, a simple modification as well. He connected it to the line between the dynamos and the silver spheres, before the switches, placing it between the wires. It would gain a charge, then, when the silver spheres fired, instead of being limited to a mere fraction of the power of the dynamos, it would have available as much power as those silver wires could carry... of course, this meant the range of the portal was still limited, as these wires had a resistance and a melting point, but it would be a drastic improvement, and if even that proved insufficient, the silver wires could be upgraded to adamantine.

Blitukus stopped for a drink. As he drank from the river, he looked over the bridge... he remembered as if it were last week when he broke through the limestone wall to the river... he remembered when that bridge was but a rough stone construct barely able to safely hold its own weight... his mind, his body, his work, and his soul had evolved so much since then... He smiled, finished his drink, then went back to his room. He retrieved the sphere of direction and the amulet, and brought them back to the cavern. He opened the feed to the channels, allowing them to fill. When steam had built, he started the dynamos and began charging the capacitor. His love for has mother has seen him through his quest, taking him from that makeshift rough stone bridge all the way through the years to this beautiful time machine... his dreams were coming true, and now, finally, the light was becoming visible at the end of the tunnel... it would all be alright again, soon enough. When the capacitor charged, he switched power over to the portal ring, not only spinning it up, but slowly adding charge to the cat relic. Blitukus changed a few internal settings in the calculating machine to compensate for the added power to the coils, and then wore the amulet. He needed mana in order to properly operate the sphere of direction, and he had a way to convert between mana and electricity as well as a source of plenty of harmless electricity. Blitukus brought the sphere of direction to the portal ring, and held his other hand up, allowing the oddly harmless energy to arc into his fingertips. The amulet glew brightly, and he felt rather warm within. He found that with a little concentration and willpower, he could shift this astral energy around his own body. He held the sphere of direction out in front of him, and focused, directing energy into his right hand. He felt the sphere absorbing energy out of his hand. He gazed into the sphere... the arrow glew brighter and brighter, then collapsed, vanishing. The transparent shells of the sphere began to glow, and a structure within moved slightly as if it were aligning itself with the orientation of the rest of the world. Shortly thereafter, a red and blue dot appeared, hovering above the sphere. A sky-blue dot appeared at a corner of the space above the sphere, then extrapolated itself, forming a line. The line then extrapolated itself, forming a sheet, which extrapolated itself, forming a box. Points within the box began to move, until eventually it formed a bumpy shape, which faded from a sky-blue to a mixture of whites, greens, blues, all of the colors of the worlds terrain. He looked down upon a 3 dimensional map of the world. The red dot fell upon a glacier to the northeast corner of the map... that was his position, he inferred. The blue dot, however, fell upon a small temperate and tropical continent surrounded by islands near the center of the map. He focused his attention there, and the map, as if sensing his intention, reduced down to the area in the vicinity of the blue dot, and then expanded, filling the space the entire world map once occupied. He noticed that this map was a bit transparent and non solid, as if it consisted only of light. The blue dot was his destination. The map was jagged and rough, but it seemed to refine itself gradually until it accurately conformed to the real terrain. There was his destination... but there was a problem. It was obviously rather distant in time... since nothing was there but hills, stone, and slightly cold grasslands. Blitukus let his attention drift from the map, and the map vanished, leaving a simple sky-blue dot hovering above the sphere. Blitukus then focused his attention on that dot... he pictured it clearly in his mind, and wrapped it in his own intentions. Then, in his mind... he pinned the dot, and stretched it out, pulling it into a line. He found that the actual dot mirrored this. He then pulled the line out into a sheet, then, extruded the sheet up, forming a box. Then... focusing with the expanded views of further dimensions that he had experienced from the fundamental levels, he parted the box from itself, extrapolating its second face from its first, creating a structure in 4 spatial dimensions. The sky-blue box above the sphere extrapolated itself, forming a structure that was solid and primitive from the viewpoint of 4 spatial dimensions, but from 3 spatial dimensions, it would appear to be distorted and "inside out" in the most peculiar and seemingly impossible ways. Blitukus pinpointed the blue dot, and focused his attention there... working in a total of 5 dimensions, the sphere began to resolve the map. Blitukus noticed that the sphere was drawing far more energy from his hand, and was beginning to become rather hot to the touch. For a moment, he cought a glimpse of his true destination... and then the overheating sphere stopped working, likely a failsafe to avoid breaking due to thermal expansion. Blitukus walked back to the control panel, and set the sphere down, allowing it to cool. He had seen that his true destination lay among some kind of group of structures... although these structures had mithril supports. He didn't have enough time to pinpoint the exact location in space or time, but these indestructible components were guaranteed to last a while, and Blitukus would have time to reach his destination if he happened to emerge distant from it. He could afford a large error of margin... although, of course, not too large, otherwise the component likely would have moved quite a bit. The sphere of direction would be able to point the way to the component once he arrived. Mithril supports... mithril structures were seen only among the ancients in this world. The exact nature of the location and time of the component could not be determined, for as more dimensions were involved, using the knowledge of fundamental space, the prevailing chaos of fundamental space also became involved... it was not truly observed, it was not

instant, therefore it was all probabilities. On top of it, Blitukus realized, there was an interesting phenomena occurring when he tried to pinpoint it, but couldn't... the more accurate his determination of the prediction of where the component would be or has been, the less accurate the determination of where it actually was relative to him, but the more accurate the determination of where it actually was, the less accurate the determination of where it would be or has been. It seemed through the fundamental workings of the universe, chaos would always prevail, and there would always be unknowns, for even an infinitely advanced machine wouldn't be able to pinpoint all aspects of an object... the very act of observing it changed its state. Blitukus smiled. He knew chaos inside and out. Even though his happening upon the component wasn't a guarantee, he could always go back through the portal and 'recast his dice' as many times as he wished. Blitukus snickered. He felt lucky.

He used the spatial deltas of the last jump, putting him outside of the capital of Anthath Sizat, and decided on a time delta of about -2000 years. Previously, his machine fell remarkably short, such a delta would be considered laughable... thanks to the cat relic, it was now a very serious proposal. He entered these approximate deltas into the calculating machine... then he closed his eyes. He spun the last digits of the input rollers downward, then spun them upward, making sure to keep the motion somewhat balanced but other than that, the rollers would spin to become whatever they will. Without observing the rollers in any way, he started the calculating machine, turned the other way, and let it calculate.

*I really enjoy how you work, Universe, and I'm always open to surprises.*

Blitukus smiled, and waited. The ring had already gotten up to speed, all that was left was waiting for the calculating machine. The rollers clicked... solutions were likely being formed. Blitukus readied the timer, and when the 11th clunking sound was heard, Blitukus discharged the capacitor, firing the particle cannon. When the rift formed, Blitukus stepped back, and activated the clockwork output of the machine. Energy arced forth from the silver spheres, unlike the thin tendrils of before, vast arcs permeated through the air, carried aloft on the intense magnetic fields circulating about the portal ring, powered by discharges from the cat-make device, an exceptional capacitor in its current form, something far greater in its true form. Blitukus looked down, taking in the sounds and sensation of the various forces pulling at him. When he looked up, the portal had formed. Unlike the ample time provided when he had ventured only a relatively slight distance into the past, this long distance connection would be naturally less stable. He expected, beforehand it would probably become unstable after 12 minutes... now 5 minutes would probably sum it up... although it was still much better than only a matter seconds. He started the 'nudge' timer, took up the sphere of direction, still wearing the amulet and carrying his usual equipment. He places his other hand on the control console, and slowly moved it. He grinned, and looked at the beautiful controls, the sight of the beautiful machines all around him, arcs of energy forcefully but peacefully permeating the room, the portal ring ahead containing a rift, on the other side of which was a yellow land and a blue sky, devoid of structures of any kind. The steam, the steel, bronze, the magma and water, it was all beautiful, and it had all brought him so far.. and now, empowered by its finally complete form, he would embark upon the final journey of his quest. He took his equipment with him, walking toward the portal... then passing through. He vanished, relative to that time, becoming displaced as he crossed over. It was over the course of the smallest fraction of a second that traversed eons for the rest of the world...

As he vanished, all became still... frozen in place. Then, from the grand clocks in the castles of kings to the timepieces of the novice mechanic... the clock ticked in reverse. Minutes rolled back, hours were undone, night regressed to day, which regressed to night, as Blitukus crossed through the paths of fundamental space within the portal. The clouds rolled backward, rain drops rising, gaining within the clouds, the clouds then un-forming, sinking as vapor back into the waters. The suns arc regressed... autumn turned to summer, to spring, to winter, to autumn... All functions went in reverse. Buildings unbuilt themselves, and people became young, disappearing into the future. The large towns of the humans shrunk from their city-like state, to towns, to settlements, to nothing, the first wagons regressing back through the terrain as Blitukus moved back through the years. Ruins un-eroded, and eventually their former vigor was restored, old civilizations revealing themselves as true empires... but even these empires saw their behind their advanced state a developing state, a beginning state, then little other than scattered settlements. Steel and mechanical contraptions vanished far into the future, and simpler times were once again to be seen, but as these devices vanished, runes and crystal of the past were present in the halls of the dwarves and trees of the elves. Human settlements seemed to vanish into the future... then, as dust in the wind blew backwards to rejoin its original form, old ruins of mithril buildings, the towers of the draconic civilization, began to rise. Trees ungrew, and grass shrank, revealing an ashen, charred landscape of the past, devoid of much vegetation. The reason was evident, black clouds obscuring the sun rolled through the sky, explosions and arcs flashing about as the demonic wars unfolded in reverse... but as buildings, flora, and fauna were un-destroyed, the clouds vanished into the future along with the demons, revealing the true glory of the draconic civilization, shining mithril towers reflecting the sun upon a pleasant landscape, various white and brown buildings and facilities below, constructed soundly and efficiently, vast cities to make the most grand human settlements seem small. An aetherially charged landscape abound in wonders existed all around, a lush, green, pristine landscape permeating around as well as within the cities, the cities built to work with nature rather than against it. Glistening rivers drew lines upon the landscape, networking the waters, as crystalline flying machines and aetherial portals networked the cities of the dragons, a network that even extended far into the heavens above.

Blitukus emerged on the other side of the portal, and found himself standing upon the top of the elevated lands that once... once *would* support the capital of Anthath Sizat... but this was before Anthath Sizat, there was nothing around but pristine deserts, swamps, and savanna. The lands to the southwest that had always been corrupted during Blitukus' lifetime were once again pristine. Blitukus looked at the sphere of direction... it was fully functional, ready to map, powering itself in excess from powerful ambient flux. The entire world seemed abound with mana. Blitukus checked his timepiece, it read, "09:15 PM, Slate 18, 9011". It had rolled backwards past 0... the real year was -989. The sphere of direction indicated a destination actually very near him, in a valley by the plateau. He walked away at a decent speed toward this point, ignoring the rift behind him, focusing on the beings that seemed to be in the valley. 2 minutes had passed... whether the rift was there or not would determine whether he would have to abandon this attempt or not. He looked back to observe the rift... but found that, luck have it, it just happened to have vanished into another time, no longer visible to him. Blitukus smiled, then continued. As he approached the beings in the valley that were marked as his current objective to reach, he noticed their winged, reptilian form. Likely citizens of the ancient empires. Much was to be accomplished... getting the component as well as perhaps attaining some of the knowledge of the ancients to help him on his quest. He sensed it... he himself was oddly displaced in time. It was a true reminder that his quest was partially completed, partially being completed, and partially yet to be completed... wherever, whenever he would have to go to reach that which has yet to be completed. He felt determined; he would find a way to get there.

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Yet again I find myself tired, but it's due to school more than anything else. Luckily, tomorrow starts the weekend :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 08, 2007, 01:39:00 am**

FIRST POST!!!!

Armok, it's simple really. I was born mortal, became a god, but when I helped get rid of the other gods and sealed off that universe, I used my immortality as a sort of fuel. As far as I know, there isn't a single immortal left.

[ December 08, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 08, 2007, 06:26:00 pm**

BEYOND QUALITY!

quote:
Really, the main reason I don't want to include a firing through the portal is because first, it wasn't part of the original plan (to be honest I didn't think of it until you suggested it) and would conflict with the plot, two, I don't want Blitukus to really have to repeat what those dwarves did to such a degree. Although your explanation makes it feasible, it still doesn't fit... the only place it would would involve far too much collateral damage for Blitukus to consider it.

Fine, then don't make it, Blitukus might consider it but decide against it because of the collateral damage you mentioned and the similarity to the dwarves action, to corrupt simply.

quote:
Armok, it's simple really. I was born mortal, became a god, but when I helped get rid of the other gods and sealed off that universe, I used my immortality as a sort of fuel. As far as I know, there isn't a single immortal left.



Are you still going on about that? Of coarse you have been born as a mortal, several times, I have to, thats what you do to get a anchored avatar avatar, when that mortal body dies you become a god again, standard procedure, it's just a may to battle the "sandbox mode" of omnipotence.

But you had to make it "role play complete" that singe one time, by erasing you memory, I told you it would not return normally unless it identified you correctly, and just as I predicted you lost all your eternities of memory and experience permanently, you are only lucky enough that I recovered a part of them enough for you to restore your identity, THAT time you was damned near to be mortalized.

But you still identify whit that body for some reason apparently, yous because your first noninduced memories are from that period it doesn't mean that you didn't exist before that, or ever was truly mortal.

This is why I am still more experienced than you and also have the multiverse creator title despite you being technically older than me.

You "helped get rid of the other gods"? I have not noticed being gotten rid of, who did you help? You sealed of WHAT universe? Not the one to the left whit the benzier flowing pinpoint manna flows I hope, damn you if you did that, it's my favorite.

Also one can not kill immortals, thats kind of by definition. Also we jump back and forth in time so mutsh that even if that somehow was possible there would be in jumps from the past immediately so it really would not affect anything, talking about simultaneousness whit all these separate timeflows in different universes is really quite meaningless.

You remain naive as always, Reign.

About your immortality that guy that wanted you to "help get rid of the other gods and sealed off that universe" by the cost of your immortality was probably a well planed scam for taking your powers, involving inducing a ILLUSION of mortality, I will deal whit him immediately, so that you can go back to your parading vacation, Where is he/she/it?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 08, 2007, 06:37:00 pm**

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Get rid of the gods IN that universe, and seal them out (the only link to other universes that remains is the outernet). And no, not the one with the mana flows, I could never hope to stay there, the natives love awful poetry WAY to much. It's the one with the space-faring silicon-based civilization that has holidays every other day.

And you are aware that I came up with the idea in the first place, and immortality simply appeared to be the only fuel that would do?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 09, 2007, 12:13:00 am**

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Thanks   :)

I also enjoy reading the RP, forms an interesting backstory to some things   :p  
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The full moon was present in the sky, its light shining down. Blitukus walked towards the two black dragons, smiling. He felt for a moment as if, in a way, he was somehow continuing an overarching quest that begun with his mother and still continued. It was all a single chain of events in a way... He felt further at peace thinking of this, and, second to that, proud of what he had achieved. The two black dragons were working with what looked like a purplish, cylindrical device with a spiked end on the bottom and transparent innards, and it was suspended on a wheeled frame of some kind. It was readily able to be carried by the dragons, but it was nearly as big as Blitukus. One dragon, a dark green color, was holding a handle on the purplish device, the other, pure black in color was holding a handheld device of some kind, looking into a display of sorts.

The black dragon with the handheld device spoke, "No, we're still in the yellow... try... two meters to the west." The dark-green dragon rolled the wheeled device a bit to his right. The black dragon spoke again, "You passed it, a little back, a quarter meter." The dark green dragon slowly moved it towards his left. The black dragon spoke again, "Ok, the signal is good but all we're getting is a blank glow here." The dark green dragon replied, "I think she only forwarded it for the first 4, she'll catch up to us in an hour or two. Good enough, anyway." The dark green dragon then pressed down on the handle, pressing the cylindrical part into the ground, then lifted up, causing the frame to part from the cylinder, leaving the frame held in his hand, the cylinder sticking out of the ground. The dark green dragon then continued, "5 down, 10 to go, then we can call it a night." Blitukus walked up to them and spoke, "Hello!" They both spoke, "A kobold?" he black dragon continued, "Hi there." Blitukus thought... his goal was painted there, where they planted that cylinder.. what they were doing had to be fairly significant somehow. Blitukus asked, "I am curious, what is this? I am new here, you might say." The dark green dragon spoke, "We're placing teleport nodes for the network." The black dragon continued, "Scattered among this world are weak points in space. The main hub sends a signal out among the aetherial plane, and it can be detected with the most strength at these weak points. This is how we find where to put new nodes." The dark green dragon continued, "The operator at the main hub forwards a connection out to the weak points where we're working... she's supposed to do it before we get there but sometimes we're faster than she is." Blitukus smiled... a hub of teleportation portals... it would definitely make transit far faster. Blitukus spoke, "Fascinating, truly, but I must reach this hub, I am on an important quest." The dragons spoke in unison, "Just teleport!" The black dragon continued, "It's a free service provided by the government... we may have just planted this one but it works just fine." Blitukus responded, "Teleport... erm... of course..."

*This makes me feel like a complete outsider... then again, I actually am, here.*

The black dragon spoke, "WHOA! Uh-oh!" The dark green dragon asked, "What?" The black dragon continued, "I just cougth a message from our surveyor circling the heavens above, he said he was right over the sunny side of the world when he got hit by a dense region of the solar flare! He's ok, but he says his sense of the aetherial has been temporarily saturated... it'll be another 2 hours before he can get us more locations." The dark green dragon replied, "He's OK? Good... well, I guess we'll have an extended dinner break after the next two." The black dragon laughed, "I guess so." The black dragon then spoke again after a moment, "Hmm, you know all it takes is one greedy pr\*ck in a high place getting the wrong idea, and I bet the kobolds will end up subjugated. Wouldn't be surprised if they end up getting pushed so far back the rest of the world would look down on 'em." Blitukus sighed slightly from his nose. The dark green dragon replied, "Nah, they can be pretty resourceful given the chance, that happens and I'll bet you 5 moneys they'll bring themselves right back up, it's been too long since we've seen a real kobold hero about anyway." The black dragon chuckled, "You're on!" Blitukus smiled... perhaps somewhere down the line, 5 moneys would be changing pockets. Blitukus had reached that objective point... where was the next? He looked at his sphere of direction, the map it displayed clearly marked with a red and blue dot... the blue dot was far to the northwest, likely over a thousand miles away. If the teleportation network was as advanced as it seemed, it shouldn't be a problem... of course, assuming Blitukus could figure out how to use this teleportation network. Blitukus asked, "I understand you know quite a bit about what's where, having planted these things after all, what's at this location here, marked by the blue dot?" The dark green dragon looked at it, then looked at the black dragon. The dark green dragon picked up the wheeled frame, and gave it to the black dragon, "Here, you get the next one ready, I'll answer his questions, this one might end up being a long answer." The black dragon accepted the frame, and began to move off to ready it again, "Ok, have fun."

The dark green dragon crouched, and looked closely at the blue dot. He spoke, "The color of the dot says that's sure... but I wouldn't stay there too long. That's Arkus' tower." Blitukus asked, "Who's Arkus?" The dragon replied, "Not many times people have asked me that one, he's one of the most famous high mages. He's seemingly invented several new spells and nearly built an entirely new level of magic from scratch just out of nowhere, as if it all came as an odd inspiration... the thing is... he pursues these at all costs. His trains of thought make absolutely no sense to us... and some of his proposed ideas, well, made us do a double-take. Some regard him as a genius the scale of which should be worshiped, some regard him as... well..." A moment of silence passed. Blitukus asked, "Erm, well...?" The dragon continued, "He's alone in his tower, and has looked into arts many of us consider a bit, well, too far. He's a very nice person most of the time but can be rather forceful and generally doesn't like uninvited guests. Although his contributions are many and well known, the methods he uses to develop them indicate to all witnesses, he possesses some rather questionable ethics. Sufficient to say, the inspectors are no longer willing to go to his tower and the government is at a loss about what to do about him, although things have started to sour ever since that one experiment of his broke loose and the military had to get involved. I'd recommend just not going over there, but I sense you're dead set on it, so second to that, I recommend taking the time to watch your own back." The black dragon spoke, "Ready!" The dark green dragon replied, "Ok, let's go." He then turned to Blitukus, and spoke, "Good luck, and be careful." Blitukus nodded. The two dragons then flew away, headed north.

*Kind of reminds me of me, except for that whole questionable ethics and rampant experiments part.*



Blitukus walked up to the node, and looked at it... all he knew about magic was that it used aetherial energy and was focused by willpower. He felt his soul coursing with energy... it seemed the environment provided enough ambient energy for most personal-use needs. He sat, and focused on the node. He tried to interface with it with his mind as best as he could... and found that only the vaguest sort of interaction was possible, but it was refinable. He spent the next few minutes using his will and thought-power to refine his connection with the node until he actually had a clear connection with it, almost as if it were telepathy... although all it told him was the location of the main hub, sitting in the very center of the central continents. He began thinking of ways to try to actually teleport... his shift of concentration caused the connection to close. He refocused himself and found this time he was able to connect with the node much easier and much more quickly than the last. He smiled... Dracha was right, he was picking this up quickly. He stood and walked toward the node... it felt as if some sort of aetherial signal was tugging at the energies within him... wherever his energies were concentrated, it felt as if the matter there were slightly jumpy. He sat a bit further from it, and felt how it was pulling at his aetherial energies... Blitukus moved the energy within him, and spread it out evenly among his body. Then, he began to allow it to build up... he willed for it to evenly begin to fill every particle of his body. He felt his matter becoming attached to his energy, as if by some sort of energy-based string. He then put force behind his energy... and found that it simply splashed to the front of his body and he was left back at step 1. He retried this, except, he tried to unbind his energy, setting it adrift among space before putting a force behind it. He found that it moved, and he began to feel a bit displaced... but then the binding broke between his matter and his energy, causing the unbound mana to simply evaporate away, leaving him sitting there feeling rather drained. He breathed deeply, and slowed himself, absorbing new energy from the ambient environment. When he and his spirit had restored a proper amount of energy, he tried again... this time, as his decoupled body of mana drifted away, he placed his willpower on keeping the bond between his mana and his physical body together... this bond became taut, and he forced his mana to move further, dragging his existence behind it... he felt suddenly displaced. He felt as if he were hovering, drifting. Then, he noticed, his mana, sent ahead of him and dragging him behind it, was nearing the node. The node sucked in Blitukus' body of mana, and then cast it through aetherial space, following a signal to its source. Blitukus was pulled along behind it, breezing across, above, and literally through the continents, zipping past biomes at a rate that would have made his flying machine seem to be, at best, moving at a snails pace. With pinpoint precision, as if it were on a rail, Blitukus' body of mana took him forth, directly to the central continents. He suddenly emerged from aetherial space, finding himself falling. He soon after landed softly on a hard, smooth stone floor. He looked up. The sun was high in the sky, nearly at 12 noon. In a matter of seconds he had traversed such a distance as to set himself on the sunny side of the world. All around him were towering constructs of mithril and crystal glass, arching into the sky. There was a peaceful chatter about. Many large antenna-looking protrusions stretched into the sky from large, more complicated looking teleportation nodes nearby. In the center of this hub, a conical tower with a spherical top, overlooking the entire hub. The hub had many dragons milling about, some disappearing in flashes of light, others appearing out of nowhere. The entire area seemed heavily trafficked. Upon the land, some dragons sat, some walked, but there were several vehicles traversing a smooth stone road, hovering above it silently, each hauling metallic crates, doubtlessly either containing or destined to contain various cargoes and goods. In the air, near the ground, dragons were flying around, going about their daily business. Above them, the tallest towers were linked to one another by barely visible bridges seeming to consist of nothing but energy. Above the top of the highest towers, an occasional flying machine would zip overhead, blue and green, organically shaped, silent, yet swift, a dull red glow appearing around their rear, what one would infer would be some kind of engine. The buildings were vast, but plants seemed to grow on their metal structure. Indeed, it seemed the entire city was a fusion of nature and civilization, a peaceful combination. The gunk and pollution of overuse of energies, present with technology and likely having a counterpart in magic, was not present at all. The air was pristine. All around, the people were happy, their benevolent government and powerful civilization providing even the basic workers a good standard of living it seemed. There were no signs of starvation or epidemic, and everyone had what they needed plus a bit extra for fun. Blitukus looked around, and grinned. It was beautiful, a place full of wonders unseen since after the demons... it was everything Blitukus had dreamed a future technological civilization would be... and it was rather unfortunate it was doomed to crumble. Perhaps, in the future... after all was said and done, the Dragons would be able to rebuild their grand civilization. It was truly grand in all ways... in scale, the city spanned out, approaching the horizon, its harmonious presence seen throughout the entire local area. Another trait of the city was the ability to at an instant tell which buildings were more advanced. The milky white mithril buildings were either cylindrical, spherical, conical, or a simple combination of these. The more intricate and organically shaped buildings had a large amount of brilliant blue adamantine used in their construction. In general, it seemed the most advanced objects were made of adamantine, the more adamantine, the more complex the object. Relatively nearby, toward the rear of the city, near a hill, was a large toroidal mithril building, arcs of mana circulating around it. Several dragons, each wearing a fairly well detailed adamantine robe, stood atop this building, channeling the energies toward the center. A powerful glow emanated from that direction, the building seeming to require its own power infrastructure to function. One one side of the building, several different metals, mostly piles of silver, and glowing crystals were stacked along with several liquids of different colors. On the other side, fine spools of adamantine, a loading bay for vehicles on both sides. Adamantine was produced at a very slow rate despite the immense amount of energy, but it seemed numerous strands were produced simultaneously, although beyond that, details were unavailable to Blitukus at such a distance. Judging by the construct of the building, compared to the rest of the mithril buildings, only the most advanced and resourceful nations would have the ability to develop and build such a facility, and judging by the robes of those dragons, and their glowing eyes, only the most skilled mages would be able to properly understand and run the operation... it did take knowledge and experience with extremely small-scale functions applied to large scale operations, after all. The adamantine creation facility was surrounded by various flags and statues... perhaps developing it was actually a multinational effort? Blitukus smiled. This civilization was advanced both in its methods and in its society, for the government had long been benevolent, and the world at peace, for such a massive research project to be completed in such a graceful manner. Blitukus enjoyed it all, but brought his focus back towards his goal. He had less than a day to retrieve the component and get back to the portal.

He walked up to the central node of the hub... it was all rather busy, but things moved swiftly. As he entered within range of it... he got this sudden feeling of omnipresence, as if the entire world were at his fingertips. He studied his sphere of direction, and charted a path between the red dot and the blue dot. When it was his turn, he connected to the hub, and indicated his desired course to it. The glows seemed to shift a bit as it aligned itself to a new destination. Blitukus once again sat and focused himself, parting his mana, dragging himself behind it through the astral realm. The hub sucked him in, and catapulted him northward. He emerged shortly after, launched up slightly, then falling down, landing softly on dry grass and mud. The air was cool. He was in a deep valley, and to his right, a single tower, consisting of adamantine supports and dark glass, mithril spikes attached to it, each spike holding a ruby-based crystal assembly. Near the top, an energy-bridge joined a door at the top of the conical tower to the top edge of the cliffs surrounding the valley. Blitukus walked up a hill to the side, then up various slopes until he reached the top of the cliffs, then stood before the energy bridge. Blitukus stepped onto the bridge, and felt as if the only force keeping him from plummeting a rather long distance was a strange force repulsing against his feet. It was a bit hard to move on it at first as it behaved differently than a solid bridge, but eventually he got used to it and was able to move upon it with more ease. When he reached the other side, he found that a heavy mithril door stood in his way. Suddenly there was a loud beeping to his right, he looked to his right and upward, seeing a crystalline optical device focusing its attention at him. He waved at it. It seemed inexpressive toward him. Blitukus thought for a while... he had to get through and speak to this Arkus. Then, he remembered... he had figured out the essentials of teleportation from his preexisting knowledge of particles and energy. Now was a good time to put it to formal use. He sat down, and focused himself, driving his mana to pull him through the astral plane. While in the astral plane, he phased through the mithril door, then willed himself to rematerialize. He fell to the floor, inside of a hall, the mithril door behind him. He continued through the hall, keeping an eye out for any possible threats. He ascended some steps, and continued forward, finding himself near a window. Suddenly, tentacles sprung from the wall, grabbed him, then pulled him against the wall, pinning him there. A few moments later, a snakeman approached. The snakeman was much different than anything he had seen or heard of before... it had blue scales, much of its cranium and some of its body was adamantine plate rather than flesh, it had a crystal replacing one of its eyeballs, and it didn't seem very amused by Blitukus' presence. It walked up to Blitukus, grabbed him by the neck, tore him from the tentacles, then threw him towards the window. Blitukus seemed to phase through the window, fell a short distance, then slammed into the mithril floor by the energy bridge. He found himself stunned and a bit sore, but otherwise uninjured. He stood up. He was once again outside of the mithril door. Blitukus walked up to it again, and this time tried to teleport directly into a room at the top of the tower... but found a barrier of aetherial energy blocked him. He found himself back where he started... he would need to physically go there. Blitukus wondered... was the snakeman raised there or taken from somewhere else? Was the snakeman willing to undergo such changes... or was it forced upon him? Blitukus felt a bit nervous. He might make it through the tower, and meet Arkus, despite these test subjects being on patrol... but he would have to be careful... for there was the chance he could end up a 'test subject' himself.

I get the feeling I might've left some typos behind.

[ December 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

[ December 09, 2007: Message edited by: Kugu ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 09, 2007, 12:59:00 am**

Thanks :)

I'm glad to see the effects my writing has. Really, a lot of these effects are things I never originally expected to happen. I've probably said that a quite a few times anyway though in one form or another.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 09, 2007, 11:35:00 am**

Y'know, the wording would seem better if you removed the "at best" from the part about his flying machine.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **December 09, 2007, 11:59:00 am**

Damn... I haven't read this story in a Loooooong time. (think I stopped round page 6.) I've got lotsa reading to do, then.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 09, 2007, 12:59:00 pm**

it looks like I have a couple mess ups there, thanks for pointing it out, I'll edit it. Although instead of removing the at best, I'll put a comma there to make it make more sense. Thanks :)

Also, glad to see you again Xotes :p

[ December 09, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 09, 2007, 03:51:00 pm**

Are we like the official editor of A Kobolds quest now?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 09, 2007, 05:27:00 pm**

There is no official editor, but I'm definitely grateful that you help to keep things as perfect as possible :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 09, 2007, 05:28:00 pm**

Truly and far Beyond Quality!

You are truly a master of this, the story perfectly timed so that when we have covered the technology then we enter the realm of this magnificent magic system, and it is just as far Beyond Quality as the technology!  
All this weaved seamlessly into this amazing plot that evolves from the conditions instead of bending them illogically to fit like most other stories, and these absolutely wonderful and unique characters that every time you introduce a new one I once more get startled on how that even is possible, every time.  
You never cease to amaze me AlanL. :D

quote:
*Kugu takes first post*

Stop doing that, mortal! :D  
This story has only become exponentially better, congratulations!  
But I can't imagine what in the mutiverse could have stopped you from reading something this amazing...

(Edit: clicked "post" instead of "quote" X\_X)

[ December 09, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 09, 2007, 06:09:00 pm**

Why? BECAUSE I CAN!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **December 09, 2007, 06:13:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Armok:
You are in for an amazing surprise! :D This story has only become exponentially better, congratulations! But I can't imagine what in the mutiverse could have stopped you from reading something this amazing...
[ December 09, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ][/QB]

Unreal Tournament 2004. And DF.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 09, 2007, 06:16:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Reign on your Parade: <STRONG>Why? BECAUSE I CAN!</STRONG>

You realize that you are not only risking the existence of everything, but the very CONCEPT of existence?

As well as the concepts of logic, and truth, and anything at all.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 09, 2007, 06:29:00 pm**

Yup.

I just figure "hey, it's after I'm dead anyways, why should I care?"

[ December 09, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 10, 2007, 12:33:00 am**

I just had to look over the first thread, and listen to the old music I used to listen to when I wrote it, then listen to green fields... I myself shed tears in memory of Fale Thimaiyilo... I love these characters... it's really one of the things that's given the story its power. Writing these stories has been in and of itself an adventure in some ways. To be honest, Fale and Blitukus are probably the best characters I've ever thought of, writing their story somehow took all of my ideas and combined them to form something over 10-fold the sum of its parts. Looking back on it... all of those conditions that had to be just right for this to start, were, especially since beforehand I was afraid of publishing anything due to my perceived lack of skill, and in my previous hobby, refused to publish anything because I thought I wasn't good enough. I'm just forever glad that one night two months and a day ago, something changed and "i figured why not." Thank you all for being so supportive. If someone told me I would've gotten here writing this when I first started, I would've thought they were either kidding, not thinking straight, or being blindly supportive... yet here I am.

Blitukus sighed through his nose... his nervousness subsiding. No matter what he faced within... he would find the power to succeed. He must... for the existence of his mother, his best friend, his hero, his closest family, depended on it. He felt his determination renewed. His heart was complete but it still carried a force to drive him that exceeded even what a dragon could block. He would see this quest through until the very end, for better or for worse. These thoughts still drifting through his mind and his soul, he focused himself... and found that teleporting himself through the closed door was easier than the time before. He stood and smiled... this would become second nature after a while. Unfortunately, such things would only work easily in the days of the ancients... even Dracha was a bit dependent on crystal power generators to be able to do anything big in 1085... magic would only fade further the further into the future one looked.

Blitukus walked down the halls, following the same path, but when he reached the top of the stairs, he stayed to the left side of the path, away from the walls, close to the window. Nothing sprung out to catch him... but he did notice small deformations in the floor and wall... he avoided these deformations. HE stepped around the small dents in the floor... but missed one. He felt it with his foot, and immediately lunged forward. A net grazed his back, continued without him, phasing through the window, falling outside. Blitukus got up, and continued slowly and carefully. Eventually he reached the end of the corridor, turned right, and saw the corridor continuing down straight, several intersections with perpendicular corridors and a wall at the back. A blue snakeman crossed an intersection, traveling through a perpendicular corridor, not noticing Blitukus. Blitukus stealthily approached the first intersection, placed his back against the wall, and kept an eye out. Blitukus noticed something odd... usually snakemen are legless, using their tails for propulsion. These ones have both legs and a tail, allowing for better traction and maneuverability as well as a good top speed. A snakeman passed through the corridor right by him, not noticing him pressed against the wall. To Blitukus' right, a snakeman walked up to an intersection, and slowed. Blitukus noticed it turning right... it would spot him. Blitukus quickly slid into the adjacent corridor, and walked down it. He rounded a corner, and found he was in the right-most corridor, all intersections only going off to the left. He heard soft footsteps as he approached an intersection, and held still, pressing himself against the wall. The snakeman entered the corridor from the left, Blitukus off to his right. Blitukus for a moment felt very nervous... but the snakeman turned left. Blitukus followed it down the corridor, staying far enough away to not attract its attention. They neared a corner... but Blitukus heard a snakeman approaching an intersection behind him. If it turned to see him... he would be stuck between two of these enhanced snakemen with no way out. The snakeman ahead of him was nearing the corner. Blitukus followed closer and closer. The snakeman Blitukus had heard entered the corridor and turned left... Blitukus just barely escaping detection, having just rounded the corner. Just ahead... an exit out of these interconnected corridors to the right, the middle corridor to the left. The snakeman ahead of him began to turn left, but then a snakeman walked into the corridor from the left ahead of them both and turned right, spotting Blitukus. He uttered some kind of word in his lisping tongue, and pointed right at Blitukus. The snakeman in front of Blitukus stopped, and since Blitukus was looking behind himself rather than ahead, he stepped on the snakemans tail. The snakeman immediately coiled around and snapped at Blitukus, and he would've gotten Blitukus by the neck hadn't Blitukus dove backwards. Another case of proof, snakes absolutely hated being stepped on. Blitukus got up... ahead of him, two snakemen ran toward him, one ran toward him from behind. Luckily, the corridors were large enough for a dragon to fit into, albeit barely. Blitukus leapt to the side of the corridor, causing the two immediate snakemen to miss him. He then ran towards the exit, slamming into the third snakeman and bouncing off. The third snakeman immediately grabbed him by the arm, another snakeman grabbing his other arm. Blitukus grunted as they both pulled on him, apparently fighting over who would get to throw him out. The snakeman closer to the exit pilled Blitukus away from the other, allowing Blitukus to move over behind the snakeman. The snakemen were extremely strong, apparently somehow born that way... but Blitukus was also extremely strong, from years of metalworking and mining. Blitukus leveraged himself free, then ran towards the exit. On the other side was a dark room, with what was once a bridge going through the middle. The bridge was broken, a crane holding a mithril beam between the two parts, suspending the beam within a gaping hole in the bridge. The beam was a small beam, but held level by two pistons, each filled with a sort of liquid. Blitukus noticed that even though he was perfectly agile, the snakemen were still gaining on him... luckily not by much, and they were behind him by a good margin. He ran forward, onto the broken bridge, then leapt off off the end, into the hole, catching the rope that held the beam. He clung to the rope, his momentum being transferred into the rope and beam, which began to sway slightly. The three snakemen stood on the end of the broken bridge, the one in front hissing a deep word in snakeman tongue that although Blitukus didn't understand it, he recognized carried a profane tone. Blitukus heard an odd voice from above, faint and almost inaudible, "Ok... sacrificing a bit of speed for a bit more strength in the next line... it'll give 'em a good long-jump I bet." Blitukus slid down the rope then sat down on the beam, rocking with its motion, making it sway more and more. As it swayed back to the opposite side of the bridge, Blitukus dropped off of the beam, landing on solid ground on the opposite side from the snakemen. He then grabbed the end of the beam, and hurled it down, sending it towards the snakemen at a much higher speed. The snakemen simply stepped out of the way, one hopping on the beam to ride it to the other side. The beam swung to the other side. The snakeman hopped off, Blitukus jumped on. The snakeman then jumped on, trying to reach to get hold of Blitukus. Blitukus hopped off... leaving the snakeman alone on it as it began to sway back towards the other snakemen. Blitukus pushed the rear of the beam downwards as it swung by, causing the other end, where the snakeman was, to rock upwards... then it rocked downwards again even further than it previously was. The end of the beam slammed into the broken bridge, crushing the snakeman between the bridge and the beam, the crushed snakeman plummeting into a chasm as the beam then swayed back toward the middle. The voice above continued, "Hah, one less prototype to dispose of! Still a ways to go before perfection is reached... but it's much better than those snakemen the other mages have created, don't you agree, kobold?" Blitukus looked up, then continued on, climbing another set of stairs.

On the other side, the hall was lined with crystals... occasionally, an arc of energy would jump between crystals. Apparently it was likely part of a power generator... but it also served as a formidable obstacle. Blitukus walked up to the mana collector, its innards permeating the hall ahead. He began to notice a pattern to the arcs... he stepped back, and waited for the right moment. When the arc ahead, before the vacancy, cleared, Blitukus lunged forward. He was ever so slightly too late. An arc struck him. He felt as if his entire body had burst into an inferno, and was knocked back, flat against his back. He yelled sharply... but felt the pain dull. He was dizzy, but still conscious and alive. He felt kind of shaky, but as he slowly got up, that feeling also began to subside. It seemed that the healing effect didn't apply just to regional borders in these days of magical miracles. After a few moments, he was back to normal... although he did smell a slight scent of cooked kobold... The voice above laughed, "That looked like it hurt!" Blitukus reexamined the arcs... and found his estimation of the pattern worked... he just needed to lead his target. Blitukus lunged forward just before the preexisting arc cleared. It cleared by the time he got there. Blitukus stopped and jumped backward, an arc firing right in front of him. He then lunged forward, an arc firing behind him, then fell to the ground, laying on his belly as an arc fired across above him. He then scrambled to his feet and ran forward, making out of the opposite end of the mana collector. He found another set of stairs, and continued upward.

The voice above spoke, "Good, quite a few people would turn back at that one." He heard no footsteps but his own... he treaded the cold mithril floor, into a sprawling series of convoluted, intermingling corridors. There was a clicking sound as he entered the corridors. He often found himself at a dead end... but began to mentally map the corridors, eventually narrowing it down to one spiral-like corridor, finding a staircase in the middle. He climbed up the staircase. As he exited that level, there was another clicking sound. The voice above spoke, "4 minutes 7 seconds, not bad at all! You're half way through."



On this level, he saw several cages, each containing a creature seemingly disabled and deformed in a rather sickening manner. He saw one of the creatures eyes was full of despair. One of the cages was a large, double reinforced adamantine cage. The adamantine was bent in a few places, and an angry growl emanated from within. The voice above spoke, "Just a few things that didn't work, they won't be suffering for much longer... keep an eye out for my trusted dungeon keeper, one of my larger scale projects." Blitukus walked down the crossing corridors... only that one corridor had cages, the rest were empty, aside from some occasional crates. He saw the staircase up ahead... but between him and the staircase was an elephant-man, standing 4 times as tall as Blitukus, a red glow emanating from its eyes, its body partially consisting of flesh, partially of mithril, and on its mithril left forearm, the name "Dwarfbane" was etched into it. It walked toward Blitukus, a thudding sound emitted with every footstep. It tried to pick Blitukus up, but Blitukus jumped forward, running under it and behind it. The elephant-man turned around, and saw Blitukus running for the stairs. It held out its left hand, two strings shooting out of its mithril arm. Blitukus tried to jump out of the way, but the elephant-man simply swept to the side with it. The upper string wrapped around Blitukus' head, the other around his lower body. Blitukus fell to the floor, and the elephant-man began to reel him in. The elephant-man forcefully threw him into a cage. Blitukus grunted as he landed, stunned from the impact. He saw the elephant-man was going to lock him in... the cage had a strong, adamantine lock on it. As the elephant-man searched for the right key, Blitukus found a small scrap of metal on the ground below him... he picked it up, and wedged it in the keyhole of the lock when the elephant-man wasn't looking. The elephant-man tried to lock the cage but found the key wouldn't properly fit. The elephant-man then forced it... breaking the lock and causing the cage to spring open. Blitukus darted out, heading for the exit. The elephant-man gave chase, the ground shaking ever so slightly with its footsteps. Blitukus found a chasm separating the corridor, and on the other side, an enormous weight with a rod on top of it, precariously placed near the edge... apparently it was meant to fall off should Blitukus try to leap across the chasm, taking Blitukus with it... he was stuck between that and nearly a metric ton worth of an annoyed guard. Blitukus was still perfectly agile... this gave him an idea. He stepped back from the edge, took in a deep breath, then darted forward. He leapt off, angled towards the wall. He landed on the wall briefly, leaping off the wall to extend his jump. The elephant-man let out a brief roar in frustration, then fired its strings again, trying to intercept Blitukus mid-air. When the strings reached the other side, Blitukus was behind the massive weight. The elephant-man inadvertently caught hold of the rod on top of the weight rather than his intended target. The elephant-man grunted and punched the wall, leaving a dent in it, the dent seeming to undo itself after a few seconds. Blitukus grinned, and whistled at the elephant-man. The elephant-man looked at him... then his face turned to an expression of horror. Blitukus had tangled the strings. He then shoved the weight off of the edge with his foot. The weight plummeted, the stuck strings causing it to take the elephant-man with it down a rather deep chasm. About two seconds passed. WHAM! WHUMPFH! Blitukus laughed. The voice from above laughed, "I should've seen that coming!" Blitukus walked up the stairs.

The voice from above continued, "You've just matched the record for the farthest a kobold has ever made it... let's see if you can make a new record! Although, heh, this next one is just about guaranteed to stop you... it's just about guaranteed to stop anyone in fact!" Ahead of Blitukus lay a vast array of crystals... ball lightning of sorts drifting and firing across a twisted corridor... there was no pattern, it was random... he had no pattern to observe, the ball lightning would be guaranteed to hit him should he try to cross. Apparently it was some sort of gas processing rig... although its innards were built into a corridor to become an obstacle as well. It was still a machine in a way, even if its inner reactions were a projected map of an individuals willpower... Blitukus noticed it was producing some sort of literally random mixture, a crystal array on a panel near it arcing energy out of some sort of mana container in a cyclical flux... but each discharge took energy out, which took time to fill, and it would only discharge if a certain amount of energy was there. It was random, and generally the uptime and downtime of the crystals allowed for a relatively constant stream of discharges... but it didn't have to be so. There was a probability that it could be lopsided... Blitukus walked up to the corridor, ball lightning buzzing about before him, tendrils of energy finding their mark on the metals around. Blitukus concentrated himself on that panel... he saw the discharges, and started projecting his willpower toward unifying them. He shut his eyes... but opened his eyes on the astral plane... he found he could drown out the sound of it in his mind... he was unobserving, and his soul, empowered by magic, sensed the fields of probabilities. He sharpened his willpower by what his soul saw, and projected the direct and concise determination out, forcing it into the reality around him. He held his hand out, and made himself feel the discharges synchronizing from a jumble into a single wave, projecting this feeling out with his willpower. His willpower united, he opened his eyes and ears once more. The discharges were still seemingly happening at random. Blitukus sighed... but then, the left half and right half started to come together... for a moment, all was silent. ZAPP! All of the crystals fired simultaneously. The mana container was emptied by the enormous drain, and the entire rig began to make a humming sound. It all stalled, and the corridor cleared. Blitukus sprinted through the corridor... forced from above were projected down, causing whatever that "machine" was to restart... luckily, with Blitukus on the other side. The voice from above spoke, "Bah... no fair! Only high mages are supposed to know that trick! You're not a regular kobold, that's for sure!" Blitukus smiled, reached the stairway up, and climbed it... this was the last one.

After this, whatever came next, he would finally meet Arkus... whether that was to be looked forward to, or dreaded... he didn't know. Blitukus found himself in a large room, almost cubic, ramps and short stairs leading up to an exit on the top end of the far side of the cube. Several beams and platforms were around, and the walls were charred... apparently this was a sort of testing room. Blitukus looked up... on top of a long mithril beam, nearly 30 feet up, was what looked like an adamantine statue of a lizardman... Blitukus smiled at it. Its eyes suddenly glew blue, and It looked at Blitukus, and returned the smile. It seemed to fill with mana, the mana becoming a sort of artificial soul, filling the highly complex crystal glass substrate under the adamantine. It hopped off from the beam, plummeting down. As it fell, the voice from above spoke, "Meet Kazo..." Kazo, the adamantine lizardman statue turned golem of sorts, landed smoothly, ending up in a crouched position, one hand on the ground, the other behind his back. Kazo looked at Blitukus, and tilted his head. The voice from above continued, "... he's my greatest masterpiece!" Kazo had a long tail, spikes on its back and the top of its tail. Spikes were also present on the very back of his cheeks, pointing towards the back... it almost gave him the same type of look a dragon has. Unlike most lizardmen, however, he was the same size as Blitukus, and had 3 fingers per hand, 3 toes per foot, rather than 4... Blitukus then remembered what Kazo looked like, Kazo looked rather like a dinosaur. Kazo ran towards Blitukus, mouth open. Blitukus jumped out of the way, his foot kitting Kazos leg, just as Kazo was about to stop. Kazo skidded but lost balance and fell, giving Blitukus time to run towards a ladder up. Kazo got up, and pursued. Blitukus scrambled up the ladder, then ran up a ramp. Kazo watched from the ground... but just before Blitukus reached another ladder, Kazo crouched down to the ground, then seemed to jump upwards 9 feet, pulling himself up, standing between Blitukus and the ladder. Blitukus ran to the side, ducking around Kazo... but Kazo was faster. He blocked Blitukus, and knocked Blitukus to the ground. Blitukus started to get up, but Kazo kicked Blitukus down again. Blitukus rolled away, then got up. Kazo leapt forward, and shoved Blitukus towards the edge. Blitukus grabbed Kazo by the neck and placed his leg behind Kazos leg, using the force of the shove to trip Kazo up and pull Kazo over. Kazo was sent to the ground once more, giving Blitukus time to run for the exit.

*Yes, it's a good idea I never pursued that powered armor... even the masterpiece construct of a genius of a nearly star-faring civilization has a balance inferior to that of true living beings.*

Blitukus scaled the second ladder, and ran for the exit... Kazo leapt up to the third level, and ran after Blitukus, catching up rather quickly. Blitukus skidded to a stop, and ducked down, tripping up Kazo again. Kazo growled annoyedly as he got back up. Meanwhile, Blitukus was closing toward the exit. Kazo got to his feet again, and leapt toward Blitukus. Kazo landed in front of Blitukus. This time, he tripped Blitukus up, and then pushed him. Blitukus fell right over, then skidded off of the side of the pathway. Blitukus grunted loudly as he fell a ways, landing on a mithril platform. The platform then tilted over, dumping him another several feet onto the ground. Blitukus coughed, finding himself stunned and rather dizzy from the falls. The voice from above spoke, "Ouch... This is fun to watch!" Kazo leapt from the top of the room, and landed smoothly right by Blitukus. Kazo pulled Blitukus up, holding him by the shirt collar. Blitukus grunted as Kazo slashed him across the face. Kazo growled, "I HATE getting tripped!" Kazo slammed Blitukus against a wall, then punched him hard across the cheek, knocking Blitukus unconscious.

When Blitukus regained consciousness, he found himself still dizzy, but his senses slowly came back to him. Blitukus heard a voice coming from near him, "That's more than enough, Kazo! Leave him alone." As Blitukus' senses returned to him, he found himself looking up to see Kazo standing above him, looking down at him. A dragon, scales a combination of peaceful blue and obsidian black, also stood over him. The dragon was wearing an intricate and beautiful ruby-and-adamantine amulet, a detailed adamantine cloak, and emerald eyewear, seemingly goggles, but all of the eyewear, frame and all, was emerald. The dragon spoke to Blitukus, smiling, "So then it's conclusive, you're determined enough to earn my attention and smart enough to keep my attention. Welcome." The dragon gestured for Blitukus to stand. Blitukus checked himself, then stood... he found thanks to the ambient healing powers abound, the injuries he had suffered had all healed. He had finally managed to meet Arkus. Arkus continued, "You're a spectacular example of your species, kobold! You're the first to make it all the way and I have to say you using the probabilities trick was a surprise... where did you learn that?" Blitukus put the rather unpleasant first impression behind him, and replied, smiling, "I saw it first hand." Blitukus found this dragon was unique... Arkus couldn't be placed on the alignment scale... Blitukus sensed he simultaneously had good and evil tendencies, as well as orderly and chaotic tendencies, yet his soul didn't seem to be in conflict at all. Although, he realized... he might be stuck with this dragon all day. It would be best to keep on his good side.

I found a lot of typos, so there might be even more. Maybe not. Maybe I should start using a better word processor :p

[ December 10, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 10, 2007, 12:59:00 am**

FIRST POST! Wait, THAT arkus? We used to be quite the team... An Immortal without any powers makes a good test subject, no pain or harm no matter WHAT goes wrong!

Edit: and as far as grammar goes, it would be nice if that big chunk o' text were seperated into some paragraphs...

[ December 10, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 10, 2007, 01:29:00 am**

Thanks. I thought about paragraphing, but the way I paragraph is different. I use paragraphs to mark out important events and individual story 'segments' usually... that whole thing was one long segment. If I broke it up, it would be for no reason other than to break it up. If that's a good enough reason, I might go back and edit though. I agree it's a bit long.

Edit: yeah, I think I'll redefine the segments and break it up. Having big paragraphs makes it harder to read.

Ok, that works.

[ December 10, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 10, 2007, 05:13:00 pm**

You are truly :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 10, 2007, 07:53:00 pm**

Thanks :)

Edit: Come to think about it... the A-Atlas hauling/storage companys mascot kind of reminds me of how I imagine the general appearance of a kobold, not a real match, but close enough to get the general image. My imaginings of how a kobold looks differs a bit in details though. I looked at the artwork for Kobold Quest (where I got the name from in the first place :p), and from that figured they were canine, although I see in a lot of other games they're portrayed as reptilian.

[ December 10, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Kugu** on **December 10, 2007, 08:56:00 pm**

I've always seen them as reptilian, though maybe thats because I grew up with brothers who played lots of dungeons and dragons. Always liked looking at the creature book. As for the mortal comment, you don't know that I'm mortal or not! I could be a god of a far off world or at least some tribal village! Don't tempt my wrath of flying starving children.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 11, 2007, 12:15:00 am**

I've always thought of them as reptilian too, but I rather like canine Kobolds...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 11, 2007, 12:29:00 am**

I've found my love has grown much more dormant since the first story, but this is probably because of school... it's hard to take notes and take the test if all one can think about is a certain 2 characters :p  
Despite this, my love for these characters is still there and readily accessible, it's just more under control. I expect it'll be around in some form until my life reaches its end... if something catastrophic doesn't happen, I'll have these stories, text, images, and all, saved to 'disk' (I'm not sure if we'll still be using magnetic media a few decades from now) for as long as possible. During the first story, my emotions came out fully and I was under its power to such an extent that it affected my eating habits. Likely this was because I was on break... I sat in my room all day with nothing better to do than think about the story and Fale. I'll be going on break again the week after next... maybe it'll bring these feelings back to their former force for the end of this story.

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Arkus spoke, "First hand? Either you're a legendary snoop or you've got some friends in High Places!" Blitukus looked around... the world, the people, the stone, air, stars, and worlds, space and time, the collective universe, had shown him the secrets of the probabilities that determine the details of everything. Blitukus smiled and nodded. Arkus gestured for them to follow, then flew up onto the platform in front of the door. Blitukus climbed up the ladders and ramps to reach it... Kazo simply jumped up between the levels. They walked through the doorway, ascending a flight of stairs and emerging right in what appeared to be the residential area of the tower. It was quite well furnished, and the glass, seemingly black from the outside, was nearly perfectly transparent from the inside, giving a beautiful overview of the land and the surrounding regions. Arkus spoke, "I've got business to tend to downstairs. Go ahead, make yourself at home!" With that, Arkus walked back down the stairway. Kazo growled slightly, mumbling something about him getting tripped. Blitukus walked up to Kazo, and spoke, holding his hand out, his ears slightly lowered but not laid back, "Peace...?" Kazo grunted, and seemed unresponsive... but then sighed, "Ok, peace." They shook hands. Blitukus asked, "You went from smiling to growling just because of me getting away... I am curious, why?" Kazo spoke, "This body... I'm forever glad to have it. It's stronger, tougher, and more agile than anything of flesh and bone could ever hope to match... but of course, it has a vulnerability, no, not anything mythic or legendary you'd read in a book 2000 years from now, nothing to carry dignity... I've ended up with the balance compensation of a drunk... It's embarrassing as hell and it pisses me off!" Blitukus turned around and walked towards a chair, hiding the fact that he was stifling a snicker. Blitukus cleared his throat and sat down. Kazo stood nearby. Kazo asked, "You really are a determined kobold... what brings you here?" Blitukus sighed, and responded, "Well... the soul of my mother is in jeopardy, a demon is just waiting for me to die, and this tower houses something I need in order to make everything right again. I'm seeking an artifact of the cats. I need it." Kazo replied, "A noble quest... ask Arkus when he gets back, he keeps inventory on artifacts and does trade." Blitukus asked, "So, you serve Arkus, like a servant? Or are you free?" Kazo replied, "I'm... well... between those two. I'm more of an assistant, you might say... I owe him my undying loyalty. I am the product of one of his more radical thoughts on soul manipulation... as some of his subjects died, he collected their souls, extracted certain essences from each soul, then pieced together an entirely new one... me. He then built this body you see, and allowed me to inhabit it... I am all of those subjects, but I am also one. It's hard to explain." Kazo smiled, then continued, "It's shown me why he does what he does... I remember him testing on my various previous forms, the pain and desperation... some bits of my self had once wanted to just die... but those very tests gave him the knowledge to make this body... all of that pain was worth it. He gave me an entirely new existence, superior to that of the others around me! I have limitless potential now, and for that, I serve him. We work together. So what if those like me have to suffer? These benefits..." He looked at his hands, and grinned, "No pain, no gain. Really, Arkus and I are more like family than a master and a servant. He gave me my body and mind, and now we work towards the same goal."

Blitukus heard a small ruckus from below. Kazo turned, the tip of his tail flicking back and forth. Kazo then twisted around, smiling at Blitukus, "Let's go back... chasing the guests around is so much more fun than chasing the other subjects around! Guests are such a

rarity these days!" Blitukus replied, "You knocked me unconscious..." Kazo replied, "You shouldn't have tripped me!" There was a banging and a strange, forceful growling from from below, followed by a voice sounding like Arkus shouting, "... BACK in there!" Kazo commented, "Sounds like Arkus is having fun with the troll again! I think I'll just head over there... might be fun to watch!" Kazo walked to the center of the room, and then leapt up, grabbing hold and hanging from a grate on the ceiling. Kazo spoke, smiling, "Being a construct has a lot more benefits than the obvious... he still doesn't know how I keep popping out of nowhere." Kazo pressed his fingertips against the mithril binding on the grate. A small shower of sparks seemed to shoot out, and the grate swung open. Kazo pulled himself up into a duct, then shut the grate beneath him, sealing it again the same way he got it open. He gestured at Blitukus to keep quiet, then snuck off through the duct. Blitukus snickered... now was a good time to go searching for the cat relic. Blitukus took out his sphere of direction... his goal was just below him. Blitukus looked around, and found a strange dual shaft, one shaft marked with an up arrow, one with a down arrow. The shafts went straight up and down, a blue glow within each one. Blitukus saw this looked like a more convenient form of transit... he stepped into the shaft marked with a down arrow. He found himself hovering, floating in air, then he began to descend. When he reached the level the sphere had indicated, several levels below where he had started, he pushed off of the wall, landing in the doorway. Several crates were here... they all seemed to be locked. Blitukus searched around for quite a while but couldn't find anything. Wherever it was, he wanted to see it, to make sure it was really the component, and not some intermediate goal. Eventually he strolled into a room with what looked like a long vertical channel spanning up and down, accessible from an alcove. Blitukus began searching the crates near the inlet to this chute... when trying to open a crate, the crate slipped and began to tip over. Blitukus jumped out of the way of it... finding he had just leapt into the chute. He noticed the chute wasn't very long at all though... there was a duct at the bottom of it only a few feet down, leading down to another area. As Blitukus fell toward the duct, it seemed the entire corner between the chute and the duct shifted, trying to switch from one duct to another. Blitukus got caught in it as it switched. He grunted, finding himself pinned against the corner of the chute... luckily, this switchable path didn't operate with that much force, otherwise more than a sore belly would've resulted. Blitukus pried it open, sliding down the duct it was trying to prevent him from entering. The duct dumped him in a chamber full of metallic refuse, a level below where he had first leapt in. He was now trapped in this chamber full of refuse... only light being able to traverse the window out into the room full of furnaces beyond. Blitukus pounded at the window, and uttered an obscenity under his breath. Then, he remembered... he could teleport! He sat down, tried to focus... but found that he was blocked from all around. He kept trying, trying to find a way out of whatever was blocking him from teleporting... every now and then he stopped to bang on the window. Blitukus eventually spotted glowing blue eyes atop a high point on a furnace... Blitukus spoke, "Kazo? Open this, please." Kazo replied, "I was wondering how long it would take you to spot me from there! Quite a while... this is a great hiding spot. Ok, I'm done, you're free to teleport." Blitukus found he was no longer blocked, and teleported himself out of the chamber, into the room. Kazo leapt down, standing by Blitukus. Kazo pressed his fingertips against the side of his own head, then spoke, "Arkus... our kobold guest fell down the garbage chute and ended up in the metal pile instead of the organics pile... Ok, my pleasure!" Kazo smiled, then walked out of the room, Blitukus following. They walked down a corridor, Kazo then speaking, "To the right." Blitukus began to turn to the left at this intersection, and spoke, "No, I need to-" Kazo interrupted, grabbing Blitukus by the arm and dragging him with, "I insist!" Kazo pulled Blitukus along up a ramp, leading him to the garbage chute, one level up. Kazo took up a small metal scrap, then tossed it down the chute... the chute responded, switching to dump it into the metals chamber. Kazo then pushed Blitukus into the chute. Blitukus got stuck in the divider that switched between the two ducts, just like last time. Blitukus grunted, the metal scraping against him. Kazo pressed his fingertips against his own head again, looking down the chute at Blitukus, and spoke, "The problem is simple! The switch isn't popping fast enough. It switches as he passes through. It makes him get stuck... looks like he's prying himself loose... yes, right into the metals bin." Blitukus pried himself out of the jammed switcher and slid down the duct again, ending up standing in a pile of refuse metal. Blitukus brushed himself off, fixed his clothes, settled himself down, then teleported himself out of the chamber again. He heard Kazo above, "Ok, I'll be right there."

Blitukus sighed, shook off, then walked out, turning left at that intersection. He looked back at the sphere... it was hard to tell exactly where it was... it could even be below him. It could be above him. He walked back to the storage room full of crates, walked to the shafts, and ascended several levels, stepping out in an orangeish duct. He walked down the duct, eventually finding his way to an entrance to a chamber, an opening to his left. Across from the opening was several scorch marks burned into the wall. To his right was a stand, holding a large adamantine plate, a crystal at each corner. The plate seemed surrounded by some kind of energy. Blitukus approached it, stood behind the plate, then looked over the plate... seeing Kazo standing in a large, open room, marked by scorch patterns, and Arkus, hovering above the ground, a large orb of ball lightning held in his right hand, his eyes glowing white. Arkus spoke, "It seems we have a volunteer to help with verification!" Kazo laughed, "I think he likes getting involved!" Arkus held back the ball lightning, arcs of energy surrounding him, gathering in his hand. Blitukus ducked behind the plate. Kazo spoke, "Hold still... right there, that's good." There was a very loud zapping sound, almost like an explosion. Blitukus was knocked away from the plate, energy flooding all around, a bright white light permeating through into the duct. The energy faded... the plate glew yellow hot, the energy around it seeming to have vanished. Blitukus stood, and dusted himself off. Kazo peeked around the heated plate, turned around, then spoke, "No need for the healing orb, he's just fine!... Where shall we put the metal from the melted military plates?" Blitukus walked out from behind the plate, into the scorched chamber. Arkus landed, the glow in his eyes fading, "I'm fed up with the military materials handling, forget the dock, put it by the smelter, it's our metal now." Arkus turned to Blitukus, and chuckled, "Thanks for your 'volunteer' assistance, now we have proof that these new plates are 3 times as strong as military standard, able to protect a **living** inhabitant from a top-level attack. I get to dangle these in front of the generals face! Finally I'll get him to pay up for the damage he's caused." Blitukus asked, "What damage did HE cause, and why was it worth using your guests in such a manner?" Arkus spoke, "A few decades ago, my precious enhanced titan broke out of its adamantine cage, then threw the cage so hard it flew a quarter mile! So, my titan took a stroll around, found an elf forest retreat, and started kicking trees over all around it just to piss them off. Apparently this was causing some sort of political nightmare, so the military was called in. They were more than capable of rounding the titan up and sending it back to me... or letting me know where it was so I could round it up... but no, they had to go **blow** it up instead! 'Threat to the citizens of our allies', bah! It just wanted attention! That was a lot of work down the drain! ERRH, dumb f\*cker should've never been general to begin with. As for you... from YOUR point of view, you could say you were in the wrong place at the wrong time, but that just happened to be perfect for me!" Arkus formed a blue orb of some sort in the air, then cast it towards the plate. It struck the plate, forming a frosty aura of condensation around it. The heated glow dimmed away with a loud hissing sound. He retrieved the plate, then carried it away. Blitukus walked up to Kazo, and spoke, "I do NOT enjoy being 'volunteered'..." Kazo replied, "Aww really? Ever since my transformation, I've found being the assistant, the administrator, and the subject, are all fun and exciting roles!" Blitukus responded, "You are made of adamantine..." Kazo replied, "That's true... if you don't want to be involved... stay out of the way. I love your antics though!" It was a utilitarian and efficient doctrine, truly effective at getting the most out of the situation, and beautifully simple... but the implications of it were potentially disastrous. But... Blitukus asked, "Antics?" Kazo snickered, "Nevermind." It seemed Blitukus would have to be much more careful should he decide to have a look around... then again... he might walk away from this with not only a component of the cat relic, but also much more skill in magic, and if he kept on good terms with this dragon and construct, two very powerful friends.

I actually found that Armoks comment about Gex did help to give me a few ideas deciding on some of the details of the personalities, although my initial inspiration for Arkus came from somewhere else.

I'm hoping that worked out though, should be o.k.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 11, 2007, 12:42:00 am**

FIRST POST:  
Will comment in about 5 minutes.

Edit: Kazo is awesome.

I remember the first prototype of that stuff... that would have hurt if I were actually capable of y'know, feeling pain.

Also, Armok, I just realized that you failed to understand the safegaurds I've put in place. Part of my consciousness is going to be hopping from being to being, calling me out of the afterlife if I'm ever actually required to perform a godly function. It SHOULD work.

[ December 11, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 11, 2007, 01:01:00 am**

Thanks :p



Actually, I have Gex installed on mycomputer... been a while since I've played it though. I remembered it was pretty fun, although the infinite lives exploit made it too easy even without trying to use it... except for the final boss. That was hard, and the only time I ever truly lost a game.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 11, 2007, 06:33:00 pm**

BEYOND QUALITY!!!

Kazo is the best character ever, all categories!  
In books, movies, games, even real persons, Kazo outshines everything, you, me, even Toady, Kazo is simply the very definition of awesome!  
And you are truly a master of the writing arts, you actually managed to communicate, or at least hint, that wonderful and unique personality in just a single smile, you rule!

Your writing is truly amazing, and I think I know what makes these characters so unique; happiness.  
Your story and especially Kazo have made me feel for for the first time in a very long time, even perhaps for the first time ever, pure and lastingly happy.  
I do not mean enjoyment, I often enjoy myself, playing DF for example, nor cheerfulness, I often laugh at puns, nor do I mean the joy from eating good food, or the smile that creeps on your face when someone else is hurt, or being glad that someone else is happy, nor many other things, but what this story succeeds whit where everything else fails is the pure and clear happiness that make you smile for a long time afterwards and that has no apparent source but that seem to soak everything, I cant explain, but it is this stubborn light that these characters have and that transform their looses into an everburning fuel, that makes them see the humor and irony in even the worst of situations, this feeling seems to sometimes hang on for a while fueling also me, generally ending when I actually try to DO something, yet I have found this lantern of help, relighting my smile and making me sit straighter smiling like a fool at everyone, and to light this smile the only thing I have to do is summon in my mind a image of it on that small lizardlike admantine face...

I was struck whit an idea today, you said that this story will at some point end, and then, maybe after taking a break making that hornet story you half-promised/said you would make for me, could you not tell Kazos story?  
I naturally don't know how the current story will end, but it seems probable that history will change so that it never happened, and making a story continue in that other reality created don't seem like a good idea, I also doubt that Blitukus will have an heir, in general I don't think we can expect a third Siegedriven.  
Yet I don't think anyone want to abandon this wonderful and detailed universe you have created, and Kazo is such an wonderful character that everyone wants to know more about, so would this not be the ultimate solution? I also has this feeling that many interesting things will happen to him in the future.  
Pleeeeeeease? Pretty please? I won't stop nagging about it until you agree and this at least wont damage the plot of the current story.  
\*puppy eyes, divinely enchanted irresistible puppy eyes\*  
This also has the effect that when you finally stop writing everyone will hate you less for it if you immediately start writing about this even better character in the same universe.

Some small things I forgot to mention in my last post about that update because I could think only of awesome Kazo:  
The elephant themed dungeon keeper was a nice reference back to DF, this story really lost almost all is roots in the game, at least in my mind, not really a bad thing considering it's current undeveloped and constraining form, yet it is fun whit this reference to remind one that this has its origins in the most awesome game ever, ironic that the one using it as a base is the only one capable of actually doing even better by itself due to this rare and wonderful gift of mind simulation, I have already said you are the only one except myself that I know have this ability.  
Also "Dwarfbane"! :D \*snickers, sounding remarkably like Blitukus\*

Isn't Draca and Arkus a bit alike?  
They are both dragons. (by the way is it not strange that a dragon gets the name Draca, it's kind of like naming human Humano, or maybe naming an elf Elvis)  
Bthey have both tendensies towards all alignments, Draca a bit more neutral and Arkus more mixed, but still similar.  
They live in isolation, albeit Dracas might be involantairly.  
most importnantly they both are magic sientists and make very similar experiments on different creatures.  
...  
I really would not be surprised if Arkus turned up to be Dracas father or something.

I suddenly realized that Blitukus now have fairly far back in time, and I can't imagine that his visit should have had no effect on the future, so if does that trick whit probabilities he will have to go back until that time, and I find it hard to imagine that would not disturb the processes that lead to his birth, he or fale newer being borne I don't suppose is an desirable ending.

I'm running out of time it seems, why does it always get so late while I'm writing these posts?  
I have tryed to move the parts around to make it more concise, but that probobly had the reverse effect, excuse the mess.

I will have to continue later as always, and now go straight to the post responses, if it is anything that you in the future want more details on just post because I generally forget everything.

////////////////////////////////////

quote:
Actually, your desire for Kazo to remain in the story gave me an interesting idea on how to fill a gap for how the third component got to where it lies...

So we ARE going to hear more from him! :D

quote:
As far as the equation... the reason I haven't put it in in the first place is because if I did, I would want it to be The Real Deal... and if I had the real grand unified theory, I probably wouldn't be a high school student

Many theories is already out to the public, the main issue lies in scientific proof, awaiting Cern.  
But it's okay, we don't want any patchwork here, I kind of assumed that you knew everything wort knowing out of pure awesomeness, I still do...

quote:
Something else I might as well put out, no offense meant: although I tend to respond to you the most Armok, it's because you have more ideas that I find worthy of seriously discussing, not because I'm playing favorites
Still, I appreciate the support

\*I\* thought it was because I praised you the most, the longest, and the most eagerly.  
Because I am your greatest fan, simply.

quote:
Edit: Come to think about it... the A-Atlas hauling/storage companys mascot kind of reminds me of how I imagine the general appearance of a kobold, not a real match, but close enough to get the general image. My imaginings of how a kobold looks differs a bit in details though. I looked at the artwork for Kobold Quest (where I got the name from in the

first place ), and from that figured they were canine, although I see in a lot of other games they're portrayed as reptilian.

Newer heard of A-Atlas hauling/storage, but then I live in another country, strange nothing shows up on Google... I know these kobolds are canine, we discussed that in the first story. To create an image in my mind-simulation I used a dog/wolf and evolved it towards bipedalism, intelligence and a little else (size, for example), the result that I use looks a bit like a monkey whit a jackal head and different coloration (brown), and various minor details.

quote:  
As for the mortal comment, you don't know that I'm mortal or not! I could be a god of a far off world or at least some tribal village! Don't tempt my wrath of flying starving children.

I have never heard of any god called Kugu, and I know all the true gods, but yea, for all I know you could be a fairly high halfmortal, apologizes.

quote:  
I actually found that Armoks comment about Gex did help to give me a few ideas deciding on some of the details of the personalities, although my initial inspiration for Arkus came from somewhere else.

Thats great!  
Specifics?

quote:  
Also, Armok, I just realized that you failed to understand the safegaurds I've put in place. Part of my consciousness is going to be hopping from being to being, calling me out of the afterlife if I'm ever actually required to perform a godly function. It SHOULD work.

Thats pretty much what memetic form means, and on several points you are now contradicting what you said before, either you did not use up your immortality completely becoming a mortal, as you first said, or those memes also risk extinction should for example that universe collapse.

quote:  
Actually, I have Gex installed on my computer.. been a while since I've played it though. I remembered it was pretty fun, although the infinite lives exploit made it too easy even without trying to use it... except for the final boss. That was hard, and the only time I ever truly lost a game.

I newer really played it very much, I was like 7 years old so it was a bit hard for me, also at that time I had not yet figured out that cheating is not a valid means of playing a game and makes it less fun, so basically I played random levels and really didn't understand anything, I probobly had my mum translate as I could not speak English at the time... Alyways what I wanted to say whit that is asking if Gex isn't fairly similar to Kazo, visually (except Kazo menaces whit spikes of admantine in true DF fashion, and have more raptor proportions, really it is mostly facial expressions that are a bit similar), coriographically (except the balance issue, I don't figure Kazo could corkscrews his tail like that and balance on it...), partially personality (except the teenager thingie), even the names remind of one another, distantly, more like from the same language than sounding alike.

This post is fairly a bloody mess (also not checked for grammar and spelling) but I don't have time to write more because I need to sleep also.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 11, 2007, 06:38:00 pm**

I often check this story hoping to find an update, get exited when I see something, and my hopes are crushed when I realize Armok put up another wall of text.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 11, 2007, 06:42:00 pm**

I'm part of a government, logic has no effect on me.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 11, 2007, 07:12:00 pm**

Thanks for the compliments :)

For specifics, one of my first inspirations for Arkus came from the mad scientist dude in Lilo and Stitch

The name Dracha resulted because I'm not very good at naming things (to be bluntly honest). Also, keep in mind that phonetics are different, names are names but their word for dragon is probably something entirely different.

As for Kazo getting his own story, I already thought about that. I was inspired by a flash game and another game to make an adventure story set in this universe, a while down the line (quite far actually), and Kazo fits the bill for the main character in every way. I think I'll make him the main there, although I have several stories in mind that would come before it (I want to do the next stories in chronological order).

Also, I don't think anybody would hate me for finishing this story... at least, I hope not. I'd rather keep from being pressured.

As far as the story about your insect race, I'm considering it. I don't think I said anything was a guarantee, although it's likely I will.

Armok, I'm glad you appreciate my story so much but just keep in mind, there's no competition going on here, and I'd rather not be pressured into anything.

Also, I intended for the focus to be on Fale and Blitukus... really, I'm dedicated to them. If I did a better job creating Kazo than I did writing about them... eh, I guess its subjective. Maybe Kazo is to you as Fale is to me.

Edit: Looking back at your post... I really do have to say I think you view Kazo in the same light I view Fale in, for similar reasons on top of it. In fact... it's startlingly similar. I know what it feels like... unfortunately, I can only allow other people to influence what I write so much. I have an original plan to stick to. If you really need an outlet, and if you're like me I expect you do (it's why I was so dedicated in the first one), then I recommend finding it. Maybe we can have a chat?

[ December 11, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

I'm trying not to step on anyones toes, really, I'm trying to keep hostility out of this thread.

Ok, I had homework, so if this ends up relatively short, that's why.

Oh, also, I know this might be considered kind of spoily but I think I should say it anyway. I'll never end the story by saying the story never happened. These events stay in the timeline.

Something else, him going into the past and exploiting probabilities means that the probabilities that he exploited had either no effect or a trivial effect on its future, his past. Otherwise, the wave function would've already collapsed, seeing as such things propagate through both space and time.

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Kazo began gathering the scraps of melted metal off of the floor. Blitukus still needed to reach his objective. Blitukus asked Kazo, "Will I have a chance to speak to Arkus today?" Kazo replied, "When he's not having fun with his projects down stairs, he's usually resting or thinking about things upstairs... also, dinner is in a few minutes. What's your name, kobold?" Blitukus replied, "I am Blitukus Siegedriven." Kazo replied, "Siegedriven... it sounds important!" Blitukus snickered, "Thank you." Kazo asked, "I think you'll like the back-up spell... do you like the idea of being able to die... then live again?... No, not as a zombie." Blitukus thought for a second, then nodded... it was one step shy of immortality, but still one step shy. Kazo continued, "Great! I always wondered what the back-up spell would do if I got Arkus to use it on a kobold! Let's find out!" Blitukus stepped back a step, "No thank you... I am done with these tests for today." Kazo replied, "Suit yourself. He tried it on me... it feels weird, but you might like it. My 'back-up' ended up being a blank map though since my brain isn't made of flesh. Arkus should be upstairs should you want to slip in and chat with him." Such a back-up would mean death would be a temporary thing... nobody else would have to suffer the pain Blitukus had gone through... but if it ever didn't work properly, it would twist and tear the soul of someones loved one... Blitukus asked himself, were such things really worth the risk? Blitukus spoke, "That is an impressive concept, but yes, I must speak with Arkus... I need that cat artifact." Kazo replied, "I'll be there before you know it." Then, Blitukus left the room, proceeding down the corridor to the shafts, and rode the 'up' shaft all the way to the top floor. He looked around the residence, and found Arkus working at a bench near the rear of the room. Arkus carried a tray full of an unidentifiable substance back to a table, and set it down, sitting by it. Blitukus walked up to Arkus, and spoke, "I came here for a specific item... do you have a cat artifact?" Arkus responded, "Have a seat, and help yourself!" Blitukus sat down across the table from Arkus... this substance was a type of food? Blitukus was hungry, and Arkus was eating it as well... Blitukus sniffed at it... it didn't smell like anything he had tried before, but it came in very large portions, whatever it was. Blitukus took up one piece, and tasted it. HE found it tasted absolutely delicious... as he ate, he found he ate quite a bit... apparently, it contained something his body really wanted, for he felt himself craving it a bit.

"Why hello," Kazo spoke. Blitukus looked around, then found Kazo standing by Arkus. Blitukus had never seen Kazo enter the room, and he had expected Kazo tended not to teleport... Kazo watched Blitukus eat, then spoke with a smile, "I see you're calling the CDR's bluff!" Arkus replied, "That 'clinical trial' was 100% bullsh\*t and they know it! It's not my fault EVERY time an epidemic occurs." Blitukus swallowed, then refrained from eating more, "Pardon... what?" Arkus asked, "Tell me, Blitukus, do you feel any indigestion or headache or any of that?" Blitukus shook his head, but began to feel a bit nervous... what had he eaten? Arkus continued, "Feeling sick at all? They said the effects happened within minutes, and it's been several minutes." Blitukus felt perfectly healthy, so he shook his head. Blitukus asked, "What epidemic?" Arkus replied, "An outbreak in the Acropolis... CDR, as always, blamed me for it! This food is the food of the future, it conforms to the taste receptors, it contains all nutrients needed for any healthy critter, it never spoils, it can be shipped in any condition, and enough can be grown in a basement to feed ten. It outdates farming entirely! The space program was interested too, trying to feed their off world colonies was a chore after all, but they cut their offer when the epidemic happened. The Acropolis was short on food, so I sent them a seed bag with enough to feed their city immediately. 4 months later, I got a call from urban affairs asking why 80% of the population of the Acropolis was taking sick leave. A week after that, the CDR got involved and the whole city was quarantined. They said my food creates large quantities of a highly contagious virus when any kobold eats it, and the virus begins to manifest within minutes of consumption... you ate it, and you're not sick! Now I can tell them to stuff it. I would've tested it on 100 kobolds but you just happen to be the only one around here!" Blitukus smiled and laughed, despite what had happened. It was safe, apparently, and it was much better than plump helmets... Blitukus ate more until he was close to full, then stopped. Kazo was right... sometimes the benefits do really outweigh the costs of the test. Even if he got sick, it would be one step closer to maybe one day eliminating famine... perhaps these developments would resurface in the future. Although, Blitukus still had that 'contract', and as such, he could not afford to die. He would have to steer clear of further involvement in Arkus' tests, for each one carried a risk of disaster. He looked around for Kazo, and found Kazo had somehow managed to position himself atop a light post without it being noticed. Blitukus waved at Kazo. Kazo snickered and dropped down to the ground. Blitukus spoke, "Thank you for the truly delicious meal. It is one of the best things I have ever tasted." Arkus replied, "You say that like you've been eating nothing but mushrooms for the last few years." Blitukus replied, "Actually, I have." Arkus laughed, surprised by hearing this from a kobold, "Really? I thought that was more of a dwarven thing!" Blitukus replied, "It was the only food I had available... choosing between that and starvation..." Arkus replied, "Of course! If you would like I could give you some seeds to bring home." Blitukus nodded, "Thank you." Kazo commented, "Don't water the fields with rum... or do, if you're bored. A dwarf tried that, thinking it would grow the perfect drink. What it grew was a pretty fireworks show! Sometimes magical things do that to flammable things. We all had fun watching it, but the dwarves called it a tragedy... not because the farm plot was ruined, but because the booze was all burned away." Blitukus laughed. If ever there was a God of Alcohol, the dwarves would be immediate converts.

Arkus spoke, "And you wanted a cat artifact? I only have one, and it took a lot of time and effort to get, and finally Kazo found it... but it was all in vain. I can't get it to do anything useful except be a paperweight! It has unknown origin, unknown purpose, no way to find out, and on top of it it doesn't seem to want to do anything at all. All I've been able to tell so far is that it's a part of a larger device, and does something with energy. Exactly what, I don't know. I can't replicate the energy it needs. If you know what it's for and you can use it, you can have it... just tell me, what is it for?" Blitukus smiled, feeling a sense of accomplishment. Progress had been made. 1 component had been located, and after he returned, 3 would be left to find. Blitukus spoke, "It is a component of a larger device, and I have the proper equipment back at my home to test it." Arkus replied, "Fantastic! Ok, here is the trade, I'll give you the component as long as you promise to send me the results of this test." Blitukus replied, "Ok, I promise, assuming testing it will not cease my existence." Kazo laughed, "That's the spirit!" Blitukus snickered. Whether saving his mothers soul ended his own existence or not didn't matter... if his existence was ended, it would mean another self would be living happily in a world where there was no demons at his back, no death to mourn... it would all be alright again. Arkus spoke, "I remember when you found that too, Kazo. You knew it before I did, I thought it was a sculpted rock at first." Blitukus smiled, thinking of his childhood, the various things he and his mother used to do. Arkus lowered his head, and spoke right to Kazo, "You've always been my favorite creation, my pride and best masterpiece, you know!" They smiled at eachother. Kazo stood tall, standing in a proud pose. Blitukus thought about them... they were also a family, a very odd family, stretching the definition of the concept, but a family. It seemed this family was loving and functional, even if the circumstances and environment wouldn't seem to provide for such a thing. Blitukus just wished he had his family back... perhaps, relatively soon even, it would finally be so.

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Yeah... hopefully tomorrow might be better as far as time, but after tomorrow, I shouldn't have many problems.

I don't really have any comments, and I don't have much more time on the computer for error checking. I'll check it again later.

Beyond Quality!

As I often find myself in lack of time as of writing these posts, I will now try to respond to posts before the praising, going for a little more structure.

////////////////////////////////////

quote:



I often check this story hoping to find an update, get exited when I see something, and my hopes are crushed when I realize Armok put up another wall of text.

Hey, it is not a wall of text, it is spited into several paragraphs!  
You should try reading them, but if you read this you already are...

quote:  
I'm part of a government, logic has no effect on me.

You are part of an government? Since when?  
... ?!?

*\*Armok seems to suddenly realize something, hurries to get a huge book from a shelf behind him, as he does so a few papers that he ignores fall out, open the book it in the middle and frantically turn pages, the book is filled whit tables containing what looks somewhat like huge hex numbers in very small print linked together by thin lines and whit the occasional comment in the margin, he finally seems to find the right page and follows whit his finger the inner column as he reads, two thirds down the pages he stops and for a few seconds follows the lines from that number\**

Here it is! 9365x876F3x99836A! The universe whit the silicoids that you said was the one you blocked!  
I really should have checked this earlier, I apologize, I should have realized that you wouldn't do something like that in a logics-controlled universe, a hight narrative law tendency, a meme IS immortal in one of those, It's the same kind of universe like Discworld, but this one seems even more extreme, That is a fairly brilliant scheme Reign, apologizes and congratulations!

quote:  
For specifics, one of my first inspirations for Arkus came from the mad scientist dude in Lilo and Stitch

Yes, I now see the similarities, except that Arkus is the good guy, and several other things, realy the only thing really similar is the general feel, but thats not a small part in a story like this.

quote:  
The name Dracha resulted because I'm not very good at naming things (to be bluntly honest). Also, keep in mind that phonetics are different, names are names but their word for dragon is probably something entirely different.

I don't really think anyone are, or that it is posible realy, Kazo is realy the only deskripive named character not using describing words I ever read about, so you are realy better than anybody else, also naming is actualy one of the main advantages if one writs from DF that often goes ignored. (the names Fale and Blitukus for example)

quote:  
As for Kazo getting his own story, I already thought about that. I was inspired by a flash game and another game to make an adventure story set in this universe, a while down the line (quite far actually), and Kazo fits the bill for the main character in every way. I think I'll make him the main there, although I have several stories in mind that would come before it (I want to do the next stories in chronological order).

Great, so we will at least hear more from him!  
How long do you imagine that story to be, as long as this one?  
How long will we have to wait, a few months? A year?  
If it is not to spoil a general scheme for how you plan to write would be useful.

Also what game and flash game, when writing shush things naming WHAT spesificaly you are talking about, maybe even a link if you think we have not heard about it.

quote:  
Armok, I'm glad you appreciate my story so much but just keep in mind, there's no competition going on here, and I'd rather not be pressured into anything.

It is just that I love this story more than anybody else, I am your greatest fan as I am the greatest everything else, and anyone saying differently will be crushed like a bug! Err...

quote:  
Also, I intended for the focus to be on Fale and Blitukus... really, I'm dedicated to them. If I did a better job creating Kazo than I did writing about them... eh, I guess its subjective. Maybe Kazo is to you as Fale is to me.  
  
Edit: Looking back at your post... I really do have to say I think you view Kazo in the same light I view Fale in, for similar reasons on top of it. In fact... it's startlingly similar. I know what it feels like...

Yea, that is a fairly viable theory, I DO love Kazo, however when I am writing one should always take into consideration my tendency for exaggeration, it might be the same general group of feelings but I strongly suspect yours are ten times as strong, still... \*looks into distance\*

quote:  
unfortunately, I can only allow other people to influence what I write so much. I have an original plan to stick to.

I fully understand and respect that, whiteout that vision this story would not be. (And therefor no Kazo)

quote:  
If you really need an outlet, and if you're like me I expect you do (it's why I was so dedicated in the first one), then I recommend finding it. Maybe we can have a chat?

I don't really understand this part.  
An outlet? Do you mean an outlet like this story is your outlet? Or do you mean something like an outlet shop? Internet outlet? If you are suggesting me to write a story myself I could newer the characters justice, I have tried many times and it always end in depression, I simply can't write.  
What do you expect me to do? You recommend finding what?  
Have a chat? don't you live in the far America or something? Do you mean a chartroom on the Internet?

quote:  
Oh, also, I know this might be considered kind of spoily but I think I should say it anyway. I'll never end the story by saying the story never happened. These events stay in the timeline.

That might be a bit spoily, but I am really relieved to hear that, that was the big mistake that I worried could ruin everything, I'm glad to hear we once again agree on what is good and bad i n a story.

////////////////////////////////////  
Okay, once again I find myself up far to late writing this, I will have to comment on more of the specifics later, or would but sadly I think that when I finally get time I will have forgotten what I wanted to say, that and nobody will want to read about how awesom what you wrote two weeks ago was...

Mostly I find many of the things I wrote yesterday has not been commented.

I suppose you know I think this story is superior to everything and eternally awesome, I don't have to comment every specific part even if I want to because I need to sleep.  
it's 00:20 here. X\_X

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 12, 2007, 06:38:00 pm**

So THAT was what you were so confused about... I thought you had checked up on that already.

King. KING. **KING**. As in, the top **governmental** figure in a Monarchy. I'm really only a king in title, but the traits still stick!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 12, 2007, 07:36:00 pm**

By chat, I actually meant over an instant messenger. Using the forum is too slow and I'd rather not drown other people out. We can sort the details out over PM.

And by outlet, I mean any form of expression, something for your feelings to flow into. Writing happens to be what I chose, but any form of expression works, I just recommend getting your ideas out. Also, don't be afraid to try things you're not a pro at... you might find your feelings fill in the gaps. I actually can't say I was a good writer before I started writing this. If you do end up taking a similar path to what I took... make sure you have a lot of free time because it might end up being one heck of an experience. Lucky for me, I was on break when it peaked.

To be honest, I don't know how long before the story focuses on Kazo... but I have ideas for 5 stories before that (not counting the one I'll probably do for you), each one of which should be quite a bit shorter than the current one. I'm not going to give a date of completion because doing that tends to result in a loss of quality in the end product. Doing it right takes an amount of time that really can't be predicted at all. Although... now I've got ideas for 2 stories involving Kazo, actually the final 2 stories in the entire series. Both of these stories, I was unsure on the main character, and trying to get a kobold to fit the bill was only working to an OK degree. Kazo fits both of these roles perfectly. I've inadvertently made the story a lot more complex (which is good) due to this 'reuse' of characters.

My inspiration for the first of these 2 final stories, if you don't mind possible spoilers (which you'd probably forget by then), are the video game Half-Life 2, and the flash game Element Saga. Actually... Kazo kind of reminds me of the main character in the Element Saga a bit, although, Kazos personality is a lot different.

Link to the flash game (it's actually pretty fun, IMO): <http://www.ugoplayer.com/games/elementsagachapter5.html>

Now up next, this is VERY spoily if you know these games and can connect the dots... if you want to be surprised, I'd recommend not reading it.

My inspiration behind the second of these stories is the videogames Homeworld and the Outpost series.

Keep in mind, that ideas change over time... my original ideas for the last 2 stories were quite a bit different, but I think they've improved quite a bit.

[ December 12, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 12, 2007, 10:53:00 pm**

I just thought of a possible steam submarine (would only work in 2d dwarf fortress). You want?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 12, 2007, 11:08:00 pm**

Hmm? I won't be able to make it a point of focus in any of my stories I have planned, but I don't mind new ideas :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 12, 2007, 11:14:00 pm**

steam is lighter then water correct? So with enough steam, you could make a submarine. That used the infinite magma generated by the loop.

EDIT: It all makes a large amount of sense in my head, but I'm having trouble getting it into words.

[ December 12, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 12, 2007, 11:54:00 pm**

Yet again, homework causes a shortened update. It's that time of the year when teachers make up for all their stuff that got pushed forward earlier in the year.

Edit: Yeah, I see what you're getting at and agree it'd work, but, to be honest, there's no room for it in my story.

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Arkus stood, still smiling at Kazo. Then, he turned toward Blitukus, "Come!" Arkus lead Kazo and Blitukus down the shaft, back to the storage room that Blitukus had once searched. Arkus held his hand in front of a crate, and it spontaneously unlocked. He rummaged through it, pulled out a small, dark object, then placed it in front of Blitukus. He spoke, "Here you are!" Blitukus picked it up... it was relatively small, shaped like a smooth, finely chiseled down rock. Beyond such superficial appearances though, it seemed to have details that had details that had details, spiraling in a seemingly random yet perfectly ordered design through the interior. Somehow, the pattern seemed to represent something deep and fundamental within life and the universe. Despite its chaotic and random appearance, Blitukus sensed it was very ordered... it was determined by beautiful mathematics, played out in at least 3 dimensions. Blitukus looked into it, and smiled, both within and without. He was reminded of the true beauty of the universe... a universe that was kindly granted him the path to his original wish, and now was setting the way to his final one. Blitukus held it against his chest, closed his eyes, and let out a deep breath. He found himself teary eyes, not with tears of pain and sorrow, but tears of relief and joy. Both types could emerge from love, the strange emotion that it has always been. Blitukus opened his eyes, finding Kazo looking right into his face. Kazo asked, "Are you OK?" Blitukus nodded, "Thank you both, very much... this is of limitless value to me." Kazo and Arkus both smiled. Arkus spoke, "I'm glad you like it. Now, I'll leave you both to mess around. The dragless airframe won't design itself!" Kazo twisted around, grinning, "I get to test the airframe again?" Arkus spoke, "Of course, maybe with the new dynamic flux you'll be able to land without burying it!" Kazo replied, "Having a way to slow down that works helps a bit. It was fun skidding that far, though. I think I went almost a thousand feet before a hill got in the way!" Arkus commented, "That was the fastest I've ever seen an aircraft become part of the terrain. Took a while for me to clean the dirt out of it. It's a good thing you jumped or you would've had to wait for a while." They both snickered. Frictionless... aircraft? Any thrust could allow it to fly at any speed, enormously reducing transit times and costs for air-based operations... but it would take a lot to slow it down. It was a spectacular idea, but would likely make for a rather spectacular collision as well. Arkus went back to the shaft, and proceeded upwards, back to his residence. Kazo walked up to Blitukus, and spoke, "Failed tests always make for an eventful afternoon! You're leaving now that you have your artifact?" Blitukus spoke, "No, I still have until tomorrow... my transportation back

home will not arrive for many hoursyet." Kazo replied, "Good, I'm starting to like seeing you around." Blitukus spoke, "This is a good opportunity for me to learn how to work with the forces of this world, to focus the power of my soul to true effect..." Kazo spoke, "You don't know how to cast? Well then, you must know just about everything else for you to get up here. It's a simple trick. I got time, I'll show you. Follow." Blitukus and Kazo proceeded back up the shaft, traveling to the multistory test chamber where they had first met.

Kazo spoke, "All it is is applying your will to the basic particles of matter and energy, then scaling up from there. When you want to scale up even more, use your aura to add an extra shove to it. For most tasks, just put power behind your willpower, and be smart about it. You'll figure out the rest." Blitukus nodded... what to try? Something had to be useful against the demons... those of a hot biome usually detest the cold. Blitukus held his hand open in front of himself. He focused his energies in his center, then shifted them towards his hand. He focused on the air above his palm... picturing the particles, seeing them whizzing about and bouncing off of eachother and the walls of their environment. All of this hitting things, the energy of their motion creating warmth and friction among all the other particles... Blitukus focused his will, and began to slow these particles. He felt his hand getting colder, and colder, the particles approaching closer together as they slowed. Finally, water vapor in the air began to condense, forming an orb of fog above his hand, until finally, it seemed tiny snowflakes were forming within. Blitukus stopped, and the small bit of fog rapidly dissipated, leaving small white flakes drifting in the air, which promptly vanished as they melted back into the air. Kazo spoke, "Now try putting it in a bubble." Blitukus repeated what he had done, except this time, he allowed a bit of his mana to separate, forming a hollow sphere around the region, enclosing it. Within the sphere, Blitukus kept siphoning out the motion of the particles, until finally, they were moving so slow that they could no longer be slowed further without a more detailed sense of mana and matter. Blitukus felt confident that he would improve with time, but still... he noticed, the sphere containing dense and frozen air had a real weight, and could be tossed or thrown... likely freezing whatever it collided with. Blitukus smiled, tossed it up into the air, then caught it... or at least tried to. The astral bubble ignored his physical attempt to hold it... instead it partially froze the outer layers of his hand. Blitukus grunted slightly, grunted an obscenity, then sighed, holding his wrist with his other hand. Kazo laughed, "That's one way to see if it works!" Blitukus forced himself through the pain... he breathed deeply, and focused on his hand. This time, he directed his willpower to speed up the particles. slowly, he unfroze his hand, the ambient healing power around restoring his hand to full functionality. It had potential... although it wasn't very damaging and would be useless against a demon. Blitukus already had ideas on how to improve it... refining his senses to allow colder air... condensing the air down, allowing for more mass in the sphere... a combination of the two would be an exponential increase in power. Blitukus smiled. This had the potential to be effective, very effective. Next time though, he would have to match the planes, and catch astral projections with his astral self. As if he sensed this thought, Kazo spoke, "Catch!" Kazo then formed what appeared to be an orb of plasma gas above his hand, then tossed it into the air. It came down on Blitukus, who quickly snatched it out of the air, the energy he pooled in his hand allowing him to manipulate the orb. The orbs radiant glow sharply warmed Blitukus' palm. Blitukus then tossed it back at Kazo. Kazo batted it high into the air. Blitukus ran to intercept it, then batted it back into the air. They knocked the orb back and forth. Blitukus laughed. Despite involving volatile energies flying through the air, it was a rather fun thing to do. They continued until it finally fell to the floor and dissipated in a puff of heated gas. Arkus could be heard from above, "I was hoping one of you would win! Kazo, I am almost done with the first changes, and we'll need more metal. Do me a favor and melt down those old plates." Kazo nodded towards the exit of the room, then walked up to Blitukus. Kazo spoke, "That was fun!" Kazo smiled, then walked away. Blitukus walked back up to the residence, and took a drink of water... luckily that's all it was, water. He went back down and began trying out more methods and ideas for what to use these new powers for... he found that his playing that "sport" with Kazo had improved his abilities to manipulate mana, allowing him to do it more dynamically and rapidly. Perhaps that had been one of the reasons Kazo did that, aside from alleviating boredom. He spent several hours doing this, and found, as Dracha had predicted, he quickly had gained at least the beginnings of competency in manipulating the energies he had available. It was nothing compared to what a dragon would be able to do, but it was far better than what he had started out with.

Blitukus finished up, then returned to the residence area. It was getting late in Blitukus' nocturnal cycle, and soon he would have to find somewhere to rest. He saw Arkus, sitting and holding a large crystal. Arkus projected some kind of light through this crystal, originating from mana, the light forming designs for a flying machine of sorts, surrounded by various runes. These runes vaguely reminded Blitukus of the equations that surrounded his own technological designs. Blitukus sat and watched curiously, until eventually his exhaustion finally came to the front. Blitukus lay back on the chair, making sure there were other chairs available, then allowed himself to fall asleep there. He slept, but it was not centralized on day or night, for he was in a different time zone than what he was used to. In his dream, he found himself standing in a very dark and sinister region. He felt confident... some sort of assured destiny was at hand. He held a very odd weapon... it seemed like the automatic crossbow, but it was black and menacing with spikes of more of the dark metal. On its side were runes engraved in it. Out of these dark and sinister regions, he happened across several demons. Blitukus fired at the demons, finding the crossbow shot out bolts that glew with heat, leaving a trail of flame and plasma gas. The demons were easily struck down. Blitukus found himself grinning, taking down one demon after the next, until finally... he found the demon that had led to his current problems... the female kobold demon, only now the tables were turned. She dropped her now seemingly meaningless dagger, frozen under a strong gloom. Blitukus fired at her, piercing her heart and brain. She was struck down... and it seemed a terrible gloom had been lifted. Blitukus laughed, and the dream ended with his victory. He awoke, and smiled... he felt sure of it, his confidence not vanishing with the dream. Nothing would stand in his way. He knew he actually had no chance of defeating a true demon in combat... those from the pits were only minions. Still, he felt sure he would somehow manage to cheat the demon and stand victorious in his quest. Somehow... although his new found abilities just might make things a lot easier.

Ok, my being tired isn't a good influence on my storywriting ability. When break comes, and on the weekends, I guess I'll start writing at an earlier time of day.

[ December 12, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 13, 2007, 01:17:00 am**

What? But then my first post advantage will be GONE!

Did... did you just give Blittikus a gun in his dream? This makes me so close to crying on the inside...

[ December 13, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 13, 2007, 01:19:00 am**

I don't want to risk any imperfections due to being tired. Besides... for the last part, I think I'll go full circle on my time scheduling.

Edit: There will be no guns involved in this story.

[ December 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 13, 2007, 05:55:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!

I will have to make todays post quickly, as I need to get some sleep, I always say that, don't I?

So Blitukus is learning a bit of magic, hmmm... would it not be fun if when he comes home to his own time after checking the cat relic and shush, he surprised Draca a little, maybe teleport into her cave and cast something on her, then ask her if she has ever heard of Arkus or Kazo.

Also now that Blitukus can some magic mana become important when in his own time and even more so in the far future (because he can't take it out of thin air then). Why am I stating the obvious?

Replies:  
////////////////////////////////////

quote:



King. KING. KING. As in, the top governmental figure in a Monarchy. I'm really only a king in title, but the traits still stick!

Yes, but in almost all other universes it does not work that way because it's about the only one with big and many enough parades for them to actually count as a nation, so I generally don't think much of it, I suppose that's why you chose that one for your retirement. (those parades are actually quite an extraordinary sociological phenomenon, these huge caravans of space cities with joints that can bend the entire city into almost any shape, serving with just a thin cover of painted foil the same function as balloons fill in more primitive parades, exempt 50 000 meters long and orbital, the general economic idea is similar to that of traveling circuses, or that of mercenaries... but all this is another story)

quote:  
By chat, I actually meant over an instant messenger. Using the forum is too slow and I'd rather not drown other people out. We can sort the details out over PM.

Maybe, but the problem is these timezones, also I don't really know how this "chatting" works, I also really don't want any of those programs as I consider them a symbol of the very mainstreamer teenager culture I detest, I did however get the B12 chat to work by following the instructions on that page like an arcane ritual, so if we can decide a time that fits both of us and when that chat is not in too heavy use it might work. I also rather like the slow pace of forums, it's really much closer to my own pace than the hectic competition of interruptions that is talking, I get time to think about what I say and if it's really something I mean. I have no ideas how "PM" works.

I'm really quite a (what do you call it?) "noob" on the Internet.

quote:  
And by outlet, I mean any form of expression, something for your feelings to flow into. Writing happens to be what I chose, but any form of expression works, I just recommend getting your ideas out. Also, don't be afraid to try things you're not a pro at... you might find your feelings fill in the gaps. I actually can't say I was a good writer before I started writing this. If you do end up taking a similar path to what I took... make sure you have a lot of free time because it might end up being one heck of an experience. Lucky for me, I was on break when it peaked.

I know I need an outlet for too well, I have been searching for one the bigger part of my life, I have tried everything, but I absolutely can't write, not like "I'm no extraordinary writer, but only average" but actually negative amounts of talent, I can't put anything important in words no matter how I try, in [this post](#) Dreamer really describes it far better than I ever could.

It's quite sad actually. :)  
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I would write much more but I really need some sleep, these posts take several hours to write for some reason. You are probably the closest I ever have had to a friend AlanL. (not counting relatives)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 13, 2007, 06:17:00 pm**

Thank you :)

Actually, those 5 stories beforehand are 2 adventure mode ones, and 3 fortress ones. Adventure mode stories take 1-2 weeks it seems, judging by the first one, and considering the expanse of the second one, a fortress mode one might take anywhere from 2 weeks to 2 months. Assuming each fortress mode one is 1 month and each adventure mode one is 1.5 weeks, it comes out to 3 months and 3 weeks, although the real result will probably vary widely from that... although, Kazo might make an appearance in the 3rd of those 5 (the first fortress mode one), although he won't be doing much.

About PMs:  
"Private Messages  
The administrators of this message board may permit members to send private messages to each other. A private message is not email. Private messages are one-to-one communications that can only be read by the recipient. You can read private messages in your profile section. You can also elect to be notified by email whenever someone sends you a private message (you can set this in your profile). You can also prevent anyone from sending you a private message (also configurable in your profile). Only registered members may send private messages. This option can be disabled by the board administrators.

To send someone a private message, look for the private message icon on a post a person creates. You can send a private message through the person's member profile, or from your Buddy List, if you have added the person to your Buddy List. "

About the B12 chat, I'll look into it. I tend to get home around an hour before you go to sleep on most weekdays, and I'm free on the weekend.

Something else to keep in mind, I won't be able to start my next story after this one until adventure mode stealing and traveling are reconciled. Also, I'll still probably be making that other story first.

Edit: I forgot to include one fortress mode idea... although I don't know if it would be a good idea. It depends on how many good ideas I can get together for it.

Edit II: Also, I would prefer some sort of tileinfo utility for these versions when I reach the next fortress mode story, but that's still a while off.

[ December 13, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 13, 2007, 11:33:00 pm**

Thinking about his story, planning events and fleshing out ideas, I find Kazo does speak to me in a certain way as well... although Fale still owns part of my heart...

I just had some very good ideas regarding Kazos first story recently, and wrote those down to a convenient txt file on my desktop.  
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Blitukus sat up, and checked his timepiece, silently requesting it indicate the time near his portal... it read "03:31 PM, Slate 19, 9011". Less than 6 hours left. He felt it in his heart... finally... the day when it would be alright again slowly approached. He looked up, and saw Kazo standing nearby. Kazo smiled, and tilted his head, then commented, "You took my chair. Comfy isn't it?" Blitukus snickered, then nodded. He looked down... he still had the cat component... it was a step towards making the impossible happen... all in the name of undoing the tragedy that started it all... He just wanted his mom to be around again. He felt in his heart that his soul would not be able to come to peace until it was so. Still... Blitukus sniffed, then hugged Kazo, "Thank you so much for finding this... it means so much to me..." Kazo smiled, "Glad I could help!" Blitukus stepped away, then looked at the component again, a tear running down his face. It meant it WOULD be so... he would get the other 3 components, and then it would be done. Kazo spoke, "You know... something about your soul... it's subtle, but it's nothing I've ever seen before, and I've seen a lot around here." Blitukus slowly nodded, feeling it within himself as well, then smiled. It was his determination and love... manifested over 11 dimensions, but in and of itself a dimension extra.

Blitukus realized... that sense of those 11 dimensions... the dragons had only begun to realize these before they would be disbanded... Blitukus knew them deeply. Could it be potentially a method of using magic that even the dragons hadn't thought of? He looked around. He was in a proper facility to test his ideas... Blitukus spoke, "May I make use of some of your trash? I have an idea for something new... I'm not sure what, but I think it might be significant." Kazo snickered, "One reptiles trash is another dogs treasure? Sure! I'll come with." Blitukus smiled, then led Kazo down the shaft, riding it down to the storage. Blitukus retrieved some metallic scraps and bits of organic trash, mostly food scraps, then carried them back to the test chamber. Blitukus set a metal scrap down on a platform, and contemplated his ideas, planning how to use them. Kazo sat back and watched contently. Blitukus held his hand out, and focused sharply on the space

above his palm. He shifted his view, unleashing his vision in higher dimensions. He focused down, narrower, and narrower, until once again, he found himself viewing fundamental space in his mind. He found his skills were far too short to decisively manipulate any part of it... then again, nobody would ever be able to... chaotic space cannot be manipulated in an orderly fashion. Seeing this, Blitukus began to let his powers focus on space, the entire space above his hand, allowing his mana to mingle with space, and for space to mingle with it, across planes contorted in an ever changing way, an interaction eternally indeterminable. Blitukus enclosed this within a bubble of his own mana... he found this process, whatever it was, was draining a lot from him. Then... suddenly, space within the bubble began to become a froth all over, space folding and contorting entirely randomly... also contorting everything occupying it entirely randomly. Blitukus kept focusing himself into eliminating all structure and predictability, and finally all observation, allowing his focus to shift. He found himself looking into an orb that bent and scattered light in an entirely random yet dynamic manner. He smiled, finding it carried all of the inner beauties of the universe... beauties which the minds of most others wouldn't be able to grasp. Blitukus held it back, ready to toss... whatever happened now was entirely up to chance. Blitukus tossed it at the scrap of metal... when it hit, the metal was engulfed in the twisting and churning space. It contorted in an indescribable way... sometimes seeming to part into multiple objects, yet it was still one... when the effect dissipated, it left the metal perfectly polished, pure, and in what appeared to be an organically shaped nugget. Kazo commented, "Now who needs to melt things down when you can do that?... just what WAS that exactly?" Blitukus smiled, feeling a certain power within, "I cannot describe it... I think this language might be just too limited for such things." Kazo commented, "One of those? Arkus loves those kind of things!" Blitukus smiled, then began charging another casting of it. He felt as if, unlike 'conventional' magic, this truly carried an imprint of his essence, somehow. Each casting of it would be truly unique... one could do it infinitely, and never exactly repeat a result, no matter how similar it may seem. When he cast it onto the metal... the metal contorted, then seemed to somehow burst into vapor, settling to the ground in a metallic cloud, yet it had not gotten any hotter. Each casting drained him, yet mana poured in from all around, allowing him to experiment with it thoroughly. Every time something different happened... from bursts of flame to freezing over to materials becoming charged, even to random teleportation. The resulting metal was shaped in various forms, typically very organic, but occasionally with meaningless yet surprising spikes and ridges. Organic matter also did various things, from bursting into flame to turning to mush to spontaneously growing random and fluid appendages from its core material, behaving as if it were still alive in an odd case. Kazo laughed, "It's a cosmic gambling game!" Blitukus smiled, "I think that is a fairly close approximation." Kazo continued, "But now I'm curious... Follow me." Blitukus followed Kazo back down... eventually ending up in the dungeon full of cages again. Kazo spoke, "Let's see what it does to living beings." Blitukus walked up to a cage... the creature of unidentifiable type half-living within slowly pushed itself away from Blitukus, up against the wall. Blitukus sighed... there were an infinite number of ways such an act could end in horror. Blitukus spoke, "No. Unlike Arkus, I draw the line at such things..." Kazo replied, "I still want to see what it does to living beings..." Kazo stood in the middle of the corridor, then spread out his arms and legs, raising his tail into the air a bit. He spoke, "Imagine a big target painted on my belly!" Blitukus snickered, "Probably not a good idea." Blitukus thought about something else... the more energy he put into it, the more fundamentally the object was altered... what if he unleashed as much energy as he could muster? Blitukus spoke, "I do have another idea though. Let's go back to the chamber." Kazo replied, "Sure. I wonder what Arkus will think of this..."

Blitukus thought about that but didn't give it much thought. They proceeded back to the test chamber, and found Arkus had taken a seat to watch. Arkus commented, "I'll ask questions later. Right now I will just make sure if anything bad happens, it doesn't ruin everything." Arkus was as wise as he looked, for Blitukus using such forces on such scales would have far more profound results than would normally be available... it could be beautiful but it could just as easily be a disaster. Should it be a disaster... perhaps Arkus would think quickly enough. Blitukus voiced his misgivings, "This truly is a dangerous test." Kazo commented, "That's one of the things that makes it so much fun!" Arkus laughed. Blitukus still felt his confidence... true beauty the likes of which had never before been witnessed could result as well. Blitukus smiled, then a moment later, began charging another casting... this time he focused his entire aura to the best of his ability, exhausting himself, but still continuing, focusing mana as it flowed into him. He felt a new feeling, barely noticeable the first time, but now much more magnified. The chaos within his heart permeated outward, filling him, and surrounding him. his eyes glew slightly purple, and forces immediately surrounding him caused his fur to move and twist randomly. The space within the orb of mana he had formed contorting and pocketing in on itself to finer and finer detail. Blitukus had far overrun his astral energy, and began to feel physically weak from the constant strain of processing external mana. He stopped inputting energy there. He couldn't afford to spend himself... for the time he had left was far too precious; missing his portal home would have made everything in vain. The orb he held was likely the most powerful magic he could wield with his current skill... yet it relied on skill that he had been chosen to receive by the universe. Why him?... It did work out to his advantage, though. He smiled, and tossed it at a scrap of platinum. Platinum trash? Although Arkus enjoyed living comfortably, apparently he wasn't interested in pure luxuries. The platinum was struck, and seemed not to contort in such a straightforward manner. It seemed to fundamentally alter within... Its particles were stretched and twisted, interrupting the fundamental forces that existed within them. When the alterations were complete, what had happened came to light... a lot of light. The particles of platinum, stuck within their metallic grid, had been rendered unstable, their binding forces interrupted by the contortions. Particles of platinum parted into halves... two particles of Yttrium. Platinum was more than the sum of its parts, and the difference became an explosive burst of high energy particles... particles that smacked into other platinum particles, fragmenting them in an ever escalating cycle. The room was flooded with light, then the light ceased. Blitukus regained his vision, and saw Arkus, holding his hand out... he had teleported it all away... hopefully far enough. All was silent and still for a moment, then suddenly, an immense flash came from outside, the flash bouncing down the corridors, visible from the test chamber. The flash dimmed, then all of a sudden, there was a loud screeching, followed by an immense explosion that rocked the building. As the deafening roar died down, a dull whirring of vast amounts of circulating air could be heard. Indeed, it would've ended in a millisecond of tragedy, hadn't Arkus had been so experienced with unsafe tests... Arkus laughed, "That was amazing! It's times like this I'm glad I invented the global healing field." Blitukus spoke, "The healing is your work?" Arkus continued, "Yeah, and that thing sent out so many nasty particles we would've all been puking out guts out in a few days otherwise!" Arkus laughed again. Kazo eagerly leapt up the platforms of the test chamber, walking back into the residence area. Arkus and Blitukus followed. Kazo swished his tail about, looking out the window. Arkus and Blitukus stood by the window, and looked out as well. Arkus took his goggles off, and peered closely at what was outside. In the distance, an incandescent, red-orange fireball was rising into the sky, scorched terrain beneath it. The land was baked bare, and the immediate area around it was alight with flame. Arkus commented, "That must've been the equivalent of hundreds of tons of explosive power, maybe even thousands!" Kazo commented as well, "Now that's some big fireworks in a surprisingly small package!" Blitukus watched this, and at first felt impressed with himself for unleashing such power, even if it was merely chance and luck that it happened... although he nearly just annihilated the entire tower. Then... a sudden feeling of horror overcame Blitukus. He recognized it... the fiery plume slowly rising into the sky... that multiplied a thousandfold, and it would be enough power to level a city, toppling buildings and tossing vehicles like nothing... just like in his nightmare, the end of utopias metropolis. He didn't know the specifics of what he had done, only that chance had led him to witness a power that although in itself was truly amazing... could also be corrupted into the most horrible of weapons. Blitukus felt regretful of having done it, but reminded himself that it was not his intention, that it was pure chance that had led to it. Still... Blitukus spoke, "My... what have I unleashed?"

Arkus smiled, "I probably say something similar myself every now and then, but I tend to already know the answer anyway." Blitukus spoke to Arkus, "My apologies for jeopardizing you in such a way." Arkus replied, "No need to. It's about time someone did it to me for once! It's times like this that remind me of why I got into this business." Arkus put his emerald goggles back on. Arkus continued, "So I see you carry powerful secrets that have just only been unleashed. If one kobold... can do that... I want to see what I can do. Tell me, how do you do it?" Blitukus replied, "I really can't explain it... you have to understand things in a certain, fundamental way... talking about it would be pointless. You have to see it personally, it's how I learned." Arkus responded, "Ok, show me then." Blitukus replied, "I can't, that's far past what I can do." Arkus spoke, "Ok then, I'll have to get it out of you somehow... I can read minds if the subject is cooperative. Have a seat, and then you can show me much more directly." Blitukus nodded, "Sure." Blitukus sat down in a chair, and projected his mind, allowing it to surface... it was how he imagined it would work. Arkus sat down across from Blitukus. Blitukus sensed Arkus accepting the offer... Blitukus then focused himself on Arkus, overlaying his sense of all dimensions on top... what he saw was perfectly clear, truly everything was revealed... but his mind had, when this was first forced into it, re-wired itself to effectively work on those levels, and as such... Blitukus heard in his mind the thought of Arkus, "What?! All I see is some twisted-up froth!" The contact was ended, and Blitukus ceased projecting his complete view. Blitukus spoke, "You are probably not thinking in enough dimensions." Arkus spoke, "I've got a 3-dimensional dynamic view, that's as high as it goes." Blitukus asked, "Have you tried viewing such things in all 11 dimensions?" Arkus replied, "Why, I wouldn't know where to start with that! My mind has never gone beyond 4... yet..." Blitukus spoke, "There is no way for me to show this to you... you need to see it as it is and have reality force it into you. Just make sure you are ready for a LOT of mental strain! You will find your answers at the most basic and fundamental scales of space and time... you will know because space itself will seem to be a chaotic froth at such scales." Arkus hesitated, then commented, "I considered commandeering your brain, but in that case it would be pointless. I guess I have a new long-term goal. You've happened upon something very powerful, and I want to harness it myself... You know, I think they're right. There really is a lot more to some kobolds than meets the eye." Blitukus smiled proudly. Unfortunately that power was a double edged sword... but in an emergency, it just might save him... or make his fate come quicker. Either way, it would come in handy in an extreme case, should such a case ever happen. What an extreme case in these circumstances meant was on the bounds of all reason anyway, for it seemed his entire quest was in and of itself an extreme case.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 14, 2007, 12:05:00 am**

Nukes. Why didn't we make the connection to nukes? Stupid stupid stupid stupid.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 14, 2007, 12:15:00 am**

Nothing stupid about it really. A lot of people tend not to make the connection right away unless you basically outright say "mushroom cloud", something I tried to avoid doing. I was actually hoping some people wouldn't make the connection RIGHT away.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 14, 2007, 07:51:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!  
(Is it just me, or do I ALWAYS begin whit "Beyond Quality!" and do you ALWAYS respond whit "Thank you :)"?)

Okay, I should have been asleep 4 hours ago, So I will just be a bit quick, excuse me if I sound rude.  
////////////////////////////////////  
I also still want to see what it does to living beings!!! :(  
Can't you please make that test be done, that game of catch showed that magics can be held by another person, so if he uses it only once more Kazo or Arkus would be able to steal it and...

I realized that the city in Blitukus dream in the beginning was probobly nuclear if that is what you are talking about, a city-obligating explosion coming out of a perversion of technology could not really mean anything besides Nukes or maybe antimatter.

One thing I have wondered ever since we meet Kazo is that if he is maybe from pises of other souls then what happened to those souls that went to the afterlife missing important parts?

Have Blitukus just forgotten to ask about the backup spell, that would be a very practical and mostly risk free thing to have.

I have tried to send a test PM and if you have revived it and send a response so that we know it works then we can use that for some more informal communication whiteout cluttering the entire forum.

quote:
Actually, those 5 stories beforehand are 2 adventure mode ones, and 3 fortress ones. Adventure mode stories take 1-2 weeks it seems, judging by the first one, and considering the expanse of the second one, a fortress mode one might take anywhere from 2 weeks to 2 months. Assuming each fortress mode one is 1 month and each adventure mode one is 1.5 weeks, it comes out to 3 months and 3 weeks, although the real result will probably vary widely from that... although, Kazo might make an appearance in the 3rd of those 5 (the first fortress mode one), although he won't be doing much.

Good then!

Have you considered detaching this completely from DF? It seems that most DF related things are like that elephant man, a reference but not actually from DF itself, the best parts are really the parts away from DF completely, DF is a great game but to this story it's really only constraining, the only really convincing reason to not break free is your emotional ties, those are important however.

You also said somewhere that you usually come home a hour before I go to bed, have you taken into account that I usually post this 3 hours after I go to bed and should really be asleep.

I have my laptop in my bed writing late at night.  
Have I told you I love computers very much... that sounded very wrong somehow. :eek: [/incredibly blunt joke very unlike me]

////////////////////////////////////

As usual all the paragraphs is in a completely random order \*sighs\* I must really not always wait until late after midnight to post these.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 14, 2007, 07:55:00 pm**

Oh really? What about Biotechnology?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 14, 2007, 08:23:00 pm**

Actually, I do tend to respond with a thank you. It's nice after all :)

About testing it on living beings... actually that gives me an idea for how to fill some time in the story :) Thanks, it probably would've gone to waste otherwise.

When it comes to other souls... I'm basically assuming that those other souls are in essence 'dead', however that can be applied to souls. If someone cuts your heart out to use in a project of some kind, it kills you, after all.

About the back-up spell, I thought I at least hinted that the spell was experimental/unstable, and could seriously mess up Blitukus' soul if it misfired.

I'll probably still use DF because it helps give a good template to base imagery and events on and is a source of randomness as well as a reference (especially when it comes to time). I use it when I need it (Fales adventure probably needed DF to have turned out so good), and don't use it when I don't (such as right now). It actually helps the story for me to use it when it comes in handy.

I'll think about it... but still, I think I'll have a lot more problems writing these without DF in some circumstances. Plus, it allows me to get screenshots.

Edit: I had to attend a family christmas dinner tonight, so I didn't have enough time to do an update. Sorry.

[ December 14, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 15, 2007, 06:59:00 am**

quote:
I had to attend a family christmas dinner tonight, so I didn't have enough time to do an update. Sorry.

NO!!! That just ruined my day. :)

quote:
About testing it on living beings... actually that gives me an idea for how to fill some time in the story Thanks, it probably would've gone to waste otherwise.



I take that as that we will se what happened to a living being, great! :)  
(that quote took a \*long\* tome to find in all this text)

quote:

I'll probably still use DF because it helps give a good template to base imagery and events on and is a source of randomness as well as a reference (especially when it comes to time). I use it when I need it (Fales adventure probably needed DF to have turned out so good), and don't use it when I don't (such as right now). It actually helps the story for me to use it when it comes in handy.

I'll think about it... but still, I think I'll have a lot more problems writing these without DF in some circumstances. Plus, it allows me to get screenshots.

Okay, you're the boss! :)

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 15, 2007, 11:38:00 am**

"Must... kill... AlanL's... family..."

You'd better not. Besides, having to make a living as an orphan would mean no updates for a long time.

"Normal killing is okay, we have actually seen that it only sends them to some kind of afterlife, but killing someones \*soul\*?!? Thats like 100 times worse."

Well... questionable ethics and evil tendencies are present :p

Plus, in a way, they still live on, perhaps partially for each, as Kazo.

"But it is highly useful and basically rants immortality, it might be risky but "sometimes the benefits do really outweigh the costs of the test.""

I would imagine Blitukus wouldn't want to risk failing his quest over it, and also, it would only work in the days of the ancients due to the mana it requires (a back-up is 1 shot use). I was thinking of a way to work it in with the test-on-a-living-being, and I might do that, but I'm not sure.

[ December 15, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **December 15, 2007, 12:19:00 pm**

I got the Nuke reference during the initial explosion before it got teleported >\_>

Also I've been reading this entire story and it's really, really awesome.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 15, 2007, 02:19:00 pm**

Thank you :)

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 15, 2007, 04:14:00 pm**

All that I meant is that are TONS of potential corruptions of technology in biotechnology, refuting your statement about a corruption of technology "obviously" being nukes or antimatter.

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 15, 2007, 05:41:00 pm**

Yes there are many perversions of technology, but not all that many fits the description of being a weapon that levels cities in an huge explosion.

---

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 16, 2007, 12:50:00 am**

I wonder why people are OK with nukes being mentioned but hate the idea of guns. I'm not involving guns, but I'm kinda curious about that.

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Blitukus let out a deep breath... His quest was an extreme case as was his mothers... He smiled, allowing his consciousness to sink deep into his soul. He held out his hand, formed another orb of chaotic space, then gazed into it.

*My mother said herself she had mostly expected to die the day she fought the tyrant Gustem, to be remembered as the kobold who broke the curse of the undead, had slain the ettin menace, the rebel who brought down Gustem... and yet she became a legendary world leader on top of being a legendary warrior in the end, remembered for bringing peace and prosperity to entire continents. The results of my quest still lie within the scattered probabilities of an undetermined future... I will not attempt to make predictions of the outcome... only that I will succeed with my goal. She will live on as more than just a memory. What happens after that... I will observe it, some day.*

He continued his smile, the particles in his breath being twisted and shot out of the chaotic space in an entirely random manner. Kazo snatched the orb from Blitukus' hand, "I'll take that!" Kazo began walking down towards the 'dungeon'. Arkus laughed, and followed. Blitukus followed Arkus. Blitukus sighed, "Just please do not use it on me..." Kazo twisted around, still holding the orb, and looked right at Blitukus, his grin exposing his perfectly sharp adamantine teeth, "You're tempting me!... nah, I'll use something more expendable." Kazo continued walking. Eventually they reached the cages. Kazo browsed through the various creatures, most already hideously deformed, and picked the one that seemed the least altered, a miscolored naked mole dog, a sickly brown instead of its usual hue. Arkus watched closely as Kazo tossed the orb of chaotic space right at the creature. It struck the creature, enveloping it in the contortions of an 11-dimensional froth. The creature screamed, then seemed to bend into itself, phasing through itself, distorting into what looked like multiple gory objects, yet it was all one object. It seemed to be inside out in many ways, yet it actually wasn't. When the contortions stopped, it had assumed a new form... almost like a blue blob with black spots. It had several stubs and tendrils on its body, its insides seemingly entirely randomly configured, bones pressing against its interior at entirely patternless spots, causing further bulges on its surface. It was headless and faceless. Somehow, it emitted an insane, furious, and agonized warble, then it began to slowly rock itself, sliding forward, leaving a green slime trail behind it. With a loud SPAT, it shot out some sort of green ooze, material transmuted from its former innards. The transmuted material covered the bars, a drop of it landing on Kazo. Kazo jumped away. The drop had landed on his shoulder.. the area it splattered against seemed to turn from adamantine to silver, then be corroded through, revealing the mithril and crystal beneath. Kazo looked down at his shoulder, "Well it's the first time that's happened!" But in order to turn adamantine to silver on mere contact, it must carry negative mana... negative energy? The substance ate through the mithril bars, leaving marks on the floor. The transmuted being slid forward, exiting its cage, sitting in the corrosive goo without being harmed. Whether it was technically still alive or not... one could argue either way. It slowly rolled, turning to face Kazo, making a sickening crunching sound as it rolled. Kazo backed away. It seemed to be sapping the mana of everything nearby. It spat out a glob which landed on the floor in a steaming puddle. Kazo spoke, "Arkus, let's barbecue it!" Arkus spoke, "I was thinking the same thing myself!" They both began to pool mana between their hands. After a moment, they both shot out an arc almost like lightning. The two arcs converged in front of the transmuted being, combining into one

fiery arc, that struck the being. The large amounts of scorching, fiery energy... seemed to strengthen it. Arkus commented, "It seems its soul had been transformed into a tear in the fabric of astral space..." They stepped back. Arkus continued with a smile, "... Fascinating! It will kill, then suck in its victims soul, destroying the soul and strengthening itself... we've created a demon! I still say it's barbecue time... stand back!" Blitukus was already standing watching from a distance back. Kazo didn't move, but instead watched curiously. Arkus stood tall, leaning back and taking in a deep breath, then bent forward with quite a bit of force, letting out a breath of flame in the direction of the transmuted being. The 'improvised' demon caught fire, continued sliding while engulfed in flame, let out an agonized warble, distorted by the crackling flame, then collapsed into a puddle of liquid. The liquid burned away, leaving a foul odor in the air. Arkus commented, "I love it when a test ends in a pool of flame! Like quite a few dragons, I have a slight touch of pyromania." Kazo snickered. They all felt their mana still being drained by an invisible presence, nondescript save for pooled with demonic hatred. The rift in the astral plane approached them, attracted to condensed astral energy... their souls. Arkus encased it in a bubble of mana, careful to avoid letting it touch the wall of the sphere as it was forming. Eventually, Arkus shifted the dense energies of the enclosure, causing it to repel the rift... the rift was contained. It began to become visible... a black spot in space, contained with a faintly glowing sky-blue sphere. Blitukus felt somewhat disgusted about all of this... and knew he would be horrified once it all started to sink in. He forced it from his mind to avoid it sinking in. Arkus took the contained rift back up to the residential area, placing it in some sort of crystal stand that somehow held the astral energies up as if it were a physical object. Blitukus and Kazo followed closely behind. Arkus spoke, "Seeing as it's more than capable of devouring the 700 million souls of those inhabiting this world, I'll have to work slowly analyzing it... it would be disappointing for my career to end in such a manner." Kazo laughed, then turned toward Blitukus, "We've had an eventful morning, don't you agree?" Blitukus nodded, but sighed, "Why such horrid outcomes?" Kazo walked up to Blitukus, "We have a habit of reaching horrid outcomes. It's part of the job description!" In this case, it was more bad luck... chaos has a chance of a positive outcome just as much as a negative... this time it just happened to be negative... unless... Blitukus asked, "Did you wish for something like this to happen?" Kazo replied, "Actually yes... but I didn't wish to get a hole burned into my shoulder. Good thing I hardly feel any pain nowadays!" Blitukus forced his negative feelings aside, and snickered. Dwelling in disgust wouldn't get him anywhere, so it was pointless to do so. He suddenly felt his disgust melt away, his feelings shifting. He looked at his hands, and grinned. He had said to himself many times...

*I **WILL** succeed in my goal... and if the situation reaches a desperate end, this just might be the power that backs that statement. Everyone and anyone can bend the forces of chaos to their will... but it seems I alone can do it to such a degree. Should I be faced with truly the most horrid of situations, may it serve as a viable last resort.*

An afterthought came... bending space to such a degree required a lot of energy. He was only able to do it because of the high yield of mana available... in future times, this ability would be unavailable. But... with the amulet, energy was energy. Still though, it may be viable as a last resort, but only as a last resort... it was still near the definition of unpredictability. Kazo spoke, "Looks like Arkus will be busy for a while picking these results apart. I have to say I'm impressed. I never thought a kobold could do that!" Blitukus laughed, feeling warm within by a notion, "It runs in my family. On a side note, I find it ironic that one of the most advanced products of one of the most advanced civilizations... is in many ways a dinosaur." Kazo smiled, "I bet 'raptors would've started civilization long ago... if it weren't for that whole apocalyptic extinction business. Ah well, the geologists tell us 'it happens once in a while'. Besides..." Kazo stretched out his tail, bending over closer to the ground. He then turned around rapidly in a full circle and jumped high into the air, "... from a natural selection standpoint, I'm more evolved than you!" Blitukus laughed... it was probably true. Blitukus checked his timepiece. 5 hours left... minus two to allow for a margin of error... 3 hours left to get back. Of course, he only needed a few minutes thanks to the teleportation hub. Blitukus asked Kazo, "Anything else I should know about the use of magic before I return home?" Kazo replied, "Sure there is! Only an idiot would fight a battle without any shielding! If you plan on using it for self defense... you'll need to know defense. Follow."

Blitukus followed Kazo down into the test chamber. Kazo spoke, "All you have to do is copy the same technique you already use to make bubbles... only this time, make a wall in front of yourself. Remember, your astral energy is what holds it in place. If you lose it, you have to make a new one." Blitukus tried this, channeling his mana to form a surface in much the same way he enclosed his magic before tossing it. He found this to be rather draining as he formed a large surface that completely blocked all paths between him and Kazo. Kazo laughed, "I see you made a tower shield! Well..." Blitukus asked, "What's next? A way to improve what I have here?" Kazo formed an orb of heated and charged plasma gas over his palm, "Next, I'll show you why that was a bad idea!" Kazo hurled the orb. The orb struck Blitukus' barrier, shattering on impact. Kazo kept chucking orb after orb of charged plasma in rapid succession, each appearing to be a dim and less powerful form of ball lightning. Each block caused a steep drain on Blitukus' mana, until Blitukus had exhausted himself. His shield collapsed. An orb struck Blitukus in the gut, burning and shocking him slightly, the next hitting him in the nose. Blitukus grunted a bit, and stumbled backward. Kazo laughed. Blitukus rubbed his own nose. Kazo spoke, "The bigger the shield, the bigger the draw. You have a low mana capacity, and this means you can't block hardly any sort of real attack with it. The more you use your mana capacity, the bigger it gets." Blitukus stood, focusing on drawing up a new charge of mana, "It's a good thing I'm pretty tough anyway." Kazo snickered, "Ok, make another tower shield. I'll show you when it's a good idea to use it." Blitukus complied. It may have hurt, but at least it didn't cause real injury... unlike if it had been a real fight. Kazo created several orbs of the plasma, suspending them in the air, creating an orb of full ball lightning in the middle. Kazo commented, "OK, this is how you cheat a firing squad!" Kazo drew back, then gestured as if he were shoving the suspended mana forward. All of the orbs flew at Blitukus at once, striking his barrier simultaneously. Immediately, Blitukus' shield was shattered and all of his mana vanished in a burst... but none of the orbs got through. Kazo spoke, "Tower shields make a great disposable barricade in a pinch! Now, catch your breath and try using a smaller shield. Growing it off of your forearm is a good idea." As Blitukus recovered, he spoke, "I think you enjoy watching me get hit." Kazo replied, "Of course I do, I think it's funny!" Blitukus snickered... it was an odd way of doing it but it meant it was mutually beneficial. Blitukus needed to improve his mana capacity... if he was caught in a desperate situation in the future where he needed magic, recharging may be slow or nonexistent, but he might still have his own reserves on top of the amulet. Blitukus recovered, then crouched, forming a circular shield from his mana, attached to his forearm, "Ok, I'm ready." Kazo snickered, and once again provided a barrage for Blitukus to practice defending against. This time around, although Blitukus found he had to quickly react and occasionally missed one, he found the drain was less than what he absorbed from the environment. He could maintain the shield for as long as he wished, as long as nothing massive hit it. They continued this for a good span of time, Blitukus trying out new ideas for shield types, trying each for quite a while, some working, some not so much. Kazo was entertained by this either way. Eventually, during a break, Kazo commented, "You should try making the surface of your shields a little more elastic..." Blitukus nodded... they already worked fine, what would elasticity do? There was one way to find out... When they started again, Blitukus formed his shield with less rigidity. He found that instead of shattering on impact, the mana orbs recoiled off of the shield, eventually shattering on impact with the wall. Kazo smiled, and formed an orb with a different kind of shell, a looser shell. It bounced off of the shield, and bounced off of the walls, bouncing all around the room until it dispersed in midair, the energy of its shell running out. They were both entertained by bouncing orbs back and forth, seeing who could keep the orb from landing on their side the most. Blitukus commented, "This seems a viable sport." Kazo snickered in agreement. Blitukus remembered... his mother once mentioned how Gustem knocking a stone away with a mace also inspired an idea for a sport. Luckily, this was friendly competition, not precursor to a deadly battle. Eventually, Kazo began to approach Blitukus, the orb bouncing straight back and forth, each bounce a shorter duration, until finally their shields came into contact, crushing the orb between them, causing the energy to be dispersed in a ring shape. Blitukus reabsorbed his shield back into his mana stores. Kazo did the same. Blitukus spoke, "I feel strained from processing so much raw mana... and I think I have to leave soon." Kazo replied, "After you rest, you'll find your capacity has grown, I guarantee it. Nowhere near what I have but it should better than a true beginner. Plus, that was fun!" Blitukus laughed, "I expect I will be feeling a bit sore tomorrow but I agree." Blitukus checked his timepiece... 1 hour left until the portal reappears for his return to 1085. Blitukus spoke, "My transit home will be arriving in an hour. I must leave soon." Kazo replied, "Aww, well it was nice meeting you, Blitukus!" Blitukus responded, "Adamantine and crystal are two things time respects dearly... perhaps we will meet again, in the future?" Kazo stood tall and smiled, "I hope so!..." Kazo snickered, "... good thing this tower is so obvious a troglodyte could find it." Blitukus smiled, "Now I will say goodbye to Arkus, then depart. Thank you for finding the component, and teaching me the basics of magic... it really might just be all the difference in my quest... potentially." Kazo spoke, "Ok..." As Blitukus walked away, Kazo followed, and continued, "... although you walked in knowing most of the basics. The reason it takes months to train people usually is because you have to tell them a bit about how the universe works and how particles and energy interact, stuff you already knew and then some. All I had to do was tell you how to put it to use." That was the reason why Dracha had made her comment that it would be so easy for Blitukus to learn magic.

Blitukus and Kazo returned back into the residence. Blitukus walked up to Arkus, "Thank you, it was an... interesting adventure staying here, but now I must part. Goodbye." Arkus replied, "Leaving? I know just how to send you on your way!" Arkus walked over to the other side of the room, placing his hands on a series of crystals assembled there, rising up from the floor. Near the crystals was a space on the floor encircled with adamantine, around the adamantine an assembly of mithril and crystal. Blitukus approached, and looked at the space. Arkus commented, "A few years ago I was playing with matter streams and I realized that the government is wasting its time with their teleportation network. There's a much more efficient and free way of doing it that allows for a node anywhere, not just a weak point in space, in fact, it doesn't even need a node all the time. A matter stream can be relayed in a physical and astral vacuum without any loss or impedance. This is a perfect opportunity for me to prove this works with living beings, and you get to go straight to wherever you need to go." Blitukus replied, "What if I'd rather use the safe and proven way to return?" Arkus smiled, "Then I have Kazo tie you down so you can't move." Kazo looked over at them, smiling and flicking his tail about. Blitukus replied, "Ok then... but this is the last time you get to use me as a subject." Arkus laughed, "Of course! I'm not going to fish you out of your home after all. Now, stand over there..." Blitukus stood in the middle of the adamantine ring, and proceeded to show Arkus his sphere of direction, indicating his destination. Arkus seemed

to manipulate the crystal 'console' directly with thought and will, an odd yet shifting glow reflecting off of his face. Blitukus checked to make sure he had the component and everything else he had brought, finding he was missing nothing. Arkus spoke, "There isn't any large scale vacuum here on this world... but vacuum is all there is in the skies of the heavens above. Erh... 'access denied' this... Ehm, anyway, so, there are several platforms circling in the heavens above that the government hardly uses and are ideal for this test. So, first I will commandeer these..." Arkus forced his contact and eventually his will upon these distant platforms... he broke through the powerful barrier to unauthorized communications by intercepting legitimate communications and using parts of those communications to fake his way in and switch it over. Arkus spoke, "Okay, it's ready. Now, we must hurry... or I get in trouble for this stuff *again*... Okay, now, I bid you farewell, Blitukus. Good luck!" Arkus and Kazo waved. Blitukus waved back, then, a burst of energy forced its way up from the floor of the circle. Blitukus felt his mana and soul ripped upward, his matter towed behind. Blitukus found himself sucked into the core of the tower, then fired up through the very pinnacle, shot out at an angle. He zipped away from the tower, shooting up through the clouds, the atmosphere above dimming to deeper hues of blue until eventually the black sky and shining stars of the cosmos above were visible. He found himself careening away from the world he was familiar with... suddenly he found himself full of the fear that something had gone wrong, that he was doomed to an eternity zipping pointlessly through the empty regions of the cosmos. Suddenly, he intercepted an object floating in a circular path. He bounced off of this object, and found himself moving with immense speed towards a point that lay a bit above the curved horizon. He grazed the atmosphere, then continued further. He then bounced off of a second floating object, this object reflecting him towards the surface. He plummeted towards a desert and swamp, down through the layers of the atmosphere, through the clouds, and finally rematerializing and landing softly upon the desert terrain. He looked around... he had gone directly back to the future site of the capital of Anthath Siset, without crossing a hub or using a node. He looked at where the portal should be, and it wasn't there. There was still some time before it was due to arrive. He walked away, then sat. Once every few minutes he looked back to check for it. Eventually, between these checks, he looked up. A beautiful starlit night sky was present. He felt the cat artifact in his possession. Despite the various less-than-ideal events during his visit, Blitukus really did feel he was going to miss Arkus and especially Kazo... then again, perhaps they really would meet again, at some point in time. The odds were far against it happening by chance... but chance always held the possibility of surprise.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 16, 2007, 01:02:00 am**

BASEBALL! it's almost as awesome as Bullroarer Took inventing golf!  
And the opposition was to giving BLITIKUS a gun. It just... doesn't work. HE isn't using nukes, everyone else is.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 16, 2007, 01:30:00 am**

I agree, generally though there's a big difference between a crossbow and a firearm- a crossbow doesn't use expendable propellant. So, when I say automatic crossbow I mean a machine-version of an actual crossbow (otherwise I'd say machine gun). There are actually no firearms involved in this story due to the circumstances between tech levels and the point of industrialization. In fact, my take on modern day in this story has a lot of peculiarities compared to the familiar stuff. Should be coming up soon :p

Edit: Yeah, the part from the original A Kobolds Quest was a reference to baseball, although the new reference points to tennis.

[ December 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 16, 2007, 07:51:00 pm**

TENNIS almost as awesome as baseball!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 16, 2007, 07:57:00 pm**

Awesome! Beyond Quality!

Hmmm... so if this thing turns a dog (naked mole dog, granted) into a demon that corrodes admantine and whose soul is a rift that even the greatest mage of a near star faring civilasation can not destroy and he needs to keep it bound by the strongest magic for it not to consume the entire world, then what will it do to a real demon...  
Maybe it's a toggle?

I can now confirm you not posting an update yestoday DID ruin my day, and due to various results mostly this day, and now I'm not getting any sleep so probably tomorrow to, :)

So I suppose tomorrow we will see Dracas face when suddenly Blitukus surpasses her in magic?

I should already have been sleeping for 5 hours, my sleeping habits seem to be going downhill.

I would really want to say loads more, but I never ever seems to have time. :mad:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 16, 2007, 08:19:00 pm**

If I don't have time to write an update then I don't have time. There have already been several cases where I could've easily made my day easier and said no update, but I wrote an update anyway. Please, don't try to guilt trip me, it isn't productive at all. You don't have to lose sleep over it, when I post an update it's almost always at the same time each day anyway.

Aside from that, thank you all for the compliments. :)

Edit: Actually Arkus probably could destroy it, but he's more interested in studying it.

Edit II: I'm glad you enjoy the story, Armok, but getting addicted to it could cause problems. Just make sure everything's OK on your end. Then again, I may be just taking your exaggerated posts too seriously :p

[ December 16, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 17, 2007, 01:54:00 am**

That was probably the best stop as far as characters. The next ones will probably focus more on environment.  
-----  
*Note to self... I did make a promise to Arkus that I would share the secrets of this component with him. I will find the means to properly analyze it some day I guess, and then I could send a note back in time...*

Blitukus spent time taking in all that had happened... eventually, he heard a dull and distant hiss. He looked behind himself, and saw the portal, seeming to have appeared out of nowhere while he wasn't looking. Blitukus stood, walked back to the portal, then crossed through it.

Meanwhile, back at the tower...

Arkus looked back at his table to gather the rest of his notes, finding an odd paper detailing the inner workings of the cat relic. Arkus laughed, "Now how did this get here?"



2074 years later...

Blitukus emerged from the portal, finding himself once again standing before the magma and water channels of his time machine. It was all as he had left it. A day had passed, yet it was in a matter of seconds. Blitukus walked back to his console, and powered down the portal ring, allowing the rift to vanish. He powered down the dynamos, closed the inlets to the channels, then opened the release valves on the boilers. When the fluids had all cleared, and the machine had mostly come to rest, Blitukus walked over to the frame of the cat relic. He looked down at it for several moments, holding the artifact, then knelt down, sliding the artifact into an empty slot on the relic. It fit snugly, then snapped into place, refusing to come loose thereafter. The frame even looked more complete, more of the sphere filled in... but there were 3 components left. For now, Blitukus felt his soul and mind were exhausted, and decided to take a break to recuperate. He left the chamber, and walked back to his room. He sat, and began to allow his mind to review all that he had done. Meanwhile, the cave river gushed in an overflow. He remembered the first time the cave river had nearly swept him away... it seemed so long ago, then again, it was. He had come a considerable distance since then. Slowly, the waters receded. He smiled, taking a book up, then brought it back to the edge of the bridge. He looked through the book... the 20th century book detailing high energy particle physics and a variety of technologies bound by mathematical relationships. He had entered the realm of technology once again... but he had brought with new forces. He formed an orb of frozen air over his palm, then dropped it into the river. A chunk of ice promptly formed then floated downstream. Blitukus noticed that although he still had mana... it now recharged far slower than it used to. To go from none to full in the days of the ancients could be achieved in a matter of a few minutes. To do the same in 1085 would best be accomplished by sleeping for several hours... He stopped to eat a meal, and found that although the plump helmet was in itself a good meal... it lacked the qualities of whatever Arkus had made. A tower cap had grown to maturity on the other side of the river, blocking the passageway. Blitukus finished his meal, took up his axe, then proceeded to fell the tower cap, bringing the 'lumber' back to his hallways. Just as he set the log and the axe down, he looked up to see Dracha looking downwards at him. Dracha spoke, "Hi there! Back so soon?" Blitukus smiled, "It only seems like a short time relative to you. I spent a day back with the ancients, and I found one of the components." Dracha replied, "Good, I knew you'd find them somehow... you know, all the dragons will remember you for this. I even still have the coordinates of the star that got picked... one of the worlds there has a lot of mana on it. We won't be havin' any problems for millenia to come!" Blitukus smiled, "I am glad my quest has created such benefits." Blitukus walked back to the river for a drink, and Dracha followed. Blitukus commented, "You were right about my ability to learn magic as well..." Blitukus then repeated what he had done earlier, tossing an orb of frozen matter into the lake, causing ice to form. Dracha laughed, "You were payin' attention. Who did ya learn from?" Blitukus replied, "Kazo taught me... and then I unleashed forces of chaos with unpredictably chaotic results..." Dracha laughed, an expression of surprise visible, "That was YOU?! I used to work with him in the theoretical department, his experiments were too out-of-this-world to pass up. One of the first things he did was tell me the story about the chaotic kobold and the cat artifact... never thought that was you, and the artifact was a component?" Blitukus nodded. Dracha laughed again, "So I see you survived all that without ending up glow in the dark. I remember the story about the glow in the dark kobold too... bein' glow in the dark can come in handy y'know, especially in dark tunnels like these." Blitukus snickered, then commented, "You remind me of him in a way, you even have a 'dungeon' like he did." Dracha replied, "After graduating basic education I went on a big adventure, which didn't pan out as I'd hoped. I ended up bein' his student for quite a while, then after I got out of that I was sort of a coworker of his once in a while. Whenever he needed to work with another dragon, I tended to at least be close to the top of his list. He had a habit of practicing both extremes... once I remember noting once back when we worked together on a disease research project how he was mean enough to do everything short of torturing his subjects to death, then right after, he was nice enough to put food and water out for my subjects. Unlike him, I actually care about what happens to my subjects, and I don't kill them, and he respected that just fine." Blitukus spoke, "He and Kazo enjoyed using me as a subject... did he do that to you?" Dracha replied, "He tried once... ended up with him pretty sore when he woke up. He didn't try that one again I'll have you know!" Blitukus laughed. Dracha continued, "I liked the guy, but what he did was just too far. He apologized and we got on with life, and I didn't hold it against him. Ever since then he always asked permission first before taking a dragon in as a subject though." Dracha sighed, "But then, the demons..." Blitukus asked, "They made it through... right?" Dracha replied, "The tower was leveled... Arkus, well, all I know was that there was a lot of blood, but they couldn't find a body. Kazo... I have no clue. It was like he vanished! When we sent out the summoning call to gather everyone at the portal, they of all people should've shown up, but they were never seen again since the tower was leveled. I guess they're probably no longer with us, Blitukus..." Blitukus sighed deeply, and paused for a moment, "I have lost far too many friends on this quest, Dracha... I'll miss Arkus and Kazo." Dracha sighed, then replied, "Yeah, well... we all lost friends when the demons hit... it's what demons do, y'know." Blitukus responded, "All too well... I still hold out hope, though." Dracha replied, "Sometimes I still do too... you know a lot of what I do today is at least partly just to keep the legacy of Arkus alive in some way."

*"The Worlds Easiest Atom Smasher", Copyright 1991... the product of a vast civilization, a technological equivalent of what the dragons had achieved? Maybe... the future is still a bright one. Perhaps in the future, I will also find the fate of my 2 'new' friends recorded somewhere.*

Dracha spoke, "Sorry to cut it short, but I've got some broken equipment that needs to be fixed. Good luck, Blitukus. I'll be back over some time soon." Blitukus nodded, "Thank you, Dracha. Good luck with whatever you're doing." Dracha nodded, "Thanks." They then parted, Dracha headed back down to the chasm. Blitukus walked back to his room and sat on his bed, allowing himself to reach a state of deep reflection on the entire situation. He stayed in this state for quite a long time, even though it didn't seem as such to him. Eventually, he realized one detail that he had originally overlooked. Although every **indirect** piece of evidence pointed to their demise, there was no direct evidence, and therefore no true observation of their fate. There was still a possibility out there that they both lived. Blitukus knew his will was set, and he would soon observe the reality. Still, even though the dice may be loaded by a strong enough willpower... chance was chance. The universe had the final say in such matters. The absolute probability of them surviving was slim, but it was still there, and since it was, so was Blitukus' hopes. Blitukus looked over his old notes and skimmed through the books. Slowly, night turned to day, and Blitukus felt physically fatigued on top of being fatigued on the astral level. Blitukus put the books down, and lay. He found he quickly went to sleep. That day, his dream consisted of navigating a seemingly infinite flame throughout his entire dream. He found he absorbed this flame, and it burned within him, a sharp heat but one that didn't cause pain. He found that as the flame around him dimmed, and faded, the flame within kept bright. When he awoke, he felt as if a part of him had been up to quite a bit of maintenance work during his sleep. He got up, let out a big yawn, then went to the river, and drank. He then washed himself off in the river. When he finished drinking, he began to feel a new strength. He was slightly sore, but he felt a bit tougher. He felt healthy, and also sensed that the capacity of his mana stores had grown quite a bit and had recovered completely. His mind and soul felt refreshed and ready. He noticed how much magic could take out of a person... yet also how a person can recover so quickly. Then again, it may be a matter of toughness as well. Blitukus smiled. Now was the time to pursue gaining the second component.

Blitukus walked back to the cavern, and checked his equipment... he smiled at the bronze and steel. He knew from the battle against the dwarves that his work had had an influence... but what would it cause? Perhaps it would amount to little other than a footnote in historical texts... but perhaps, like the snowflake changing the weather itself, it could make all the difference. He opened the feed to the channels, and when steam built up, he started the dynamos, charging the capacitor. He watched his machines move, steam occasionally being let out into the air. He smiled, and once again felt an admiration for his own work. The future held so many open possibilities... Blitukus calculated the needed initial conditions, using the same 3 dimensional deltas as before. When the capacitor charged, Blitukus switched power over to the portal ring. While the portal ring spun up, Blitukus retrieved his amulet and wore it. He used the arcs emanating from the coils of the ring to power the sphere of direction once again. He found his focus allowed him a much closer view of the location of the destination. It seemed to be a dwarven city of some sort, a grand entrance into the city carved into the hillside. Outside of it was grassland, near to the entrance was a set of steel tracks running to a concrete and metal building, to the other side of the entrance of that, a large, circular steel construction, with 4 vents placed around it. It seemed to be venting some kind of steam. There seemed to be many entrances to the dwarven city, each with at least one trade depot. This is all Blitukus could tell before the sphere overheated. Blitukus walked back to the console, and set the initial conditions into the calculating machine. He then zeroed the time delta, spinning the roller upwards, expecting a delta somewhere between +500 and +800 years, but otherwise leaving it unobserved. He then started the calculating machine, and waited for it to finish. When the calculations were done, and the portal was up to speed, Blitukus discharged the capacitor, then triggered the clockwork output when the discharge was complete. He looked back at the portal, and saw it led to some kind of alleyway of some sort... He triggered the timer that would 'nudge' the rifts destination forward, checked to make sure he had everything, then proceeded, walking through the magnetic winds of the portal, each strand of it carrying auroric properties. He crossed through the portal, vanishing from that point in space and time, crossing through to another.

It was all only a fraction of a second for Blitukus, but for the rest of the world, the clock ticked forward. Seconds turned to minutes, minutes to hours, hours to days. Clouds formed, bulged, then faded into wisps. As the sun arced through the sky, its path through the sky proceeded forward in its seasonal cycle, autumn freezing over into winter, thawing into spring, warming to a powerful heat in the summer, then cooling again for the autumn as the suns more direct rays oscillated between the hemispheres. All seemed well, and the world progressed despite being without its beloved heroes, until eventually, the goblins were provoked. War swept the landscape, scorching the landscape and reducing cities to ruins, ruins that slowly eroded as the years flew by. It was a bitter struggle, and steam technology, formerly a part of the war, seemed lost to survival as both sides were decimated by conflict. Those who remained faced lives of hardship. Eventually, all parties involved found they lacked the resources to continue conflict, and an exhausted truce was reached, the goblins losing the most of them all. All was stagnant, and people fought to survive... the elves, not beings of technology in the least, were

rendered extinct, but the rest of civilization was far too tough to wither there, and did not face such vulnerabilities. A slow growth was managed, an effort to rebuild... hardly noticeable... but it was growing itself. As the years passed, slowly, a tiny bit of ruined farmland was restored to productivity... then two tiny bits... then four tiny bits... slowly, parcels were restored, and as food and survival became less of a constant battle, civilization began to recover. Ruined buildings were smoothed back into their geometric proportions, and new bricks were lain, rebuilding the structures back to their proper form. Walls rose, and rooves were lain over them, light once again seen from the rebuilt windows. Across the scorched lands, grass began to grow, then saplings, which grew into trees. The land once again turned green and the towns and cities once again reached their former glory... but that was not the stopping point. Dwarven steel... it was an expensive commodity, but true strong bronze was available. The secrets of the old steam technology were revived. Nations had always been separate in technology... some primitive copper-wielding tribes, some developing crude-bronze towns, some the great cities of iron-wielding nations... but copper turned to simple bronze, simple bronze to iron, iron to strong bronze, and as hamlets became towns, and towns became cities, new roads stretching out, networking the ever expanding civilizations, even true bronze became secondary as production of steel en masse came to be once again. New buildings and vehicles were produced, steam-powered vehicles traversing the roads quicker than a wagon, steam ships making record time over the oceans, and even taking to the sky, large zeppelins and flying machines were built. Trade and science flourished as production techniques became more and more advanced, driving down prices and driving up the standard of living. Once again the world was at peace, and the governments of the nations seemed more than happy to share the wealth of its industry with the workers and miners who tended to its needs. As the Golden Age drew to a close, the Age of Steam began. Often those referring to the Golden Age as such despite the devastating conflict do so because the Age of Steam began and continued based on the developments and principles set by the extraordinary individuals of the Golden Age... it was where it started. Centuries passed, and people lived happily, the fruits of their labor multiplied to a high degree by their machines, driven by steam, powered by the magma loops and steam generators first pioneered those centuries before... but then, something truly unexpected happened. Flying machines fell from the sky, vehicles stalled in the middle of the road, never to move again, factories ceased operation, and devices of all kinds simply just stopped working. Many had beforehand believed that the steam generator was a true and reliable free energy device... but it was not. The liquids behaved in such a way due to their magical charge... a charge that no longer seemed to be there. Energy didn't flow from nowhere, it flowed from mana that was then no longer there. There was a desperate scramble to develop new sources of energy. Conditions plummeted, and nations became desperate. When new sources of energy were found, wars immediately ignited over control of the energy. Groups were repelled from one another, and it seemed even the once close alliance between kobolds and humans was strained. Eventually, as each nation secured its own source of energy, industries became operational again and life became much easier... but new problems were created. Early industries and crude use of these energies resulted in waste and pollution. Unstable governments caused political turmoil to cover the landscape... but the wars had ceased. This tenuous situation continued for several decades, until a few nations began to master cleaner and more efficient means of running and powering these new industries, and as these new methods spread, energy became more and more available. The drive for energy resulted in the development and advancement of electrical power, and networks of wires began to form grids within cities. The energy crisis having been resolved, tension began to decline. New programs were begun, and pollution was gradually minimized, allowing nature to more easily come to peace with the cities. Once again, civilization began to expand, this time looking towards new regions on other ends of the globe that had never been settled before. Rails stretched out from cities, connecting with other cities, and zeppelins once again took flight. The few pioneering nations began massive scientific projects, garnering international support. Some of these projects failed, but some succeeded in a most glorious manner, catapulting science forward and bringing nations together as they worked towards common goals. Civilization had reached its former glory once again... but also once again, it wouldn't stop there. As new and more compact energy sources were made, the skies once again became marked with flying machines. The old buildings of the early steam age were demolished, new steel constructs placed as cities grew outward and upward. 4 story buildings became 8 story, which in turn grew to 16 story, next to a brand new 32 story building. Cranes rose into the sky, trailing a network of supports, concrete rising, capped by floors and rooves, and finally the holes in the concrete covered with glass, the buildings coming alight with electric lights. Soon, these concrete structures were overshadowed by shining steel and glass buildings, large paved roads networking vast cities, highways and ever advancing air travel bring trade to new records, and an ever more educated population reaching ever more advanced breakthroughs. As turbine-driven aircraft soared higher and higher into the sky, ever more advanced craft pierced through the atmosphere, trailing above it. As these crafts shot out into the heavens, they deployed their cargoes, simple communication platforms that slowly emerged from their containers, and like a butterfly spreading its wings for the first time, unfurled large brown panels that took in the suns rays. These platforms quickly spiraled down, burning up upon slamming into the atmosphere... but in their place, ever more stable and advanced platforms, capable of linking many machines and performing various tasks were shot upwards into the heavens. As more and more of these devices appeared, and wires criss-crossed the planet, an ever more connected populace advanced scientifically at an even greater rate, vast resources of information available anywhere. These small platforms were soon overshadowed by larger projects, stations with crews, starting out small but constantly added too in a modular fashion, resulting in large scientific facilities working on new studies in formerly unseen regions... but civilization wouldn't stop there either, indeed, it would only gain speed. Soon even these stations fell out of favor, as commercial craft began to arc higher into the skies, more and more advanced craft bringing trade to the heavens above. As businesses founded establishments above the atmosphere, international efforts sent probes out to other worlds, and eventually... the moon itself gained a new feature, a speck of light on its surface indicating the position of an international colony there. Once again, people were happy, and nations cooperated with one another... only now, the sky was no longer the limit. Unfortunately, the growing pains of an ever expanding and advancing civilization still caused complications.

Blitukus emerged from the destination of the portal, and walked away from it. He found himself walking in an alley with a smooth concrete floor beneath him, to each side towered two very tall concrete buildings. Blitukus stepped over a steel grate, noticing the indentation in the ground around it. He reached the end of the alley, and looked around. There was a vast paved road divided into several lanes, wheeled vehicles of various designs zipping down the road at high speed. Some vehicles had 2 wheels, some 3, some 4, some quite many, nearly all the vehicles streamlined for efficiency. Blitukus looked around, and noticed the towering buildings, a vast city with an impressive skyline. Blitukus laughed.

*Anthath Sizet lives again!... but what has it become? Perhaps I will find out, for much can change in...*

He checked his timepiece, and found it had stopped completely. In fact, he tried to sense the mana flux that powered it, and found it impossible for him to do so, for the mana flux was nonexistent for all intents and purposes. He discharged some of his residual mana into the timepiece, powering it to at least indicate the time at that moment. When the hands and rollers came to a stop, it indicated "03:44 PM, Obsidian 28, 1999".

*... 914 years.*

Then he noticed... it was new years eve. He would be able to witness the new years festival of 2000. He smiled at the thought, and put his timepiece away. He looked back, and found the rift was no longer there. It had shifted, and was patiently waiting for his arrival in the future. He had a day to explore whatever had become of his familiar world, to find information, and to hopefully find a component of the cat relic.

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I ran out of time before I finished this, but I'll have an entire update tomorrow to get into detail on the situation here.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 17, 2007, 03:08:00 am**

FIRST POST! :D  
Beyond Quality! :D  
I will post my real comments in, knowing myself, probably more than 12 hours. x\_x :roll:

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 17, 2007, 12:14:00 pm**

Y2K!  
And then everything explodes!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 17, 2007, 04:55:00 pm**

Not exactly, although Y2K does have a significance in this story :p

Ay caca... I've got 2 finals tomorrow, one of which is a 100 question government class final. It's cram time (I was just informed today he put the complete review up), but I'll try to make room for writing an update. Although, even if studying does take all night, at least tomorrow I'm guaranteed to have enough time.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 17, 2007, 06:06:00 pm**

As I got the firs post:  
"This is an neutron Beyond quality award. (Is that what the material neutron stars are made of is called?)  
it is encrusted whit mana.  
it is entangled in chaotic vortexes of spacetime.  
On the item is a rendition of a rendition of an image of a fractal in math, the fractal is being smeared out in a spiral.  
On the items are images of history in progress, the history is advancing.  
On the item is an image of a kobold and a wormhole, the kobold is traveling."

I use exotic materials, don't I :( That'd better be some awesome environments.

I actually have an idea, but thats probobly not the part you are lacking, Anyways what about an artificial intelligence of some kind, lacking an objective soul in the astral realm that could go to an afterlife or interact whit magic and so on, yet having very much "soul", as terms of emotions and personalty and arts and other things associated whit souls, that is objectively "soulless", but that Blitukus recognizes as being equal, I can't really explain but it would fit well whit the wisdom and the universe and the scientific explanations of god and magic and souls being transformed or destroyed might suggest that the soul is really a "machine" made from mana and not so special, the soul is made of magic and mana and in the technological ere those intricate structures could be made from metal as well, now I have proved I can't explain. And that I can't set proper punctuation when exited. :( Argh!! [CENSURED][CENSURED][CENSURED][CENSURED][CENSURED][CENSURED][CENSURED]!!! :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 17, 2007, 06:15:00 pm**

Thanks :)

"Ay Caca" is spanish for "Ah crap", basically. Actually, to be honest the steam loops were more a consequence of DFs internal system. The only power source big enough to create matter so easily in this universe would be zero-point energy. Perhaps the mana somehow catalyzes a reaction involving ZPE and thats how it worked.

I understand your ideas as far as AI, but I don't think it would work for this one specific part. As you saw, theres some near-futuretech but nothing too farfetched. Although, when it comes to the 4th component, AI might make a somewhat passive appearance. I'll think about it.

Anyway, I might still make an update today. It's just I don't want to bomb the final, seeing as I am happy with my current grade :)

[ December 17, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 17, 2007, 07:00:00 pm**

The Y2K bug was a computer virus that was supposedly going to kill off all computers when the year 2000 hit.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 17, 2007, 07:42:00 pm**

actually it was a predicted error in all scheduling applications due to the first 2 digits of the year being clipped in now-archaic computers, causing them to think 2000 was 1900, if I recall correctly.

[ December 17, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 17, 2007, 07:49:00 pm**

I see.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 18, 2007, 12:12:00 am**

Keep in mind, just because I say the other ones don't have as major of characters doesn't mean there are no characters. Really, it just turns out how it turns out. I managed to cram fast enough to get something in but I don't know how long I can make it since I've been delayed an hour and being sick means I don't want to lose much sleep like I did last night.

Also, the "element" neutron stars are made of is called Neutronium in pop culture, but I think the actual scientific name is something along the lines of 'neutron-degenerate matter'... I hope it wasn't primarily made of the stuff otherwise it would just sink through the ground and just about any other material it's put on :p

Anyway, now to actually write it :p  
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Blitukus emerged from the alley, and found himself standing on a concrete strip near an expansive asphalt road, 3 lanes per side, expanding east and west into the distance. When Blitukus was a child... that used to be a small dirt path. Blitukus looked around, then walked to his right. The castle was actually still there... but a sign was now posted in front of it. Blitukus walked to the castle, and looked at the sign. It listed some kind of schedule for demonstrations. Within the castle, several items of varying eras of origin, encased in clear glass. The castle had been made into a historical building and museum. The throne was still there, panels nearby crowded with text displaying the achievements of various leaders. One of the most prominent displays carried an artists rendition of Blitukus' mother, a picture of a portrait. Blitukus remembered when that portrait was painted... he smiled. Her memory was still very much alive.

*You may have left in tragic circumstances, mother... but your legacy is immortal. It shall always be so... and so shall your soul.*

There were quite a few people milling about both within the castle-now-museum and along the paths bordering the street. Blitukus looked around, and found, nearby, the statue of Fale, still standing, actually an island in the middle of the road. It was still damaged from the fall of old Anthath, and time had begun to erode it... but it seemed to have a shine as if it had been recently washed. The reason why then became obvious. The statue was surrounded by a steel chain-link fence, and strapped to the fence with some kind of adhesive tape, a picture of the statue, covered in rather vulgar graffiti. The picture also included two humans, each in possession of canisters, each being apprehended by guards. Under the picture, the word "Shame!" was written. Blitukus sighed... it seemed even in this era there was still tension between kobolds and humans. Still, there was mostly peace... although a rather odd pattern had emerged. Very few kobolds were out and about, but more were appearing as humans began to go home. At day, the city was dominated by humans, their residences built in structures upon the landscape, at night, the city was dominated by kobolds, emerging from their subterranean dwellings to stroll the streets. In the hours surrounding dawn and dusk, humans and kobolds often found it an opportune time to interact with one another. The hours surrounding dusk were nearing. Another phenomenon, one Blitukus had never seen before, had become apparent as well. Behind him stood rather well kept buildings, to his left was the edge of the acropolis of the city, the city continuing on into the distance, to his right, the center of the acropolis, where vast constructs of steel and blue glass pierced into the sky, 4 large cubic towers forming a



square, each tower connected to the others via clear-glass walkways, bridges high above the ground. On top of one of these towers, the tower was capped by a glass pyramid, an antenna rising up from the point at the top, capped by a pulsing red light. In front of him, though, the buildings seemed to be showing some wear, the inhabitants seeming to be clothed in plain and somewhat worn clothes, the vehicles nearby in a state of slight disrepair, and clothes-lines draped between the walls of the larger residence towers. The road represented not only a physical divider between two areas, but also marked a divide between two economic classes. Blitukus continued down the road toward the center of the acropolis. He found himself standing at an intersection of two roads, quite a few people also standing at the corner. He noticed the alternating patterns of traffic, and when people began to cross the broad road, he followed them, crossing over to the less economically fortunate region. POP! Blitukus jumped, and looked across. An old, rusty, 4 wheel vehicle with an open cargo bed was traveling down the road. The cabin was occupied by 2 kobolds, the bay in back occupied by several more kobolds and various items. The vehicle had a nearly flat left-rear tire, causing it to assume a lopsided appearance. Despite their condition, the kobolds joked and laughed among themselves. Blitukus walked away from the center of the acropolis, toward an odd tower. It was a steel and concrete construction, two towers that leaned on each other, steel trusses holding up a platform in the middle, all in all, forming an A shape. From below, the angle of the buildings made it appear as if they ascended far higher than they actually did. Many of the buildings in the area were marked by various instances of graffiti on their walls... but this wasn't always a defacement. On the side of a brick wall, a section was painted pure white, and in the middle of the section, a vast mural painted onto the wall, masterfully depicting a bull, the bull striking a proud pose, standing over a beautiful desert landscape. Blitukus realized why they were happy despite their situation... they may not have a mass of material comforts available, but they had enough to get by without truly having to struggle... they lacked economically, but they all enjoyed the wealth rich culture and fruitful liberty. Their lack of money combined with their cultural legacy resulted in a society that placed less value on money, rather than encouraging corruption to gain money... but then again... those who didn't lack money would, logically, find it a much more significant part of their lives, taking up room that this beautiful culture and helpful society would otherwise occupy. Blitukus asked himself... which class was truly poorer? It seemed the exponential growth of trade had revealed some unforeseen consequences of a system based on capital and currency.

Blitukus walked toward a stairwell. It seemed the towers were encircled with steel walkways, stairways leading up the perimeter. It was likely there was a more convenient form of transit within, but Blitukus wanted a better view of the city. Blitukus began climbing the perimeter of the building. He noticed the platform in the middle was surrounded by a fence, and people were shouting and running about in the middle of the platform. Two blue bins had been set down, one at each side of the platform. The bins were placed on their side, the open end toward the center. The humans and kobolds running about the platform seemed to be chasing a ball, kicking it about, the two groups each trying to kick it into the opposing bin. It was likely that was not what the platform was intended for, but everyone making use of it seemed to be enjoying it quite a bit. Blitukus watched them as he climbed. Eventually, the ball was kicked high into the air. A loud series of shouts were let out, followed by annoyed yelling as the ball traveled over the fence, falling down to the level of the platform, continuing down further several stories to the ground below. The ball bounced off of a vehicle, the vehicle then suddenly began to emit an electronic screaming, its lights flashing on and off. Blitukus snickered, then continued climbing. One of the kobolds from the platform darted out into the walkway, then ran down the same set of stairs that Blitukus was climbing. The kobold spoke as he passed, "Hi!" Blitukus smiled, "Hello." The kobold continued down the stairs, Blitukus continuing upwards. Soon after, the electronic scream of the vehicle was silenced. Blitukus reached the pinnacle of the A, and stood atop the small platform there, looking over the edge of a steel guard rail. The design of the tower was beautiful. the engineering evident in it being of very high quality and precision... even though it did end up inhabited by economically poorer citizens, it seemed the local government took care to provide quality structures for all sectors. A cold breeze blew as Blitukus looked off the edge out to the horizon. The city spanned miles in every direction. It seemed that the city was districted for balance, an establishment with a mix of features but a nearly neutral total. Some sectors of the city contained industrial buildings, warehouses and factories, freight vehicles hauling materials in and finished goods out at a high rate, but even as smokestacks fed the brown haze that lay above those sectors, nearby sectors were a brilliant green, a collection of flora marked with walkways, benches, and tables. It seemed the purifying content of these more natural sectors negated some of the pollution of the industrial sectors, leaving the air refreshed inside and around them. Small structures, government facilities, and houses, seemed to lay near the periphery of the city, while towering constructions of steel and glass marked the area near the acropolis. Near the very center of the acropolis, surrounding the 4 towers there which marked the skyline of the city, brilliant aluminum arches that reflected the rays of the sun across the glass of the nearby buildings, various works of art placed beneath them. The acropolis was circled by panels of odd glass that seemed to automatically face the sun, collecting power and dispersing it into a city-wide grid. There was a sharp whistling above. Blitukus looked up, and spotted a turbine powered flying machine, a small one, with triangular wings. Its wings were smooth in front, but near the rear, the wing had beautifully designed control surfaces that much looked like feathers, but moved with precision. The flying machine had a V-shaped tail, and a pointed nose, a single turbine engine occupying its belly. Blitukus remembered his bat-winged flying machine... he smiled, it seemed the flying machines of the future were bird-winged in a way. Blitukus also noticed... what looked like two crossbows were mounted on the flying machine, but each seemed to be an automatic one, each also far more complex and advanced than anything Blitukus had produced, as well as far more powerful, yet still conforming almost perfectly to the smooth body of the craft. The flying machine turned, and accelerated sharply, another flying machine of the same type pursuing it. They chased each other, performing rather stunning maneuvers as each tried to get behind the other. Eventually, one of them managed to mark a point on the other with a beam of coherent light, the one that got marked then pretending to plummet to the ground. Blitukus laughed and watched... two troops sparring in the skies, perhaps? There was a loud, blaring yet deep sound emitted from a horn above. A zeppelin of massive proportions was passing overhead, a dull hum sounding out as its engines pushed it forward toward a vast landing strip in the distance, the landing strip close, but not too close, to what appeared to be aluminum and steel wind turbines, also hooked into the power grid. The gondola of the zeppelin was large enough to carry dozens, perhaps hundreds, of passengers, as well as several tons of cargo. Blitukus laughed and watched it slowly drift forward toward the horizon, its antennae extending out to its sides, red lights strobing on and off on the tips, the tail of the gondola flying a flag. Blitukus noticed that the flag of Anthath Siset had remained unchanged despite nearly 1000 years of change all around it.

Blitukus took in a deep breath, then let it out, grinning at what he had seen. It was beautiful, grand, shining structures, a network of populated roads and utilities between them, flying machines passing overhead... yet it wasn't perfect. There was still pollution and poverty, distant sirens indicating the occasional instance of crime as well, but none of these problems were big enough to cause hardship among the people. The nation may have gained new flaws since the reign of Fale had ended... but it wasn't faring poorly at all. New advents had raised the standard of living across the board, and increased the scope of civilization tremendously. Although, it seemed every new advent brought with it new problems that had to be sorted out some way. That was the nature of progress. Blitukus located a steel door on a small extension from the floor below. There were actually two of these... Blitukus chose the one to his right. He found the door wouldn't open no matter how hard he pried at it. Then, he noticed, there was a button near the door. He pressed the button, and the button lit up. A few moments passed, and eventually, the door opened, revealing an small but empty room on the other side. Blitukus entered. He found a panel of buttons near the door, and pressed the one on the bottom. The room, slanted to match the tilt of the building, shifted and began moving down a slightly diagonal shaft. After a minute of waiting, it came to a stop, and the door opened. Blitukus emerged on the inside of the lobby of the residential building, exiting into a hallway that lead to the front of the floor near the door. There were two potted plants, one at each side of the door. The door was mostly clear glass with an aluminum frame. Aluminum... it was nearly worth its weight in gold when Blitukus had last checked... but now it was all over the place, from buildings to land vehicles to air vehicles... what other advances had happened regarding the processing of materials? He remembered the odd material covering that one book... a material he had never encountered before.

Blitukus exited the building, then walked further toward the center of the acropolis. He noticed as he approached the center, crossing a road every now and then, vehicle traffic became denser, making it more difficult to cross. One of the problems new advents had caused became apparent at one vast intersection... traffic backed up into the intersection, and people had nowhere to go. Eventually, nobody could move at all. Among the towering steel skyscrapers... the people were stuck, their anger slowly building. Horns and voices blared all around, "DAAAAMIT, MOVE THAT F\*\*\* \*\*\*\*!", "You're gunna get me fired dumb sh\*t!", "What the HELL are you doing?!", "AGH SH\*T!!!" Eventually, two guards approached the intersection. One of them spoke, "Oh no, DAMMIT! That's the third f\*\*\* time this week!" The other one commented, "That mayor just keeps blowing off the traffic adviser.. I got it taken care of, just make sure people don't kill each other." That guard then proceeded into the horribly jammed intersection, the other staying behind, keeping an eye on people to make sure they don't decide to spontaneously erupt at each other. The guard in traffic began, much to the dismay of the local businesses, using the nearby parking lots to direct traffic out of and around the intersection, allowing the otherwise impossibly locked intersection to be cleared. He did so as if he were solving a puzzle, directing people to move. Eventually, flow and order were restored, and the guards continued on their rounds. Blitukus watched this all to his amusement, and laughed at the end. His mother had once commented about the bad habits of humans driving wagons... and now even that seemed to unfold on a much grander scale, just about literally a thousand years ahead of her first noticing this behavior. Blitukus sighed, then continued on his path. Blitukus had noticed something else... despite centuries of advancement, the guards still carried close range weapons and crossbows... albeit, versions of these weapons which were far more advanced than what was around 1000 years prior. Blitukus realized, the earlier industrial era had probably begun centuries ago, then had lasted itself for centuries before evolving further. This meant that the weapons of the time... swords and crossbows, etcetera... were advanced and developed. When new classes of weapons were developed, they were quickly overshadowed by the already advanced weapons of the days before. They stuck with the same idea as the old weapons, and simply improved upon it. Some of his time had been lost to those events as well, luckily there was still quite a comfortable amount left. Blitukus realized... unlike the ancients, these citizens

of the future still made heavy use of a capitalist economy. It was likely it would cost money for him to reach his destination, money that he didn't have. As he approached the very center of the city, he sensed that the aura about was changing... corruption was in the air. He looked around, spotting large steel and glass towers, dedicated to large entities, corporate powers that prowled the economy. Some of these corporations seemed benevolent, but Blitukus sensed, some of those with particularly elegant and ornate towers seemed, by details, by seeming motive, and by a gut feeling, to have an ocean of currency, but were at the same time, morally bankrupt. Blitukus noticed that one that stood out among the rest for triggering such a foreboding gut feeling was OmnireCo, its tower vast and seeming to involve itself in the affairs of many different industries, at many different levels, the top piercing high into the sky, steel supports holding up a disk-shaped room on the very top. Something seemed off about it despite the towers rather innocent outward appearance. Pollution from vehicles tainted the air, and corruption began to manifest. Blitukus sensed that some of the people strolling these paths were up to no good... luckily, guards were present all around, likely with good reason. It seemed that although the city was all in all a nice place... its flaws culminated in a tainted heart. Blitukus looked around... there was a group of vagrants sitting nearby, close to a rather heavily adorned building, covered in flashing lights and shameless self-advertisements. The building apparently was a heavily guarded business place where games of chance were offered, money at stake. Of all the buildings, this one seemed in particular to have an aura of corruption about it. Blitukus sighed.

*Such things have no place in the former home of my mother, Fale Siegedriven. Unfortunately, there is nothing I can do now to change it.*

Then again... A new idea occurred to him. He looked at the building, at the vagrants, then at the building again, and smiled. He was a master of chance... perhaps he could do something to cause trouble for the forces of corruption, and at the same time, solve his own problems regarding travel fare? Maybe... He thought about it, and considered it. If worse came to worse, he could go back, forge coins, then return... but then again, an opportunity was presenting itself.

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I wasn't sure if the casino antics scene was a good idea or not, so I didn't want to risk running face first into a big problem if it wasn't a good idea. I have some ideas for what to do with it, and I'm borderline, but I get the feeling people might think the concept just doesn't fit.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 18, 2007, 12:25:00 am**

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FROM THE BANKS OF THE RIVER TO THE BANKS OF THE GREEDY,  
ALL OF THE RICHES TAKEN BACK BY THE NEEDY  
WE COME FROM THE COUNTRY AND WE COME FROM THE CITY  
YOU CAN PLAY US ON A RECORD YOU CAN PLAY US ON A CD!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 18, 2007, 07:06:00 pm**

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Beyond Quality! :)

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I have loads more to say, this is truly Beyond Quality and beyond words, but this curse called time restraints me! :( It's driving me mad!!!! :mad: (prof! If you have read Discworld you know why.)

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 18, 2007, 07:18:00 pm**

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Thanks :p

I put the magma loops in at first because it was possible in DF and I decided to run with it... although I thought of a way to explain it that fits and doesn't require any 'a wizard did it' sort of thing (although technically...)

Basically, it's already been shown that matter can be teleported with magic in this story. The generated matter could actually not be created at all, rather teleported in from the bottom of the ocean and the mantle of that world. Two sources were established, and magic allowed liquids to import and export to these sources (the phenomena of flood and anti-flood). When the mana flux dropped low enough, the sources vanished, and no longer could anything flow from them.

When I was playing the history out in my mind, I just used a cutoff though. The above is an after-the-matter explanation.

I don't like doing after-the-matter explanations because more often than not it sounds like BS to be honest. The above is the most plausible explanation I can think of that would fit.

Edit: If you really want me to, I could say something more detailed, but the inner workings of flood and anti-flood aren't really part of the story and I don't want to make a big deal out of it.

[ December 18, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 18, 2007, 07:19:00 pm**

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I lurve that song.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 19, 2007, 02:02:00 am**

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The AI idea probably won't work, although the way you described AI is how I generally portray it anyway.

I had the idea about a DF within the story a long time ago, and now there happens to be a very opportune moment for it :)

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The guards walked on patrol, and began to thin out as they patrolled different areas. Blitukus looked at the building... and sighed. So much corruption, all around... He shut his eyes, and remembered the town as it was. The acropolis used to contain the entire capital... he remembered the quaint stone and wood buildings, the dry grass and sand... the open fields and pure skies... he felt, his mothers legacy did live on... but it wasn't as pure as it used to be... Things used to be far simpler 5 years earlier in his life. It used to be a pleasant and relatively quiet place, happy and prosperous, a time when life was much more straightforward... He opened his eyes, the images of those small wooden buildings standing beneath an open sky replaced by the flashing lights and towers that pierced into the once pure sky, a racket all around. It may not truly be a bad outcome... but still, this... He looked at the building before him, and sighed again, a tear running down his cheek.

*This... it has no place whatsoever in the nation of Anthath Siset. It's a disgrace... a dark spot on the legacy of my mother. Maybe, just maybe, if she had lived on... I miss you so much, mom. I love you... and although I can't do much... maybe I can do something to remind this one little nook of the world of the beauty that you had once filled the landscape with.*

"Hey, you!" Blitukus turned around... there was a human standing nearby, a dagger drawn. The human continued, "I like that amulet... gimme it!" The human then approached. Blitukus stepped back. The human continued, "I said GIMME THAT you p\*ssy a\*s kobold! You're all a bunch'a sh\*ts covered with fuzz. GIMME!" Blitukus held his amulet tightly, and growled, "How DARE you insult my species, insult my mother?!" The human then slashed at Blitukus, leaving a cut on his face, then grabbed him by the throat, pinned him against the wall, held the dagger to his face, and began to forcefully remove the amulet. The human spoke, "Your mother was a stupid piece of p\*ssy sh\*t, just like you!" The human pulled it off, Blitukus unable to do much about it. The human then continued, "I'll shoot her dead like the dog she is!" Those last few words... the crossbowmen had called him a dog in the same way... the night of the assassination. Blitukus felt his

fury ignite like a layer of gunpowder. Blitukus had originally planned simply to get the amulet back when the human was distracted, but what that human had said...

*That... was a mistake...*

Blitukus growled loudly with his mouth open, then kicked the human in the gut with all his strength. The human grunted loudly, stumbling back and nearly falling over. The human then charged with the dagger, missing by a mile as Blitukus jumped away. Blitukus charged in, and jumped up, landing a powerful punch on the side of the humans head. The human then tried to stab Blitukus, but Blitukus jumped to the side, grabbing the humans arm. Blitukus then pulled the human up by the arm, throwing the human to the ground. Blitukus stood over the human, preventing him from getting up. Blitukus wrestled the dagger from his hands, then plunged it through the flesh of the humans palm, the blade emerging out the back of the hand. The human yelled out, stunned from the pain. Blitukus slashed the humans chest, then bit the human on the forearm, shaking him around and tearing off a bit of flesh, the human hardly able to do anything due to pain. The human was nearly unconscious from pain... Blitukus stomped down on the humans face, knocking the human out. Blitukus spoke softly, "You are lucky I am nicer than you are... otherwise your body would rest in pieces." Blitukus then took back the amulet from the unconscious human. He noticed a coin bag... likely containing ill-gotten money that would go to fund various contraband and organized crime groups. Blitukus took the coin bag too. Less money for corruption... and hopefully that human had had some of the corruption knocked out of him. Blitukus spat out the chunk of flesh, stood back, and waited. Eventually the human woke up. The human slowly stood, shaking, and noticed the blood all over and below him, the knife sticking out of his hand. He stepped back from Blitukus. Blitukus grinned menacingly and took up a fighting pose, "Do you want any more?" The human yelled, "Someone call animal control!... SH\*T!" The human then turned and nearly stumbled over himself running. Blitukus shouted, "Leave this empire, and never show your face here again!" Blitukus noticed those nearby seemed absolutely stunned by this chain of events.

"Ho-lee sh\*t!"

"That a\*shole human landed my bro in the hospital once... it's about time he got a taste of his own medicine! Won't be messin' with our neighborhood anymore, I bet!"

"Yeah!"

Blitukus smiled confidently and proudly... he had reduced the amount of corruption around... even if it was only by one criminal and a little bit of money. Money seemed a critical fuel for the corruption that infested the capitalist system... and taking corruptions fuel away was a much more effective way of fighting it than to take it on directly. He walked toward the building, games of chance waiting inside, then walked in, careful to keep from being noticed. His mouth and hands were painted with blood from the encounter beforehand, and it wouldn't be a good idea to walk around like that. He found a hallway off to the side, walked down it, and walked through a door, finding himself in a small room full of stalls and sinks. He used a sink to rinse off his hands and his mouth, until they had returned to their former color. He then left that room, and proceeded into the main chamber of the building. It was full of crowds of people, many different games of chance, flashing lights all around, several different stalls, and what looked like a gift shop of some sort. The entire facility was heavily guarded, various surveillance devices placed all around. One of the largest stalls was owned by a bank, advertising "All services available. Loans starting at 2.99%\* interest." Below the main text, barely readable, it read, "\* interest rate subject to change."

*Much like a giant cave spider... waiting for you to get deep enough in the hole for it to rip your head off...*

Blitukus sighed, and shook his head. At least, if all services were truly available, it would make his plan work quicker. The ambient corruption about was beginning to sicken him... but he did feel intent on doing something to change things. Blitukus took the coin bag he took from the criminal, and looked in it. It contained 100 moneys worth of coinage... the criminal had been busy for a while, it seemed. Even though it might suffice to pay for his fare, now was a good chance to multiply what he had, and use that towards his side goals. This business was obviously well versed on conventional strategies and how to defeat them... what Blitukus had in mind wasn't conventional in any way, at least, from their point of view. Blitukus looked around, and paid close attention to every game... some games involving machines, some involving small moving objects, some involving cards... none involving pure chaos. The business was a business, and every single one of the games had an orderly component that 'nudged' the outcomes in the favor of the establishment. Blitukus smiled. Chaos had a habit of making orderly systems do things they weren't intended to do. All of the orderly triggers were fed by initial conditions that could be randomized. On top of it, Blitukus had access to a limited pool of powers that had been all but forgotten in the course of time. Blitukus spotted a game of chance involving a randomly triggered spring-launcher firing out a small ball, people wagering on which hoop the ball would go through. The spring moved back and forth before it fired, the time at which it fired determining its direction, and therefore which hoop it would go though. It seemed an easy target for such a test of old powers... the establishment was likely legendary at catching cheaters, but in order to be caught, the act must be visible in the first place... Blitukus went over to this game, and sat, wagering 60 of the 100 moneys on hoop 0, the numbers ranging from 0 through 15. Hoop 0 was the furthest to the left. If he won, the payout would be 16-fold, leaving him with an even 1000. If he lost... he would still have 40 left. He focused himself as the spring-loaded device began shifting back and forth. He reached with his soul, projecting a bit of mana forward, into the machine. Then, he moved that bit of mana about in the machine, using the corresponding effects upon his soul to feel the interior of the device. He sensed there was a single wire running up to the back of the mechanism that held the spring. He focused himself, and as the device turned to its leftmost position, Blitukus tried to cause the charges within the particles of the wire to shift, triggering whatever it was linked to. It didn't work. Blitukus focused himself... he just wanted the machine to wait, one more cycle... he tried again... it didn't work. The third time and fourth time also didn't work. But, it seemed his willpower was paying off. The administrator of the game commented, "Looks like it's decided to take its time! That happens every now and then..." Blitukus snickered. On the fifth try, and it hardly seemed a try, but as if on cue, it let off, the ball going straight through the center of hoop 0. "We have a winner!" Blitukus snickered again. Of everyone there, he was the only one to bet on 0. When the proper coins had been placed, Blitukus took the now total of 1000 moneys, and then left the table to find a new game. He spotted a game involving cards. The cards ranged in value from -6 to 6. The goal was to get as far from 0 as possible without exceeding 19 or falling below -19. The players each started with 3 cards, and could call for more, with the limit being 6. The winner gets double, the loser gets nothing. It seemed that although the cards appeared to be random... there was a certain pattern that the cards appeared in. It was likely the dealer exploited this pattern. Blitukus walked up and sat. He analyzed the device used to randomize the deck of cards... the reason for pattern was obvious. It only determined a random variable once... everything after that was an orderly process, based on that variable. He kept observing games and analyzing the device between rounds. He found that the internal workings of it were controlled by a highly complex electronic device, miniaturized to an extreme degree. He didn't have the magical skill to manipulate such things with precision, but he could always do something. He noticed one of the sections of the device stored information for the rest of the electronics, and it was very sensitive to lingering charge. That was when Blitukus decided to enter the game. He wagered 500. As the deck was shuffled, he focused himself deeply and precisely, wrapping his mana around the minuscule wires that networked the circuitry of the device. He caused a small pulse of current near the information storage part... scrambling the information, causing the output to become truly random. The shuffler broke from its orderly pattern, and began to act rather anomalously, leaving some portions unshuffled while shuffling other portions multiple times, all at random. Cards were dealt, the dealer unaware of what had happened. Blitukus took in a sense of the state of his environment, and the possibilities for its next state... and used the resulting gut feeling to determine when and how many extra cards to request. His resulting cards were 1, 2, -5, 2... adding up to 0, the number he was trying to get away from. Still, his gut feeling said to go no further. Had his plan just fallen on its face?... he had enough money for fare if it did, but still, he was hoping to beat the establishment at its own game... The dealer confidently took 2 cards. Blitukus nearly laughed when he saw the result. The dealer seemed rather surprised. 6,6,-1,5,4... to a total of 20. The dealer had busted by being 1 too high, causing Blitukus to win by default. Blitukus felt a bit of confidence that he was able to make his own luck... he bet all 1500 the next time. Blitukus ended up with 5,3,4,-1,4... a total of 15. The dealer got -5,-5,-4,-1... a total of -15. Nobody won, since both were equidistant from 0. The next one gave Blitukus a total of -13, the dealer a total of 7. Blitukus now had 3000. The dealer was beginning to get suspicious. The dealer looked down at her shuffler, "Hey, what the... hmnh." She pushed a button on it, causing its inner workings to reset. Blitukus simply scrambled the memory of the device again on the next shuffle. Blitukus asked, "Is everything okay?" The dealer replied, "Just minor technical difficulties, that's all." The next round gave Blitukus 3, 2, 5, 1, 2, -6, a total of 7. The dealer got 4, 3, 1, 2, -4, a total of 6. The dealer looked back at the shuffler, then at Blitukus, then at the shuffler again... she was noticing how he kept winning bets he bet everything on, that her pattern plan wasn't working anymore. She sighed slightly, hardly noticable. Blitukus smiled. The next round gave Blitukus a set of 6, 6, 6, for a total of 18, just 1 shy of the ideal 19. The dealer got 4,-1,3,1,-2,-5, for a total of 0. Blitukus laughed... he himself hadn't expected such an ideal outcome. The dealer looked right at Blitukus, got up, and walked behind a small, portable wall. She spoke softly into a phone, hidden from view, "The kobold in seat 5.... yeah, I don't know how he's doing it but I know he's screwing with my shuffler... no, I didn't see it, but I know it's him... I swear he's a cheater, look, trust me on this one... Look at the tapes later, you'll see. Just get him out of here." The dealer returned to her seat, placed the total of 12000 monies on the table, lay back in her chair, and began twiddling her thumbs. Blitukus laughed, "Having fun?" The dealer was not amused. A few moments later, a guard arrived. Blitukus smiled, "Hello." The guard replied, "I have to ask you to leave the gaming area." Blitukus nodded, took up his money, and walked away. Somehow, it had caught up to him, and he didn't want a confrontation with the guards. Blitukus neared the exit, but another guard, a rather large male human, stood right in his way, blocking him from exiting. Blitukus spoke, "Please step aside."



The guard replied, "I'm just making sure you get to see our lovely gift shop and business place!" Blitukus sighed... the institution really can't have a good nights sleep without knowing they ripped EVERYONE off... no matter, he wanted to buy something anyway...

Blitukus walked back to the marketplace, up to the rather expansive bank booth, and spoke to one of the tellers, "So, ALL services are available here?" The bank teller replied, "Yes, would you like a loan? Please have your credit paperwork ready before asking for a loan." Blitukus responded, "No... actually, I wish to purchase one of your assets. This seems a rather institution-oriented economy. Do you have land for sale?" The teller replied, "It's the first time anyone has asked for that... around the corner to your left." Blitukus nodded, and proceeded there. He met another person, working various paperwork. Blitukus asked, "Do you have property for sale?" The employee responded, "Yes... but nobody ever buys any here except for rich people. You don't look rich, and as you can tell, my boss isn't listening." Blitukus replied, "It's newly gained... what do you have? Any sort of home with a short commute time to an educational facility?" He replied, "One not too far from here actually, the old owner just moved out and sold it to us. It's 9400 monies. If you have your credit paperwork, citizenry papers and insurance ready, we can set up a loan and have the deed transfered in a day or two." Blitukus replied, "I have a suggestion that may expedite the process." the employee asked, "Oh?" Blitukus promptly placed 8000 monies worth of gold coins on the table. The employee laughed, "Boss hates that because he can't charge interest, but I love it because I don't have to do any paperwork. All I gotta do is type in a few things and I can have it for you right now if you'd like." Blitukus nodded. A few minutes of the employee typing passed, then a few minutes of waiting later, and then, "It's done, where should the deed be transfered to?" Blitukus replied, "Erm... parchment? Paper, please." The employee replied, "Ok, that works too." A machine started up, and a few moments later, the employee handed Blitukus a hard copy of the deed along with a picture of the property... it wasn't anything fancy, but it was decent. The deed had an empty line at the bottom, devoid of an owner. The employee took the 9400 moneys worth of coins, lugged the mass of coins back to a hidden area, then returned empty handed a few minutes later. Blitukus asked, "Do you have any sort of notes that would allow one to regulate the use of money?" The employee replied, "Yeah... but only agencies use them. Qualifying as an agency is one of the easiest things in the world, though... do you represent an agency?" Well, he was the prince of old Anthath Sizat... He replied, "Yes." The employee replied, "Good enough, just say the purpose and the amount and we can write it." Blitukus placed 2000 monies on the table, then spoke, "3000 monies for education and basic needs." The employee nodded, wrote several things down on a specially designed piece of paper, typed a few things into his console, and then handed the paper over, taking the 2000 monies back, returning after a few minutes. The employee spoke, "You're acting like you're trying to just give someone out there a future." Blitukus smiled, "You are very observant. Thank you." The employee replied, "No problem. You know, it isn't often we get philanthropists out HERE of all places." Blitukus replied as he walked away, "I could imagine..." Blitukus now had the deed to a home, 2000 monies worth of funds for education and basic necessities, and 600 monies in coinage. He was about to leave, the guard letting several others out, then the guard stood in his way again... Blitukus saw this, and walked back. He noticed one of the games of chance involved a machine with a pull lever and a promised jackpot... the jackpot would be updated once per hour. It was still far from the turn of the next hour. Blitukus snuck up to these machines, snuck behind them, then projected a bit of his mana into one of the machines, and found that the machines all used mechanical rollers to determine their random state. Rather than their state determining the rollers, the rollers determined their state. Blitukus found he could impart force onto one end of the roller to influence its outcome... although he felt he needed to be efficient. His mana was running out, and it would not naturally replenish in this environment. Blitukus snickered, placing his hand on the back of the machine, and silently focusing. He nudged the rollers until he managed, on the third try, to lock them into the pattern 1-2-3-4. The machine then erupted in a flurry of lights and sounds, its user jumping with joy. Blitukus snickered, and snuck behind the machines, causing one machine after another to do this. The establishment could pay a jackpot... but what would it do regarding several jackpots? One guard won't stop so many people from leaving. There seemed to be confusion among the crowd... which burst into an argument over who got the first jackpot. Much of the crowd seemed baffled at what had happened. The machines had not given them their promised coinage, despite going off in such a manner. Much of the crowd was angered by being disappointed in such a way, and began to migrate toward the booths and kiosks. They banged on a door, and when a lavishly dressed male human emerged, they began yelling at him, asking him about what had happened. He stated, "Unless you can determine who got the first jackpot, you all get zero. Good day." There was a loud booing and some yelling. There seemed to be some kind of activity near the middle, then all of the sudden, the lavishly dressed human was seen darting away. A member of the crowd hurled a beverage container through the air, which came apart upon impacting with the lavishly dressed humans back, sending colored and sticky fluid all over the place and all over the humans clothes. The crowd pursued, and then the guards began to pursue the crowd. Blitukus laughed. Seeing the guard near the door leaving his usual post, Blitukus took the opportunity to leave.

When Blitukus emerged, he looked around. The blood spill on the ground had already been cleaned up. The vagrants were still there, although they seemed fairly spread out. Blitukus numbered them, then randomly chose a number. He picked number 4... actually the one closest to him anyway. He walked up to the vagrant, who was sitting on a newspaper in the grass. Blitukus smiled, and spoke, "Greetings, citizen. Today is your lucky day." The vagrant replied, "What...?" Blitukus replied, "I have a gift, a token of remembrance of times past." Blitukus then gave the vagrant the deed and the education and necessities note. The vagrant asked, "... no money?" Blitukus replied, "I have placed the funds in the note to encourage you to spend more wisely in the future." The vagrant stated, "But I need **money**." Blitukus replied, "And now you have all that you need to move towards earning it. Good luck!" The vagrant stood, looked carefully at the deed, then picked up the newspaper he was resting on, finding it had advertisements for job openings readily printed on it. The vagrant hesitated for a few moments, then rolled up the newspaper, speaking, "Ok... ok... Thank you... I think I've got a goal now." Blitukus smiled, feeling genuinely proud of his actions, "Thank the universe. Goodbye." The vagrant looked at Blitukus as he parted, then looked back at the deed, apparently in a slight state of disbelief about it. Blitukus smiled, both within and without... even if he wasn't able to change the world, everything counts toward something. Blitukus had created problems for corruption, and had driven a corrupt individual away from at least relatively innocent people, the latter unleashing his sense of vengeance for the first time in a long time in doing so. His business in this city was done... now it was time to put this corrupt area behind him and move on to his next destination, toward finding the component. Civilizations always differed. This city had parts that were honest and true, and parts that were corrupt and lacking, but in total, it wasn't so terrible. The average standard of living had gone up, and people still had their freedom... but it was rather unfortunate that some would rather abuse this freedom than use it.

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Sorry if anything is messed because I was really tired by the time I posted this.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 19, 2007, 02:30:00 am**

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Ok, that's just unbelievable that Blitukus won EVERY TIME when he simply made it truly random.  
Referring to the card game that is.

[ December 19, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 19, 2007, 02:59:00 pm**

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I thought about it, but then I thought about 2 nudge factors. Blitukus can sense and influence true randomness to a pretty good degree compared to everyone else, meanwhile the dealer was relying on a broken system. The first gave him clues on when to go and when to not go (i made a reference to it), while the second one kept making the dealer make bad moves.

Also, I didn't want it to go on forever since I had finals today and had to sleep. I originally thought about having him lose once or twice but it was already dragging on for too long.

Edit: Hmm... maybe giving behind-the-scenes info like that isn't a good idea.

Edit II: Hmm... I really need to think about what's been going on. I don't want to have any real flaws, and when I have to go back and explain my reasoning, it makes me feel like I'm BSing. Maybe it's just the stress of finals (and finals are over), but I guess I'll be paying closer attention.

[ December 19, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 19, 2007, 05:51:00 pm**

---

Beyond Quality! :( , hopefully I will soon get more time whit the holiday coming)  
////////////////////

quote:

I put the magma loops in at first because it was possible in DF and I decided to run with it... although I thought of a way to explain it that fits and doesn't require any 'a wizard did it' sort of thing (although technically...)

So a specific wizard we will meet/hear about did it, rather than a generic abstract excuse wizard (nor someone "nonserious" like 8-bit theater Sarda)?

quote:

Ok, that's just unbelievable that Blitikus won EVERY TIME when he simply made it truly random.

You are forgetting something; He's Blitukus Siegedriven! :D  
The universe itself is at his side! :D

(Yes, I saw AlanL's more down to earth explanation that basically states the same)

quote:

Also, I didn't want it to go on forever since I had finals today and had to sleep. I originally thought about having him lose once or twice but it was already dragging on for too long.

Edit: Hmm... maybe giving behind-the-scenes info like that isn't a good idea.

Edit II: Hmm... I really need to think about what's been going on. I don't want to have any real flaws, and when I have to go back and explain my reasoning, it makes me feel like I'm BSing. Maybe it's just the stress of finals (and finals are over), but I guess I'll be paying closer attention.

This might be a problem, albeit it seems not a very great one, if you run out of time I think it might be a better idea to split that part of the story over two updates/days rather than explaining inadequately or missing out events that are not plot critical but add detail, please don't hurry the plot on expense of the details.

"behind-the-scenes info" is good, one can't really explain everything and being able to ask questions to the author in semi-real time is a great advantage, might cause trouble should you ever want to consolidate this into a book or other thing outside this forum.

By the way when the story is finished you should really do that, this is awesome and I have recommended just about everyone I meet to read it, however many of my relatives don't like reading from a computer and also I can't always bring my computer and Internet to them, it is not very worthwhile until finished, but then a more printer friendly format would be nice.  
////////////////////  
Okay, as usual I can't ever express how wonderful this story is, and as usual I don't have the time to make a futile attempt, hopefully I will soon.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 19, 2007, 05:52:00 pm**

Beyond Quality! :( , hopefully I will soon get more time with the holiday coming)  
////////////////////

quote:

I put the magma loops in at first because it was possible in DF and I decided to run with it... although I thought of a way to explain it that fits and doesn't require any 'a wizard did it' sort of thing (although technically...)

So a specific wizard we will meet/hear about did it, rather than a generic abstract excuse wizard (nor someone "nonserious" like 8-bit theater Sarda)?

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(Yes, I saw AlanL's more down to earth explanation that basically states the same)

Quote

Also, I didn't want it to go on forever since I had finals today and had to sleep. I originally thought about having him lose once or twice but it was already dragging on for too long.

Edit: Hmm... maybe giving behind-the-scenes info like that isn't a

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 19, 2007, 05:56:00 pm**

Thanks :)

The story behind the power of the magma loops isn't this story... although knowing Arkus, it might've been him anyway. So I guess technically a wizard did do it, but it isn't just an excuse. If you really want me to, I make a fairly detailed explanation of how it happened, but it won't be part of the story.

I think from now on I will just split it up if it runs on too long. It may create some really bad stopping points but I guess when it's all done that won't matter much.

Edit: as far as this being printer friendly, when I finish a story, I save it to a text file. I could send you the file.

Edit II: If it really becomes a necessity, I guess I could make the origin of the magma loops power part of Kazos dialog in a later part of the story.

[ December 19, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 20, 2007, 12:27:00 am**

Hmm... looking back on it... writing this story may have turned out to be one of the best and most memorable events of my life... Before writing this, I had considered just not pursuing it, and doing something else. I'm glad I made the right choice regarding that.

Hmm, also, I'm surprised nobody pointed out the ADOM reference.  
-----

Blitukus looked around. He needed to check his destination using the sphere of direction... yet he was basically out of mana. He still had the amulet. He now needed a suitable source of energy. Energy was abuzz all around... the problem is it was all in forms hazardous to his health, rather than the friendly current of his portal ring. Perhaps he would find a better source somewhere else. He knew by logic his most immediate goal would be to reach a port to leave the city, and the most rapid transit available was obviously air travel... the problem was the landing strip he had seen was likely many hours away by walking. The sun was ready to set, and as humans retreated to

their homes, kobolds began to roam the streets in greater numbers. Blitukus walked down the road, in the general direction of the landing strip... hopefully he would find something on the way to expedite his travels. He walked for quite a while, but thought to himself about what he had seen as he left that pocket of corruption. The corruption there had sickened him... but he had done his part against it, and felt fairly proud of himself for doing so. It seemed that although there were pockets of concentrated corruption within the city, there were also pockets of honest beauty. His legacy and his mothers legacy both lived on, and perhaps even from then, still would live on for a long time after. He looked up, smiled, and closed his eyes, remembering the beautiful elements of the city he had once seen to drive the sickness corruption had caused from his heart. Unfortunately, what he got was a rather unpleasant surprise. SPLAT! He ducked down, opened his eyes, and found himself dripping with water. He looked up, and found himself standing below a tall building. A dull snicker came from the roof, but nobody could be seen. Blitukus stood for a moment, shook off, and continued walking, relatively unaffected by what had happened. A few moments later, Blitukus stood, and turned around, curious as to what would happen to the next person to walk by that building. An elderly female human, holding a cane, walked beneath the building. A kobold appeared on the roof, holding a green balloon. The kobold promptly dropped it, and it fell quite rapidly, splattering into a shower of water on impact with the elderly woman. The elderly woman looked up at the kobold on the rooftop, and pointed at him with her cane, "BITE ME YOU F\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*!" The elderly woman then promptly shuffled through the door of the building, slamming it behind her. The kobold on the rooftop shrugged, hesitated, then crouched back down, readying another balloon. Blitukus watched and snickered. Kobolds were renowned for their mischief at times... A kobold on a bicycle, the bicycle carrying several newspapers, rode by. The kobold on the rooftop dropped a balloon, the balloon landing in the bicyclists lap. The bicyclist stopped and looked up. Another balloon landed on his face, the next landing on his papers. The kobold on the rooftop looked down and laughed. The bicyclist took up one of the papers, now heavy with water, and hurled it upward. The spinning newspaper struck the kobold on the roof in the face, lodging itself in his mouth and knocking him over, stunning him. The bicyclist got back on his bicycle and rode off, snickering, "Bullseye!" The kobold on the roof slowly began to stand, spitting out the newspaper, when the elderly woman, having ascended to the roof, smacked him back down with her cane, "YOU \*\*\*\*\* A \*\*\*\*\* EATING \*\*\*\*\* SICK \*\*\*\*\* PIECE OF \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\_\*\*\*\*\* UP YOUR \*\*\*\*\*!" Blitukus broke out in laughter, then promptly continued on his course. Perhaps the elderly woman had once been a naval officer? Blitukus snickered... senseless chaos often proved a more effective source of entertainment than most stage plays. Blitukus kept walking... eventually, he happened upon a group of people standing near the side of the road for no apparent reason. Blitukus waited a few moments, and stood nearby, listening for clues as to what was happening. Soon, it was all very obvious. A large vehicle approached and stopped at the side of the road, opening its doors. On the side of the vehicle, a sign glew in an electric light,

"

- Next:**  
**1: W.C. Residential**  
**2: N.W. Com/Medical**  
**3: Rametaru Intl. Airpt.**  
**4: S.W. Wind/Ind.**

"

Blitukus read it, interpreted the abbreviations the best he could, and determined it was likely stop 3 was where he needed to go. The group began to board the large vehicle. The driver spoke, "Get your coins ready, one money covers you and the 3 behind you, same as usual." It wasn't that expensive considering... but it could always be better. Blitukus came up with an idea, and decided to put it into action. Blitukus maneuvered his way into the line up, and ascended the steps into the vehicle. The person behind spoke, "Hey, wait your turn next time!" Blitukus turned around, and counted 18 people waiting behind him. The driver asked, "The person in front of you was the fourth... one money, next time get the person behind you to go in front." Blitukus then deposited 5 monies, enough fare for himself and everyone behind him. The once annoyed person behind Blitukus spoke, "Never mind." The driver laughed, "Ok, everyone get in!" The rest of the crowd smiled and, for a moment, some of them discussed it. Blitukus smiled, and took a seat. When everyone had taken a seat, the doors closed, and the vehicle began to accelerate. Blitukus gazed upon the buildings and pedestrians through the window, the large vehicle carrying him around the various sectors of the city, down an incline from the acropolis, and through the rest of the western portion of the city. Blitukus watched the grids of traffic, grids of utilities, sectioned off areas of the city... it was all a very orderly construction, even if many of the events that transired within were chaotic. The entire sprawling city, likely host to a population exceeding one million, still was a functional community, a large component, part of an even larger nation. The vehicle slowed and stopped at the side of the road in a neighborhood full of houses and medium-sized residential buildings. Some of the people in the vehicle left, mostly the humans, some kobolds boarding. When the transfer was complete, the vehicle shut its doors and began moving again. Blitukus was much nearer to the landing strip now... but he was waiting to be taken right to it. The vehicle stopped next in an area full of various shops, unlike the towers he had previously seen, these were simple 1 story buildings with large signs labeling them. To the left was a large facility, seeming to be fairly advanced, appearing as if it were several towers merged into one another. On top of the building was a square patch of asphalt, a hover-capable flying machine resting on top. There were two main doors into the facility, one marked with a white square and a red +, a ramp and push door looking as if it were intended to be an offloading point for a vehicle. The second entrance was marked with a white square and a yellow +, a much less important-looking entrance, a standard door one would walk through. One person boarded the bus, a human, arm encased in some kind of hard material and suspended by a cloth strap. He wasn't asked for any payment. The vehicle shut its doors and began moving again. It moved toward the south and west, near the periphery of the city, and finally reached the landing strip. It was actually much, much more than a strip. A vast parking lot lay in front of large metal buildings, their blue glass windows revealing quite a bit of activity within. When the vehicle came to rest, and the door opened, Blitukus stood, exited the vehicle, then walked toward the largest of the buildings. Behind him, several tourists boarded the vehicle. Ahead, quite a crowd stood in front of the building.

Blitukus approached, made his way through the crowd, then entered the building. The interior was quite vast, and most of the walls consisted of windows, the buildings structural support provided by steel and concrete columns. The front of the building curved in an organic manner, a road passing in front of it, but the rear was flat, facing the strip and a large paved service area, several aircraft resting there, some connected to boarding terminals, some undergoing maintenance, some just arriving, some about to depart. Some of the aircraft were small, some were large. Blitukus expected that such advanced transit means would likely have a rather lengthy and complicated process to make use of... but it seemed that wasn't the case. People were paying at the boarding terminal to board, no tickets involved. Blitukus walked around for a bit, noticing several commercial facilities present within the building. Blitukus thought... human civilizations have always had undeveloped entities, developing entities, and advanced entities... was there a city more advanced than the Rametaru of 1999? Perhaps such an advanced city would hold advanced artifacts... high technology usually means a high level of curiosity, at least among the elite. Blitukus looked around, and found a large device that was nearly flat but displayed a large, luminescent image, text detailing flights to and from this airport along with their time of arrival and departure. Also on the display was a small world map, red dots, text hovering above, indicating the location of some of the destinations. Blitukus stood and analyzed the information, curiously trying to figure out the speed of the aircraft from the information provided. He found that these flights spanned thousands of miles in several hours, meaning the craft flew several hundred miles per hour... impressive in and of itself, but two flights in particular, one outgoing, one incoming, both involving the same route, stood out among them all. They both flew between, Rametaru, the Anthath Siset capital, tucked in the southeast continents, and Metropolis, a city apparantly tucked in the southwest continents. These flights flew essentially to the other side of the planet in about 4 hours, indicating a speed multiples that of the other flights. If this wasn't a mistake of some type, then obviously the entity running these flights stood above most of the rest of the world technologically. He thought... the city in his dream, the one he had labeled Utopias Metropolis... perhaps it literally *was* Metropolis! Perhaps... He looked at the terminal indicated... the craft was already there, and boarding was nearly complete. Blitukus looked back at the board listing the flights... "Time: 4:28 PM"... "Departs: 4:30 PM". Blitukus sighed... on the upside, the incoming flight would arrive in about 1 hour, and since there was no hassle to go through to get a seat, he could simply wait for it. Of course... he had to make sure the craft didn't fill before he could board. He was in luck... the incoming flight was the only flight of its type for the rest of the day. He noticed the sign by the boarding terminal listed a boarding price of 214 monies for the flight. It was much more expensive in total than most other flights, but per-mile, it was quite cheap. Blitukus walked over to the terminal, and watched as the corridor actually retracted from the craft. Immediately, other people, also wishing to board the next flight, started occupying seats near the terminal. Blitukus claimed a seat to make sure he wouldn't miss the next flight. Then, he noticed, some people took a small white board from the table near the terminal, wrote an identifier on it, usually a number or initials, then set it in their chair to reserve it while they went back to tend to other business. Blitukus did this, writing his initials B.T. on a board and setting it in his chair, and stood by the window. He felt curious as to the reasoning behind this odd yet straightforward and efficient way of handling flights. Apparently it functioned so well due to mutual respect among travelers... perhaps surveillance, in some cases. Blitukus walked over to the window, and peered out. The aircrafts engines let out a whir that was quieter than most other air vehicles of its large size. It backed up, revealing its full body. Blitukus had recognized the aluminum and steel in the construction of other aircraft, but this one was made of a metal that seemed to carry a unique shine, a reflection that was characteristic of neither aluminum or steel. Blitukus found it was rather beautiful the way this material reflected the suns low rays. The craft had black glass windows, and wings that seemed to have a curved front, a steep sweep near the root of the wing, nearly straight out near the tip, the feathered rear of the wing angled away from the rear of the aircraft. Each wing had a double-engine mounted to its bottom near the fuselage, larger engines toward the inside, smaller toward the outside, and a fifth engine, larger than the other 4, was mounted on the belly of the craft. The entire aircraft seemed to be sleek and curved, designed with precision to conform to high speed air flows, yet resulting in a rather elegant appearance. The aircraft turned, and taxied down the paved areas, eventually reaching the strip. After



waiting for traffic to clear, it entered the strip, turned to face down it, then spun its engines up to full power. It let out a roaring screech as it accelerated down the strip, its feathers bending down in the rear to provide lift in expense of drag. It took to the skies near the end of the strip, and began to turn. Sunlight scattered off of its metal body in a rather beautiful array. The aircraft flew with grace... although it seemed somewhat uncomfortable flying at such slow speeds. It turned westwards, and began to ascend. As it ascended through the clouds, leaving the city behind it, the whistling of its engines became a roar, and it seemed to speed up quite a bit, accelerating skyward. The sound faded, the aircraft disappearing into the distance. Blitukus smiled, excited with the thought of riding in such a craft. Until then, he still had an hour to explore this facility... perhaps somewhere he would find a power source. He would find something to occupy himself with... after all, since the pointless wasting of time was pointless wasting of a resource, he would at least rather have a point in wasting it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Demosthenes** on **December 20, 2007, 12:49:00 am**

I must say, I love this story.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 20, 2007, 01:04:00 am**

Thank you :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **DarkStar** on **December 20, 2007, 02:52:00 am**

You continue to rock the world with your story, AlanL. If it wasn't for this story I have little doubt I would have gone crazy while revising or my end of term exams.

As always, Beyond Quality

PS: Just noticed, but 500th Post ^^

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 20, 2007, 11:06:00 am**

I'm always glad to hear about the positive influence my work has :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 20, 2007, 11:31:00 am**

We're finding that we have less to say each time you write something... not sure why.

ooh darkstar you lucky, lucky, felysian you...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 20, 2007, 12:05:00 pm**

Considering you've taken on the job of finding errors, I consider it a good sign, your shorter post meaning there's less errors to be concerned of :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 20, 2007, 12:50:00 pm**

Meh, it really means that there are no glaringly obvious errors... but I guess that's still a good thing.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 20, 2007, 06:47:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!!! :)

It's nice you always say thanks :) , but maybe you should try "thank you :) ", I don't know.

quote:  
The story behind the power of the magma loops isn't this story... although knowing Arkus, it might've been him anyway. So I guess technically a wizard did do it, but it isn't just an excuse. If you really want me to, I make a fairly detailed explanation of how it happened, but it won't be part of the story.  
Edit II: If it really becomes a necessity, I guess I could make the origin of the magma loops power part of Kazos dialog in a later part of the story.

So, later in other words.

quote:  
Edit: as far as this being printer friendly, when I finish a story, I save it to a text file. I could send you the file.

Post a link to it so anybody can have it, also because of the pictures a .txt might not be a good idea, some other format that supports formatting and pictures might be preferable. Or maybe it's just me being nerdy assuming text file only means .txt ...

quote:  
Hmm... looking back on it... writing this story may have turned out to be one of the best and most memorable events of my life... Before writing this, I had considered just not pursuing it, and doing something else. I'm glad I made the right choice regarding that.

The best, if we are talking broad and all these stories are counted, unless you become an author and writes more of this quality I am quite sure this is the best thing you will ever make.  
You are a world class author and one gets only one talent of that caliber.

quote:  
Hmm, also, I'm surprised nobody pointed out the ADOM reference.

What reference? I don't play ADOM, if I did I would have pointed it out.

quote:

;)

quote:

We're finding that we have less to say each time you write something... not sure why.

Maybe because your missing the lines:  
"FIRST POST!!!

Will update in a few minutes...

Edit: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx"

Wheres the spirit, I'm missing you!

quote:

Considering you've taken on the job of finding errors, I consider it a good sign, your shorter post meaning there's less errors to be concerned of

Meh, it really means that there are no glaringly obvious errors... but I guess that's still a good thing.

This story is by definition perfect, there newer has been and newer will be any flaws.  
////////////////////

Some time I will have to look thought the whole thread and not just the new posts since my last one, maybe tomorrow...

This is so awesome I am whiteout words!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 20, 2007, 07:01:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Armok:  
<STRONG>Maybe because your missing the lines:  
"FIRST POST!!!  
Will update in a few minutes...  
  
Edit: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx"  
  
Wheres the spirit, I'm missing you!  
  
</STRONG>

I am so burned. /sarcasm

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Armok** on **December 20, 2007, 07:10:00 pm**

Actual I was not sarcastic I really \*DO\* miss it. AlanL have said he/she/it (still don't know whits one, tend to guess on male) is honored by having the first post phenomena and me myself missing the firs post feels better if someone actually tries to take it than if it just happens, it's like a fun competition.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **December 20, 2007, 07:17:00 pm**

Thanks for the compliments :p

Armok, when I say I might do it I'm explicitly saying there's no guarantee. There's a chance, and it'll be decided when it gets decided, determined by the details of the situation. Basically, I'm not sure if you're meaning to or not, but please don't be pushy about things.

On another note, I've been feeling very inspired about Kazo and his story lately. I'm tempted to throw away the idea of chronological stories and start writing Kazos story after this one, not because of Armok, but because I'm really feeling inspired about it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **Armok** on **December 20, 2007, 07:24:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>Thanks for the compliments :D  
You have not asked yourself where the inspiration is coming from? ;)  
  
Inspiration is what stories are built upon, inspiration and ideas, if you have nothing to say it does not help how well you can write, follow your heart.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **December 20, 2007, 07:37:00 pm**

Actually my inspiration to this action came from some ripped music and a couple of flash games. My previous inspiration, before I felt this way, came from several other sources. I think what triggers me to feel this way is probably music though.

I've been inspired about it for quite a while, but it's only been today that I've felt this way about it. To be honest... I haven't felt this way since I started with Fales quest.

Edit: Come to think of it... the way I structured the end of this story is inadvertently a good lead up to Kazos story.

The reason I'd be doing Kazos story right after this one though is more a matter of not wanting this feeling to go to waste rather than anything else.

[ December 20, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**

Post by: **AlanL** on **December 21, 2007, 12:25:00 am**

I find that I just really have to try not to sound like I'm catering to Armok, really the reason he gets a lot of stuff in is because he offers a lot of ideas and generally gives good reasons why.

Then again, I may be just reacting to sentiment that isn't there.

About the ADOM reference, in ADOM, there was a casino, and if you won anything a guard would block your exit until you spent it all at the gift shop.

About the files... maybe I could box.com it, but what I was thinking is having all of the text, images, and the save files, all in a zip file. It's not a small download. I guess I could, maybe...

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Blitukus looked around, and smiled. He was beginning to feel the sense of being displaced in time... only this time, he felt that rather than himself being displaced back in time, the whole world except him was displaced back in time... such were the effects of a relative viewpoint. His curiosity came to front as it fully sank in that he was standing in a future that he had once daydreamed about as a child. He was curious in particular about that new metal. He kept looking around, and eventually spotted a potential power source. A large steel box, marked with a sign carrying the image of a lightning bolt on it. This box was placed near the wall, out of sight near one of the business places. If enough power was going through enough wire, perhaps he could sap some of the magnetic field from it, and convert it to mana. Blitukus walked over to it, crouched down by it, and held his amulet near it. He noticed his amulet begin to be magnetically repulsed by the box. The box was making a quiet hum. Blitukus held the amulet closer, using the force to determine the best location to hold it. He opened himself to receive the energy. He actually found he had to focus and intentionally draw energy for this specifically to work. The amulet glowed brightly, and Blitukus felt a powerful surge of mana course into his soul once he got it going. Blitukus sensed by the force that the magnetic fields within the box were becoming perturbed by this, and much much larger amounts of energy began to have their direction shifted. The box began to buzz annoyedly. A second later, there was a distant POP, and the power ceased. The nearby business place went dark. Blitukus stopped, and stepped back, "Oops..." Blitukus wondered... the box carried power far in excess of what he was siphoning from it... why was it so vulnerable? Then, Blitukus heard a yelling from inside the darkened business place,

"Hey!"  
"What the hell is going on NOW?"  
"Get the maintenance guy, fuse 8 just blew and we're all outta replacements... I wouldn't doubt it was the pizza shop plugging their lights into the wrong circuit again."  
"I swear those... rrrh... bunch of morons. Ok, on it... you know I swear that pizza shop does those things as some kind of scheme to cut down their power bill... I think I'll call management too."

Blitukus snickered. That was the answer... the system was already under strain, and Blitukus messing with it just pushed it over the edge. On the up side, this facility was obviously capable of keeping itself maintained, and Blitukus sensed he had mostly replenished his mana. Blitukus walked away from the shop. He then used his newly gained mana to check his sphere of direction. It pointed straight downward, and a bit to the west. It didn't change as he moved. It pointed to a spot on the other side of the world, which just happened to be where Metropolis lay. A few minutes passed. A utility worker entered the shop. A minute after that, the lights came back on within it. Blitukus then looked around again... far to the rear of the building was an organically shaped long table, several large devices with glowing displays on it, and chairs at each one. Blitukus walked over to this area, and sat down before one of these devices. The device consisted of a display, a box with several slots on the front, a movable pointing device, and a control panel that contained a button for every recognized character in the local language. Stuck to the side of the box portion with an adhesive tape was a piece of paper. On the paper was an image of an odd silvery disk with a hole in the middle, then a buster bar over that. The text under it read, "Do not install private software on public terminals. -Admin". On the screen, someone had apparently left whatever they were doing up, for there was a box with a white background, a slot, and a virtual button labeled "Search Database". Blitukus thought for a moment about how to use this, then reasoned it out fairly quickly. He selected the slot, typed in "Metals", and then selected the search button. A few seconds passed, apparently the machine was doing something, the markings on the display changed. Then, a large list was printed onto the left side of the screen, images available to the right, on the very top a highlighted text reading "Definition of Metals". Blitukus, of course, already was satisfied as far as knowing what a metal was. He looked through the list... Aluminum, Antimony, Arsenic... many metals were listed that he had hardly heard of before, some of which he had truly never heard of before, pictures provided to the side. None of the pictures matched what he had seen. Magnesium, Manganese, Mercury, Molybdenum... nowhere was it to be found, although some things were mentioned he didn't know qualified as metals. He kept looking... Sodium, Tantalum, Thallium... Titanium. He recognized it immediately. The metal he had seen was Titanium. It was a metal he had never heard of before, with properties he had never seen before. He selected the text. A page of text was displayed with images depicting the configuration of the fundamental particle that composed titanium. Quite a lengthy description of the metal was available in several sections, with details of its use ranging from mining all the way to finished goods. Blitukus read through this... and snickered upon finding the primary ore used in the production was ilmenite... when he was a child the dwarves had regarded ilmenite as merely rock. If only they had known what they were in some cases literally sitting on... It became apparent why Blitukus had never seen it before. The smelting process was very lengthy and required relatively sophisticated technologies and techniques. Apparently it wasn't until 1892 when the dwarves first figured out how to properly smelt titanium, and even then its use was limited to only the most advanced nations until the early to mid 1900s. It seemed quite a bit of titanium was used as a component of paint, most nations using relatively little titanium metal, using steel instead. It seemed, though, that the high-tech entities of the world were distinguished in that unlike other nations, they had quite an appetite for titanium metal. Blitukus spent quite a while satisfying his curiosity regarding metals, finding much had been discovered about the innermost details of each down to the fundamental particles of each. He smiled as he noticed... the forces of unstable particles he had inadvertently caused an explosion with back in the days of the ancients were harnessed as a smog-free power source in this future. Uranium and Plutonium were listed as naturally unstable, but their decay had been contained and controlled for a gradual release of energy that fueled massive power-generating facilities. Blitukus smiled. It was ingenious... as long as it was properly maintained.

The sun was beginning to set. Blitukus finished what he was doing, stood, and walked away. Dracha had once mentioned the cats traded for minerals they thought were useless... but the cats had mastered both branches of civilization. They had mithril, and they had steel, titanium... but adamantine... He looked at his amulet. The black material that encased the non-adamantine part of his amulet... it was the technological equivalent of adamantine... apparently it hadn't been found by humans or dwarves as of 1999, for it was nowhere to be seen other than his amulet. Perhaps he would satisfy his curiosity regarding it eventually... strangely, it seemed to not even be a metal, yet in at least its strength and lightness was like adamantine in nearly every way. The future still held further secrets, deeper within. Blitukus walked up to the window, and looked out. As the skies darkened, the city slowly became lit. Vehicles on the roads sent out rays of light, the source slowly moving through the city. A faint orange, electric aura could be seen gently resting upon the city. Then, he realized... he had probably spent his hour already. Blitukus walked back to the middle of the building, looking up at the board. It was 5:24 PM, his flight arrived at 5:30, boarded at 5:50, and departed at 6:00. Blitukus walked back to the terminal, and looked out the window. Several minutes passed, and another titanium aircraft, its wingtips strobing with blue lights, slowly set down its rear, and then set down its front as it traveled down the strip. It slowed, turned, and taxied up to the terminal. From the electric lights near the terminal and the fading sunlight above, Blitukus noticed several markings on it that he had overlooked on the previous one. On the tail, the words "Metropolis MesoTrans" were painted in blue using an odd font he had never seen before. The bottom of the aircraft was decorated by various spray paint markings, various drawings in various colors, none of them vulgar. The aircraft parked, and shut its engines down. The corridor on the terminal extended, connecting with a door on the side of the aircraft. Soon, people began to exit the aircraft, leaving through the terminal. Meanwhile, several smaller service vehicles pulled up, and began tending to the aircraft. Many crates of cargo were unloaded from the side of the belly of the aircraft, other vehicles waiting for that to get finished to load on new crates, destined for Metropolis. Blitukus noticed the aircraft seemed to accept 2 types of fuel... a standard liquid propellant that seemed the staple fuel for turbine aircraft, and another fuel... seeming to require high-pressure-low-temperature equipment to handle. An announcement was made regarding the arrival of this flight. Boarding would begin in 15 minutes. In the mean time, Blitukus found a newspaper discarded on a table, and read through it. The front page read, "Heroic freelance pilot saves dozens after giant reptile invades coastal city! He states, 'I asked the mayor for a job and he gave me one.'" Beneath the headline was a picture of a well equipped human standing by a small aircraft that, although it was equipped with weapons, didn't seem to be military. Blitukus read through the paper. Apparently there were still challenges to be faced by the upstart adventurer even in these eras... although no longer were titans and hydras around... it mostly came from the results of civilizations actions. Apparently the reptile was actually of a peaceful and fairly dormant species, intending no harm... until a fisherman in a boat provoked it into action by stabbing at its eye. The newspaper mentions that the fisherman and the reptile were the only two deaths of the incident. Blitukus read through that, then the next story, "Small town left soggy due to poorly designed artificial waterfall: 'We didn't think it'd pump that fast!'", remarks architect." Blitukus read the details, and snickered... it reminded him of a dwarven incident... in fact it mirrored it almost perfectly. Soon, the call to board was made. Blitukus set down the newspaper, and waited in line. Most people payed the employee there with some sort of card or paper note. Blitukus surprised the employee by paying in coinage. The employee didn't object... 214 moneys was 214 moneys. Blitukus stepped into the cabin, finding it rather spacious and long, seating enough for many people. Blitukus sat near the back, on the right side of the aircraft, sitting next to the window. He had a view that overlooked the middle-rear of the wing. Service vehicles began to depart, their job having been done. The cargo bay shut, the empty vehicles retreated back towards the building. Meanwhile, people were taking seats all around the cabin. A female human sat next to Blitukus, "Hello." Blitukus replied, "Greetings!..." He noticed... she looked familiar... she looked just like that mechanic from Oris army, the one who had wanted to chat over a meal, those many, many years ago. She asked, "Everything OK?" Blitukus responded, "Yes? Oh... for a moment I thought I had met you before, a long time ago." She replied, "Odd... I felt the same way looking at you."



Blitukus gazed out the window. After everyone had boarded and all vehicles had dispersed, the door closed, the corridor retracted, and the engines started. The human sitting next to him drew a small device out from a small bag, and activated it. Its prominent features were a single speaker and an antenna. She spoke, "They always say to put electronics away but since this thing can't transmit they don't care about it. I just like listening to the air traffic chatter." Soft but scratchy voices could be heard from it, communications chatter between the aircraft and the building. After all was readied, the whistle of the engines increased in pitch and intensity, the aircraft slowly beginning to move forward. Blitukus looked out the window as the aircraft taxied, Blitukus watching the other aircraft around. Strangely, only 2 of the 5 engines of the aircraft were being used. These 2 were relatively large, but the other 3 had their inlets shut to the airflow. The aircraft made its way to the end of the strip. As it approached, the pilot could be heard, "Flight 4314 heading out to Metropolis, requesting clearance to depart." The controller replied after about a minute, "Flight 4314... you are cleared for takeoff." The aircraft, having already moved onto the strip and turned to face down it, spun up its engines. The whistle became a screech as it rolled down the wide, paved strip. Blitukus was pushed into his seat by the acceleration, but kept looking out the window. The aircraft tilted upwards, then gently left the ground. Blitukus smiled... he wondered how this aircraft was going to make it half way around the world in such a short time, and soon he would find out. WhirrrrrR-Kclunk. The landing gear retracted. The aircraft ascended slowly, tilted up, obviously uncomfortable with such slow speed travel. It turned westwards, and began flying away from the city. Blitukus watched the city lights passing into the distance. A more distant and scratchy controller could be heard, "Flight 4314, you are leaving Rametaru airspace. Good luck, see you next time." The pilot responded, "See you then." The aircraft was uncomfortable and clumsy during slow-speed flight... but there were no speed limits in inter-city airspace. The engines spun up to their full power. The aircraft seemed to become much less clumsy in the air. The feathers on the trailing edge of the wing straightened out, no longer sacrificing drag for lift. Blitukus looked out towards the front of the aircraft... it was flying into the sunset. As it ascended high above the ground, nearing the clouds, the dim gas behind the engine burst into a brilliant blue flame, the whistle becoming a loud roar. Blitukus felt himself pressed firmly against his seat, the aircraft accelerating rapidly through the clouds, leaving trails of condensation from its wingtips. The aircraft accelerated further and further, ascending higher and higher. It ascended for quite a while, its speed reaching the point where waves in the air piled up upon themselves, forming a shockwave in front of the aircraft. The sunset rays scattered beautifully over its titanium wings as it ascended to almost twice as high as when Blitukus had first tried to reach heaven. The stars were a bit brighter, and the horizon ever so slightly curved. The aircraft then nosed down, diving, increasing its speed further. Eventually, the dull metallic roar of wind on titanium could be heard over the engine, the frame of the aircraft moving in the ripples of the high speed shockwave showing it was truly designed for these speeds. The roar died away to a whistle again, and the whistle died down. The inlets to the 2 turbine engines capped themselves as the turbine engines shut down. For a moment, no engines could be heard. Then, the 3 other engines opened their inlets. They looked like turbine engines on the outside but didn't seem to have a visible turbine, their inlets shaped rather differently as well as their exhaust nozzle. A dull roar could be heard from these engines as they started. They trailed a beautiful flame. The front of the flame, by the nozzle, seemed invisible. The middle and rear of the flame burned a brilliant orange in the inside, a reddish on the outside. The flame burned clean, no pollution visible. The aircraft continued to accelerate, nosing back upwards, the nozzles of the engines expanding as speed increased. The shockwave in front of the aircraft became more and more a cone. Blitukus recognized the flame from these engines as a hydrogen flame... likely that fuel was hydrogen stored at extreme pressure... perhaps even somehow condensed into liquid form. Blitukus grinned as he and the ground became more and more distant. The desert and swamp terrain of his homelands passed rapidly below, far below. The sunset seemed to occur in reverse as the aircraft outpaced the rotation of the planet. The aircraft ascended into the upper regions of the atmosphere, gliding seemingly frictionlessly on wisps of air as it moved at extreme speed over the surface. The stars remained noticeable in the sky as the sun rose in a reverse path, the smooth titanium aircraft piercing through the thin upper atmosphere, empty space all around, the suns rays scattering off of the metal, and back into the heavens, blue lights on the wingtips strobing on and off, blended with the light from the red-orange flame behind the engine. The engines reduced their thrust as the aircraft reached its cruising speed and altitude, softening to a quiet rumble. Blitukus took in a breath from the cabins air, still retaining the pressure from ground level, and let it out slowly, smiling. This was far beyond what even the average turbine aircraft could hope to achieve... yet it was commercial and available to all. The aircraft really was the product of a high-tech nation at least one step ahead of the city he had left. Perhaps he would find the artifact there, perhaps he would find answers there, but either way, he had a feeling, he wouldn't regret paying Metropolis a visit.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 21, 2007, 12:37:00 am**

FIRST POST!  
  
We knew it, high atmosphere flight...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 21, 2007, 01:06:00 am**

Yeah, I based it on a real-life idea I heard about on the science channel IIRC. Personally, I like the idea of a commercial ramjet :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 21, 2007, 08:01:00 pm**

Beyond Quality! :) \*movie clip of friends being reunited\*  
Now I must beat you to it! :p  
////////////////////  
This story is Beyond Quality!

How often do you cheek your PM:s? Did the one I tried to send yesterday not work or you just not checked yet?

One thing I noticed in this post was the sound bang was hardly noticeable and Also I that Blitukus failed to associated the computer terminal whit his own 11D calculating machine. generally Blitukus refer less to his own work when seeing related things than I imagined he would do. I still don't imply you should change anything, it's probably intentional and is still flawless.

DAMN! I always think out a lot of things to say in these posts but then I never remember it! :mad:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 21, 2007, 08:32:00 pm**

I must've missed the notification about the PM. I replied.

I find certain music helps to improve the results of letting my mind wander, and it's this improved mind-wandering where I get my inspiration from. So, it's indirect.

And about the sonic boom, you actually don't hear the actual sonic boom from inside the aircraft since you're traveling with the shockwave. The only reason you would notice it would be the sudden shift in flight dynamics. Blitukus' flying machine was designed for speeds much below Mach 1 and had an open cockpit, so at transonic speeds the difference was relatively extreme. The titanium aircraft was designed for a cruising speed around Mach 4 or 5, designed explicitly for supersonic speed and designed with precision, so, it makes the transonic transition smoothly and gracefully.

Edit: It seems my feelings regarding Kazo have become dormant, but this doesn't change my decision. Perhaps they'll reemerge when I begin writing his story.

Edit II: Almost forgot to mention, the reason Blitukus tends not to compare his own works with similar things in the past or future is because the nature of these items are so different. What a computer does today looks nothing like what it did 60 years ago, except at the very heart of the concept, a heart which is hidden under all the other stuff a lot of the time.

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>I find certain music helps to improve the results of letting my mind wander, and it's this improved mind-wandering where I get my inspiration from. So, it's indirect. </STRONG>

Oh, that explains it, I can't concentrate on anything whit annoying music around either. (I know thats not what you meant (probobly), I just being silly)

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>And about the sonic boom, you actually don't hear the actual sonic boom from inside the aircraft since you're traveling with the shockwave. The only reason you would notice it would be the sudden shift in flight dynamics. Blitukus' flying machine was designed for speeds much below Mach 1 and had an open cockpit, so at transonic speeds the difference was relatively extreme. The titanium aircraft was designed for a cruising speed around Mach 4 or 5, designed explicitly for supersonic speed and designed with precision, so, it makes the transonic transition smoothly and gracefully.</STRONG>

\*feels stupid\*

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>Edit: It seems my feelings regarding Kazo have become dormant, but this doesn't change my decision. Perhaps they'll reemerge when I begin writing his story. </STRONG>

Most likely it will, these thing don't die.

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG>Edit II: Almost forgot to mention, the reason Blitukus tends not to compare his own works with similar things in the past or future is because the nature of these items are so different. What a computer does today looks nothing like what it did 60 years ago, except at the very heart of the concept, a heart which is hidden under all the other stuff a lot of the time.</STRONG>

That is true whit anyone except Blitukus, he looks directly into the core of everything and should really be able to see this, he even predicted most of it while building the cruder versions, he already looked into the casino cardmixer. This it at least how I interpreted it, maybe in overestimating him... (that last few words was just an unfair teasing thing to make you angry)

Basically what I mean about differences at heart is that a machine with an interactive display on it doesn't exactly indicate it's a calculating machine, no visible math is being performed. Blitukus might be able to mess with these things but he doesn't automatically know how a modern PC would work. Of course, once introduced to the concept it wouldn't take him long at all to figure it out. If he saw a computer visibly doing math I'm sure he'd make the connection in a heartbeat. In fact, I think I'll make the point clear in the story.

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Blitukus looked out the window, his breath fogging the window slightly as he exhaled. He watched the wisps of air zip by, the deserts and terrain of his homeland slowly rolling over the horizon behind, new lands he had never ventured to before appearing in front. The human sitting by him spoke, "You know... you look like... say, do you have any lineage in common with the old Siegedrivens?" Blitukus snickered, "I can confidently say I do." She replied, "That's... surprisingly uncommon. You know, you look just like that portrait of Blitukus in my old history book, and seeing you reminds me of the day I took my first stand in life... your ancestors inspired a lot of people, you know." Blitukus smiled, honored by these events, "What has their memory done for you?" She sighed, then replied, "It's a bit of a story but we've got a lot of time. I grew up as an orphan... my parents left to work at the factory one day when I was 9... and they didn't come home. I learned a few days after that they were killed when a broken machine started up for no apparent reason while they were working on it. They found out afterwards that it was caused by a switch that had its contacts fused, so it acted as if it were on even though it said it was off. It was a pure accident, and they learned from it. Now they use failsafe switches for power links. I lived on, and eventually got on with life... but those things leave a scar that doesn't go away you know..." Blitukus nodded empathetically. She continued, "When I read about Blitukus, how he faced his parents death and made a legend out of himself despite that... I decided, I couldn't go on as just some forgotten kid from the orphanage. I paid attention at school, and even though I couldn't get a good job afterwards, I saved up money whenever I could... It'll be my 25th birthday soon... and now I'm headed to the most advanced city in the world, to earn a degree from the most advanced university in the world. I'll make something out of myself yet." She smiled, "I traced my lineage back and it looks like I'm related to some of the military from the old northeast. Historical records show it's very likely my ancestors knew the Siegedrivens personally." Blitukus smiled, "I had a feeling that was the case. What of the legacy of Fale Siegedriven?" She replied, "Fales story and her leadership have been an honored piece of history and culture, a traditional story in the southeast. Her role as an adventurer has inspired several others to take the path of the freelance, some with a lot of success. Her role as world leader has led to the creation of some of the most widely respected books on leadership, and really, her legacy probably saved the world once or twice." Blitukus asked, "Saved the world? I am curious as to what... I still have much to learn about more recent history, as I haven't been around to see more than a small part of it." She replied, "I can only think of 2 instances... the era of the steam loop literally just died back in 1840, and tensions rose as civilization expanded westward and downward, seeking new energy. War broke out, and the most advanced nations struggled to keep it from turning into another world war. This is actually how Metropolis was founded... it started out as just a bunch of kobolds who wanted to establish themselves in the west continents in 1850. Virtually nobody was out there at the time, so the government just gave land away to anyone who asked. This settlement started as just a little mining camp, but grew into a boomtown that eventually became a small city. The leader, well, kind of looked like a demon in a way, and she acted like one to people she didn't like. But, even though she expected a lot out of her people, she gave them the fruits of their own labor. She often assigned her people to carry out massive projects. She had them build an enormous hydroelectric dam out there, it's still around and it's still putting power on the grid. She practically gave away energy, which promptly crashed numerous businesses into the ground, but in return got people to stop fighting for a while. She used some of Fales old negotiating tricks to get nearby nations together on an enormous project. They wanted to launch a rocket into space, an entirely insane idea at the time, but her brother had already started the project, and when people actually saw rockets flying, they were convinced... of course, when they were all on board and they started building bigger and bigger rockets, they hit a million problems. Among these was a war breaking out between a mostly kobold faction and a human faction... apparantly the leader of the human faction was racist. They continued anyway, and blew up their launch pad a few times before they managed to get something to really, truly fly up there, and now they are known as the birthplace of spaceflight, having launched the first manned flight above the atmosphere. It's just amazing how they pulled it off with their relatively crude technology too, but as their leader said regarding it, 'It's amazing what you can do with a few dozen tons of explosives and a can strapped to the top.' Seeing that speck of light moving overhead was reason for celebration all around the world as at the end nearly all nearby nations were invested in spaceflight. They saw what true collective effort could do, so peace treaties slowly got signed all throughout the middle and west continents. This achievement was what made Metropolis, Metropolis, and it was renamed to reflect that in 1903. If it wasn't for Fales legacy, their leader might not've been able to convince the other nations to join in on the space program. There would've been no launch, no Metropolis, and no peace at the end."

Blitukus smiled, "You are very knowledgeable." She laughed, "Yeah, well as I said I paid attention in school. Plus, I couldn't help but read all about these people. The second case of Fales legacy likely saving the world I remember reading about was the quasi-war of 1963. A group of scientifically inclined kobolds established themselves on an island volcano. They wanted to escape the regulations of the government on their projects. They got into some outright freakish stuff, there were rumors of mutants from those who passed nearby. Not much is known about them, since their establishment was destroyed when the volcano erupted right under them, but what they did left a lasting impact. They developed weapons the world had never seen before, and went on a crazed power trip, demanding ransoms of billions of moneys with these doomsday weapons pointed at national capitals. They played nations off against eachother, creating small conflicts around the world while creating enormous political tension between the superpowers of the time. The plans of these specific kobolds went up in flames when the volcano erupted. Their leader escaped in a fighter aircraft, an aircraft never seen before rumored to have been able to take a missile directly and still keep flying as well as fire a ray of energy capable of slicing right through titanium. Two

freelance pilots from two opposing superpowers put their differences and political disagreements aside and after a heroic battle in the skies, sent the escaped leader down to the bottom of the ocean, never to be seen again. They got married shortly after, and their nations reached a peace agreement. If it weren't for Fales legacy, these nations might've never put their differences aside and one of the deadliest wars in world history might've ensued." Blitukus sighed, "That group of kobolds that did that... they were a disgrace to their species... in fact, their story reminds me of a particular group of dwarves I had once met..." She replied, "Dwarves have been kind of neutral ever since the goblin wars, they haven't been causing trouble in the world at all, but they are renowned for their disregard of environmental regulations and personal rights. They enact these things when they know it would be stupid not to do so... except for Endlesslabors. That place, is bad for your health..." Blitukus nodded, "I will keep it in mind."

A few moments passed. Blitukus kept looking out the window, allowing his mind to wander and ponder what he had seen and heard so far. The human next to him took out a small handheld device with a large, color screen, and began to do various tasks with it. Blitukus looked out, watching the terrain change as the aircraft soared over various biomes, eventually passing over a large ocean, the suns rays scattering off of the surface. He looked up, and saw the sun, and also saw why the windows were black from the outside. They seemed quite transparent from within the cabin, but were only transparent in a certain range. The more harmful rays of the sun were blocked by the window, and all rays of the sun were dimmed considerably by the window, meaning it was only merely slightly annoying to have it directly in ones field of view. Quite a bit of time passed. Eventually, Blitukus turned, and asked, "Did you say those were meant to be put away?" She replied, "Yeah, well, the reason they want you to put electronics away is because some electronics screw with the avionics up front, but I know enough to know this handheld uses the wrong frequency to mess with anything. I just make sure the attendants don't see it because it would be hard to convince them of that." Blitukus asked, "What exactly does that, erm, specific model, do?" She replied, "Oh it's just a generic brand handheld, got a processor that runs 500 million calculations per second, nothing special, although you can do a lot with it if you know your stuff." 500 million **calculations** per second? Blitukus had previously nothing other than a slight suspicion that these devices were calculating machines, but now there was real evidence for it. His idea for an electronic calculating machine was made a reality, and the results were beyond what he had imagined. 500 **million** calculations per **second**... and it was regarded as nothing special. Blitukus smiled, and continued to let his mind wander on the subject... if that was nothing special, then what would Metropolis hold? Blitukus looked out far toward the horizon... small islands could be seen to the north, ocean below. He then silently observed what the human was up to. Various applications were used... it seemed even this remarkably small handheld device could do just about any task that involved information. He watched for quite a while, taking note of these applications, and thinking of the implications such technologies would have on society... already, at least two hours had passed. He looked out the window, and kept watching the world roll by. Eventually, the human sitting next to him spoke, "Hey, if you want, I got an uplink for the millennium festival on the eastern borderlands." Blitukus turned, and looked. Her handheld displayed an image of a crowd near a fireworks display, arranged in a pattern to form the characters "2000". This was a major event... as midnight rolled across the planet, nations would celebrate their advance into the next millennium. The Age of Steam was coming to a close then... but what would be the age after? The sound of a crowd chattering could be heard through the device, a sound that was dull and faint, but was likely much louder where it was actually taking place. They both watched for several minutes. Several people appeared near the fireworks, and the crowd cheered. The crowd then proceeded to shout in unison, "5! 4! 3! 2! 1!" A loud cheering was heard as the fireworks were sent up into the sky, painting out the characters "2000" in brilliant and enormous text, burning in the sky. A few moments later, the sound of surprise and startle was heard among the crowd as the city seemed to be shaken by an earthquake. No damage was caused, but the shake was quite visible. People in the crowd looked around unsure of what had just happened. The human sitting next to Blitukus commented, "I don't think *that* was planned... what a coincidence it happens right in the middle of the new millenniums celebration." Blitukus nodded, and watched closely. Something felt wrong about this... then again, nothing really seemed actually wrong. The earthquake did nothing more than disrupt the festivities slightly. Everything seemed to be OK. Besides, every second Blitukus drew nearer to Metropolis, and nearer to his goal. He still had a quest to achieve, no matter what events transpired.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 22, 2007, 02:50:00 am**

FIRST POST!  
This story is so awesome that we would go so far as to say that it is BEYOND beyond quality.  
Volcanic Islands are cool.

Armok, you should try some music that has a POINT. Social commentary, that sort of thing. I personally reccomend Micheal Franti and Spearhead to anyone in the US, but I guess a lot of it would still have the same point in other countries too.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 22, 2007, 11:58:00 am**

Thanks :p  
  
I tend to listen to things that are sort of ambient without any singing. Some time I rip music from games etc. and listen to that since those songs often time are designed to fit a certain theme, and plus, some game soundtracks I just find good to listen to. I tend not to find conventional music with singing very useful most of the time. There are some exceptions though.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 22, 2007, 02:40:00 pm**

I like social commentaries in all their forms...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Necro** on **December 22, 2007, 02:53:00 pm**

It must be enough for a book now!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 22, 2007, 07:28:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!  
  
Ok, I just finished chatting whit AlanL for 6 hours straight, this means two things;  
1) I have said most of the tings to AlanL that I need to and use to do in this post.  
2) I have even less time than usual  
  
I have one (semi) important announcement, my mom is going to kidnap me and drag me away to some strange thing she calls "Christmas", there will most likely be no Internet there, so I might not be able to post for up up 3 days, and I wont be able to read this wonderful story, its all quite horrible. :(  
Just so that you don't think no posts mean that I have forgotten about this masterpiece when I don't post as usual.

////////////////////////////////////

quote:
This story is so awesome that we would go so far as to say that it is BEYOND beyond quality.

Why didn't I think of saying that first! :mad:

quote:



Armok, you should try some music that has a POINT. Social commentary, that sort of thing. I personally recommend Micheal Franti and Spearhead to anyone in the US, but I guess a lot of it would still have the same point in other countries too.

Thats the worst kind, some political propaganda whit someone screaming and smashing barrels around in the background. That is what I meant whit "more like random torture to the ears than music."

quote:  
I tend to listen to things that are sort of ambient without any singing. Some time I rip music from games etc. and listen to that since those songs often time are designed to fit a certain theme, and plus, some game soundtracks I just find good to listen to. I tend not to find conventional music with singing very useful most of the time. There are some exceptions though.

Thats more like it!  
This reminds me of..  
look what computers can do!

Really I mostly (only?) listen to classical music; Carmina Burana (can't spell), Vivaldi, Mozart rarely, various other things...  
Also sometimes some music in some games, sometimes.

quote:  
I like social commentaries in all their forms...

"social commentaries" are another wording for "political propaganda".

quote:  
It must be enough for a book now!

Yes this should really be made a book; it would be the best book ever!  
////////////////////////////////////

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 22, 2007, 11:02:00 pm**

That's not true. It's not always POLITICAL propoganda. And it's actually got all sorts of different types of music that fit it. Well, actually, I just prefer any music that can't be summarized by "I wish you were my girl/boyfriend," "I have an awesome girl/boyfriend," or "they used to be my girl/boyfriend." It's pretty limited.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 23, 2007, 12:11:00 am**

Thank you :)

Long enough for a book? All together.. I don't know, perhaps. Hmm... to be honest, maybe it is literally as big as a book, a small book, but enough anyways.  
-----  
The human next to Blitukus spoke, "So I guess in a few hours the Age of Steam will be nothing more than a memory. I wonder what they'll call the new age... I have a feeling a lot will happen between now and 2499, so I hope they pick something to reflect that." Blitukus nodded, then asked, "May I use that device to access the database from here?" She responded, handing it over, "Sure, I figured out how to patch into the satellites from the phone jack a while ago... I guess they just never notice." Blitukus smiled. Satellites... it was how some referred to the moon, but these must be man made platforms in the heavens... technological equivalents to the platforms of the ancients. Blitukus noticed several buttons to be selected, but nothing to select them with. He looked all over the device for some kind of pointer, all to no avail... She spoke, "It's touchscreen. Don't use the tip of your claws either, I notice kobolds like to do that and it messes the screen up." Blitukus nodded slightly, then pressed the text "Index" on the screen. It was selected, the video stream stopped, and the page displayed refreshed, showing a slot and a button. Recognizing this as access to the database, Blitukus selected the slot, and rested his fingers on the small buttons under the screen. Blitukus recognized the texture of the material... it was the same kind of stuff the cover to that book was made of, only harder. Blitukus spoke, "Interesting material... what is it?" She laughed, "You haven't seen plastic before?" Blitukus responded, "I, erm, wanted to know what type of plastic it was." She replied, "Only the manufacturer knows that. Maybe you can dig up the design somewhere but I doubt it, this thing is fairly recent." Blitukus searched the database for "Arkus", and relatively few results came up. Arkus was listed as a historical person, nearly every detail unknown, other than "Unknown being of likely some historical significance. Archaeologists found the name engraved on ancient artifacts and buildings, apparantly the subject of respect among some, fear among others. The name is often seen in reference to a tower. Several triangulations mark his/her tower somewhere in the northern end of the central continents, but these results deviate from one another and several sources could not be verified. Currently, the location of his/her tower has been narrowed down to a circle 60 miles in radius, but recent archaeological excavations have turned up nothing." Below was a map of the central continents, a small red circle painted near the top, various yellow lines marking political boundaries. Below that were several pictures of eroded and degraded buildings and artifacts with ancient texts, focusing on the word "Arkus". Much of the texts were too degraded to read, but some included writings vaguely hinting at a position. Blitukus sighed. Arkus had achieved much, and would have been a legend... but when magic disappeared, so did his legacy. Next, Blitukus searched the database for "Kazo". Only one result was turned up. It was a single image, showing a heavily degraded and scorched tablet, the only word, readable, and barely readable at that, was "Kazo", visible next to a worn image of a small, reptilian figure. Arkus was dead... if he was still around, it would be known. Kazo... all evidence said he was dead... but none of this evidence was truly conclusive. He could be anywhere, he could be nowhere... the truth lay deeper in the future, perhaps, when more was discovered regarding this. Blitukus returned the device to its front page, and handed it back, "Thank you." She replied, "Don't mention it." Blitukus watched as she shut down that application, and started a new one. This new application presented a menu over a black screen. She navigated the menus, and eventually proceeded to begin playing a game on her handheld. Blitukus noticed that it seemed to be a rather detailed simulation of a dwarven establishment, the entire graphics system rendered in text characters. Blitukus watched this for a few minutes, "Interesting... I see there is not much of a focus on realistic visualizations." She replied, "Yeah, in my opinion, it's better that way. It's been kind of a trend in video games, after all, computer development was controlled by scientists for the longest time. They wanted more power and couldn't care about pretty graphics, so they always invested into developing the CPU. Videogames picked up on this trend, and we have a lot of calculation-heavy but graphics-free games because of it. This one runs slow as hell on my handheld, but some computers, especially the new optical ones in Metropolis, can run this at flat 200 all the time with all the features on." Blitukus smiled. Optical? Something even better than electrical? He spoke, "It looks fun!" She replied, "It is, and it's free too, it's an independent project... what's especially fun is digging out everything except one tile under a human town, then sending one person to dig out the last tile. Splat!" Blitukus snickered, "That is rather malicious." She smiled, "That's the point." Blitukus watched for a few minutes, then asked, "If you had to struggle to get here, why did you keep this device?" She replied, "It was a gift. I'm not going to just sell it off right after someone gave it to me, that would be rude." Blitukus replied, "I understand." Blitukus kept watching her play, taking note of the various details of the program. It sort of reminded him of his own experience, digging out his home and building his machines.

Eventually, the engines of the aircraft cut off, and the aircraft began a slow descent. As it began to descend, the blue lights of another such aircraft could be seen flying across the skies. Suddenly, radio chatter could be heard again,

"Hey \*static\* the \*static\* do today?"  
"Not much, any news from your route?"  
"Ah well \*static\* damn ATC guy \*static\* damn f\*\*\* idiot I swear, \*static\* and the \*static\* damn \*static\* close to crashing right into me!"  
"I'll take note not to fly that route then."  
"I filed a complaint and \*static\* and \*static\* STILL didn't fire the f\*cker!"

Blitukus snickered. The human next to him commented, "Looks like I forgot to turn that off. I guess I'll leave it on." The air slowed the aircraft as it descended. Eventually, Blitukus looked down and saw the aircraft was approaching a brilliant, shining, truly enormous city,

miles on each side. The pilot yawner audible on the receiver, "I'm f\*cking bored!" A traffic controller from the city responded, "**Identify yourself!**" The pilot replied, "I said I'm f\*cking bored, not f\*cking stupid!" Blitukus laughed. The human next to him commented, "Looks like the pilot's a kobold. You can always tell kobold pilots from human pilots because of the kobolds mischief and general antics. If you ever see a military aircraft play dead on a training run, it's being piloted by a kobold." A few minutes passed. The aircraft circled the city, approaching and descending as it did, close and closer to the clouds below. The engines capped their inlets, the turbine engines uncapping themselves and starting up once more. The shockwave in front of the aircraft vanished as the aircraft slowed. The aircraft descended below the clouds, Eventually, it started lining up towards a runway of a facility, covered with shining metal and windows of clear glass, nearby what appeared to be a large paved pad with a crane of some kind, a railway connecting it to the main city. The pilot spoke over radio, "This is flight 4314 inbound, requesting landing clearance on runway 2 east." The tower replied, "Flight 4314... say, you sound kind of like... never mind. The runway is not clear, wait for clearance." A dull, muffled snicker could be heard, then the pilot responded, "Acknowledged." The aircrafts engines sped up, the aircraft nosing up as it dropped to slow speeds once again. It flew over the airport, turned, then looped around. The tower spoke over radio, "Flight 4314, you are clear to land on runway 2." The aircraft descended, its feathers bending downward as it slowed. It nosed downward slightly, then as it approached the strip, nosed back up again. There was a bump and a dull rumble as the rear tires touched down. The aircraft then nosed down, until its front tire touched down. There was a dull roar as the turbine engines reversed their thrust, slowing the aircraft further. This roar died down, and the engines came to near idle as the aircraft turned and taxied off of the runway. The aircraft taxied up to a terminal, and came to a stop. The corridor extended, connecting with the aircraft. The engines shut down, and the door opened. People unseated themselves, retrieved their belongings, and began to leave the aircraft. The human sitting next to Blitukus shut off her handheld and put it away, stood, retrieved her belongings, then joined the back of the line. Blitukus stood and followed her. Eventually, they made it to the exit and traversed the corridor into the airport. Blitukus looked back, and smiled upon seeing the kobold pilot exit the cockpit. Blitukus followed the human, who walked towards the left side of the facility to retrieve a backpack full of belongings from a rotating platform. They waited for a while for it to appear as the aircraft was unloaded, but eventually it did. She retrieved it, wore it, and carried her other belongings with as she moved towards the exit. Blitukus looked around... the airport building he was in was 2 story, containing shops and facilities tucked to the side, potted plants along the middle. Many of the shops he had seen in the airport he had left from had standard signs that were lit by electric lights. The shops he saw now had signs that consisted of electric lights, the images they consisted of moving on a display. The building was merely warm within, despite the view outside indicating a desert, the sun high in the sky. They made their way to the exit, exiting into the scorching desert. It reminded Blitukus of home... yet the towering cacti in the distance were something he wasn't familiar with. The building seemed U-shaped from this perspective, near the middle, by the exit, a display under a roof, supported at the corners. In front of the sign, titanium characters formed the words "Welcome to Metropolis Air and Space port". The display behind this sign seemed to project a glowing image into the air above it. Blitukus walked up to it, and looked at it. It reminded him of the display on the fully functional Sphere of Direction, and he found it was also non-solid as well. The image, consisting of nothing but light it seemed, displayed the world and its moon, a red spot marking Metropolis placed on the world, and a blue spot marking a colony placed on its moon. Two small specks were en route between the red and blue spots. One of these specks, a small arrow pointing in the general direction of the displayed moon, had displayed a cargo manifest of "9 T Foodstuff, 3 T L.Ox, 3 T Water". The other, a small arrow pointing in the general direction of the displayed world, had a displayed cargo manifest of "12 T Titanium Ores, 2 T Radioactive Ores, 1 T He3 Ores". Blitukus looked at this... a lunar mining operation? He noticed his human copassenger was walking towards the rail station. Blitukus rushed to meet back up with her. He noticed, behind the station lay the spaceport... the paved pad there was empty, a framework tower nearby holding nothing. A building off to the side seemed to have a hollow interior. A long, finned cylindrical vehicle was being assembled there, a steel crane nearby holding up a titanium panel. A sudden blue glow shone at this construction site, then stopped, sparks raining down from where a worker was working. Behind the pad was a single runway, designed specially for high speed landing. It seemed that although the spaceport and airport sections were rather close, they were arranged carefully to keep their lines of traffic from interfering. It was likely the airport ceased operations for a few minutes during a spacecraft landing anyhow, flights being scheduled around that time, rather than during it. On the pad tower, a flag carrying a white background, a blue full circle in the middle laying within an empty circle, a blue + marking the flag from bottom to top, left to right. Blitukus followed the human, ascending metal steps onto a platform near the railway, a sleek, metallic train approaching silently from a vast city in the distance, glistening with an array of light as the suns rays scattered among its shining buildings. Blitukus gazed into this, and laughed in appreciation of its beauty. It seemed the technological civilizations of this era were well on their way to becoming equals with what the magical civilizations of the ancients once were. They nearly were equal... it likely would be only a matter of a decade or two further into the future. Still... something still didn't feel right about that earthquake. His soul still took note of it for some reason. He pushed the feeling aside. It was only a small tremor, nothing more, nothing less, at least, he hoped. He had entered this realm at the time of 3:44 PM, and it was now near to being 10:00 PM, so a little less than 18 hours remained. Only 12 of those were available, since another 4 to 6 might be needed to get back. 12 hours, he expected, would be more than enough time.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 23, 2007, 03:57:00 am**

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BEYOND beyond quality!

I loved the person playing dwarf fortress.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 23, 2007, 11:26:00 am**

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Thank you :)

Although, that specific idea was just a thought until Armok got me thinking about it more :p

[ December 23, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 23, 2007, 09:17:00 pm**

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Paragraphs! PARAGRAPHS!

\*Begins blinking rapidly and goes cross-eyed\*

Aside from that, Beyond Quality!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 23, 2007, 11:44:00 pm**

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Thanks :p

And yes... I probably should start splitting these up more.

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Blitukus stayed close to his human copassenger. The train silently slid into the station, slowing, and finally stopping. The train seemed to descend slightly, coming to rest with a clank. There was a dull hiss, and the doors slid open. Blitukus noticed shielded coils beneath the train, designed to loosely fit around the track. A large number of people exited the train, headed for the airport. The recent arrivals began to board afterwards. Blitukus boarded with the human and sat next to her again. When everybody had seated themselves, the doors shut with another dull hiss. There was then an electric hum, a moment later, riding on a sheet of magnetism, the train seemed to levitate slightly off of the track. It then accelerated, proceeding smoothly and silently to a very rapid cruising speed. Blitukus spoke the copassenger, "I see there's no toll for this." She replied, "In Metropolis, people get taxed left and right... but the government gets awarded left and right for being the most effective in spending tax revenue. There are many free services that really work, and if unemployment ever gets too high, the government can cite large civic buildings to be built as long as there's a justifiable demand. Metropolis is one of the most productive cities around, unemployment and homelessness are negligible, and 'Made in Metropolis' is in and of itself a stamp of approval in most places." Blitukus asked, "What about the side effects of such industry?" She replied, "These guys have been champions of clean and efficient power and industry ever since the hydroelectric dam was built. They know how to keep it down." Blitukus thought about this, then looked around.

He looked out the window as the train approached the city. After a few minutes, sliding over the rails among the desert terrain, the train entered the fringes of the city, and began to slow. Blitukus looked around. The city's smaller buildings were made of standard materials, but the larger buildings held themselves up with titanium frames, as strong as steel but far lighter, allowing them to tower to even greater heights. The buildings seemed to contain various potted plants suspended on their exterior, the occasional vine hanging down. Somehow, these plants grew even in this harsh environment, perhaps due to what they were fed and watered with. These plants were all windows that could be opened on a regular basis. The windows of the buildings were another subject of curiosity... windows in the cool shade were an absorbent black, while windows exposed to the scorching sun were a reflective white, holding the temperature of the building stable without needing external power. It seemed this was due to the very material the windows were made of, rather than a device. The train pulled into a station, and stopped, lowering itself onto the track again. The doors opened, and people began departing into the city. Blitukus kept following her, out of the train and down to a road. Vehicles passed by in quite a volume, but, unlike the buzzing and smog producing vehicles of the city he left, these ones accelerated silently, leaving no visible byproduct. Blitukus sniffed the air... he had avoided doing so in the previous city since the air smelt of chemicals and soot, but here, this smell was trace if present at all. Blitukus spoke, "It is truly beautiful..." He stood for a moment, looking up at the tall building before him with admiration, the sun's rays making their final bounce to him off of the frame and windows of the building. It was everything he dreamt Metropolis would be, and then some. She replied, "Yep... uh, why are you following me around?" Blitukus replied, "I came here seeking something, and I feel a scientific facility, such as a university, might be a good place to start." She replied, "Ok, I like chatting with you anyway." They proceeded to a nearby intersection, waited for traffic to shift, and crossed, waiting at another train station, this one adjacent to a track consisting of a single rail, passing through the city, held up above the ground by steel supports, beautiful supports that both seemed to be true art and structurally sound at the same time.

As they waited in a crowd, consisting mostly of the new arrivals, for the train to arrive, a small, hardly noticeable tremor occurred. Most people didn't notice the tremor, but Blitukus looked down... he saw small bits of material slightly shift by his feet. Blitukus felt a sort of lackluster feeling in his soul... it felt as if something once ambient was vanishing entirely from the astral plane. Blitukus looked around.... everything was OK. He sighed, and set his feelings aside once more. A short train, riding the single rail, slid in, and stopped. Blitukus boarded, sitting next to the human again. She spoke, "You know... you'll think I'm crazy for saying this, but... something about you just doesn't seem to belong at this time, like you're displaced kind of." Blitukus snickered, "I probably give that impression to a lot of people." When the train was essentially full, the doors closed, and it began to move. It ascended upwards, the rail carrying it up among the taller buildings. Some of these buildings seemed connected to one another by bridges high above the ground, creating a walkway network within blocks. The train made stops at stations that seemed to be part of these sky rise buildings, held above the ground by titanium supports, passengers loading and unloading directly from the building. Blitukus noted, much of the common city was contained in general-purpose skyrises, reducing the amount of land needed for a population. There were small buildings, but there were less than usual of them. Eventually, the train cleared away from the buildings enough for the very heart of the city to be visible. At the very center of the city was very, very tall buildings, their titanium frame reflecting intensely under the sun, much of their surface covered in windows, black windows from where Blitukus was viewing from. The buildings were segments of a single hollow cylinder at the very heart of the city. At the center of the cylinder was an open area, seemingly a garden full of shrubs and trees, walkways providing a path through to a small, paved circle in the very middle. The circle seemed to be engraved with something, but Blitukus was far too distant to tell what. Each building had an aluminum 'antenna' on top, which angled inward, connecting with those of the other buildings, circular bands of aluminum connecting the antennae a third of the way up and two thirds the way up, forming the framework of a cone in the sky. At the very pinnacle was a soft blue glow from a light that shone down, a beacon in the middle of the city. Blitukus gazed into this eagerly. Several flying machines seemed to be traveling about. Nearby, a flying machine, sleek and painted a dark grey, ascended straight up, its turbine engines pointed downward. Birds flew around the flying machine unafraid, calmly staying out of its way, as if they respected rather than feared it. It gained altitude, then its engine nacelles tilted forward and sped up, causing it to accelerate forward. Blitukus smiled... it reminded him of his own flying machine and his experience with rotating nacelles, but these flying machines did it effortlessly. As it traveled, Blitukus noticed something else... the engine nacelles on that flying machine vectored independently of one another, and were machine controlled to allow for responsive maneuvering at low speed through precision-controlled thrust. They had taken the idea he had pioneered and advanced it a few epochs into the future... literally. Blitukus grinned as he watched it fly away. The train kept moving, passing through the city, eventually moving downwards. Blitukus looked over at his human copassenger... she was looking at her handheld again. She was looking at a page titled, "Midnight tremors sweep the world", describing the advance of the tremors, from one city to the next as each time-zone rang out midnight. As this happened, aftershocks could be felt throughout the entire planet. What Blitukus felt must've been one of those aftershocks. It mentioned seismologists being baffled, but curious regarding the new phenomena. It quoted, "It shows us how we don't know everything about our precious world yet, and perhaps, how we have yet to rediscover things we had once known." Blitukus asked, "Do you have any predictions as to what has been causing this?" She replied, "Not a clue!" Blitukus sighed through his nose... something was happening. Whether it was good, bad, or neither, had yet to be determined. Eventually, the train descended, and stopped at a station at ground level.

She spoke, "This is our stop." Blitukus turned, and checked his sphere of direction, keeping it out of sight of everyone else. He caught a glimpse of a pointer to his destination... it pointed not to the university, but down the tracks. Then he remembered... the sphere of direction had originally painted the location in a large dwarven city... yet now it indicated a destination here, in Metropolis, and even though Metropolis was right next to a cliff face, what he had seen of the dwarven city was not around. Perhaps he had emerged to the right place at the wrong time? Either way, that component was bound to be somewhere... perhaps, just down the tracks. Blitukus replied, "No, I think I might want to start my search at a later stop." She replied, "Ok, see ya." Blitukus spoke, "Goodbye..." He then stood, and smiled, offering her a handshake. She accepted with a smile, then left the trail. Blitukus sat alone, and wondered... would she ever realize she just shook hands with her hero? Whether she was aware of it or not, it had still happened. Blitukus sat back, and looked out. He smiled as he looked at the university. The front most building was a college of optics... the entire building seemed organically shaped, covered in shining titanium panels, grey windows near the back. The building was roughly shaped like a U, the interior especially polished. It seemed the inside of this U collected the sun's rays, bouncing it among the panels, eventually bouncing it into partly to a specially crafted crystal at the front of the building. There, the light was broken down into its components, painting a bright rainbow on the ground nearby. Several dark lines were visible in this rainbow, and near these dark lines, chemical symbols were drawn on the ground. The majority of the sun's rays weren't reflected into the crystal, rather black containers. Steam slowly rose from these containers, condensing in glass coils into a metal container on the ground. Near this building was a tall observatory, at that time shut down, shielding itself from the bright sun. All around, it appeared the university had a deep admiration of the sun. One building, near the rear, was circular with black windows all around it, a detailed diagram of the anatomy of the sun engraved in front of it, focusing on the debated regions of the core. Behind the building were several crates of materials, one marked He3... Blitukus wondered, what was He3 anyway? Inside the building, through the windows, a blue glow made visible a large, donut-shaped device, various non-metal tubes running around it, the device encircled by isolated coils, a slight fog from extreme cooling drifting down from it. It seemed connected to the local power grid with a much heavier connection than the other buildings. Near the front of the campus, another building, cylindrical in nature, was present. It had a small square structure placed on its roof, much like a smokestack, only without an opening at the top. Suddenly, a panel on the side of the top of the stack slid down, revealing a complex, wire-crossed device of some kind. It glew blue, then its glow shifted to red, an immensely cold nitrogen vapor being expelled, immediately dispersing into the air. The panel then slid back up. Two students holding a large cylindrical container walked outside. They set the container down and removed the lid. Within was a white, square solid suspended in a clear liquid. The liquid consumed the sun's rays with quite an appetite, and began to turn blue, the solid grey. They seemed to be expecting this. Suddenly, the change shifted, and the liquid turned green, the solid blue. They seemed surprised with this, and began discussing among themselves as they capped the container and brought it back inside.

The train departed for the next stop, beginning to accelerate away. Blitukus smiled... he felt that he himself would be proud to live in such a city. Soon, the university became hidden behind other buildings. Blitukus kept checking the sphere of direction as the train went along, careful to conserve his mana as much as possible. He left the train at a stop when he found the destination was nearby. He saw several industrial buildings around, conventional train tracks running down the middle. There was a train present, and it was a conventional train, relatively crude seeming compared to the buildings around it. Blitukus checked his sphere of direction one more time, it pointed to... the other train? Perhaps the component... was ON the train? Blitukus began walking toward the other train. It was stopped and likely would stay that way for a while. Still... if that train left with him searching on it, he would have to wait until later to explore Metropolis. Blitukus felt to take in as much as he could in the mean time. The industrial buildings around were large, but didn't seem to pollute that much. The processes they used had been scientifically refined for efficiency in all ways, including reduction of waste. As he walked, he noticed some of the buildings and their functions. One, likely a smelter due to the various ores near it, was a fairly square building, the side facing the road having a window showing the area within. There seemed to be multiple cauldrons made of a dark material, surrounded by dark coils. The lights inside turned red, the coils heating up until they glew a bright yellow, the cauldrons slowly heating up to a bright red glow. A precise mixture of metal was worked with. Meanwhile, the coils on the other side dimmed. A wall of steam rose from the back of the building for a moment. Next he saw a manufacturing facility of some kind... several people were working around and within it. He looked through the dark windows. The windows blocked most of the view, except for bright blue glows that would be piercing otherwise, sparks showering down. These blue glows illuminated the internal area of the facility. Blitukus noticed a large machine, taking in multiple metal sheets, pressing them into shape with immense pressure, sliding these off onto a moving belt, then new sheets being loaded in, forming a repeatable cycle. Meanwhile, machine driven arms took up the metal pieces and held them in precise position, another arm



moving in and joining the metal, seeding out a blue glow and a shower of sparks. It seemed this facility produced large frameworks of some kind... many of them, all identical. Blitukus laughed... yet again, an idea he had pioneered, evolved by multiple epochs. He had imagined production en masse being carried out on larger and larger scales by bigger and more effective machines... but these calculated and automated systems were a step beyond what even he had imagined. There was also a chance it could be traced back through the eons to his own devices... even the thought of this made him feel deeply honored. He smiled back, but continued... He noticed the train was starting to move, his objective with it. Blitukus realized, his chance to gain a component, a vital tool needed to save his mothers soul, might be just about gone. He sped up to a run, climbing up to the station then up to a walkway above the train. He really wished he could stay and explore this wondrous city... but other priorities were far more important to him.

Unfortunately, it appeared the train was far too large for him to attempt to stop... he had to reach his objective, for if he lost it now... he might not get it back in time. Blitukus looked around, and realizing there was no other option, jumped onto the top of the train. He landed on top of a steel cargo container, and slid along the metal until his speed matched that of the train. He looked forward... the train was being pulled along by a large engine that let out a deep buzzing sound, a thin exhaust visible above it. The train seemed to consist of nothing but these red-painted cargo containers. Blitukus emptied his mana checking the sphere of direction one last time... he was on car 15, his objective inside of car 8. Blitukus slowly made his way forward, crouched as low as he could in order to reduce wind resistance. The train passed through the city, headed out... people seeing Blitukus there seemed surprised to see him. As Blitukus made his way forward, slowly moving from the top of one container to another, the train kept accelerating, passing towards the edge of the city. It was headed northward. When Blitukus reached the proper car, the train had already left the city and was traveling northwards through the desert. Blitukus climbed down a ladder, stepped onto the short ledge in front of the cargo container, then opened the door on the large, red container. He walked inside, and found it full of metal crates. Perhaps it was within one of these crates? The crates were latched shut, but not locked. Apparently, they had been designed with a complicated and tough lock... but somebody had forgotten to lock them. Blitukus began searching through them. They contained fine, valuable electronics... likely the reason for the would-be-secure locks... but nothing even remotely close to cat make. He kept searching through crates, one after the other. It wasn't his original intent to steal anything but he would do what he had to in order to complete his quest. He could make much greater use of the component than anyone else here. He searched, and searched, and found quite valuable items, but nothing of cat make. Then, it occurred to him. Back at the airport before he had left Rametaru, when he saw the destination lay in the southwest continents... it was too distant to tell Metropolis apart from a location just north of Metropolis. Perhaps the sphere had guided him to simply the next leg of his journey, and the component lay northward? Blitukus put everything back as it was beforehand, and shut the crates. He sat on a crate near the rear of the cargo container, and leaned back against the metal wall. At least he had gained proper transportation, if it really did lay to the north.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 23, 2007, 11:59:00 pm**

First! I don't even know what to put. I just wanted to be first.

Edit: Now that I actually read the story...  
Dwarven city that isn't there and weird earthquakes in the ground? This could get interesting. As always... Beyond Quality!

[ December 24, 2007: Message edited by: Wooty ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 24, 2007, 12:22:00 am**

Thanks :)

I'm always glad to see a variety of people posting.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 24, 2007, 02:14:00 am**

BEYOND BEYOND QUALITY! and, unfortunately, I will probably not be posting all of tomorrow, tomorrow night, or PRESENT DAY!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 24, 2007, 02:36:00 am**

Yeah, it's getting to be like Nist Akath - random people you've never seen before posting once or twice on page 19 and never seeing them again. The only really regular posters are you, armok, and parade.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 24, 2007, 11:41:00 am**

I'm glad to have gotten such positive responses in the first place. :)

When I first started, I didn't know what responses I would get. I'm glad when people reply, even if it is only once or twice.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 24, 2007, 09:47:00 pm**

BEYOND Beyond BEYOND Quality! :D

Turns out I got a wireless modem that works over the mobile phone network (or something along those lines) for Christmas, so thats how I can post now, however due to getting it late in the evening I don't have very much time to write, so this will have to be short. (yes, in my country we get the gifts late Christmas eve rather than Christmas day)

////////////////////////////////////

quote:

That's not true. It's not always POLITICAL propoganda. And it's actually got all sorts of different types of music that fit it. Well, actually, I just prefer any music that can't be summarized by "I wish you were my girl/boyfriend," "I have an awesome girl/boyfriend," or "they used to be my girl/boyfriend." It's pretty limited.

Your right, sometimes its religious or social propaganda :p , and you are ABSOLUTELY right in that the so called "love music" is the worst, it makes me want to puke.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 24, 2007, 11:42:00 pm**

Thanks :p

Glad to see you again Armok, but be careful with that. I'm pretty sure using your phone for internet access is a bad idea unless it's only a little bit, since it racks up big charges. Then again, that might only be with some plans.

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Blitukus sat for a while... the train kept going north, leaving Metropolis behind, slowly fading back toward the horizon. Blitukus eventually got tired of just sitting, and began searching through the crates again. He pulled out an electronic device, similar to the handheld, and sat

on a nearby crate, testing out which buttons did what. None of the buttons seemed to do anything... he found the power button, and nothing happened when he pressed it. He turned it over, and eventually found a small compartment in the back. He opened it, and found the compartment was designed to accept 4 small energy cells of some kind, and there were no energy cells present. At least that explained why it wasn't turning on. He replaced the cover, put it back, and shut the crate. Blitukus walked over to a latter on the inside of the cargo container, and climbed it, opening a small hatch on the roof. He stuck his head out, then ducked back down as the train entered a tunnel. Blitukus found these tunnels offered a bit of room between the top of the train and the roof of the tunnel, but not much. When the train emerged, Blitukus noticed the electrical lines strung over long distances along the track, carrying power from one city to another. Blitukus was on his way to another city... perhaps it would be the dwarven city? This thought troubled him... Dwarves took pride in their artifacts, meaning high security and a general unwillingness to donate to his cause. If the artifact was locked up somewhere in the depths of a dwarven stronghold, he had basically no chance of getting it... he would have to go back home, and try again. He stood on the ladder, watching the terrain go by. There was no establishment in sight, just flat, open desert. This was obviously going to take a while... Blitukus climbed back down, shut the hatch, and sat on a crate, laying back against another crate. He let himself sink deep into thought. He thought about the situation, and about what he saw, analyzing every detail of it. He did this for a long time, then just simply daydreamed. That continued for a long time as well. Hours slowly passed by. Eventually, he felt as if he were about to fall asleep, even though he wasn't that tired. He noticed a slight buzzing outside. The buzzing got louder, and louder. He opened his eyes fully, and sat up. CLANG! RUSSL! The sound of footsteps could be heard. "You got the thing?" "Right here..." "... " "What the- SH\*T!" "You dumb-f\*ck... turn that sh\*t off and put it away!" Footsteps could be heard around the cargo container, and then eventually on the container. "You loaded up?" "I got 20 and 5, we ain't gunna need this sh\*t for this though." "Keep it out just in case." The buzzing drew away. "Where the hell does he think he's going?" "Take a piss? I dunno!" "He better get the f\*ck back here by the time we get out..." Blitukus stepped toward the back of the back of the cargo crate, away from the sounds, ready to see just what was causing it should they try to enter. "You sure that guy left the crates unlocked?" "I paid him enough, he should've." "Good, hmmnh..." The sound of someone tampering with the hatch could be heard. "Hey, someones already opened this!" "Just get in there and let's move." The hatch opened, and 3 goblins began to descend down... this was not what Blitukus had expected. They all carried various tools, and likely were seeking to 'reclaim' many of the crates of fine electronics. One of them carried a small, black crossbow, a crossbow that seemed to have two opposing bows linked to each other via complex mechanisms, the bolt loaded in it colored red. The flywheel and electrical motors seemed to indicate it was also an automatic crossbow. Blitukus snuck back towards the door. He wanted nothing to do with this.

As he exited, the moving door attracted the attention of one of the goblins. The goblin spoke, "Hey what the- CLAIMJUMPER!" Blitukus quickly exited, shutting the door behind himself. A bolt suddenly smashed into the steel door, becoming fragmented and leaving a dent in the door. There was nothing Blitukus could do to defend himself from these ranged attacks... he was out of mana and lacked a weapon. Blitukus climbed the ladder to the top of the train, and began making his way back to the rear, away from the goblins. As he passed the hatch, the hatch opened again, a goblin ascending. Blitukus grabbed the goblin by the shirt, pulled the goblin up, then threw the goblin over the side of the train. The goblin bounced off of the ground, leaving a trail of dust as it moved away into the distance. Blitukus kept making his way back. The goblin crossbowman stood up on the ladder, poking its head out of the hatch and holding the crossbow out to the side. The goblin aimed at Blitukus, but couldn't seem to get a good aim as the train moved and shifted. Blitukus moved as quickly as he could along the tops of the carts, hoping they would lose interest in him. Despite having gone out of feasible range, the crossbowman opened fire, letting bolt after bolt loose, each one missing horribly as the wind blew them off course on top of everything else. A bolt landed on the metal behind him, fragmenting and scattering. Blitukus noticed these bolts seemed to be designed to fragment on impact... doubtlessly causing immense tearing and shredding should they hit a soft target, although reducing their effectiveness towards hard targets. Blitukus noticed he would soon be unable to flee further. The train was approaching a tunnel, and he was on top. He grunted, and attempted to speed up even more. The crossbowman stopped to reload, meanwhile the other remaining goblin was climbing up alongside. As the other goblin climbed up, the crossbowman yelled, "Get lost!" The other goblin then ignored the crossbowman, stepping up to the top of the train. Blitukus turned around for a moment to catch his breath. The goblin ran across the top of the cars, a dagger drawn, leaping from one car to the next. The goblin was skilled with running atop moving trains, much more than Blitukus was. Blitukus had little chance to get away, and with that tunnel approaching, they would both be forced beneath the top of the train, and Blitukus would have no chance of escape then... Blitukus backed off still. Then, Blitukus remembered, there was that small space... he had one chance to escape. He laid belly down on the top of the train. He couldn't move, but the goblin would have to do the same thing when the tunnel came, and the goblin also wouldn't be able to move. The crossbowman looked back at the approaching tunnel, then looked forward, yelling, "YOU DUMB SACK OF SH\*T GET BACK HERE!" The goblin running towards Blitukus stopped 2 cars down, pointed at Blitukus, and laughed at the kobold who seemed to be frozen in fear, down on the metal 'floor'... but Blitukus found his fear melting away. It seemed the goblin had made a fatal mistake... having never looked behind himself. Blitukus laughed. The goblin seemed surprised, "Huh?" Blitukus waved, and whistled with a grin, looking behind the goblin. The goblin turned around, and let out a scream of pure panic. The train entered the tunnel. THUD! THUMP! When it emerged a minute later, Blitukus was alone on top of the train, a piece of paper pressed onto his face by the wind. Blitukus peeled the paper off, folded it, and pocketed it. Blitukus then stood to a crouching position, unsure of what to do next. The crossbowman yelled, "GAH you USELESS BUM! Now I gotta do EVERYTHING myself..." The goblin crossbowman then climbed up from the hatch, and ran toward Blitukus. The goblin spoke, "I'm gunna take YOU out execution style!" The goblin approached. Blitukus moved to the back of the train, finding nothing but an empty cargo container resting on a flatbed. Blitukus looked around... there must be some kind of way out! He would not allow his quest to end in such a way. He looked at the goblin, looked around quickly, looked up, then looked down. Upon looking down, he saw the solution. The cars were joined together by a pin, and since this was the last car, the frictional forces holding the pin in place would be lessened. Blitukus hopped down, and looked at the pin. Time was short, very short. Blitukus looked around, then opened the door, looking in the cargo container. He found the container was empty except for a steel sheet and a small empty metal box. Blitukus immediately put the pieces together in his head. He took the steel sheet, and wedged it under the pin. Then, using all his strength, he grunted, and bent the steel, forming a simple means of leverage. He then lifted up the small but heavy metal box, grunting as he lugged it up with him to the top of the cargo container. The goblin crossbowman was right there, just about to cross over. The crossbowman grunted in anger, and began to aim. Blitukus jumped up, off of the front of the cargo container, holding the crate below himself. He and the crate both landed on the steel 'lever', leveraging the pin upwards. It was nearly pulled out, but not quite. Blitukus quickly grabbed the pin, wrestled it free, and discarded it. The goblin jumped downwards to meet Blitukus. Blitukus darted around the corner of the container. The goblin yelled, "Get back here you piece of sh\*t!" The goblin gave chase as Blitukus moved as fast as he safely could around the edge of the container. Meanwhile, the entire car began to part from the rest of the train. Blitukus saw the widening gap forming as he ran back toward the rest of the train. He sprinted, and leapt across the gap, barely making it to the other side, and leaving the goblin crossbowman on the now-independent car. The goblin yelled in fury, then took aim. Blitukus scrambled up the ladder, and then dove down to the top of the train. Several bolts whizzed by. Blitukus grunted loudly as a bolt struck the metal near him, a few of the fragments traveling into his leg. Blitukus turned around, and pulled the fragments out. They were few, and had lost much of their energy in the impact with the metal. They didn't cause much real damage. Blitukus tossed the fragments away, the wound bleeding a bit. He sat up, and sat on the edge of the train, watching the car the goblin was on falling back from the train at an ever increasing rate, now out of range. The goblin yelled out several forms of profanity as it moved back towards the horizon. Blitukus grinned and waved. He then began making his way forward again, towards the car he had came from.

Meanwhile...

The goblin crossbowman searched around the edge of the now engineless car, and found a manual brake. The goblin engaged it, and the car began to screech to a stop. The train was crossing an intersection of track and road, a vehicle waiting patiently for the train to pass. The train passed, then a few minutes later, just as the gates lifted to road traffic again, a single car slowly made its way down the tracks, slowing to a stop right on the intersection, blocking the path of the vehicle on the road. The human in the vehicle spoke, "Hey, what the f\*ck?!" The goblin then hopped down from the stopped rail car, walking across the desert. The goblin stopped, and turned to face the humans vehicle, the goblins eyes full of rage. The human ducked. The goblin held out his crossbow, and then opened fire, unloading the entire clip into the vehicle. The vehicle was just about brand new beforehand... and afterwards, it had 5 broken windows, 2 flat tires, and had otherwise become a veritable pincushion. The goblin then proceeded to walk away, walking along the road. The human sat back up, then observed the damage to his vehicle, "MotherF\*CKER!"

Blitukus climbed back down into the car with the familiar crates around. He then began to tend to his leg. That buzzing sound was heard again. It must be a goblin in a vehicle, the driver that got them onto the moving train. Blitukus was no longer defenseless though... not quite. He had an idea of what to do. He opened a crate, and took up as many electronic devices as he could carry. It was a shame he would have to use them in such a primitive way... He carried them up the hatch, setting them down as he looked over the side. A goblin in a small land vehicle was near the train, surprised to see a kobold on top of the train, rather than his three 'friends'. Blitukus pointed back behind the train, "Your accomplice has been left behind... Leave." The goblin seemed surprised about this, and upon trying to draw his crossbow, found it was jammed. Blitukus took up an electronic device, and flung it down at the vehicle. The spinning device hit the panel of the vehicle, breaking an instrument. The goblin grunted. Blitukus then flung another one, the device splitting open as it impacted the goblins head. Blitukus chucked another, leaving a bit of a dent in the metal of the vehicle, then chucked another, hitting the goblin in the head again. The goblin, seeing there was nothing he could do, began to move away. The goblin yelled, "You're gunna be feedin' the worms, kobold!" The goblin then turned his vehicle around, headed back in the opposite direction. Blitukus took the rest of the devices back down, placing them back, and shutting the crate. He found it rather ironic that he drove that goblin off with the very items the goblin

had intended to steal... Blitukus sat down, and slowly let out a breath, calming himself once more. He laid back, and took out that paper, reading it. The paper had a depiction of a crystal near the bottom. It seemed to almost be a letter. It read,

"I say we work together on this one, my people and yours.

We're going to steal the Gem of Perfection from the museum in Endlesslabors. I don't care how many times it's been tried before, this time it'll work since we'll be compromising the museums security beforehand. We've got all the details covered. I've got people ready to take down the power to the museum, people ready to cause trouble to distract the guards, and my best and most skilled thieves ready to get you out. They managed to 'reclaim' a VTOL Medium from the Metropolis airport. They had fun repainting it, and have added a hoist to get you out. As you will see with the included blueprints, there is a skylight the dwarves have installed so that the human tourists won't have problems seeing the exhibits.

All we need for you to do is to supply a team to infiltrate the museum when the power is off, swipe the gem, and get to the skylight.

We know the train you're planning on 'investigating' will be arriving at Endlesslabors at about the same time as when we will be ready anyway. We hope you consider our offer... after all, we do offer generous shares to our friends, and large gems of ancient and, according to myth, extraterrestrial origin, will fetch quite a price on the market.

We are prepared to do this without your help, should you be too cowardly to accept this offer. We understand... after all, we all know what dwarves do to the goblin thieves they catch."

Blitukus then realized exactly why he had been directed to these locations. He would've otherwise never have stumbled upon this opportunity, and would've never have been able to get this component. They were prepared to steal this artifact without anyone else's help. Blitukus smiled. He could simply hide away, let the goblins do all of the work, then at the last moment before they leave, snatch the component away from them. Then again... he remembered what the copassenger had once said about Endlesslabors... "That place, is bad for your health..." Blitukus looked through the paper, finding small, simple blueprints, and an overview of Endlesslabors. It was the dwarven city that was originally indicated, trade depots and all. Blitukus looked through it again, then put the paper away. He took in a deep breath, then let it out through his nose. He wasn't a skilled thief at all, and he could possibly face resistance from both the goblins and the dwarves. Hopefully the goblins and dwarves would be keeping eachother busy enough for him to take the artifact. Even though the odds were against him, it was something he would have to do. He lay back, and tried to force his fears aside. It would work... somehow. Another long while passed. Eventually, the train began to slow. Blitukus climbed up to the hatch, and looked out. He was approaching the mountain fort of Endlesslabors, an area devoid of much plant life despite the green areas surrounding it. A haze of smog seemed to shroud the mountain, and several streams of smoke poured into the air from stacks that protruded from the mountainside. Nearby, a large, many-wheeled vehicle carrying a large cargo container was stopped at a trade depot, many crates of goods available to the traders, the rear of the cargo container open. This establishment was NOT at peace with nature though. A vengeful elephant stormed the depot, causing the humans and dwarves to scatter, leaving the crates there for the elephant to promptly bust open, scattering various goods all over the place. Blitukus found himself amused with this, and snickered.

*As a friend of mine had once said, 'Same sh\*t, different day.'*

Blitukus looked back forward. The train was approaching a tunnel into the city. Off to the side of the city was a large, cylindrical steel facility, two smokestacks rising from the center. Apparently a magma vent had been capped there by a facility that generated power from the heat... and promptly augmented this by burning the fumes from the magma in an engine, dark exhaust trailing into the air. The polluted air stung at his eyes as he approached. He shielded his eyes, and ducked down back into the cargo container, shutting the hatch above him. He realized... there was a real chance he would fail here. It was a chance he still had to take. At least, if he did fail, he wouldn't have long to regret it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 25, 2007, 12:35:00 am**

First post! Again! ... of course, when Armok and Parade get active again I probably won't be getting these.

Blitikus travelling around through time with absolutely no weapon? Although airport security would have beaten him to death and burned his cold dead body as jet fuel if they had so much as saw a razor blade in his pocket.

Seriously, how the hell is someone going to overpower a pilot, copilot, one or two flight attendants, and possibly other passengers... With a rusty pair of scissors?

[ December 25, 2007: Message edited by: Wooty ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 25, 2007, 12:55:00 am**

He walked into this expecting it to be peaceful. Plus, he doesn't like messing with weapons unless he has to. Those two reasons are the big ones why he doesn't bring weapons with.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 25, 2007, 09:19:00 pm**

You know what it needs in the immediate future? A car chase. You did the train scene, so you need the car chase.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 25, 2007, 09:27:00 pm**

Beyond\*1000000 Quality! x9999999999 :D

Were have Reign gone, one can wonder?

One thing I have wondered is how that sphere of direction works, and speaking of that the crystal of accuracy in Blitukus clock, it's one thing it can locate a specific object and mark it on a map, but to realize that those goblins would be there and all the consequences would while theoretically possible need the device to be sentient, and either very smart or able to predict the future, also how a crystal normally used to stabilize arrows can read the current time in the right units is also strange. I'm not claiming these are flaws or errors, I would just want some explanation on how this work as I seem to have understood some detail wrong about the magic system.

Also I have noticed for a while you have managed to capture the degeneration of the language in an almost to good way.

Enough complaints, there is no point to inventing flaws in something flawless like this.  
////////////////////////////////////

quote:
Glad to see you again Armok, but be careful with that. I'm pretty sure using your phone for internet access is a bad idea unless it's only a little bit, since it racks up big charges. Then again, that might only be with some plans.

"modem" was probably the wrong word. It's basically just a USB devise that doesn't look at all like a mobile phone bot it works on the same network so I have a connection wherever a mobile phone would work, it has a monthly fee and part of the gift was having it payed for a full year. So no trouble on that part.



(Why do I have this feeling I have yet to get a single sentence grammatically correct in this post?)

quote:
First post! Again! ... of course, when Armok and Parade get active again I probably won't be getting these.

Bet you are you are you quick little ba\*\*\*\*d, and when I get you I will...  
////////////////////////////////////  
EDIT: Reign posted while I was typing, so just ignore that first question.

A car chase? ... I don't know.

[ December 25, 2007: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL on December 26, 2007, 12:47:00 am**

To be honest, I never thought of that. Those tools were thought up before my simulation got that detailed. But, I can think of some ways to explain it.

The crystal of accuracy works essentially by manipulating the already present inner workings, compensating for their flaws. Basically, it maintains a balance of order and chaos that equalizes when the device is at its desired operational configuration, be it on target flying towards an enemy, or on target with regards to position and time. Think of it kind of like a spring that always pulls towards the center. I'm assuming it reacts to the devices configuration, innately adjusting itself to fit the devices needs ('plug and play').

The sphere of direction is basically like a GPS, only it senses the users willpower too, and finds the best solution to the focus of that willpower. Think of it kind of like a search function on an internet map service, only it reads your mind rather than having to type it in. Of course, the first versions messed up the search all the time, but the dragons had decades to refine it to perfection.

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Blitukus took in a deep breath, then let it out slowly. Either he would succeed or fail... no, he told himself, failure is not an option. The train entered the tunnel, dim electrical lights lighting the interior. The train kept slowing, coming to a stop inside of a dimly lit trade depot within a room carved out of solid rock. Blitukus checked his belongings. He then climbed back to the hatch, opened it, then climbed to the top of the stopped train. The air here smelled heavily of chemicals and smog. The tunnel ahead curved, the trains final destination unseen. Blitukus coughed, and used his shirt as a makeshift filter to breathe through. A dwarf dressed in purple clothing stood in the trade depot, other dwarves bringing various goods from a corridor to the trade depot, all stored in crates and boxes. Blitukus looked around. Near the train, several crates were stacked upon one another. A human emerged from the front of the train, then began talking with the dwarf far up ahead. Blitukus carefully moved on top of the stacked crates, lowered himself to a smaller stack, lowered himself to an even smaller stack, then hopped down to the ground. Blitukus, keeping his mouth behind his shirt, then walked into the corridor, in the opposite direction of the dwarves. The dwarves seemed indifferent to his presence. Blitukus continued down the corridor, eventually emerging to a large platform, above and below rings of a city carved out of the mountain. In the center was a large cavern, a small hole to the outside near the front. All around, various entrances to rooms were along rings, ramps and stairs leading up and down the edges of the rings to the adjacent rings. On the lowest and most central ring, a steel bridge crossed the cavern. Below that, a dark, almost black, gooey liquid stewed, trickling out of the hole into a nearby river. The cavern contained a dull haze, made rust colored by the dim yellow lights. Blitukus walked along the ring, looking for any sort of important building or entrance that might be a museum. The walls of the rings, where not covered by ramps or stairs, were smooth and sometimes engraved. Blitukus noticed several engravings. One was an engraving of a power line and a dwarf. The dwarf was cutting the power line. Next to it was an engraving of sparks, a power line and a dwarf. The power line is striking down the dwarf. The sparks are falling. Apparently the dwarf was trying to cut it with a full-metal axe. Beneath the two some text could be seen, "May we all remember our city Idiot, Onib Paintedtrouble, and the great service he has given us all by removing himself from our gene pool in a most amusing manner." Blitukus looked around as he walked by. Another engraving depicted a geothermal power plant and dwarves. The geothermal power plant is broken. The dwarves are melting. It related to the 1989 event of magma pressure causing the power plant to rupture, spilling out magma and killing the operators. That explained the overflow vents near that power plant that, according to the depiction, used to not be there... Another engraving depicted a dwarf, a motorboat, and a carp. The carp is pulling the dwarf off of the motorboat. The carp is striking down the dwarf. Dwarves were unique in that manner... all sapient races sought to learn from their mistakes, but only dwarves sought to immortalize their mistakes. It seemed their morbidity was as ageless as the mountain itself... Another engraving depicted a dwarf and a vehicle. The dwarf is raising the vehicle. It related to the 1932 creation of Armoredblurs the Wheels of Flying, a titanium super-car by Melbil Brokenspeeches. Also of note, the dwarf in question was considered Ultra-Mighty by his peers afterwards. At least dwarves were still proud of their achievements as well. Blitukus noticed that Melbil had managed to make that vehicle perfectly aerodynamic, and simultaneously allow for it to menace with spikes of titanium. Blitukus continued along... the air burned at his eyes still. Vehicles with open cargo bays full of crates moved by, leaving a trail of exhaust in their wake.

Up ahead, a loud bell rang. Dwarves seemed to move out of a shaft, leaving to go home. Blitukus continued, stopping before he reached the shaft. A deep rumble was coming from the shaft... but it wasn't from the earth itself. A large steel vehicle, reminding him of his armored vehicle, emerged, only, it didn't have any weapons, rather an enormous corkscrew mounted to a large motor in the front. The vehicle emerged from the shaft, and turned to move down the road, hauling a large bay full of ore in its back. Following it, 5 miners with steel pickaxes emerged, and a sixth, carrying a backpack full of various explosives and the tools to use them. Blitukus smiled upon seeing the vehicle... it was a digging machine, a very useful take on the armored vehicle concept. Blitukus could modify his armored vehicle to function as a simple digging machine, perhaps, when he got back. If he ever needed to, that is. Blitukus' smile soon faded away though. He coughed again. The dwarves nearby were smoking on top of inhaling the industrial fumes. She was right... this place was bad for ones health. The dwarves around seemed on the border of poverty as well. The nobles, on the other hand, lived a rather luxurious life... one could tell by their oversized and over-adorned quarters. A red glow emerged near the top ring to Blitukus' left. He looked up. A large cauldron was suspended by cables, moved by a machine on a rail over a large foundry. The cables pulled at the bottom of the cauldron, and the cauldron tilted, pouring molten metal down into the vat of the foundry, the molten metal having an orangish tinge on top of the red glow. Another cauldron, the metal within having a slight greenish tinge, poured as well, mixing a bit of its contents into the vat. Sparks shot out of the vat as the cauldrons poured. The glow permeated the cavern. Soon, a crackling and bubbling could be heard from the foundry. Black smoke billowed out from the vat, siphoned up into a smokestack. Various smelters and factories operated throughout the top ring, making quite a racket in the process. Blitukus happened upon a food stand. He was rather hungry... but this seemed a rather dirty place. The stand was selling food for very cheap, plump helmets, quarry bush leaf roast, rhesus macaque meat... it seemed several food stands were around, surrounding the entrance to a large, heavily adorned communal dining room. Blitukus sniffed the plump helmets. The ones he had grown at his home were fresh and slightly sweet... these smelled much like that 'plastic' material. Blitukus walked away, and left the food stands behind. Soot seemed to cover the buildings and entrances all around. Blitukus heard sirens in the distance. He approached the back of the city. A large statue towered over the city, showing a dwarf holding a battle axe. The statue was covered with soot, graffiti, and apparantly had been recently adorned with long strips of a thin, white paper-like material. The paper had begun to turn grey from exposure to the air. Blitukus noticed a rather advanced-looking building near the top, guarded by two axedwarves. He climbed up the ramps, moving back to the rear of the city. He coughed again. His shirt wasn't entirely sufficient... Blitukus coughed again. This was not what he had intended the dwarves to do with production en masse... but, this city was apparently a particularly nasty example.

He made it to the top... this was it, the museum. He stood, and looked around. No goblins were to be seen. The museum was closing in 1 hour. Blitukus looked around, looking for a possible hiding spot. He noticed the axedwarves axes seemed to have a power supply and thick wires leading into the blade. It seemed the blade was designed to withstand high heat. Blitukus entered, and noticed the humans leaving. The halls were full of dark corners due to the dim lighting, although the central chamber of the museum was light brightly by a skylight. The pollution seemed to be filtered in this room. Blitukus no longer had to mask himself with his shirt. Blitukus spent the next long while investigating every part of the museum. It actually had potted plants within, and a second level balcony in the main chamber. Various exhibits of various types were available in the main chamber and in the surrounding rooms. Some of these exhibits were rather morbid displays of battles from 1200 to 1970, examples of weapons and armors from the various eras. One display had a row of crossbows, each one more advanced than the last, ranging from a simple wooden bow with a plant fiber string and a bone bolt, to a highly complicated triple-strung automatic crossbow with hydraulic energy storage, a liquid-cooled electrical solenoid drawback mechanism, specially engineered high-tensile strings, and a lead-cored titanium-plated armor-piercing bolt. Mounted atop this crossbow was a variable-zoom optical sight with a target-painting tool capable of projecting a beam of cohesive light. Blitukus sighed... it was a

marvelous waste of innovation... if only such implements of destruction were abandoned with time... Blitukus kept looking around. At the very center of the museum was a large display containing a large, clear gem that was perfect in every way. Blitukus stood near it, but not too close. The innocent looking glass case harbored many beams of cohesive light, pressure sensors, wind sensors, and a variety of other devices just waiting to trigger an alarm. He sensed an odd aura coming from the crystal... an aura of order, but not just any order, true, pure, perfect order. There also seemed to be a magical charge near the crystal, although it was impossible to draw from it. The other components seemed mysterious in their function, but this one seemed to have an obvious purpose. All machines broke down when they reached an immense level of chaos, and the cat device worked directly with the purest chaos available. The crystal contained pure order, and would serve as a counterbalance to keep the device working cleanly and efficiently.

The final bell sounded before closing... 5 minutes. The museum was almost empty, everyone else was on their way out. Blitukus acted as if he were leaving, following behind the rear of the crowd. He walked slowly, allowing the crowd to get far ahead. Then, he crouched down in a pitch black spot against the wall. There wasn't even enough ambient light in that spot to give his eyes their usual yellow glow. He waited patiently... he would simply stay there, and sneak his way in behind the goblin thieves... whenever they showed up. Slowly, three goblins snuck their way down the corridor. They were all wearing masks with air filters... not a bad idea in this city... They seemed equipped with several tools. One carried a hand crossbow and an explosive as weapons. The second had a large automatic crossbow with an advanced sight, the front of the bow having padded buffers to muffle the twang of the string. The third had a short but powerful crossbow, loaded with a large fragmenting bolt... the front seemed for some reason designed for the bolt to catch as it exited the crossbow. This would slow the bolt and limit its range, but in turn it would fragment the bolt at the tip of the crossbow, sending out a cone of shrapnel that would do immense damage to any soft targets close by. All 3 of the goblins wore black goggles with red glass lenses, and black clothing, including headwear. Blitukus held his breath, and stood dead still in the pitch dark. A buzzer sounded, and gates closed. The goblins passed silently by Blitukus, not noticing him. The three goblins then hid in a pitch black corner, looking out at the entrance to the main room of the museum. One of the goblins spoke softly, "Those damn p\*ssies never showed up." Another replied, "Those dumba\*ses would've just gotten in the way anyway." One of the goblins pressed its fingertips against a device on its ear, and spoke, "The museum is locked down... time in 5."

Meanwhile...

A goblin sneaking by the power plant outside received the message, the voice made scratchy by the radio transmission. The goblin outside replied, "Down in 5..." The goblin then climbed to the top of the power plant, and unscrewed a steel panel from the wall of a control box, revealing various belts of wire beneath. The goblin searched through the wires. The goblin picked one out, and pulled a small computer out of his backpack, unfolding it and activating it. When his computer was on, he attached a cable to his computer, pulled one of the cables out from its socket on the power plant, then quickly connected his computer to the socket. He accessed this node, and the computer prompted him for a username and password... he had expected this.

As the goblin outside was furiously typing away...

Blitukus and the 3 goblins silently observed as 2 dwarven guards took their posts at the entrance to the main room of the museum. They all waited... 5 minutes had passed, and the lights were still on. The one goblin adjusted the volume on his recording device all the way up, and spoke softly, "What the hell is going on?" A barely noticeable scratchy voice could be heard from the other side. The goblin at the power plant, still typing, spoke, "They put in a new firewall yesterday or somethin'! Hold on..." Various code and communication windows open, but put aside... the communications interface flashed, then displayed a small schematic of the power grid. The goblin snickered, "Gotcha..." He then went to work on the several lines to the museum... the computer asked, 'Are you sure?' The goblin defiantly chose yes. Back in the corridor... suddenly, all the lights went dark. The dwarven guards spoke, "Hey what the hell?!" A goblins laugh could be heard. A beam of coherent light marked a red spot on one of the dwarven guards heads... then, the sound of several muffled, barely audible twangs could be heard. THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! A loud grunt could be heard. THUD! Another loud grunt, followed by a hacking and gagging could be heard. THUD! The lights came back on, revealing the 2 dwarven guards were now laying motionless in a pool of blood... the lights were back on? The goblin spoke into its recorder, "HEY what the hell are you doing? Keep f\*cking thing off!" The goblin on the outside replied, "It IS off." The goblin in the corridor continued, "Damn... they got a generator somewhere." Footsteps could be heard. The goblins crouched down. Blitukus looked at the goblins... one was crouched, ready to fire, the sight on its crossbow glowing red, a crosshair within. A beam of coherent light was projected to the other end of the corridor. A swordsdwarf walked down the corridor, turned, and seemed shocked to see the dead guards laying there. The coherent light marked a read spot right between the dwarfs eyes... a muffled, barely audible twang was heard. The bolt flew down the corridors at high speed with deadly precision, finding its mark right between the dwarfs eyes. The dwarf grunted slightly, fell to its knees, then fell over completely. More footsteps could be heard... Another dwarf, wielding a heavy automatic crossbow, rounded the corner. The goblin fired... the bolt piercing right through the dwarfs heart. The dwarf stumbled back, and looked down... a moment later, the dwarf let out a pained war cry, spending the last of its life rushing towards the goblins, firing a spray of bolts towards them. The goblin kept firing its automatic crossbow, the dwarf seeming to ignore itself getting hit repeatedly. Several bolts found their mark on the goblins. The other goblin readied its scatter-crossbow. As the dwarf approached, his last gasp of life draining away rapidly but still managing to run towards the goblins, the goblin wielding the scatter-crossbow fired into the dwarfs head. The shower of heavy, sharp shrapnel tore into the dwarfs head, reducing his cranium to a lump of gore. The dwarf fell dead right there. The goblins grunted, a pool of blood forming on the ground. One of the goblins grunted, "F\*ck! I'm hit..." The goblin wielding the scatter-crossbow emerged into the light, revealing two bolts sticking out, one from the arm, one from his side. The goblin with the automatic crossbow emerged as well, grabbed the two stuck bolts, then ripped them out of the other goblin. The other goblin stifled a yell. The goblin with the automatic crossbow spoke, "Walk it off, p\*ssy." The third goblin... the pool of blood kept spreading from that pitch black corner. The goblins snuck up to the entrance to the main room of the museum. Meanwhile, Blitukus snuck over to the corner the goblins once occupied, taking up the dead goblins weapons. Blitukus watched the two goblins advance, the goblin with the scatter-crossbow trailing blood. They stopped at the entrance. Several beams of coherent light crossed the pathway, and should they be interrupted, an alarm would sound... The goblin spoke, "Dammit... the power was supposed to be off..." The goblin radioed, "You got anything on that back up generator?" The goblin outside responded, "I'm workin' on it... the network isn't meant to work that way but... just wait a damn minute alright?" The goblin in the corridor responded, "Hurry the f\*ck up..." Several minutes passed. Finally, the lights went out again. The goblins eagerly passed into the main chamber of the museum, Blitukus sneaking through the darkness, slowly making his way in himself. ROOROO-rrrr-ROOF! The goblins had upset a leashed war dog. The twang of the scatter-crossbow firing could be heard. THUMP! A loud whimpering could be heard. THUD! A few moments passed. Blitukus froze as he heard footsteps. A watch-guard entered the corridor, and shined his flashlight down it, spotting the dead bodies. The guard seemed to freeze for a few moments, then ran off. Blitukus continue, hiding in a corner of the main museum room.

Meanwhile...

2 miles above ground, 10 miles out from Endlesslabors, a VTOL aircraft, painted blood red, ferocious teeth painted onto its front, rather untoward symbols painted onto its belly, approached. The dwarves could be heard, "Unidentified aircraft, you are trespassing in Endlesslabors airspace. Leave at once." The goblin in the cockpit replied, "F\*ck you..."

Back in the main room of the museum, Blitukus positioned himself in a dark corner of the room, behind a balcony support. The room was lit from the skylight. The two goblins approached the gem in the center, their eyes greedily fixated on it. Suddenly, a loud alarm could be heard. The watch had reported in... The goblin with the scatter-crossbow spoke, "WHAT THE- oh... great, we're f\*cked..." The goblin with the automatic crossbow replied, "SHUT UP! I... erm... ..pray to Armok that damn aircraft shows up soon..." Footsteps could be heard. A heavily armored elite marksdwarf entered the room, carrying a large crossbow, not automatic, but firing an immense bolt. The dwarf was clad in titanium plate armor, a thick cloth-like material beneath that. The goblin with the scatter-crossbow fired at the dwarf... the numerous bits of piercing shrapnel simply glanced away. The dwarf returned fire. CRUNCH! The immense bolt lodged into the goblins chest. The goblin stumbled back... then the bolt exploded, sending blood and gore all over the place. The dwarf began to reload, fury visible on his face. Meanwhile, a speardwarf and an axedwarf entered. They all wore the same shining titanium armor. The speardwarf carried a spear that seemed to have coils running along its shaft, the sharp tip buzzing slightly, an electric aura about it. The axedwarfs axe was like the one Blitukus saw before... only now the wires leading into the blade were obvious in purpose. A heating element within the blade caused it to glow red with heat. The last remaining goblin pulled back the solenoid ratchet of his automatic crossbow, and let it snap forward, hatred visible in his eyes, "Eat sh\*t and die..." The goblin then aimed... but then was forced to jump as the marksdwarf loosed another large bolt. The bolt passed between the goblins legs, ricocheting off of the ground, and impaling itself in the wall in the back of the room. When it exploded, it ruined a nearby potted plant. The speardwarf charged in. The goblin ran to the back of the room, then stood atop a plant... the goblin then fired back towards the dwarves. The dwarves stopped to protect their faces. The goblin tried to hit the dwarves faces but the dwarves successfully parried those shots. The dwarves arms were pierced by the barrage in keeping their faces from being hit, but apart from that, there was little damage. The goblin had emptied the clip... he looked up, and saw suspended potted plants leading upwards. The goblin, apparently very agile, leapt from one potted plant to the next, ascending up to the second level, where finally, the goblin leapt toward the balcony, an explosive bolt shattering the potted plant he was standing on just after he jumped. The goblin unloaded the empty clip and discarded it in midair, landed, and crouched, loading a new clip. A small canister of some sort was thrown from the balcony, and landed among the dwarves. POP! A thick, dark smoke engulfed the dwarves. The goblin then stood

at the edge of the balcony, using his beam of cohesive light to scan the smoke. The goblin crouched, aiming carefully from the balcony... the marksdwarf, coughing, emerged from the smoke. The goblin leapt up from the balcony, then fired 3 shots in midair. the bolts pierced through the thin sections of the dwarfs helmet, finding their way through the dwarfs skull. The marksdwarf yelled, then fell, dead, the goblin landing right in front of the body. The goblin then adjusted its goggles... its goggles seemed to become opaque. The goblins goggles now provided an image of the heat of nearby objects, allowing the goblin to see the dwarves through the smoke. The speardwarf began to emerge from the other side of the now thinning smoke cloud, then turned. A small red dot moved up to the dwarfs beard... when the dwarf noticed it, it was too late. A bolt flew through the cloud of smoke, striking the dwarf in his neck, above the top of its plate armor, poking out the dwarfs throat. The dwarf gagged, and stumbled. The goblin grinned and laughed... then found himself full of horror as he saw a spear flying towards him, emerging from the cloud of smoke. The goblin dove to the side, the spear landing a grazing hit and continuing to the wall. The goblins side was burned. The spear stopped at the wall, electricity jumping from its tip into the nearly-touching metal support until it fully discharged. The goblin got up, and for a moment placed one hand on the charred gash on its side, and looked down. The goblin then looked forward, to see the heat-silhouette of the screaming axedwarf running at him. The goblin ran backwards, firing. The dwarf let out a deep war cry, charging into the barrage of bolts. The goblin then found itself full of fright as it backed against a wall, its bolts seeming to have no effect on the body of the dwarf. The dwarf brought its red hot axe across, slicing clean through the goblins neck, charring the flesh as it passed through. The goblins body and head fell to the floor, a slight bit of smoke rising from the two halves of the goblins neck. The dwarf then brought his axe down again, splitting the goblins head in half. The dwarf let his axe remain on the ground for a moment, the goblins blood boiling near the red hot blade. The dwarf shut off the heating element in his axe, and proceeded to use the goblins blood to cool it off. The dwarf then pulled the bolts, one by one, out of his pincushioned armor. It seemed that although the plate was pierced in some parts, what would've gotten through was stopped by the fabric part... it seemed the fabric was an exceptional defense against projectiles. The axedwarf then proceeded to walk away, as if nothing had happened. The goblins were all dead, the dwarves had left, victorious, and a minute later, the alarm was silenced, power restored... but they had all missed two important things.

Blitukus had been hidden away in the corner watching it all, and was still there. The aircraft was also on the way... the whistle of turbine engines could be heard overhead. The aircraft slowly passed overhead, then hovered, its engine nacelles tilted down. It seemed to have a hoist that had been quickly attached to its door, and on the bottom of the hoist, what almost looked like a large all-steel ballista bolt. The aircraft hovered over the clear glass skylight, then let the hoist loose, the steel 'bolt' on the end of the rope plummeting down. It plummeted through the clear glass skylight, shattering it. The alarm sounded again. Now was Blitukus' chance... He still had the weapon he took from the dead goblin. He took aim at the glass case around the gem, and fired. The glass seemed to be unaffected, the bolt bouncing off. He fired again, and once more. The glass was bolt-proof. Blitukus also salvaged the goblins alternate weapon as well... an explosive charge. He looked at it and tried to figure out how to use it... the only thing that could be moved on it was a small pin. He pulled the pin, then lobbed it at the display. He then ducked behind the support column of the balcony. A few seconds later... BOOM! The short column holding up the display was toppled, the glass shattered, the gem knocked into the air. The gem fell, then landed, completely undamaged. Blitukus ran, and snatched the gem. The 'ballista bolt' on the end of the rope reached near ground level. The tip of it spread out from its former arrowhead shape, now offering surfaces available to be stood on. Blitukus pocketed the gem, and jumped onto the 'ballista bolt'. The cable pulled downward slightly, triggering a sensor on the aircraft. The aircraft began to reel Blitukus in. The axedwarf returned, finding Blitukus making an escape... the dwarf spoke a few words into his recorder, broadcasting it to his fellow dwarves, then charged toward Blitukus. Blitukus jumped upwards as the axedwarf swung. The axedwarf hit the bottom of the 'ballista bolt' causing it and the rope to sway, Blitukus carried with it. The aircraft pulled Blitukus up out of range of the axedwarf... the axedwarf pointed at Blitukus with his axe, then yelled, following it up with an obscenity or two. Blitukus waved. PANG! PANG! Blitukus looked up... the aircraft was under fire. It started to move forward, jerking Blitukus upwards. Blitukus spun himself as to not be caught between the pedals on the 'bolt' and the oncoming ceiling. The 'ballista bolt' caught on the edge of the skylight. The aircraft was jerked back. The aircrafts engines roared furiously. The 'ballista bolt' was pulled loose, causing several blocks to become dislodged, falling into the museum. Blitukus held on with all of his strength as the rope dragged him and what he was riding on over the ground, the metal beneath him leaving a trail of sparks as it ground against the stone. Just as Blitukus was about to be pulled into a sharp, rocky area, he was lifted upwards once more. The aircraft was still reeling him in, and also still under fire. One of the engines began to trail a slight bit of smoke as it was struck by a large bolt, the bolt piercing into it. Meanwhile, in the cockpit of the aircraft... BEEP! BUZZZZZ! The goblin pilot yelled, "HOOOOLY SH\*T!!" A small rocket shot out from a launcher within the mountain, and began to track the aircraft, approaching with great speed. A goblin, standing by the door, thought quickly. She pulled out a small canister, marked with a flame symbol, then pulled the pin and threw it out of the open door on the side of the aircraft. The canister then burst into intense heat, this heat radiant in all directions. The rocket seemed confused by this. It veered off course, zipped by, and flew into the distance, exploding in the sky a few seconds later. All the goblins breathed a sigh of relief. Blitukus breathed a sigh of relief as well. Blitukus was now in possession of the component. The aircraft accelerated, flying out of range of Endlesslabors. Blitukus looked up... he had escaped the dwarves, but now, he had no way of avoiding the goblins. He had what they wanted, and they would be intent on getting it from him. He had the dead goblins small hand crossbow... but it likely wouldn't be much help, since he would likely be up against a full automatic crossbow. He sighed, and watched as the aircraft reeled him in.

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And no, I don't think a car chase is part of this story at all.

[ December 26, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 26, 2007, 12:50:00 am**

First post! Again!

...a highly complicated triple-strung automatic crossbow with hydraulic energy storage, a liquid-cooled electrical solenoid drawback mechanism, specially engineered high-tensile strings, and a lead-cored titanium-plated armor-piercing bolt. Mounted atop this crossbow was a variable-zoom optical sight with a target-painting tool capable of projecting a beam of cohesive light...

Why the heck are they still using swordsdwarves?

[ December 26, 2007: Message edited by: Wooty ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 26, 2007, 01:28:00 am**

Unlike bullets, armor can take a real beating from bolts without the person within getting turned to swiss cheese. That weapon I brought up as the advanced end of the museum exhibit was more of an anti-armor/anti-vehicle weapon. Armor piercing bolts hurt but due to their low cross section and zero-fragmenting, they don't shred like anti-personnel bolts. You might also notice, their melee weapons are more advanced as well. It's like asking why everybody didn't use crossbows back in the old days too. Armor worked, and swords could still compete. In fact...

(spoiler)

...some of the more powerful tech weapons in the story end up being melee.

[ December 26, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 26, 2007, 02:15:00 am**

Ah man, I love car chases... also, with the war dog, don't you mean the DWARVES released a war dog?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Demosthenes** on **December 26, 2007, 02:48:00 am**

quote:



Another engraving depicted a dwarf and a vehicle. The dwarf is raising the vehicle. It related to the 1932 creation of Armoredblurs the Wheels of Flying, a titanium super-car by Melbil Brokenspeaches. Also of note, the dwarf in question was considered Ultra-Mighty by his peers afterwards. At least dwarves were still proud of their achievements as well. Blitukus noticed that Melbil had managed to make that vehicle perfectly aerodynamic, and simultaneously allow for it to menace with spikes of titanium.

It's not an Artifact unless it menaces with spikes of something.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 26, 2007, 12:00:00 pm**

quote:  
Originally posted by Reign on your Parade:  
<STRONG>don't you mean the DWARVES released a war dog?</STRONG>

The war dog was leashed. The goblins upset it by walking near it. It was never really released from its leash.  
  
[ December 26, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 26, 2007, 03:01:00 pm**

I see, that makes sense.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 26, 2007, 08:53:00 pm**

B.E.Y.O.N.D Q.U.A.L.I.T.Y.!!! :D  
  
Is all this some parody of a specific agent/action movie or just agent/action movies in general?  
  
////////////////////

quote:  
The crystal of accuracy works essentially by manipulating the already present inner workings, compensating for their flaws. Basically, it maintains a balance of order and chaos that equalizes when the device is at its desired operational configuration, be it on target flying towards an enemy, or on target with regards to position and time. Think of it kind of like a spring that always pulls towards the center. I'm assuming it reacts to the devices configuration, innately adjusting itself to fit the devices needs ('plug and play').

I suspected something like that.  
I cant help to notice that this is very similar to the description of the "crystal of perfection" in the very same post, is seems that it a part present in most devices that combine magic and technology, for the very reasons explained, a major flaw in all technology, entropy, can be countered fairly easily whit magic, so its an obvious thing to do really. [/very long sentence]

quote:  
The sphere of direction is basically like a GPS, only it senses the users willpower too, and finds the best solution to the focus of that willpower. Think of it kind of like a search function on an internet map service, only it reads your mind rather than having to type it in. Of course, the first versions messed up the search all the time, but the dragons had decades to refine it to perfection.

that is fairly obvious, and explains how it can find the artifacts and point to their current position, the question was how it could realize that the crystal was guarded, that the goblins provided an opportunity for breaching that security, that pointing Blitukus to the cart would lead to him encountering the goblins and see the sign that was not currently in the cart, and many other things, while this is not theoretically impossible and seemingly simple a device of that capability of comprehending situations I cant get to not being sentient, also how did it know what the goblins where planing to do? If the sphere of direction actually IS sentient and omnipresent why did not the ancients make it talking and have it tell what is going to happen and how to do everything directly instead of pointing on empty parts of maps having indirect consequences?  
////////////////////

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 26, 2007, 09:35:00 pm**

Thanks :p  
  
There actually wasn't any reference to any movie... it was more a reference to shooter games than to movies, if it could be considered a reference at all.  
  
The sphere isn't sentient, and it never realized the gem was guarded.  
  
The short explanation: For one, it might seem sentient at times because its input is the ever changing willpower of a sapient being. Keep in mind, this willpower is already pre-interpreted by Blitukus' brain before it goes into the sphere. Also, the universe smiles on Blitukus, so he tends to get lucky.  
  
The extension to that: At first, the sphere pointed right to the dwarven fortress, but since he was half a world away, he couldn't tell it from Metropolis. When he got to Metropolis, part of his will was to get to the crystal... so the sphere found a way to the crystal, a train. While on the train, well, this can be interpreted one of three ways. The sphere pointed northward and down a bit, either it could've been pointing to the gem, Blitukus misinterpreting it as a specific car then getting lucky, it could've been interpreting Blitukus' willpower as wanting to find something valuable on the train, then pointed to the valuable electronics... or third, it could've been sensing Blitukus' thoughts regarding the dwarfs security, then found the note, which happened to be in the goblins pocket, and just happened to be on its way to that specific car of the train. Either way, it either isn't sentient at all, or 'piggybacks' on Blitukus' sentience.  
  
I'm trying my best to explain this, but I get the feeling that I might be running into problems regarding this... maybe I was letting the sphere have too much realization power. Luckily, if I really, really had to, I could go back and fix the most questionable part of that if it was going too far.  
  
[ December 26, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 26, 2007, 10:07:00 pm**

That might explain it, misinterpretion and luck, I would probably go for the pointing north and getting a lucky misinterpretion as Blitukus didn't really want monitory value held in the electronics and knowing the goblin was heading for that wagon would need the sphere to read the goblins mind, and even Arcus could not read Blitukus mind against his will so a device working at minimum mana does not seem likely.  
Still recognizing the train as a means of transport to Endlesslabors and for that mater recognizing the artifacts seem troublesome, guess magic just have a quirk of adapting to new situations and pattern recognition, understanding it fully would really remove the MAGIC from the magic.

I'm assuming that there are some things either magic or tech can do easily that the other can't. For instance, tech can do mass production and computers as a simple matter of moving forward, while magic basically can't be used to make computers (this is why the magic time machine didn't work), and mass production is harder to do with it. I'm assuming that one thing magic can do that tech has a real hard time with is reactively adapting to new environments. Likely this is due to willpower and intent. To a tech device, the difference between a horse drawn wagon and an airplane is enormous, while, to a magic device, they both share one big thing in common. The magic device senses willpower... and both the airplane and the horse drawn wagon are intended by their creators and owners to be a mode of transportation.

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Blitukus thought about the situation, trying to find a solution as the aircraft reeled him in, closer and closer. There was nothing he could exploit to a tactical advantage... in combat, it would all be down to close range firepower, something he did not have... his only chance was a peaceful encounter, and goblins were not known for such things. Blitukus readied the crossbow just in case, but kept it down at his side, making it visible he wasn't intent on attacking. Blitukus looked up... a goblin was standing in the door of the aircraft, looking down at him. The winch stopped reeling in. Blitukus was right below the aircraft. Blitukus looked up at the goblin. She kept looking down at him. She then walked back into the aircraft... a moment later, she returned. She gestured towards Blitukus' crossbow, then gestured towards the interior of the aircraft. Blitukus recognized this, safetied the crossbow, and then reached up, tossing it into the aircraft. It seemed he wouldn't be needing it anyway. Then again, it might just mean they wanted to torture him to death rather than kill him outright. She had a large automatic crossbow, but it was slung behind her back. She crouched, then held her hand downwards out the door of the aircraft. Blitukus accepted. She pulled him up, into the aircraft. They both stood. Blitukus asked, "So... you would rather me be alive for the time being?" She replied, "Got any money, kobold?" Blitukus looked around... she was the only goblin in the room. Blitukus reached into his bag, pulled out a copper piece, worth 1 money as always, and gave it to her. She spoke, "Okay, good enough." She then sat on a seat mounted to the side of the aircraft. Blitukus shut the door behind himself, and asked, "Erm... what do you intend on doing with me?" The goblin replied, gesturing towards a crate, "Gimme some hooch, then we'll talk." Blitukus walked toward the rear of the room, and opened the crate, retrieving a bottle of a dark grog that was likely contraband in most nations. He shut the crate, gave it to the goblin, and sat on the seat on the other side of the aircraft. She opened it, drank heavily from it, then spoke, "I knew as soon as I saw you that those dipsh\*ts got themselves killed. You probably have the gem too, I bet. Either you're a better thief than they were or you're damn lucky. They **won't** get their sh\*t, they won't get their money, all hell's gunna break loose... and I don't give a sh\*t. Congratulations." Blitukus had no intention of arguing, but now he was curious... he asked, "Why is that? Not to argue..." She replied, "I'm a mercenary, I work for the highest bidder.. and 2 hours ago, I found out these bastards aren't gunna pay me my cut. A copper piece is better than nothin'... so when they all find out they've all been f\*cked over by a kobold, I get to see the look on their faces, laugh, then move on." Blitukus asked, "I see. So you are not interested in the gem itself?" She replied, "I ain't got the connections to sell something like that, otherwise you'd be dead by now." Blitukus responded, "I see..." Blitukus looked down. He still had the scars from his encounter on the train... no longer did wounds heal between regions. Blitukus sat back. Several minutes passed. The goblin spoke, "Y... y'know, you should try some of this stuff, it's good... it makes you see fairies... I like your juggling act..." Blitukus wasn't juggling anything. The goblin hiccuped. Blitukus shook his head in silent rejection of the offer. Another few minutes passed. The goblin stood, then walked over to Blitukus. She spoke, "Hey... yeah... you're cute, and I'm drunk, so... let's f\*\*\*!" Blitukus spoke, "No..." She replied, "Suit yourself." She then walked away, lay on the floor, then slowly let herself fall unconscious.

*It seems my luck stands triumphant in all areas except that of females...*

Blitukus shook his head, sighed, then leaned back in his seat. The aircraft was headed south... likely it was going to at least pass over Metropolis. Blitukus' stomach growled. He was very hungry, and quite thirsty as well. Blitukus stood, then looked around, searching through the few small crates in the room. Nothing but 'hooch', equipment, and air. Blitukus saw two doors from the room... one leading to the cockpit, another leading to a small cargo bay in the rear. Blitukus opened the cargo bay door slowly, peeked through, then immediately closed it, silently. A goblin was sitting down on a crate in the cargo bay. Luckily, this goblin didn't notice Blitukus. The goblin in the cargo bay stood, and Blitukus heard footsteps. Thinking quickly, Blitukus hid behind the few small crates, crouched low to the ground. The door opened, and the goblin passed through. The goblin noticed the drunken mercenary on the floor, pushed her slightly with his foot, laughed, then proceeded to enter the cockpit. Blitukus took this opportunity to investigate the cargo bay. He found several crates and barrels, most of it full of various contraband from illegal devices to narcotics to a single, small canister, marked with a radiation-hazard symbol. Blitukus searched the barrels, and finally found water. He leaned over and began drinking out of the barrel. The water was slightly bitter, but it didn't taste unhealthy or poisonous, nor did it sicken him to drink it. Likely there was simply dirt in it. He then searched for food. He found small bits of food and a small stash. Finding himself very hungry, he consumed a large portion of the stash. The food was rather filling, and tasted decent... but somehow, it also tasted strangely artificial. Blitukus then shut the crates, leaving nothing visibly disturbed, then went back to the main room... then ducked behind the crates again. The goblin crossed back from the cockpit to the cargo bay. Blitukus waited for a few minutes, then stepped back out. He sat again in his seat. He kept an ear out for any goblins moving, but eventually found his mind wandering off. He moved behind the crates, and lay there. He rested there, and a rather long, uneventful time passed. Eventually, the goblin mercenary woke up. She grunted, rubbed her head, then slowly stood. Blitukus stood, then moved to his previous seat, proceeding to sit in it. The goblin sat in the seat across from Blitukus. She sat silent, rubbing her head. She then laughed, "That stuff is great... until you wake up. How long was I out?" Blitukus replied, "I do not know the exact duration... likely an hour or two... I am unsure." She laughed, "Damn, usually it's a lot longer than that!" Still more time passed... the goblin seemed to get more and more annoyed with the situation as her headache wore on. She spoke, "Those damn bastards... they said it would be 200,000 moneys... They're lucky they've got so many connections... f\*ck it. They'll wish they never f\*cked me over..."

She stood, and took out her automatic crossbow. She spoke, "I think I'm gunna find a new career..." She then walked to the rear of the room, opened the door to the cargo bay, then fired several bolts into the goblin sitting on the crate there, killing him almost immediately. She then walked back into the central room, and opened the door in front into the cockpit. The pilot spoke, "Hey WHAT THE-" She fired several rounds into the pilots head, then did the same to the copilot. She then tossed her crossbow aside, and dragged both bodies out of the cockpit. She opened the door on the side of the aircraft, then dumped the bodies overboard, walking back, and then dumping the third body from the cargo bay overboard. The aircraft began to slowly tilt and nose downward. She shut the door, turned to Blitukus, then smiled, "Looks like I'm a freelance pilot now!" She then proceeded to the cockpit, slamming the door behind her. A moment later, the aircraft leveled out, proceeding straight forward again. The aircraft changed course, slightly. Blitukus sighed, sat, and waited for a few minutes. He opened the door to the cockpit, and saw the beautifully lit city of Metropolis nearly straight ahead, far away, its aura resting on the horizon. The goblin mercenary-turned-freelancer turned slightly, averting her attention from the controls to Blitukus. She spoke, "Have a seat..." Blitukus noticed the copilots seat, spattered with blood. He kept standing. He asked, "Are you going to land in Metropolis?" She replied, "Uh, no... that's what we goblins call Stupid, you see, we **stole** this thing from the Metropolis airport... I'm headed to Shadedports to sell all the sh\*t in the back." Blitukus spoke, "I must return to Metropolis." She replied, "Help yourself to the parachutes, I won't need 'em, and take the VI-ID bag too." Blitukus asked, "VI-ID bag?" She replied, "You're not a professional, I take it. You'll need it to get that gem through security without getting hacked to itty bits by the guards. Very Important Information Device. The worlds governments use them to get stuff through checkpoints. Ever since a magnetic scanner ended up wiping a 200-Gigabyte hard drive full of top-secret sh\*t that one day, airports everywhere respect them. It's a white, magnet-proof bag, that's all you need to know. If anyone asks, tell them 'It's classified!' They're gunna be suspicious anyway... but you kobolds are always quick to think of something." Blitukus spoke, "Thank you... you are far more kind and helpful than any other goblin I have met so far." She replied, "Anyone who gets my enemies killed is my friend... at least for a little while." She then turned again, and looked into Blitukus' eyes with a stare that seemed to pierce right to his soul... She continued, "An' also, somethin' tells me you're up to some important business. Weird sh\*t, that is." Blitukus nodded, "I indeed do have important business to tend to." She replied, "Keep it to yourself. I've got my own sh\*t to worry about now. And don't think you'll get as lucky next time either, kobold. If it ended up any different I probably would'a pincushioned your a\*s for the fun of it if nothing else." Blitukus sighed, "I will keep it in mind..."

Blitukus left the cockpit, closing the door behind himself. He found himself remarkably unshaken by what had occurred... either his heart had been made far tougher by his experiences... or he was simply getting used to tragedy. He looked around the equipment in the crates and on the walls. He eventually did find a parachute... apparantly much more of a serious device than what he used to call a parachute, capable of slowing its user down to survivable speeds from a fall. It was worn as a backpack, and had convenient instructions printed on it. Blitukus read them, then continued looking for the VI-ID bag. The only bag that fit the description rested at the bottom of an otherwise empty crate. It was small and stiff. The gem barely fit in it. The bag was otherwise white and nondescript, with a sealable zipper-top. Blitukus sealed the bag, then pocketed it. Likely the bag was designed to be inconspicuous to everyone except those trained to recognize it. Blitukus then sat, waiting patiently. He looked out of the window of the door, watching the terrain roll by, Metropolis slowly moving closer... still, it was a long distance away. Blitukus moved one of the crates near the door, and then stacked another crate on top, giving him a surface to sit on while looking out the window of the door. As time passed, Blitukus sat and thought... the moon moved through the sky... he might not have much time upon returning to Metropolis to arrange transportation back to Rametaru. Luckily, the transit lines of

this era seemed optimized for efficiency. Time passed... slowly the flying machine passed near Metropolis. It seemed to head towards the space above the airport with little regard for other air traffic. Blitukus checked the parachutes instructions again, wore it, checked that his belongings were secure and attached in some way to his clothes, then opened the door and jumped out of the aircraft. He looked up, seeing the aircraft move upwards relative to him... it reminded him of that one time, the first time he had flown his own flying machine... and then fell out of it. It was the first time he had met Dracha... He remembered this, but also took note... he was rapidly plummeting to the ground. Unlike last time, though, he had the proper equipment to deal with this. He spread himself out as he descended, using his body to catch the air and slow himself. Luckily, being smaller and lighter than a human, the speed at which he fell was slower than what a human would fall at. Unlike the last time he had fallen from a flying machine, the air was rather warm. Blitukus began to near the ground. He deployed the parachute... the parachute emerged from the backpack, and was pulled upward by the wind. It pulled gently at Blitukus... then, a second later, the parachute opened, jerking Blitukus upward. RRIP! Blitukus' coin bag shifted in his clothes, and suddenly, many coins spilled out, plummeting to the ground below. He needed those to pay for fare back... yet another cost to his available time. Blitukus quickly slowed... and found that the wind now was blowing him away from Metropolis. He would have a bit of walking to do, it seemed... at least, it meant his landing wouldn't attract unwanted attention. He slowly floated toward the ground. He brought himself upright and grunted as he greeted the desert terrain with an awkward landing, falling to his side and rolling a bit. He coughed, then got up, and dusted himself off. It was still much better than hitting the ground at full speed. He took the used parachute off, and left it on the ground. He would no longer have a use for it, and perhaps lacked the time to gather it and bring it back anyway. He stood, and shuddered in a realization of what he had just experienced. Then, he felt the gem in the bag, still resting in his pocket... it seemed he could add a second count of grand theft to his list of accomplishments in his quest... but, he had promised himself he would complete his quest no matter what it entailed or required of him, and it would be so. He looked out to Metropolis, and began walking towards it. He then remembered... when he had begun his quest, having fled the capital, he had also been forced to wander the desert... only now, it was about 920 years later. He kept walking for quite a while, until he happened upon an area littered with coins... the coins he had lost in midair. He wandered around, picking up coins as he went. He would need a total of 215 moneys. Luckily, this didn't amount to many coins considering he had quite a few gold coins from his winnings beforehand and also, not all of his coins had spilled. When he had the money, he continued on. After a while, he reached the airport once again. He walked along the side of the building, then entered it, looking up at the display board, hoping that he still had time to reach home... he converted the times to Rametaru time, compensating for time zones. The next flight to Rametaru left at 11 AM Rametaru time, and arrived at 3 PM. This would give him 44 minutes to get from the airport to the center of the city to reach the rift. According to the display, it was 10:48 PM... 9:48 AM Rametaru time... he had over an hour left. Perhaps the idle waiting had made it seem that more time had passed than had actually passed? Either way, he still had time left, and could at least enjoy visiting some of Metropolis before he had to leave.

I get the feeling the time zones messed me up somewhere. Well, if there's a discontinuity because of it, I can fix it fairly easily.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 27, 2007, 12:42:00 am**

First! Again!

I was wondering when you would put a goblin in that didn't immediately try and kill Blitikus... although it killed off its entire crew for no reason. Freakin' gobbos.

What is Blitikus even trying to do now anyway? I forgot somewhere around after he met Kazo... Reading a story in small increments stretched over months always ends up in me forgettting everything.

[ December 27, 2007: Message edited by: Wooty ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 27, 2007, 01:06:00 am**

She actually had a good reason to kill the crew. They swindled her, and on top of it, she got to take the aircraft.

Blitukus' current goal is to complete the cat relic, by getting all the components.

[ December 27, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 27, 2007, 02:47:00 am**

Don't worry about your luck with females Blitikus, karma always seems to work out that way eventually.

Also, the very end reminded us of a joke a friend once made... "You know how when you're really bored time slows down? Well we've discovered a material SO boring, it actually REVERSES time!"

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 27, 2007, 09:13:00 pm**

Beyond Quality! :D

So I chated whit AlanL for like 6 hours today again and thats my excuse for not writing more.

quote:

I'm assuming that there are some things either magic or tech can do easily that the other can't. For instance, tech can do mass production and computers as a simple matter of moving forward, while magic basically can't be used to make computers (this is why the magic time machine didn't work), and mass production is harder to do with it. I'm assuming that one thing magic can do that tech has a real hard time with is reactively adapting to new environments. Likely this is due to willpower and intent. To a tech device, the difference between a horse drawn wagon and an airplane is enormous, while, to a magic device, they both share one big thing in common. The magic device senses willpower... and both the airplane and the horse drawn wagon are intended by their creators and owners to be a mode of transportation.

I suppose so, it's really only that explaining magic and willpower as formulas applying to particles and spacetime is harder, but otherwise it would not be magic only another kind of tech.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 28, 2007, 12:25:00 am**

Thanks :)

Yeah, well, if my portrayal of magic was truly 100% realistic to this world then I'd probably be using it, so... :p

Blitukus looked around the airport. Not much was different than the last time. He walked to the terminal... a surprising number of seats were open, but he still reserved one. Blitukus then decided to at least have a look through the city. He left the airport, and waited for the train to arrive at the terminal nearby. When it had arrived, he boarded it and rode back into the city. He found that he had the seat to himself on the way there. He sighed and looked out the window into the starry night sky... surprisingly, the aura of the city was much dimmer than that of the other cities, most of the light contained within the city itself. The stars were quite visible despite proximity to the city. Much of the visible lighting in the city was either a contained whitish light from the vehicles on the road or a dim bluish light emitted through the windows of the buildings. Eventually, the train reached its stop in the city, and Blitukus stepped out. He walked to the crosswalk, and crossed to the other side of the street, waiting for the next train through the city. When it had arrived, he boarded that, and again, found himself sitting alone. The city seemed surprisingly quiet... he felt strangely detached as 2000 approached... a detachment he hadn't felt since his nightmare. He looked out the window as the train passed through its stops. The glass surfaces



seemed almost crystalline in the dim bluish and whitish light. As the train passed the University, one of the reasons behind the dim lights became obvious. Among the blue and green glows of the university, white light could be seen emanating from the observatory. The observatory was open, its lens fully deployed, aimed with machine precision. Blitukus caught a glimpse of the structure within the observatory. The telescope was aimed by various mechanical machinery that seemed to slide nearly frictionlessly while aiming the telescope. The telescope zoomed in... there were several computing machines within the building, and on the largest display, a crystal-clear picture of a white, barren, ringed planet... the planet he had gotten the cat relic from. The train moved on... eventually it cornered near a building, and traveled toward the central area of the city, perched near a cliff face. Several bridges seemed to cross from the tall buildings to the top of the cliff, the buildings being built near the bottom of the cliff. Blitukus exited here. All in all, transit was rather rapid... likely no more than 25 minutes. But, considering the 25 minutes to get back, it only left him with about 20 minutes to look around.

He saw a tunnel into the cliff face, and walked that way... there was a large tunnel, well lit, allowing large vehicles to proceed down into the mine... apparantly even after over 150 years of operation, the mine was still producing ore. Next to this tunnel was a small tunnel, hardly big enough for a kobold to walk through. The tunnel was dark, and old, rusting steel track leading out of it. Likely, it was one of the original tunnels, before Metropolis became Metropolis... Blitukus walked up to it, and looked into it. Apparently the tunnel itself had caved in, but one engraving, right near the entrance, got his attention. It was a simple engraving, depicting a large, exaggerated rocket blasting off, and on the back of the rocket, a peculiarly exaggerated kobold riding, wearing a wide-brimmed hat. Beneath, the text "MOON or BUST" was engraved. Apparently, it was a political 'cartoon' relating to the first impressions of the original space program. It was technically vandalism, but over the decades it had been preserved for some reason. Blitukus turned around, and found him looking into the center of the city. He walked towards this, passing between the tallest buildings, and into the square, following the path down toward the middle. He walked down the path, through the green heart of the city, and emerged in the central circle. He had noticed an engraving there before, and now knew what it truly was. The image of his mother and himself was engraved into the stone, a list of their achievements etched below, the text at the bottom reading "And that's not the half of it!" Blitukus laughed and grinned. Apparently he and his mother had been quite an inspiration behind what he saw around him. It also confirmed what he had suspected earlier... his technology was preserved through the ages, and was a critical part in allowing civilization to flower to such beautiful, grand proportions. He stood still, and smiled, a deep sense of pride arising within. At the exact center of the circle, an image of the sun was engraved. Apparently his story had also inspired the founder of Metropolis... but who was this person? He looked to the side, and saw the answer in the form of a statue, plainly marked, "Our founder." The statue was of obsidian, with ruby gems forming the eyes. The statue in many ways appeared to depict a demonic kobold, bat-wings spread out. Blitukus wondered, how could such a demonic-looking being found such a beautiful, benevolent city? Blitukus stood next to the statue... Her stone form stood, wings spread, hands on her hips, a grin on her face, and a stare that seemed to extend onward to infinity. The grin seemed to convey a powerful sense of mischief and chaos, but also a sense of trust, as if a close ally were grinning. Her stare extended out toward the horizon, an expression of determination as if she were staring out toward a distant, future goal. On the rear of the base of the statue, text was engraved in a rather spiky font, "Sure doomsday will come and all hell will break loose, but whose doom will it be? Yours, or theirs? I'm on your side, whether you like it or not!" Blitukus traced her stare, seeing it trace into the distance, past a still operating dam placed in the middle of a river that ran through the city, and past an old pad, once the launching pad for the original space program, not a historical monument. But... doomsday? Blitukus noticed a slight tremor again. Associating these two, he felt a sense of fear build up... but quickly extinguished it. He told himself, it is the landmasses and their natural, regular shifting, nothing more. Blitukus walked away. The thought still haunted him. He looked around as he walked, seeking a way to drive the thought from his mind. He found a crowd near the side of the road near one of the buildings, music playing and walked toward it. The crowd cheered, and a kobold standing on a stage tossed a bag out to a member of the crowd. It seemed a small band of music artists was playing for the public, the kobold in the front of the stage apparantly running some kind of contest regarding it. Blitukus approached. When the next song had finished, the kobold in front seemed to ask a question. Several people in the crowd replied, "1924!" "1942!" "1934!" "1934!" "The 6th of Hematite, 1934!" "The 8th of Hematite, 1934!" The kobold on the front of the stage replied in an odd accent Blitukus had never heard before, "Yes to the guy in the blue shirt, 6th of Hematite, 1934." He then picked up a bag and checked it, "Lucky guy, you got the 4 chimichangas!" The crowd cheered as the kobold sealed the bag and tossed it to a member of the crowd. The crowd handed him a card, and he opened it, read it, and then spoke, "Just looking at the date on this one makes me wonder why you guys voted for it!" He typed something into a computer, and then seemed to read through a page full of various facts, and a music sheet. He then continued, "Hey, that's actually not half bad!" He then printed the music sheets and then handed them out to the various instrument players, proceeding to direct the song. Blitukus recognized the song... it was one of the first songs he had become attached to as a child! He smiled as they played, his heart warmed by the memories it brought back. He even had met the composer as a child... As the music continued, he decided to shed his previous concerns, and dance to it in the traditional method. The crowd seemed rather impressed by this... apparantly that specific dance had become a lost art over the eons. It was one of his truly favorite songs, for it seemed to resonate with his soul. When the song had concluded, Blitukus kept the final pose of the dance held for a moment. The crowd clapped. Blitukus laughed. The kobold on the stage spoke, "I don't think I've ever seen moves like that before!" A few moments passed. The kobold continued, "Ok ok, this one's so old just any general detail. Even the database doesn't say much!" Several people in the crowd spoke, "Composed in 10..." "1059?" "No, later, gotta be 1070." "1079, by, A... Aki...r... dammit." Blitukus whistled, drawing the attention of the kobold on stage to himself, and spoke, "'4th Sunrise' was composed on the 1st of Felsite 1069 by Akim Brigtenedspeaches, born among the northern empires in 1044, he had a white, fluffy, skittish cat named Maine and a strange preference for copper." The kobold on stage replied, "Damn, did you know the guy or something?"

*Well, actually...*

The kobold took up a bag, looked in it, then looked at Blitukus, smiling, "Ooh, you got the magma pepper, enjoy carefully!" He sealed the bag, and tossed it. Blitukus caught it, then looked in it. It contained 5 moneys, and a small, red pepper, so brilliant with red and a tinge of orange that it almost seemed to glow. Blitukus took out the pepper, and pierced it slightly with one of his teeth. He tasted a single drop of juice from it, just to try it. This resulted in his entire mouth stinging from the intense spice. He grunted, and coughed. He felt as if his entire mouth had become a bit warmer. He snickered, then put the pepper back into the bag, sealing it. He then proceeded to walk back toward the station. He looked up... the buildings pierced high into the sky, aluminum circles suspended on titanium spokes, the blue glow emanating from the center. A flying machine slowly passed overhead, letting out a dull roar as it did so, the blue flame of its engines clearly visible against the night sky. Blitukus walked out onto the path near the road, then back toward the station. He looked back at the building, and noticed the blue image of pure light projected into the air in front of it. It seemed to be emitted from a small device mounted in the wall. It portrayed a 3 dimensional map of the city, a large arrow above it marking the location of that building, and above it all, a display of the time. It read "11:28 PM" He had a few minutes left... then he would have to go back. Then again, judging by the route of the train, it would take those few extra minutes to get back in the first place. Blitukus looked up. Fireworks were being readied at the top of the cliff. He realized the implications of his departure... his flight left at midnight. He waited for the train to arrive. When it did, he and the small crowd around him boarded it... be noticed that these trains lacked an operator, and continued automatically. It took him further, up through the west side of the city... looking back on the shining metal and almost crystalline glass of the city, he smiled... he truly did like the idea of being a citizen of such an establishment. Despite how much he did want to enjoy life as a citizen of Metropolis, his loyalties still lay elsewhere. He was still loyal to Anthath Siset, loyal to his mother... and neither the mightiest magic nor the most ingenious technology would change that. He kept looking out, and took out that pepper again. He attempted to slowly consume it, taking frequent breaks to allow his mouth to clear. It was a very small pepper, but it still took a long time to consume due to its shear fiery nature. Indeed, the magma pepper had an apt name. Eventually, the train circled around the exterior of the city, stopping at several other stops, finally reaching the transfer to the airport train once again. Blitukus hadn't even finished the pepper by this time. He exited the train, and crossed the street, waiting for the train to the airport on the other side. During this wait, he decided to eat the rest of the pepper whole... the resulting burning sensation brought a tear to his eyes. He grunted, and held his mouth shut with his hands, for he felt if he were to open it he would find he and dragons would have something in common. He breathed heavily through his nose, the sensation traveling up and throughout his head. At least it left him feeling his head had been cleaned out afterwards. There was no water nearby... and that was good, considering him drinking water would've simply made it worse. He cleared his throat. Some of the crowd seemed slightly amused by what he did. Slowly, the sensation simmered down. The train slid up, and stopped, lowering itself and opening its doors. Blitukus boarded it with the rest of the crowd, and rode it back to the airport. He felt as if his body temperature had risen, and felt strangely awake by the time he reached the airport. When it had arrived, he left the train, and proceeded back into the airport. He observed the sign. It was 11:59 PM... but it seemed his flight had been, in the words of the sign, "Delayed to 12:10 AM by popular request. Enjoy the fireworks!" Blitukus noticed all of the people that used to be at the terminal watching the cliff face from the windows. Blitukus left the airport building, and stood just outside of it, watching Metropolis... All of the flying machines that had once flown overhead had either put distance between themselves and the city or had landed. Behind him, the sign still rendered its display...

11:59 PM

...

12:00 AM

Fireworks launched from the top of the cliff, flying in a triangular formation, several larger fireworks launched below them. What appeared to be an up-arrow trailed into the sky, then one by one, the fireworks burst, painting '2000' in enormous font in the sky. Suddenly, several fireworks shot out of the cliffs edge, arcing over the city in a parabolic path, exploding into an array of colors that painted a rainbow above the city. The various colors dimly reflected off of the buildings in the city below, giving the city a slight but unusual glow. Blitukus smiled as he watched fireworks launch, timed to the pattern of music being played at the top the cliff, broadcasted throughout the city via radio. A few moments later, an earthquake shook the ground beneath Blitukus' feet. Blitukus noticed particles on the ground jumping slightly. Suddenly, once more, he felt detached... he felt a deep sense of gloom enter his heart... he felt, something, somewhere, had gone horribly wrong.

Meanwhile, far below the surface...

The pure, metallic adamantine of items near the surface was self contained and unaffected... but over the course of millenia, the adamantine which the dragons had placed far below degraded to impure forms, embedded in stone. The mana flux that had kept these adamantine walls intact was no more, and slowly, the impure substance turned to silver. The pressure which the adamantine had once withstood could not be supported by the silver, and the stone crumbled, letting the surface above it slide down, sending shock waves throughout the lands and allowing fissures to trail upwards.

An aftershock occurred, and as the midnight festivities continued, Blitukus felt as if he was no longer a part of it. Suddenly, Blitukus felt as if he were not truly alone, as if he were being tracked by someone who, like him, was displaced in time... he looked behind himself, and saw nothing out of the ordinary. He looked around. Everything... still seemed to be OK... to the naked eye, at least. He let a deep breath out of his nose, and entered the airport building once more. He took the reservation out of his seat, and while everyone else was still observing the show, moved to cross the terminal into the aircraft. As he did so, he noticed one of the employees at the terminal gate looking closely at a display. He spoke, "Hey... Sir, I-" The other employee interrupted, "Shush! See this? He's on 'important business'..." This employee pointed to a spot on the display, then smiled At Blitukus, "Nice bag. Enjoy the flight." Blitukus nodded, then continued. He entered the parked aircraft, and took a seat near the rear. He had once looked forward and had seen an even brighter future... but now, he saw only darkness. Whether this darkness was just a cloud in his vision... or truly was what lay ahead... was yet to be determined.

I get the feeling that something about this update kind of leaves it empty... maybe its because the ones before it were actiony and this one is just a stroll around town.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **December 28, 2007, 01:50:00 am**

First again!

Late edit: I read it but couldn't edit do to various problems. The explanation more than makes sense, didn't adamantine turn to silver in the old versions? Although there probably wouldn't be enough adamantine collapsing to cause much of an earthquake.

[ December 28, 2007: Message edited by: Wooty ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 28, 2007, 02:39:00 am**

Then I guess You're a slower reader then me...

FIRST ACTUAL REPLY!

Ok, that SORTA makes sense on the earthquakes... but it still seems weird.

[ December 28, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 28, 2007, 10:26:00 am**

Something... something importnant died that night, there are no longer magic in the world...

BEYOND QUALITY!

quote:
I get the feeling that something about this update kind of leaves it empty... maybe its because the ones before it were actiony and this one is just a stroll around town.

How ironic, its not the update that lacks content, this world that is a part of you has just lost an important component, so unavoidably you feel this emptiness, you just misinterpreted its source.

And thit is a good thing, a world whit no losses is a dead and static world, this death of magic is an important part of the story just as well as the death of Fale.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 28, 2007, 12:36:00 pm**

Thanks :p

Regarding the death of magic... well, I don't think it's to that extreme, although it is important. Magic is only dead on that one planet.

Regarding the earthquakes, I'm assuming that the adamantine walls are like in the old version, and stretch for miles and miles. So, when they all of a sudden turn to silver and crumble, that's miles and miles of stone that starts crumbling all at once.

[ December 28, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 28, 2007, 11:37:00 pm**

Blitukus waited, sitting back, then eventually turned to rest his legs on the adjacent seat, his back resting against the inner wall of the fuselage. He felt very tired... he would likely just sleep his way back. He had paid nearly all of his money for the flight... he had only 6 moneys left, but it should be more than enough to arrange transportation from the airport to the center of the city once he arrived. He sighed through his nose... several minutes passed, and as the fireworks continued, people began to hurriedly board the aircraft. Many of the seats were taken, but a few weren't. Blitukus was able to keep the adjacent seat as a footrest. Apparently, according to a nearby sticker on the back of the seat in front, he wasn't supposed to though. He sat back up as the aircrafts engines started. When boarding finished, the doors closed, and the walkway retracted. Soon after, the aircraft taxied out to the runway, and a minute later, the engines spinning up to their full power, accelerated down the runway and took off. Blitukus saw the aircraft had left the ground, and promptly moved himself to once again rest his legs on the adjacent seat, back against the wall. He then emptied one bag into the other, and used the empty bag to shade his eyes. Despite the light in the cabin and the screech of the engines, he slowly fell asleep.

His dream started out nebulous... and then, he felt as if he were a ghost, watching a city, not much different than the Rametaru of 1999, from above. The city was on an oceanic coast, though. A large, obsidian colored aircraft approached... a loud siren sounded in the city. The aircraft exploded... and when the fireball dispersed, it revealed a demon, holding a large ranged weapon of some kind. The demon laughed, aimed at a small building, then fired the weapon. The weapon seemed to let loose some sort of rocket, that started out slow, but accelerated rapidly toward the building. The rocket struck the building, demolishing the building in a large fireball. A screeching sound

could be heard... a military aircraft was approaching the front. It fired its dual heavy automatic crossbows at the demon, and the demon grunted, slowing its flight, bits of ichor splattering towards the ground. The demon then fired again, the rocket zipping through the air, and striking the aircraft. The aircraft erupted in a ball of flame, one of its wings blown clean off. It trailed flame as it spiraled toward the ground, then exploded on impact. The demon laughed... another rocket approached, and flew right into the back of the demon, knocking the demon into a flaming tumble. A second rocket struck the demon as it fell. The demon trailed ichor and gore through the sky as it plummeted, splashing down into the ocean. A screech was heard as a second military aircraft zipped from right to left, pulling up and ascending, then turning to fly out to the ocean. Dull, distant explosions and thuds could be heard... Blitukus turned his presence to look out to sea... a naval battle was going on between red-painted steel clad ships, and dark, spiky ships. The vessels exchanged fire, blowing holes into one another... more and more of the dark vessels approached, black smoke and flame billowing from their exhaust pipes. Several rockets were fired out of the city, arcing in a parabolic path towards the ocean, creating large explosions as they landed in the water near the dark ships. One of the dark ships blew apart in a wall of flame, the remains sinking into the waters, another dark ship capsizing and sinking shortly after. Several demons in flight arrived, holding heavy weapons, firing on the steel ships... then suddenly, many of the steel ships simultaneously exploded for no apparent reason... but that reason became apparent a few moments later. In a previously unoccupied region of the waters, several shadows appeared... then several sleek, previously submerged vessels surfaced, their obsidian-dark surface absorbing all light, making it very difficult to detect them. The demons in the air stormed toward the city, and an immense battle between the demons, and the city, involving the city's military aircraft and armored vehicles ensued. Some of the vehicles seemed to deploy armored infantry, which further aided in the fight. Glowing shots streaked across the sky, to the ground, and up from the ground. Explosions burst in midair, sending shrapnel out in all directions, shredding the flesh of the demons. It seemed the demons were causing heavy tolls, land, sea, and air, the tolls exacted on the demons quickly remedied by more and more demons joining the fight... aid to the city arrived from the south. Several titanium-clad ships, one seeming to be very large and heavily armored, quickly made their way toward the battle. The dual-cannons of the large titanium ship seemed to consist primarily of crystal glass, titanium platings protecting it. The ship carefully aimed... then fired two bright beams of energy, striking one of the dark ships. The dark ship began to glow with heat, then exploded, the remains sinking into the ocean. The demons... actually laughed at this... a large, dark submersible craft emerged, far away from the battle. Several doors on its top opened... then it fired a large rocket into the sky. The rocket streaked upward, and arced forward, trailing through the sky, and coming down in the frantically scattering titanium fleet. Much of the fleet was annihilated in a brilliant flash of energy... another rocket streaked into the sky, destined for the center of the city... but, despite heavy damage, entire pieces of their glowing-hot hulls missing, the few survivors within the titanium fleet persisted, launching rockets and heavy explosive rounds at the dark ships as they approached.

Blitukus shut his eyes, his heart in pain from what he saw... but he felt his presence shift. When he opened his eyes, he found himself in the middle of a sealed room, far, far beneath the surface. The room was full of military personell, walking about in a hurry. Several computers were in the room, and advanced equipment around, the room sealed by thick, heavy steel bulkheads. It seemed a prominent military figure, a human, was watching over it all... in the front of the room, a large display, showing a map of the entire world... on this map, simple symbols of aircraft, naval vessels, land forces, and infantry could be seen. War had spread throughout the entire world... but it seemed that the front was positioned westward... the demons were winning... but, the nations of the west continents were making a comeback, pushing the front eastward. Still... fear and tension could be sensed throughout the room. Blitukus felt his presence shifting again. He saw himself in the center of a city... the buildings were familiar... it was the Rametaru of 1999... only, it seemed, it was no longer 1999. The buildings were darkened with soot, the sky black and red. The center of the city was now dominated by a large, dark tower... carrying the OmnireCo label. Demons flew above the city as if it were their own... a beam of energy swept through the sky, melting the wings off of several demons. A very large titanium-clad aircraft slowly made its way through the sky. It was a leviathan aircraft, armed to the teeth and having several turrets on its fuselage. On its side, the name "Dreadnought" was painted. Several smaller aircraft flew near it... an immense aerial battle ensued, ground forces firing on the aircraft. It seemed it was doomsday... for the demons... Demons fell from the sky, vanquished by various high power, high energy fire from the advanced aircraft. But... the demons were laughing. Blitukus found his presence shifting again... he found himself out in the middle of nowhere, in a desert, a subterranean facility below. There was a large, flat concrete floor below, several towers on the mountains nearby. A demonic laughter seemed to echo among the hillsides... then, part of the ground seemed to move. An enormous steel lid slowly opened, revealing a dark, shadow-filled chamber below... it was very dark, so not much could be seen, but there seemed to be an enormous rocket loaded within the chamber. This filled Blitukus with an overwhelming sense of gloom... he shut his eyes, and found his breath shaking. He heard a voice, "Hey..."

"Hey... HEY!"

Blitukus slowly opened his eyes. He was back in the aircraft, looking into the face of a human. The human smiled, then continued, "We've landed..." Blitukus sat up, "Oh, yes we have, thank you." The human nodded, then walked away. Blitukus rubbed his eyes, stood, checked his possessions, then walked into the aisle and stretched. The aircraft was nearly done unloading. Blitukus blinked, then proceeded out the door, through the walkway, into Rametaru airport. He was nearly home... He walked through the building, and left it. He looked around. The vehicle that had carried him the day before was not present, and it seemed it would not be present for a long time... he needed an alternate means. He began walking away, back toward the center of the city... although, he knew he would never, ever make it on foot. He noticed a small vehicle with a sign on it pick up a passenger from the loop of the airport, and drive away. The passenger seemed unaffiliated with the driver of this specially marked vehicle. Blitukus kept walking for a few minutes... the strange position of the sun in the sky seemed to play havoc with his body's internal sense of time. It was an odd effect of such rapid aerial transit. Eventually, he noticed one of these oddly marked vehicles passing down the road. Perhaps they ferried people around? Blitukus waved and gestured toward it. It pulled over to the side of the road, stopping by Blitukus. Blitukus opened the door. The driver spoke, "**Back** seat!" Blitukus shut the door, then opened the other door. He hesitated a moment... judging by the design of the interior, it was a vehicle meant to ferry others around. Blitukus entered the vehicle, sitting in the rear seat, then shut the door. The driver asked, "The A-shaped building near the center of the city... and I must be there by 3:42." The driver replied, "Okay." The driver drove away, accelerating down the road. He continued, "Businessman eh?" Blitukus responded, "No, but I do have a very important deadline to meet..." The vehicle continued down the road. Blitukus sat, and looked out the window... the driver seemed to perform skilled feats of rapid maneuvering as if there were nothing to it. Blitukus quickly found himself getting nearer and nearer the center of the city... although, eventually, the driver had to stop due to a large crowd lining both sides of the street again. There was a loud roar in the distance. Suddenly, two sleek cars roared by, traveling at such a speed they both were blurs. The driver commented, "Damn street racers..." The driver then honked at the crowd, causing it to part, allowing him to continue on. The vehicle continued, Blitukus remaining silent. Quite some time passed, but eventually the vehicle reached the A-building, the alley Blitukus had entered from visible nearby. The rift was not there. The driver pulled off to the side of the road, then stopped. The driver spoke, "That'll be 3 moneys." It was far more expensive than the other, large vehicle... Blitukus realized, that small competition he attended was luck tending to his needs. If it weren't for that, he wouldn't have the money to pay. He gave 4 moneys to the driver along with thanks, then got out of the vehicle. The vehicle drove away a moment later. He walked to the intersection, and crossed over. He then walked down the path near the street to the mouth of the alley. The rift was still not there. He sighed through his nose, then looked around the city... Everything still seemed OK... but, he felt a sense of gloom and detachment as if he were about to experience his nightmare manifested in reality... time passed, and nothing happened. He looked back. The rift had happened to come into existence again... and there was his home, back so long ago. He approached the rift, and crossed, exiting Rametaru, and exiting the year 2000.

Meanwhile, after the street race had ended...

The human sat in his sleek, blue car, grinning at the light ahead, grinning at his winnings, revving his engine, his expression full of pride. Not long ago, though... in a dark, distant alley of Rametaru... one fissure, resulting from the collapse of the adamantine, seemed to be extended and expanded upward by forces from below... until finally, the ground parted, leaving a dim, red, glowing pit open in a dark corner of this back alley. The human was still waiting at the light, waiting for it to turn... and there was no traffic going the other way. The human revved his engine, "Come on! Sh\*t!" A tall person, shrouded by a blood stained brown coat, hood shrouding this person's head entirely in darkness, approached. The being approached the vehicle, and stood by it. The being observed the gas-guzzling engine, the careful paint job sporting a flame design... The being then spoke, "Magnificent \*vehicle\*..." The being then placed his hand on the aluminum hood, revealing his hand to be red and strangely amphibian, "I like it..." The driver spoke, "Hey what the f\*ck?!" The being cracked its knuckles and tilted its head back, collapsing the hood of his coat, revealing his red, amphibian head, glowing eyes, and vicious, cruel grin. The demonic frogman continued, "I think I'll take it..." The driver then locked the doors, "Oh hell no!" The demon grabbed the door, and ripped it open, tearing the latch open. The driver stomped on the throttle pedal, and the vehicle began to dart away. The demon quickly reached in and snatched the human driver by the shirt collar, pulling him out of the vehicle. The demon then held the human up in the air by the throat, grinning into the human's face. The demon then grabbed the human's head, and twisted it with enormous force, snapping the human's neck. Then, the demon threw the body against a wall, leaving a dent in the wall. The demon then walked back over to the body, and proceeded to consume something from the body... although the result wasn't visible. He then strolled back to the vehicle as if nothing had happened, sat in it, and, this being his first time out in daylight in over 2000 years, was at a loss about what to do with it. He played with the controls until he figured it out, then drove away. He rolled the window down, looking at the innocent bystanders... he held his hand out, and attempted to form a ball of destructive energy, finding that nothing happened... "Hmmnh." He then began to search through the various compartments... ripping out doors and scattering items upon the seat and floor,



paying no attention to the road ahead. He smiled as he found a small hand crossbow, among several bags of various illegal goods... apparantly the previous owner of the vehicle had been up to no good anyway. He ratcheted the string back on the crossbow... the crossbow seemed to do the rest automatically. This would drastically improve fire rate! He laughed, "I see I have a little catching up to do!" He then slowed, and aimed out the window. He found a poor female human, pushing a stroller forward. He fired at the stroller, and when the bolt pierced through, it caused a spattering of blood and a high pitched squeal. The mother jumped back, and let out a scream of horror and heartbreak. The demon pointed and laughed, readied the crossbow again, then fired again, the bolt piercing the knee joint of the mother, who stumbled over, letting out a tortured scream of simultaneous physical and emotional pain. He drove along, firing at random passerby, and firing at other vehicles. Eventually, he fired at a certain, shady looking vehicle, the vehicle then rolled down its windows, the rear passenger holding out an automatic crossbow. The passenger in the other car yelled, "YOU GOT A PROBLEM PENDEJO?!" The passenger then promptly fired at the demons car, breaking several windows and piercing through the aluminum. The passengers car then drove away at high speed. The demon looked down at his shoulder, finding a bolt sticking out of it. He spoke, "Ow..." He then ripped the bolt out, tossed it away, and laughed about it. The demon continued driving, driving up a ramp onto a highway. He looked to his side, and observed the bag of illegal narcotics. "Pain killers!" He grinned, took some of the yellow, powdery substance, rolled it up into some paper, and breathed a slight bit of flame on the end to light it. He smoked it as he drove down the highway, taking potshots at passing vehicles. He noticed that these specific narcotics contained carefully formulated chemicals, and other carcinogens, engineered to make the product immediately and hopelessly addictive, as well as slowly destroying the user from the inside out. The demon laughed, "What would we do without our loyal alchemists?" He took in a deep breath through the narcotic, and exhaled a plume of smoke out the window. The plume of pollutants was dense and pitch black. It coated the windows of the vehicle behind him, obscuring their view. That vehicle slowly began to move from its previous path... it ground against the center divider, swerved, then veered off of the highway, falling into the grass and rolling over several times. The demon laughed, then fired at another vehicles tire. The vehicle in question was right next to a very large cargo hauler vehicle. The vehicles tire blew out, causing it to slam into the cargo hauler and wedge itself into the cargo haulers wheels, knocking the cargo hauler off course and causing the hauler to drift off into the grass, its cargo container toppling over, crates and barrels spilling out everywhere, their contents spilling out further. The demon pressed down the throttle petal, shifting up. Eventually, the vehicles and land around became a blur as his newly 'reclaimed' vehicle reached high speed. He still took potshots at vehicles, buildings, signs, wildlife, whatever he felt like. He soon found himself taking potshots at the hallucinations caused by the industrial chemicals coursing through his veins. He laughed menacingly, looking at his vehicle and his weapon, "I think I'll enjoy this future..."

Upon exiting the other side of the rift, Blitukus immediately felt immersed in a sensation of being refreshed, a power being restored... but then, he looked back, at the steel and glass towers of 2000 AD... and let out a sigh... where was it all going to? His dreams had a tendency of being prophetic it seemed, but who would truly win? Perhaps... in the nature of all technological wars... nobody would win. The mere thought stung at his heart, and he pushed it from his head. Still... he felt concerned...

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Hmm... I hope the name Dreadnought was appropriate, all I know about the word is that it was used to label a now-outdated class of battleship.

[ December 28, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **December 29, 2007, 01:27:00 am**

First post!! Awesome story by the way Alan again!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 29, 2007, 01:33:00 am**

Thank you :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 29, 2007, 02:39:00 am**

I liked it. I liked it a lot.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 29, 2007, 09:34:00 pm**

You are simply Amazing, so is your world, so is your story...

Beyond Quality.

////////////////////////////////////

quote:
Regarding the death of magic... well, I don't think it's to that extreme, although it is important. Magic is only dead on that one planet.

Yes, I understood that, I was overly dramatizing.  
It isn't really completely dead on that planet either, not as long as the cat amulet is still around.

quote:
Regarding the earthquakes, I'm assuming that the adamantine walls are like in the old version, and stretch for miles and miles. So, when they all of a sudden turn to silver and crumble, that's miles and miles of stone that starts crumbling all at once.

Actually whit that in mind it's strange the earthquakes weren't much stronger, admantine is so light and silver so heavy that the volume would really decrease by several orders of magnitude.

quote:
Hmm... I hope the name Dreadnought was appropriate, all I know about the word is that it was used to label a now-outdated class of battleship.

I'm no expert, but I think that really depends on what size you meant it to be exactly, as you described it I think Dreadnought is a little small, but it's not exact and it certainly works.

////////////////////////////////////

It is strange I didn't actually realize the admantine disappearing would release the demons until you described the pit as glowing red, I think because you meant it that way, we even discussed it, my mind doesn't feel manipulated but apparently it is, this it how things should be when a story is really really good.  
As always the awesomeness of this is indescribable on words, or any other way for that matter.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 29, 2007, 11:59:00 pm**

I'm definitely glad people enjoy it so much :)

-----  
He looked on into the rift for another few moments, then began to turn back to walk back to his control panel. "MEOWWWL!" He quickly

turned back. A cat jumped through the rift. A cat jumped back at him, stopped, then looked back at him. The cat seemed to smile, then spoke, "Greetings, mortal!" The cat then walked away, into the corridor. Blitukus felt curious about this.

*A talking cat? Is this whole time travel business getting to my head? Maybe the cat is... no, highly unlikely.*

Blitukus heard footsteps... he turned to see an immaculately dressed human running toward the rift. Such a bystander getting involved was likely not a good thing. Blitukus ran back to the console, but the human passed through before Blitukus could shut the rift. The human stopped, then looked to the side, observing the cat relic. He spoke, "Just as I..." He then looked around, observing the various magma and water equipment, steam based machinery, "... thought?..." The human seemed surprised by this. He walked up to Blitukus, then checked a small, slightly glowing device. The human spoke, "This... so it really was you?" Blitukus asked, "Is everything OK?" The instability bell began to ring. He asked, "Blitukus Siegedriven?" Blitukus nodded. The human breathed a deep sigh of relief, then spoke, "I never thought they would be right." Blitukus asked, "Who, and who are you?" He replied, "That's not important, what's important is that the wavefront propagator is in good hands... we knew it was a kobold, and we knew the general description... but only a few people ever suggested you were the one who took it. I guess that means I met your mother... and didn't even know it at the time." Blitukus spoke, "So you are a time traveler as well... may I ask why you are so interested in this device?" He replied, "I am part of a team that monitors the whereabouts of the Wavefront devices in time and space. It is our job to make sure that they never fall into the hands of demons or gods. These devices are of unimaginable importance... knowing you were the one who took the propagator answers many questions. We couldn't have asked for a better recipient of that device... although due to the nature of time and probability, I cannot disclose further information. Further details are for you to observe yourself." Blitukus replied, "I understand. How far back did you have to travel to get here?" He then spoke with a smile, "Far enough... Good luck with your quest... not even we know of your destiny, but considering the legacy you've left us, it shouldn't disappoint you." The human offered a handshake, and Blitukus accepted. The human spoke, "It was an honor meeting you... I would stay for longer, but duty calls... farewell." Blitukus waved. The human saluted Blitukus, entered a few things into a device, seemed to levitate slightly, then disappeared in a blue glow, leaving no trace behind.

The bell got louder. Blitukus looked out the rift again... civilization was tough... it would survive, and that was proof... maybe... then again, could that have simply been a human from another world who happened upon the desolate, ruined future of this one? What lay beyond 2000 was still yet to be determined. Blitukus sighed, then shut down power to the ring, allowing the rift to vanish. He then cut steam flow to the dynamos, and vented the boilers. He shut the feed to the channels off, and as they drained, he walked back toward the incomplete cat relic, took out the bag, unzipped it, took out the gem, then placed the gem into its designated slot in the device. It fit snugly, then latched. The cat then entered the room again, and walked up to the device, looking at it, then looking at Blitukus, "Mrr, I see you found our gift. My following you might attract Armoks attention... and we both agree we don't want him finding this... so I'll make myself scarce... for now." The cat then quickly left the room, and proceeded toward the exit of the tunnel. Blitukus didn't even have a chance to speak to the cat. A moment later, it was as if the cat had never been there at all. Blitukus stood for a moment, thinking about it... Dracha then entered the room. She spoke, "Looks like you're half way there! Glad to see it working out. At this rate I should tell the other dragons to get ready to depart." Blitukus spoke, "Hello, Dracha." Dracha continued, "Hi. I got important news for you. All that scratching around in the astral plane finally amounted to somethin'! For a brief moment, someone broke through and sent out a message! Whoever it was must be one hell of a determined soul, for it was **not** a demon. Souls of the dead usually are forbidden from ever doing anything back here. Musta been one hell of a powerful soul too for this! The part that REALLY makes it news, is that the message is for you!" Blitukus asked, "Me?" Dracha continued, "Yeh! The first part of the message told me to relay the rest to you, an' I think you should get something to write this down with." Blitukus nodded, and left the chamber, gathering his bucket of coal dust and a relatively sparsely-written-on piece of paper. He then returned, and readied himself to write, listening attentively. Dracha relayed the message, copying the tone and speech pattern perfectly, "'I love you. I promised you I would give you a gift for your birthday, and I still will.' I'z had to hide da ting from Armok... Bring dat steel suit!" Blitukus immediately felt his heart warmed by hearing this... he knew of only one person in existence that spoke like that... it seemed his mother had also made a promise, and was intent on keeping it. She had struggled with immortal determination and had managed to, for a short time, pierce through the barriers between the planes of existence... just to give her son a birthday gift. Blitukus breathed deeply and smiled, his love for his mother seeming to make all of his previous fears and concerns seem insignificant. Dracha continued, "The message has 2 more parts, although they're not words." Blitukus replied, "I am ready to write." Dracha continued, "Good. 8923 1923 284975 12399 19357 71239 239847 9923 51235 36983 6754. This wasn't even really spoken... it just popped into my head as I was hearing the message!" Blitukus wrote the coordinates down, "Recorded. What is the last part?" Dracha continued, "I got a feeling about this present of yours... I think it might come in handy in the future." Blitukus nodded. His mother had always given him birthday presents that were useful in one way or another. But... useful in the future? Considering the circumstances, that could be anywhere from the day after to several thousand years ahead. Still... Blitukus set down the writing implements, walked up to Dracha, and gave her a hug the best he could, "Thank you, my friend, thank you... that was my mother..." Dracha smiled, "And she loves you more than anything else." Blitukus looked up and smiled, a tear forming on one of his eyes, "I know. I love her too, more than anything else."

Blitukus stepped back, and waited a moment, taking in what had happened. It occurred to him... it was in a place so far he needed his machine, and he also needed his suit... it was only logical, after all, since Armoks scope encompassed the entire world, in order to truly hide something from him, it had to be hidden off world. He was eager to travel to it... but it was a birthday gift... he would wait until his birthday. Blitukus spoke, "Pardon me for a second..." He then left the cavern, and walked to the river, drinking from it. He felt the brisk, clean water refreshing and surprisingly pristine compared to what he had drank during his stay in the year 1999. Upon his return down the tunnel, he found Dracha walking up to meet him. He entered his room, and Dracha followed... although she found it immensely difficult to even try to fit through the door, so she stayed outside. Blitukus asked, "Something I've sort of been curious about... why do the first 3 letters of your name match the first 3 letters of your species name?" Dracha replied, "My parents named me the first sound that came to their mind, and then realized what they did afterwards. We had some laws in place that made it so you couldn't change your name... so, I got stuck with it! Ah well, as my parents always told me, it makes me unique!" Blitukus snickered, then nodded. Dracha asked, "So what's the future like?" Blitukus replied, "Indeed, technology does become the new magic. It's a world that's different than that of the ancients in every way, yet also surprisingly similar. You would see it as a different take on familiar concepts. Given a few more decades, I expect the technological civilization of the future would become just as grand and advanced as the magical one of the ancients... although, I have a feeling, a similar fate may befall them..." Dracha asked, "What do ya mean exactly?" Blitukus replied, "Nevermind... I would rather not think about it. Speaking of the final fate of the Dragons, though... what are the details of your star-portal project? I have been rather curious about that." Dracha replied, "Well... when you were with Arkus, did he try to test his back-up spell on you?" Blitukus replied, "Close, but I turned it down." She replied, "A wise move, it was full of flaws and errors right up until we encased the demons. It might've turned your soul inside out! But, as we were developing the portal, we solved the problem of the projection on the back-up spell. We got it to work... and it proved to be the key to making the whole idea behind our resettlement plan work. You see, the energy flowing into the portal is so enormous that it can only run for a short period, once. We only have one shot. We couldn't just cram thousands of dragons through the portal, what we could get through would be so small it would guarantee our extinction... but, we can send thousands and thousands of back-up modules through, and activate them on the other side. After the portal itself was designed, and we had the back-up problem solved, we had to pick a world among the stars to settle upon. Even the most powerful among us couldn't examine these distant worlds directly. They're just too small and too far away! We had to use indirect means to even find them. We sensed the mana aura around these distant worlds to the best of our ability... and determined one world within range as having the highest probability of a successful colony. It's a rather small world with a noteworthy atmosphere. That's all we could tell about its properties on the physical plane. On the astral plane, we sensed it contained a powerful and pure aura of mana, enough energy for generations to come, and on top of it, the planet generates its own mana supply from the forces of its parent stars!... 2 stars, to be exact, each small and circling close to the other, each a serene blue. The entire combination is so serene and charged with mana we decided to use the unicorn as the symbol on the colonys banner. The world we chose is just over 9 years of light-speed travel away." Blitukus spoke, "How will you survive on a world that is likely nothing like this one?" Dracha replied, "We'll be sure to bring plenty of food, mithril and crystal along with the entire back-up stash, and leave with our mana topped off. When we first arrive, we'll cast a bubble around ourselves to shield ourselves from the environment, our most diligent and capable alchemists casting a spell to modify the atmosphere within the bubble to make it breathable. While the bubble stands, we'll dig out a network of rooms beneath the terrain. After we move our belongings inside and build a nice, sturdy hatch, we'll collapse the bubble and start building our colony up beneath the surface. There's only about 20 of us left here but there's closer to 20,000 back-ups in a stockpile near the portal. The 20 of us still awake here are gunna have to review the old books though... it's been centuries since we've last used these advanced magics." Blitukus spoke, "It sounds like quite an adventure. Good luck on it. When the day comes, may your colony flourish." Dracha smiled, "Thanks! Although when I'm gone I don't think we'll ever be talking to eachother again... you see... when crossing such enormous distances at such enormous speeds, time does weird things. We've seen this apply equally to both physical and astral objects. On top of it, when our initial lodgings are dug, we'll want to sleep to acclimatize ourself and refresh our souls in the flux of the new world... and being dragons, we can sleep for a long time. All in all I don't know when we'll become active again, but it might be centuries. There's been theories around about boring rifts through the astral plane to allow for travel that, although it still technically isn't moving that fast, it effectively exceeds the speed of light... but nobody has ever figured out how to make it work. It's beyond even us... the cats are the only ones we have seen using such methods of travel, and they didn't want to tell us how." Blitukus thought about it for a moment, then spoke, "Interesting concept. I understand that the end of my quest may be the last time we ever see each other... but I have come to terms with this already."

I do not know my fate, but I may be parting this world. I hold out hope that I will still be here to enjoy life... but, no matter what, I have confidence that I will succeed, that my mothers soul, and my... well, at least my soul, will live on..." Dracha replied, "It looks like we're both in for one heck of a ride." Blitukus nodded. Dracha continued, "I like ya... I'm gunna miss ya, but we've both gotta do what we gotta do... I need to get back to my studies, I gotta be ready for the big day ya know." Blitukus nodded, "I also should rest and reflect... magic is dead in the future, and I would rather carry as much as I can before I leave for an even further future. Goodbye, Dracha, and best of luck." Dracha replied, "Magic is... well, I guess that was to be expected... damn I hope that adamantine held up. Anyway, goodbye Blitukus, I'll stop by again soon." And having concluded their conversation, Dracha left, traveling down the tunnel and taking off, flying above the chasm. Blitukus sat back on his bed, and began to reflect on the situation... he realized the situation with the adamantine, the mana flux disappearing... his visions of the war, of the rockets, of the end... but, a human from the far future, part of a highly advanced, apparantly technological civilization? Which fate lay in the future? There was only one way to find out... either way, whether it be from the grand halls of a grand civilization, or from the ashes and dust of charred ruins, he would find the next component, and perhaps, finally find an indication to the final fate of Arkus and Kazo.

I get the feeling that I did something wrong with these convos, but I can't pinpoint what. Then again, I may be just being paranoid about it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Sukasa** on **December 30, 2007, 01:55:00 am**

:o

I hadn't had a chance to read this lately, WOW! I'm very, very impressed by the quality of work, and intrigued by A) The demon Blitukus unleashed, B) The Cat artifact, and C) Arkus/Kazo.

Looking forward to the continuing installments!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 30, 2007, 03:04:00 am**

The cat was... strange.

I eagerly tear my hair out in wonder of it, but don't give me spoilers this time.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 30, 2007, 01:17:00 pm**

I'm definitely glad people appreciate it so much :)

Thanks.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 30, 2007, 10:55:00 pm**

Beyon... saying this is getting a bit repetitive.

...  
BEYOND QUALITY!!! :)  
---  
I'm definitely glad people enjoy it so much :)  
---  
I'm definitely glad people appreciate it so much :)

Thanks.

\*I\* thank \*YOU\* for giving us this wonderful story and world! :D  
It's nice and all but don't you really think you say thanks little TO often, at least vary the smiley. Well, I won't complain, it's really only nice, but... I don't know. Maybe I feel I need to thank you back every time you say that. Ignore this.

quote:
I get the feeling that I did something wrong with these convos, but I can't pinpoint what. Then again, I may be just being paranoid about it.

"convos" means conversations, right? I'm not very god at internetish.  
if so:  
^  
|

quote:
The cat was... strange.
I eagerly tear my hair out in wonder of it, but don't give me spoilers this time.

It wasn't THAT strange, not for being a cat and all, rather I would describe it as MYSTERIOUS.

But no spoilers, to much of that already, I newer seem to have willpower enough to resist spoilers.  
////////////////////  
One thing, I am assuming you check your PMs every early morning and late evening, at least when on break, if not; please do.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 30, 2007, 11:35:00 pm**

Yeah, I had a feeling it was Fales part I messed up... but to be honest, that was probably partly due to her having a limited time in which to speak (no time to say goodbye). Also, the 'quote' was from the end of the first AKQ, which is the most linguistically structured part of what she said (to be honest, if that was where the big problem was, it was probably due to other things at the time the end of the first AKQ was written).

I actually did already look back on the first one to refresh myself. I think the main reason she sounds different there were those two reasons listed above.

[ December 30, 2007: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **December 31, 2007, 02:07:00 am**



Blitukus sat, and thought for a while... if the dream truly was prophetic... then the demoness who founded metropolis likely did so with the intent of giving mortals the power to defend themselves against the doomsday she already knew would occur. Why would she betray all of the other demons though? He thought about this, and decided to make his stay useful as he wasn't physically tired. He decided to go gather plants from some of the shrubs that had grown. Winter was coming and they would die off anyway. He also might have an opportunity to expand the variety in his diet. He looked at the shrubs, and smiled... due to the very act of pursuing his quest, plants had sprung up in a glacial biome. Another indicator of the beneficial side effects of his actions... but what was the heart of benevolence? Still, that demoness acting so far from the ways of the other demon puzzled him. He found mushrooms shrouded beneath the shrubs... he found more plump helmets to augment his food supply, and a dimple cup, although the dimple cup was fundamentally useless to him. He had no intent on dying his clothes. He also found pig tails growing among the bushes... he already had cave spider silk for cloth. Last, he found a single bunch of cave wheat growing. It was rumored to be the least productive of the dwarven crops, although some had a specific taste for the bread and booze that could be produced from it. He might make a simple mill in the limestone quarry and create some bread, just to taste it once more before he finished his quest... it might be his last chance to do so. He walked back to his room, and sat... an idea struck him. He reviewed the various dwarven reading materials, and found a very unique property of dwarven booze... add a few readily available chemicals, and catalyze with heat, perhaps from a kitchens stove, and the booze could be turned into a very energy rich edible substance. Considering the pig tails had no other purpose, he decided to try that at some future time. If it worked, then he need not worry about food at all from then until the end of his quest.

Blitukus sat, and rested... his ideas regarding that demoness' motivation flowered from a mere question into several possibilities, each producing further questions. Eventually, he just allowed his mind to clear, becoming focused on the inner workings of his body and soul... he felt as if he had lost all contact with the outside world, but found that he could carefully observe and manage his inner workings in this state. It seemed that his body was beginning to lack nutrients due to the lack of variety in his diet. It was a good thing he had found different foods... although, his quest would likely end soon enough anyway... and then, he would either be at his old home once again, and could return to his previous eating habits... or he wouldn't have a body to be concerned with anyway. He tended to the state of his body and soul for quite some time, finding that they had stayed in remarkably good condition considering the circumstances. Eventually, still thinking about the subject of nutrition, he noticed his hunger and his growling stomach. He walked from his room, retrieved a plump helmet, went back, and ate it. The fresh, sweet plump helmet was rather refreshing after his previous meal in 2000. It seemed the application of production en masse on large scales did have some inescapable costs... but remembering Metropolis, under the proper leadership and ethics, the benefits can far outweigh the cost. The key is establishing that proper leadership and set of ethics. He continued thinking about the demoness. Then, one possibility out of them all seemed the most likely. Perhaps that demoness, despite her heart having a dark exterior, had the heart of a mortal at her true core. Blitukus stopped to take a drink from the river, and then when he had finished, proceeded up the tunnel, stepping out onto the glacial surface... he welcomed its piercing chill, for he now felt somewhat at home among it. He looked up into the aurora persisting above, and let out a foggy breath... perhaps freedom was the key? It was known that among dwarves, the prison wasn't what cured the evil tendencies of wrongdoers... it was the sudden burst of realization that came with experiencing freedom once more. Perhaps this demoness, if she had a mortals heart at her true core, would have also felt this, only so much greater upon being released from her infernal prison... perhaps, she saw this beautiful freedom among the mortals... and saw how it would come to an end. She would want to avert its end. While nearly all demons would have nowhere in their heart to feel this, and would rather enslave everyone else, if she really did feel this way, she would become a guardian of liberty. By founding Metropolis, she had founded a stronghold for liberty and a beacon for it to always radiate from, as well as an advanced power that could defend against the demonic forces. It was the most likely possibility, but it was still merely a possibility. It could've happened in several other ways as well...

Blitukus walked back to his room, and continued his reflection... what if it wasn't enough... what if civilization had survived... but had fallen to the control of the demons? As Blitukus thought on, running several scenarios through in his head, he eventually became thirsty again. He stopped for a drink... as he drank the brisk, refreshing water from the river, he continued thinking... for a moment, the light dimmed further... and he caught a glimpse of the river seeming to become a black fluid, running along the dark walls...

### Winter is upon you.

He returned to his room and sat as the snow began to pile up outside, the river becoming even colder. He thought about such a demonic future... he shuddered at the hellish possibilities. Civilization was better off dead... and... the sheer thought of what the demons would do to the technology his creations inspired, the sick perversions of what he had strived for... the thought filled his heart with a deep anger. He pressed his mouth shut, and sighed through his nose, looking down... but, then again... if the demons lost, and civilization retained its freedom... Blitukus looked up. It seemed the scope would make this world seem minuscule... indeed, the possibilities were endless. He sighed again... soon, he would observe the outcome, but his willpower marked clear.. he told himself, somehow, some way, the demons would NOT get what they wanted. After he had come to terms with all of the implications of what he had observed, he tended to his soul some more... his mana capacity had increased further, although it seemed the more it increased, the harder it was to increase it further. To be able to cast magic on the scale of what Kazo could do, he would likely need decades of training... luckily for Kazo, he likely lived so long that he could reach the maximum possible capacity by simply using magic over the course of the years... but... where did he end up? Blitukus still had information to dig up it seemed.

The moon moved through the sky, and eventually the sun rose. Blitukus strolled through his arctic home... his barrels still held like the day they were made... he remembered that day, those 5 years ago when those barrels had been loaded on the wagon... although now the wagon had long since cease to exist, its component wood used in various processes... Soon, Blitukus found himself getting tired. He went back to his room, and lay in bed... he expected he would likely have another nightmare. Despite this, he reviewed his ideas, using those to drive the thought away, and slowly fell asleep. That day, he found himself in his dream, standing on a barren surface, the terrain beneath him red, the environment around devoid of all life... but, something seemed different... the sky was entirely unobscured... in fact it seemed like there was virtually no atmosphere at all. Blitukus found he could move freely through space, float anywhere he wished... he ascended from the surface of the world until he could see that entire half of that world. The surface was rocky and dotted with volcanic vents, but it seemed the surface wasn't in any state of particular upheaval, despite the apparent volcanic activity. The world had an atmosphere, although it seemed so thin it was hardly worth noticing. Blitukus smiled... something felt positive about this world... and somehow, this world seemed important. Blitukus turned around... an enormous, red sun loomed in the sky, a slight dash put through it by a ring of large rocks that encircled it. This giant, red star gave all of the worlds and objects nearby a red glow. Blitukus looked into this enormous, ancient furnace of unspeakable power... and felt that its red glow actually seemed to give him a sense of calm. He felt the gentle breeze of the stars wind, and the kind warmth of its radiance... something seemed to inspire a sense of calm and happiness in Blitukus, even though there was nothing visibly doing it. He returned to the surface of the rocky world... he noticed the colored rocks of the surface... it seemed this world was very rich with metal ores, the star above providing a gentle breeze that slowly blew across the planet. Blitukus felt something radiant warming his back... he turned around, to see an enormous bird-like creature, seemingly consisting of flame, approaching. Something about the bird seemed to convey a stubborn persistence, and underlaying benevolence. The bird landed upon the surface of that world, and gripped the barren rocks firmly. The bird was much taller than Blitukus, and stood, its fiery wings spread above the terrain. It then folded its wings, and bent down, looking at Blitukus. It smiled, and looked at Blitukus with a gaze that almost seemed to be addressing Blitukus as a distant relative. In return, Blitukus seemed to feel that somehow the bird was familiar to him in some way... Blitukus and the fiery bird exchanged smiles, then the dream ended.

Blitukus slowly opened his eyes, and felt his soul had been refreshed, and now carried its full charge. He felt calm... in his heart, he felt renewed confidence that somehow, it would all turn out alright again... He got up, stood, yawned, and stretched, feeling his body had become refreshed as well. He was ready for his next endeavor, the pursuit of the third component. Be began walking toward the chamber, but his pickaxe caught his eye... he didn't know what to expect in the future, so it might be handy to come prepared... why he felt he needed a pickaxe wasn't really obvious, he just felt it was a good idea. He took the pickaxe, then kept it attached to the back of his shirt. He also decided to bring along a plump helmet, barely able to carry it with all of his other possessions. He removed the VI-ID bag and placed it on the table in his room. Likely it would be long outdated when he arrived anyway. Blitukus walked to the chamber, and looked at his control panel... the bronze was cold to the touch, but even it managed to warm his heart with memories. It was unfortunate he wold have to try to undo it all... but failure was not an option. Blitukus pressed the inlet levers forward, allowing fluid to flow back into the channels. The boilers slowly pressurized, and Blitukus then opened the steam feed to the dynamos, connecting them to the capacitor. He waited as the dynamos spun up, charging the capacitor... Blitukus also considered he might be faced with a lot of environmental hazards in the future, if it wasn't as bright as he had hoped. He walked up to the water channel, and drank as much water as he could from it, in preparation for potentially having to do without for the entire following day. He walked back to the console, and waited for the capacitor to charge. When it had charged, Blitukus transfered power to the portal ring. As the portal ring was spinning up, Blitukus approached it, the Sphere of Direction in hand. As the portal ring began to arc, he picked the arcs up on his fingertips, using some of the portals power to power the sphere of direction through his amulet. He once again focused, allowing the sphere to communicate to him on higher dimensions... before the sphere overheated from operating far beyond its original intent, it revealed the general location of Blitukus' next goal. Blitukus was surprised... it was Arkus' tower!... although, it seemed, the tower was no longer there, and the scenery was much different... it seemed to lay below a large city. It was a good thing he brought his pickaxe... he might have to dig for it. This time, Blitukus

felt intent on appearing close enough to not need transit, and he would rather not be stuck in Rametaru. He waited for it to cool, and used it again, this time in standard configuration. He pinpointed a spot on the northern end of the central continents, very close to where Arkus tower was. He couldn't pinpoint it, but if need be, it would hopefully be within walking distance. Blitukus held the divide active as he drew away from the portal ring, then took note of the coordinates of this location. He put the sphere away, and calculated new deltas for this. When he was done with that, he calculated the proper initial conditions. He entered both into the calculating machine, setting the time delta to take him to 1999, then spinning it upwards again, leaving it unobserved. The ring had already spun up, and the machine was waiting. Blitukus started the calculating machine, and waited for it to finish. When it had, he readied the clockwork controls, and fired the particle beam... when the beam ceased, he started the controls. As energy arced about the room, he kept his eyes shut, focusing on his willpower, attempting to force the destination to resolve close enough to the component... the component was beneath the city, where Arkus' tower used to be... perhaps Arkus had a second one, and in the future, it still lay there, unmoved? He opened his eyes and observed the rift that had formed... and his heart sank in horror. A barren, desolate landscape, black and red beneath a matching black and red sky lay beyond... It seemed likely that, despite Blitukus' will, he had just observed the results of a demonic victory, or perhaps... a situation in which neither side won.

He slowly approached the portal, breathing out slowly. Now that he had observed it... there was no longer anything he could do about it. Blitukus walked up to the portal... and looked through to the utterly dead landscape beyond... he didn't know what environmental dangers he would face on the other side... but it seemed he would be the only living being around. Not even demons were present... perhaps, truly, nobody had won? This made his heart sink even deeper... he still had a duty to perform, and maybe, just maybe, when the cat relic was put to its true use... even this would be undone. First, he needed to complete the cat relic. No matter what he faced on the other side... it must be done. He crossed into the rift, and as he traversed it, the world around him progressed once more. He passed 2000, and kept going.

The demonic invasion of the technological civilization began in 2000... but the demons mostly remained in hiding. They gathered and grouped in the dark corners of the more corrupt and criminal infested areas of the various cities, careful to keep from alarming the people. It seemed they wanted this civilization, these cities intact... they wanted these cities for themselves. They began their move toward world domination in 2002. In that year, rumors spread that the CEO of OmnireCo had been assassinated, and that the company was under new leadership... but those claims were never directly verified at the time. Soon after, OmnireCo seemed to become much more aggressive, cold and calculated economic decisions allowing it to dominate the markets and gain unprecedented power. Its power grew over the years 2002 to 2005, the large OmnireCo buildings often deemed off limits to guests. Those who entered without permission were often found to go missing immediately after. OmnireCo befriended the local government, lining the coffers of Anthath Siset and lining the wallets of the local officials... the government pacified, its power spread into various, previously government controlled operations. By 2006... OmnireCo was the government of Anthath Siset. The people of Anthath Siset felt more and more violated as their lives became more and more controlled by the corporation... eventually, dissent grew. By late 2006, organized riots broke out openly attacking the corporate interest, the leaders of these rebellious groups rallying around the legend of the Revolution of 1050. This rebellion was annihilated within a month by the now corporate-owned police force, and the people were subdued. Throughout the course of 2007, OmnireCo used international ties to expand its power further, spreading throughout the entire east continents like wildfire. As its reach grew, it toppled governments and replaced them with itself. Through late 2007, OmnireCo expanded its sphere of influence throughout the world, slowly spreading from city to city, nation to nation like a disease... but the west continents, Metropolis especially, became more and more bitter towards these unwelcome advances. In Obsidian of 2007, Metropolis took a stand. The leader of Metropolis visited the capitals of the nations of the west continents, and found all of the other leaders unanimously were disgusted with the advance of OmnireCo. They banded together, and collectively embargoed OmnireCo, forcing it from the west continents. OmnireCo began to send massive amounts of propaganda to the west continents, setting up false events and push-pull factors to try to sucker the people into working for them... but the people of the west continents didn't fall for this. They were infuriated by OmnireCos actions, and popular support for the local governments actually increased. On Obsidian 27, 2007, the leaders of the west continents banded together and, all together in the same room, broadcasted a global transmission, condemning OmnireCos actions, and requesting the allegiance of all other nations. They revealed many facts to the peoples of the east and central continents that OmnireCo did not want these people to hear. In the top of the OmnireCo headquarters in Rametaru, the CEO was watching this via television, his red hand gripping a glass of a dark drink. He gripped the glass so tightly it shattered in his grasp. Soon after, several of the more nationalistic regions that had previously been subdued started to show signs of unrest against OmnireCo. Then, on Granite 1, 2008... new years day, OmnireCo declared war on the west continents. Soon after, OmnireCo began mass exterminations of populations who showed any sign of resistance. The nations of the west continents defended themselves, but found they were hardly able to having never recently been militaristic. The people of the west continents saw this... they were not simply fighting for their superiors... they were fighting for their liberty... they were fighting for their survival. During 2008, the front held firmly westward. The northwest continents crumbled, and OmnireCo took over... but the central and southern regions of the west continents still defended themselves despite nearly being conquered several times. During the course of 2008, they developed new weapons, building proper facilities to defend themselves with... soon, the front became stagnant. The west continents was finally truly holding a front against demonic forces. The nations of the west slowly built up their forces, and stormed through the northwest continents, reclaiming them from OmnireCo. Soon after, their remaining forces proceeded out to sea, forming a blockade to end the naval siege. The demons then showed themselves in true combat... they ordered a strike on the blockade, but even though this strike nearly punched through to the cities, it was driven away, the ports in the northwest continents having been liberated. The advanced technologies of Metropolis and the dedicated and skilled warriors of the free lands allowed them to regain many of their lost territories despite demonic resistance. Throughout 2008, 2009, and 2010, the front was slowly pushed eastward, until it finally divided the central continents in half, the westward cities, ruined by war, being rebuilt and repopulated by the people of the free nations. In 2010, OmnireCo stepped up its offensive to repel the desperate attacks from the west. The front moved westward again, but was soon held stagnant. In late 2010, Project Dreadnought was begun, designed to be a single super-vehicle capable of annihilating large groups of enemies. The materials cost was tremendous... but it seemed money now mattered little. The war already was very taxing... although, it seemed OmnireCo was plundering the lands of their resources in the construction of an even larger project... although, nobody knew what they were building, only that it would either be truly enormous... or enormously numerous. The Dreadnought, an immense aircraft far superior to anything to have ever proceeded it, was designed, and construction began in 2011. It took until 2016 to complete it. By this time, the demons began launching spacecraft to spy upon the free nations... once again, the demons pushed further eastward. It seemed the war would be lost... but the technological and military marvel known as Dreadnought launched in late 2016. An immense campaign began, pushing the front westward began, and Project Kappa, a space based defense network of armed satellites, went underway. Alongside Project Kappa, Project Omicron was developed... unlike the other projects, this one was kept entirelyly secret. All that was known outside of the government at the time was that the brightest minds available were assigned to work on it. As the Kappa satellites started to become operational, they were used to disable the OmnireCo spy satellites. Soon, the OmnireCo forces found themselves blind to the west, having to contend with the Dreadnought as well as the other forces of the free nations. The front was pushed eastward through the central continents, and finally, when the demons had realized... THEY were losing, it was too late for them. The front pushed into the east continents, and finally, in the year 2020, the Dreadnought flew over Rametaru, seemingly symbolizing the beginning of the end of the demonic invasion. It was on the 13th of Opal, 2020, when the Demons would make their last stand.

The general of Metropolis, a male human and experienced warrior, nearly a legendary tactician, stood in the central room of the control bunker, looking into the status display, all around him, humans and kobolds at computer stations. The phone by him rang. He picked up. On the other end of the line was the king, a kobold much like the general, only also highly skilled in matters of domestic affairs. The king spoke, "Has the Dreadnought secured Rametaru?" The general replied, "Rametaru has been subdued." The king replied, "Excellent news, general. Soon... we can finally put this whole mess behind us. I commend you and your efforts... If it wasn't for your quick thinking back in the battle of Platesgilded... we might've lost the Dreadnought." The general smiled, "Thank you, my lord. I- Hold on..." A kobold walked up to the general. The general asked, "Yes?" The kobold spoke, "I, erm... really don't know how to tell you this, uh..." The general replied, "Speak, commander, speak!" The kobold continued, "It looks like they've built a new type of stealth missile that our radars can't pick up on quick enough for countermeasures to work... and they tested it successfully... Sir... we've lost the Dreadnought." The general spoke, "We... wait, hold on, run that by me again." The kobold repeated, "... We've lost the Dreadnought, sir." The general hesitated for a moment, then let out a deep sigh... "DAMN!" The king asked, "Is everything alright, general?" The general replied, "My lord, I was just informed... the Dreadnought has been shot down by a new type of missile." The king replied, "WHAT? Ah no... ah what the hell am I going to tell the press... the war is essentially over anyway, but... damn." The general replied, "We all read the papers before signing them, my lord... they will be remembered." The king replied, "Of course. but I-" A beeping sound could be heard. The king continued, "I need you to finish this once and for all. Goodbye, and good luck." The general replied, "Goodbye." They then ceased communication. The general resumed observing the status board... Suddenly, several activity markers appeared over the maps east continents... nothing had been marked there before, and there were no population centers nearby. The general spoke, "What the hell... Analysis!" One of the markers seemed to move. A line traced its predicted trajectory... it was accelerating upwards toward space... but it wasn't headed to orbit... One of the humans below spoke, "It seems to be an... oh... oh my... it is an intercontinental missile, sir!" The general spoke, "Dear... f\*cking..." The general immediately picked up the phone, and dialed the number to the room of the kobold Kappa operator Mintus. The phone rang... The general spoke, "Dammit, wake up!" A moment later, Mintus picked up, "Hmn... yeah?". The general spoke, "Mintus, get down to your station pronto, **we've got incoming missiles.**" Mintus spoke, "HOLY SH- erm... On my way, sir." Mintus dropped the phone, got out of bed, then ran down the corridors, reaching a sealed door. He frantically typed in an access code.. getting it wrong the

first time due to frantic haste... and entered a small room, inside, the Kappa control station, an optical computing rig built into a special seat with a VR overlay. Mintus sat in the seat, not caring about the door being open, and quickly started the computers. He wore the VR overlay... the display showed him a map and the current optical view of the satellite closest to the incoming missile... he watched the missile fly, waiting for it to get into range. When it got into range of a satellite, he immediately switched to that satellite, and locked in. Meanwhile, 200 miles above the surface... a satellite essentially consisting of a multi-part laser turret and large, massive solar panels to power it, zoomed its camera in, its turret turning to aim at the incoming missile. Mintus saw through the satellites sights, and although the basic targeting was done automatically, he controlled the fine aim. He carefully lined the crosshairs up on the front of the black-and-red missile, targeting specifically the warhead. The laser turret fired. A burning yellow dot appeared on the missile... the area around this dot heating up until it glowed red. Finally, the metal was melted through, and a moment later, the missile began to turn, its control systems fried. It veered off course. Mintus, the general, everyone in the room watched the errant projectile fly away. Several minutes passed... after seemingly an eternity, it landed. It crashed into some woodlands, failing to detonate. The general breathed a sigh of relief... but just as he had finished, the alarm went off. It seemed now... that was just a test of their defenses. Several dozen missiles were now in flight from various locations. As they arced up into space, Mintus began picking them off, quick-switching quite often, picking off the lower flying ones first, for they would impact first. The general called the king... The king picked up, "Yes?" The general spoke, "My lord... we have intercontinental missiles launched! We've got the situation under control... for now, but just in case I recommend you ready Omicron." The king replied, "MISSILES? You have... I expect the situation will STAY under control?" There was a slight sound of fear in the king's voice, "Where the hell is this world going to? I was just signing the papers to decommission the Omicron... you are aware of the effects of using the Omicron... are you sure this is justified? If you have it under control... I don't think it's worth pulling the tarp off that thing!" The general replied, "I have a hunch things are going to turn **very** bad **very** fast... and if that happens, we need Omicron... otherwise we might not have much of a world left to enjoy." A few moments passed, then the king replied, "Okay... I'll have the controllers ready it... but you had better be damn sure it's truly the last resort." The general replied, "Yes, my lord... I will contact you again soon." People seemed to shout in the room, debating about the missiles and what to do about them. The general looked onward, and spoke, "They fall duds... we've eliminated their missiles." The debating in the room died down. Time passed... Markers disappeared as the missiles either crashed down without detonating, or exploded in space.

Meanwhile, Omicron was readied. 1050 miles above the oceans of the south-central continents... an enormous, previously dark satellite, painted to be hidden among the dark skies of space, unfolded itself. Its interior contained a dense assembly of components, some suspended in crystal glass near a large array of various coils. Several booms extended out quite far... then unspooled themselves, releasing several thousand square feet worth of paper thin solar panels. A blue glow began to gather within the center of the satellite. The attack had been repelled... perhaps... The alarm sounded again. Perhaps... that also was just a test of their defenses... and now the test was over. Markers appeared all over the eastern continents... dozens, perhaps hundreds... This is what the demons had spent so long building... As they flew, Mintus picked them off to his ability. Unfortunately, project Kappa wasn't complete... they only had one operator since they only needed one at the time... time passed, and many missiles flew off course, crashing harmlessly... but, it was beyond the capabilities of a lone operator to defend against. On top of it, some of the missiles detonated violently in space, ruining some of the Kappa defense satellites. The general breathed in deeply, a mixture of anger and fear audible in his breath... The first of the missiles coming down struck... a green circle appeared on the map, where a small town once was. Another hit... another hit... The general yelled, "Get our AM sites ready NOW, tell them to expect an intercept speed of 6200." One of the kobolds in the room asked, "62... HUNDRED, sir? Ok..." The kobold and her neighbors began to send out orders... meanwhile, near various cities, anti-air sites, previously designed to eliminate high-altitude high-speed aircraft, aimed upward... they were designed to take out a target moving 4 times the speed of sound... they now faced targets moving at 5-fold that. The missiles they fired moved slower than the missiles they were targeting... but they still fired. As warheads burned through the atmosphere in a trail of flame, some of them were intercepted by missiles. The sky was alight with nuclear fires... and all along the horizon, the flashes along the ground, signifying the death of the unfortunate... or perhaps, the inevitable... were seen. The general looked on, stern faced but horrified within. He heard from radio, Mintus speaking, "We've got 120 inbound, sir! We're... f\*cked, for the lack of a better word." The general reached for the phone, contacting the king, "No, not yet we aren't." The king yelled, "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OVER THERE?" The general replied, "67A8H5-42O4R, wait for my mark." The king hesitated, then replied, "I see... ok then, just tell me when... Omicron had better work, for all of our sakes." The sound of the king opening a hidden compartment, then typing a few things in, could be heard. The general realized... this was not merely a dire battle.... this was likely his last battle... everyone's last battle. SCRE-E-BOOOOOM! The entire bunker shook... screams and shattering glass could be heard above. Another explosion happened, but nobody heard it... for it immediately deafened everyone in the bunker. The steel bulkhead was blown out, and the ceiling collapsed. The general barely escaped through the blown out door before the bunker caved in but... he looked back. They weren't so lucky. The general ran up through the corridors, and scrambled up the steps. He ran through the wrecked building, ignoring the scorched metal melting his boots. He ran to the Kappa control station... the kobold controller was dead, and the control station was heavily damaged, but still barely operational. He shut the door, then pulled the dead kobold away, and assumed command of the Kappa satellites himself... although he was hardly able to do so with the console in its state. The inputs were partially broken, 2 of the 3 displays broken, and the VR set cracked through and the entire rig partially melted... but despite horrid damage which in any other case should've entirely ruined the console, it still worked... for the time being. He fired whenever he could, taking out several missiles despite the broken equipment and his lack of training for this weapon. Missiles rained down... but eventually, they stopped being launched. He reestablished communication with the king via a radio uplink... When all of the missiles in flight had left the atmosphere, the general spoke, "Fire Omicron... NOW!" The Omicron satellite, orbiting 1050 miles above, had acquired a piercing blue glow, an enormous amount of energy gathered at its heart. The blue glow flashed, then began to dim. The array of coils sparked slightly, then glowed with heat. The satellite seemed to bend, distort, the glass cracking, until finally, it exploded in a brilliant, blue flash, immense waves of electromagnetism surging through the planet's magnetic field... these waves, initially rather small, only got more and more powerful, cascading, feeding off of the planet's magnetic field... and at the same time, playing havoc with the magnetic field. Solar radiation pierced through, damaging the chemistry of the atmosphere... but as these ever cascading waves twisted the planet's magnetic field, all space-based objects were subject to a torrent of radiation and electromagnetism. The missiles in flight sparked within... and promptly exploded in space, resulting in brilliant flashes visible over an entire hemisphere. The Kappa defense satellites were also fried... but the skies were now finally clear... The general breathed a deep sigh of relief, took off the VR overlay, and dropped it to his side... it was over... or, at least, he thought it was. The missiles had stopped firing, and he expected they were out... the broken, now barely audible alarm rang below... more launches... and now... there was no defense. The general stood, and walked out of the building, into the scorched, radioactive terrain beyond... there was nothing he could do. It was over, all of it. Time passed... after a bit of waiting, the general saw the warhead streaking toward the already wrecked building... it hit relatively close by, annihilating the general and finally toppling the building. Meanwhile... the king spoke, "General... GENERAL?!" He heard nothing but static in reply. The king looked out the window... and saw the warhead streaking right toward his office. He dropped the phone, a tear forming on one of his eyes... "Why... we were so close, and now..." The king looked down. A child, standing in the streets, watching a holographic display to his handheld optical computer, heard a dull boom, and looked up to see the plasma trails of a warhead streaking overhead... Afterwards, nothing could be heard, but a few birds singing their last song. The king, and his entire office, were annihilated in a brilliant flash of energy. The shockwave ripped through metropolis, shattering the windows on the buildings, toppling the skyscrapers, tossing vehicles about and leaving nothing behind but charred remains. Further warheads impacted, leveling much of the city. Where that child once stood, there was nothing. Several miles away, a small body, closer to a lump of black, charred flesh, lay next to a splattered lump of molten plastic and metal, placed close to what was once a hand.

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That was long and took forever to write, but it was worth it.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **December 31, 2007, 03:14:00 am**

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What a great birthday present, the first post.

Edit: what a sad, sad, update to give me for my birthday.

[ December 31, 2007: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **December 31, 2007, 07:50:00 pm**

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Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond Beyond  
Quality!!!!!!!!!!!! :D :D :D

I love this story, really and truly, it is one of the very few points of light in my life.



I am chatting whit AlanL \*currently\* so most of the things I would say I have told him in person. This is beyond words so there isn't very much to say anyways.

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quote:
What a great birthday present, the first post.
Edit:what a sad, sad, update to give me for my birthday.

I take this as that it is your birthday;  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 01, 2008, 12:13:00 am**

Thank you :)

And yeah, I tend to disregard holidays in my writing, although the start of the demonic war in the first days of 2008 wasn't a coincidence :p

Luckily, that one fit right in.

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Blitukus emerged on the other side, setting foot on the ashy dirt... he took a few steps forward, and observed the world... Around were the familiar hills of the lands near Arkus' tower... although, where their once used to be pristine, green woodland, abuzz with life... there was nothing but an ash-covered hill, dimly lit under an obscured sky... no longer was their trees, animals, birds... life... the only sound that could be heard was the dull whoosh of the winds, slowly churning the ash, a dying whoosh as if the winds themselves were dying in a downward spiral. The wind was quite cold... previously this had been a temperate area... but now, it seemed much of the world had become locked in ice, a layer of black cloud above, the sun only dimly visible through it... the sun seemed red through the clouds. In the distance... there was what appeared to be a city, although there was no motion. He remembered... he had once had a nightmare remarkably like this... He took a few more steps forward, the wind gusting slightly as he did so. He observed for a bit more... then looked back. The rift had vanished... he was there for the next day. Blitukus started walking toward the still city, his feet leaving footprints in the dust behind him, the wind slowly filling these prints back in. There was no beauty... no life... no magic... Blitukus felt rather lonely, for it seemed the wind was his only ally left alive, and even the wind seemed to lack its previous joy... He took in a deep breath, then coughed it out. He regulated his breathing as he walked, sensing his lungs having a bit of trouble with the air... it was somewhat hard to breathe... it seemed, not because the air was polluted, rather, its chemistry had fundamentally changed... the life giving gases that had once existed in abundance had become scarcer. It was still breathable... barely. Blitukus wouldn't be able to safely exert himself much in this environment. Time passed as he walked, and the sun slowly moved through the sky, the clouds reducing its radiance to dim blood red rays, dark shadows moving across the horizon. Blitukus checked his timepiece, using his souls mana... seemingly the last refuge of mana existent on the entire planet... to power it. When the timepiece had stopped adjusting, it read, "10:42 AM, Malachite 8, 2421". A little under 2 hours of walking had passed... he would need to return by 8:30 AM, allowing for a safety margin. He continued walking... and all around... nothing happened. Much of the terrain around seemed to have been strip mined... the world had been plundered, and it was all for nothing. It seemed life, civilization, the world... was over. He walked by the remains of an enormous black-and-red rocket. It seemed to have crash landed eons ago... and now, it was inert, its metal corroded through and disfigured by erosion. Blitukus looked at it, and sighed... his heart full of sadness... but beneath it all... he felt anger. The adamantine walls did collapse, and the demons set free, had abused the fruits of the work of those following after him... for this. He felt bitterness, and sighed through his nose. He continued on... slowly, he approached the city. The red glow above lit his fur dimly... all of those people... all of that potential... he sighed again, his breath drawn away on cold, lifeless winds. Eventually, he stopped... the skull of a bull lay in the dust before him... once a strong, stubborn beast of self-determined life... now, the bulls skull lay eternally motionless in the dust, ash and dust slowly blowing over and through it. He continued, observing the strip mines around the city... It seemed the demons had survived... for a while. They had lived long enough to plunder the land of its resources and squander them... and now, no civilization could ever take root upon these soils ever again. Blitukus neared the eternally motionless city, long since depopulated... many of the buildings seemed partially dismantled, and they seemed red with corrosion, eaten at by erosion. Several hours had passed. Blitukus began to feel hungry. Luckily, he had prepared himself for the worst... he took out the plump helmet... the only other life he would ever see on these barren landscapes... and began to eat it. He almost felt bad for doing so. When he finished the plump helmet, he took the seeds, and lay them carefully across the ground... should the planet ever recover in the millenia to come... may time bury these seeds, and may these seeds bring food to... well... there would be nobody to feed... Blitukus left the seeds there, and continued on. Eventually... the ruined, rusted buildings of what was once a grand, glorious city loomed above him.

The ash and dust transitioned to cracked pavement and asphalt... He looked up, and saw a building, corroded into and eternally still... this indeed seemed to be the manifestation of his nightmare. All around, many buildings were rubble... those that still stood were hardly anything more than skeletons, their supporting frames corroding over time. An occasional building still had walls up, but the interior was still rubble. Blitukus walked down the ruined road... once abuzz with the vehicles and freight of a prosperous nation... now eternally silent. Blitukus walked near to the remains of a vehicle... it was dented and bent, rusted through in some parts, and turned upside down, many parts of the interior no longer recognizable. Blitukus felt the broken glass of what was once the vehicles windows under his feet... but time had long since dulled the glass. It didn't even poke at his feet. Blitukus brushed up against the door of the vehicle... TANNNG! A spring within the door had snapped from the slight change. Blitukus bent over, and looked into the interior of the vehicle, curious as to if anything useful had remained... he leaned on the door, and suddenly, the hinges let out a crack and a cloud of rust. The door shifted. Blitukus immediately backed away. The door had come loose from its hinges, and began to tip over. SLAM! It fell to the ground, sending out a cloud of rust, the slam of the impact echoing among the dead buildings... then, all was silent and still again, the wind blowing the rust cloud down the street.

*It seems security will not be a problem...*

He stepped up to the now toppled door, and looked through the hole into the wrecked vehicle... nothing of use was inside. Another problem began to show itself... seeing as much of the world had come to rest... there were no energy sources, no way for him to replenish his mana. His soul contained the planets entire supply... he would have to conserve it. he was close already, and needed to know where to go next. He checked his sphere of direction... it pointed toward one of the larger, more intact buildings near the center of the city. Luckily, this city had been built upwards rather than outwards... he could reach it on foot in time. He continued towards the center of the city. On the way, he passed through some toppled steel beams that lay across the road, and several wires, once attached to a wooden pole that had since rotted away. The wires once carried immense charge through a large grid... now they were entirely inert. He crossed directly through the streets, and soon after, reached the building... its supporting framework still towered into the sky... but it was slowly corroding downwards. Only the first 2 stories had walls still, and the floors had collapsed to rubble. He would not be able to enter through the first story, for rubble blocked all entrances. A wrecked vehicle lay near the building, still right side up. It wasn't a good idea... but it was the only way. Blitukus walked up to the vehicle, and slowly began to climb its front. He climbed on top of the front of the vehicle, and began to stand. One of his feet sank through the corroded front, landing on the dull, rusted metal of the now-useless engine below. He pulled his foot out, and crawled on top of the vehicle, attempting to distribute his weight over a broad area. He slowly climbed the vehicle further, until he reached the very top of the cabin. He climbed to the back of the roof of the vehicle, and looked up... a second story window was directly above. He began to stand... and then promptly fell through the roof of the vehicle, landing on his back in the deformed interior below. He grunted, then sat up... much of the roof was still intact, although there was now a gaping hole directly above. He got up, walked to the front of this large vehicle, then opened the door. The door broke as it folded open fully. He got out of the wrecked vehicle, then walked to the front again. Unfortunately, he realized, this entire situation meant he likely would never find out the fate of Arkus and Kazo. He climbed the top of the vehicle, spreading his weight out as much as possible. He eventually reached the roof of the cabin once again. Luckily, the vehicle was quite tall... considering what was once rows of seats within, it was likely one of those vehicles that picked up and dropped off crowds that he had ridden in, back in 1999... He extended his hand out towards the window, and found it was still a bit beyond his reach. Blitukus began to stand, then jumped upward, grabbing hold of the window frame as the vehicle frame below him collapsed. He hung there for a moment, then pulled himself up, through the now glassless window. The floor below had collapsed in the center, but was still attached to the wall near the edges, forming sort of a square funnel, leading towards the middle. A pipe of the floor nearby still stood out straight. He slowly made his way onto this small section of floor... it collapsed, sending him sliding

down the funnel toward the center... slid to a stop, and sat right by the center. He controlled his breathing, slowly catching his breath as much as he could from the sparsely viable air. When he had recovered, he checked the sphere again... it pointed streight down. It seemed he would have to dig... although he wouldn't be able to proceed at full speed considering the difficult air. Luckily, it didn't seem to be that far beneath the surface. Blitukus moved the rubble, and took out his pickaxe. He raised it, and with a controlled, efficient motion, brought it back down. As he dug, he found he quickly broke through the already cracked floor tile and foundation, and proceeded into the ashy terrain below. He found the ash seemed to decrease as he dug... soon, the polluted grounds revealed pristine ground beneath... the building he had dug through had been built in the valley that had once held Arkus' tower... perhaps he would dig up some clues as to the fate of Arkus and Kazo? Perhaps... perhaps not... it seemed no excavation had dug here before, but maybe that was why they knew nothing of their fate in 1999... He kept digging, stopping to take breaks every now and then to catch his breath. He suddenly felt as if he were not alone... More time passed, but eventually... He brought his pickaxe down... TCHINK! His pickaxe seemed to graze another metallic object... perhaps a lingering plate from the days of the ancients? No... it was still too high up for that... but, perhaps. These things weren't exact. Perhaps he had dug to a container that contained the component? Hopefully... He brushed the dirt away from the bottom of the pit he had dug, and noticed a metallic object beneath, sky blue in color. Blitukus carefully began to dig around the object, and noticed, this plate was oddly curved, and linked to other plates... he continued digging out the object... and realized... it seemed to be in the shape of a torso. Could it be...? He dug along the side of his pit, revealing upwards from the torso, finally unearthing the head... it was... he had dug thinking about finding a clue to Kazos fate, and he had now witnessed the aftermath first hand. It seemed that Kazo had been laying there for centuries... perhaps millenia... his joints and head full of dirt. The glow of his eyes had disappeared, and it appeared for all intents and purposes... that he had been long dead. But... Blitukus still felt that inexplicable sense that he was not alone... Kazo was a construct... it was a long-shot but maybe Kazos soul was really still there. Kazo was in a slumber from which he was powerless to awake... but perhaps, that's all it was, sleep. Blitukus continued excavating Kazo from the terrain... and found that Kazo held in his hand a device of some kind. with an exterior of that dark, technological adamantine, an immensely complex assembly of immensely small devices in its interior. These devices seemed a dim green in color, and rested on transparent plates within, forming a grid as the plates were connected to one another.

*Yet again you are the one who brings a component to where I may find it... I just hope you are still around for me to thank...*

Blitukus took the device, and pocketed it, proceeding to continue the excavation. When he had fully dug Kazo out... he looked up, and realized that although he could reach the lip of the pit he had dug to pull himself out, he wouldn't be able to reach back down far enough to pull Kazo out, and if he tossed Kazo up to the level above, Kazo would simply fall back down into the pit. He rested, and thought for a few minutes... then realized a possible way to do it. He began to clear the dirt from Kazos joints, and found that luckily none of the dirt had permeated inside. He then stood, pulling Kazo up by the arm, and stuck Kazos claws into the wall of the pit. Blitukus then put his pickaxe away, reached up and pulled himself out of the pit. He then reached down, easily able to reach Kazos hand stuck in the wall, and pulled Kazo out. He hauled Kazo up the incline of the 'funnel', then lowered Kazo down from a window, proceeding to drop down from it himself afterwards. Blitukus then proceeded to start hauling Kazo with him as he made his way out of the city... he found that the air reduced his strength slightly... hauling Kazo slowed him a little, but not too much. If Kazo was still there... perhaps by bringing him back to 1085, Blitukus could allow Kazo to wake up... or, if that didn't work... he would think of something. He continued on, walking down the empty streets as the chilling wind blew at his back. As he exited the city, he noticed what was likely once an airport. He passed by it... inside a hangar of the airport, he noticed the rusted, partially dismantled remains of what was once a sleek, swift flying machine. Nearby, the remains of several vehicles lay. Fences surrounded much of the airport, so he couldn't draw very near, but he did notice one peculiar feature among the buildings... out of all of the rusted surfaces, a spraypaint design remained on the front of a hangar, depicting what seemed to be a creature, much like a fox, only bipedal. Blitukus looked at this curiously for a moment... then continued on. He likely didn't have the time to investigate. He left the ruins, and proceeded among the ashen landscape back the way he came. He proceeded through the eventless wastes for several hours more... feeling his thirst building up. Meanwhile... the already dim lands were becoming darker as the sun set. He continued anyway... The sun set... and the land was soon shrouded by darkness. Luckily, he knew the way back, and there were no trees to stand in his way... but still, the path ahead became a bit unsure. He continued on into the night... the cold becoming colder, until eventually, it began snowing... although despite his thirst, something smelled quite unhealthy regarding the snow, so he avoided eating it. Eventually, he found himself becoming tired... he wasn't used to sleeping in the night, but it seemed he would have to. He felt he had at least gotten near to the rift site... but he wouldn't be able to pinpoint it without any ambient light, and he didn't want to waste further mana when he wouldn't necessarily need to. He reached the top of a hill, set Kazo down in the snowy ash, and lay down himself, bunching up in his clothes to conserve as much heat as possible. He looked in Kazos general direction...

*They built a city above your resting place... I guess you were lucky you didn't end up in a laboratory or as a museum exhibit, otherwise, when this all happened... well, you're in 1 piece here and now, and hopefully that will count for something.*

It was an interesting turn of events... when the bodies of the dead are buried, many hope for flowers to grow near the grave as a sign of a successful journey to the afterlife... even though Kazo may not have died, when his body was buried by nature in this centuries-long sleep... above his resting place, not flowers, but an advanced city grew. What did this signify? Likely nothing... for, Blitukus hoped, Kazo had not died. Slowly, Blitukus forced himself to sleep. He found that, although he may have dreamed that night, he did not remember it upon awakening. When he awoke, he still felt somewhat drained... the cold and harsh atmosphere had not allowed his body to recover much. The sun was rising... this confused him for a moment. He had fallen asleep in the middle of the night and had awoken at sunrise... this odd sleeping pattern was not what he was used to. Blitukus stood from the snow, and brushed himself off. He looked around... the rift site was atop a reasonably close hill. He walked to where Kazo was laying, and again, picked Kazo up, hauling Kazo with as he walked towards the rift site. He was now rather dehydrated, but continued anyway. Blitukus walked down the hillside, and continued over to the hill of the rift site. The sun rose, and continued upward as Blitukus traveled. Blitukus realized... he wouldn't be waiting that long upon arrival. Blitukus ascended the hillside of the rift side, and then sat near, but not too close, the rift site. Every once in a while, he turned back to observe the site. Time passed... and the rift was nowhere to be seen... He began to become concerned that he had missed it, and was stranded upon these wastes... until, he felt a dull shift of the winds, and observed the rift, happening to spring into existence, behind him. Blitukus stood, and hauled Kazo up to the portal. He crossed through, back to 1085, hauling Kazo through with. He hauled Kazo to the control panel, then shut down the portal ring, collapsing the rift, the view of the wastes beyond vanishing. He then cut steam to the dynamos and vented the boilers. He shut down the magma inlets... but as they drained, he went to the water channel, and drank deeply from it, quenching his thirst. When he had finished, he shut the inlet to the water channel, and let it drain as well. He looked at Kazo... Kazo still lay unmoving, the glow in Kazos eyes still gone... was his soul still there? Blitukus could attempt to revive Kazo... but was the amulet really the best idea? How would it treat a construct? What would most likely work? Blitukus' body called for more of this fresh, life giving air... Blitukus walked out of the cavern, and out the tunnel, exiting into the glacier beyond. He looked out... he would find a way... and still... what he had saw among the wastes horrified him. He had held it back... but he felt it in his heart. But, what of that other time traveler? What of that bird, that phoenix on that planet? Perhaps, the civilizations of this world, Orubxah Oru, had indeed died out... and that human was of another world, the phoenix representing a civilization among the stars that had learned of Blitukus' and Fales story through their travels... although, the thought that his and his mothers stories were of such inspiration throughout the stars deeply honored him, there was another possibility. He looked up, searching for that large red star to no avail... What if, like the dragons, they would make use of the last few breaths of their grand civilization to leave their dead, poisoned world, and reach out toward the stars? Magic had its ways of performing mind boggling feats, but to a technological standpoint, this feat was just that, mind boggling. Blitukus sighed... a kobold could always hold out hopes... although their fate was likely beyond the scope of his quest. First, he needed to think of a way to at least try to revive Kazo... for not only was Kazo a friend, he owed it to Kazo.

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OK, I'll be surprised if anyone manages to figure out the reference I made with the airport.

[ January 01, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **January 01, 2008, 12:24:00 am**

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FIRST POST!!! YES!!! Now to read it.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Demosthenes** on **January 01, 2008, 04:46:00 am**

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Kazo, eh?

I hope he gets revived.



Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 01, 2008, 11:01:00 am**

Kazo!!! \*Hugs AlanL\*  
BEYOND QUALITY!!!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 01, 2008, 10:35:00 pm**

Nope, don't get the reference...

WOOHOO KAZO!!!!!!!!!!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 01, 2008, 11:58:00 pm**

Thanks. I'm glad the characters are appreciated :)

(reference spoiler)  
The airport was a reference to the videogame Inherit the Earth.

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Blitukus walked back down the tunnel, thinking about it... then reached a conclusion. If the amulet wasn't designed to be used with constructs, then it might be a very bad idea to use it to revive Kazo directly... so he would have to use it indirectly. He would use himself as a converter and filter for mana, and transfer his own mana to Kazo... how long that power would last, he couldn't tell, but at least it would indicate whether Kazo was really there or not. Blitukus walked back to the cavern... at least this presented an opportunity. It would not be good for Kazo to wake up with his head full of dirt... Blitukus lay Kazo on top of the control panel, and began to carefully use his pickaxe to chip away at the dirt in Kazos joints and head. On top of it, it would be a good idea for him to rest himself before attempting such a thing as this revival... He soon found his hunger had returned, and stopped to eat. Blitukus wondered... did constructs ever really get 'hungry'? Did Kazo feel his low energy as hunger or tiredness? Perhaps both? He continued afterwards until his thirst had returned, and he stopped to drink. He realized... it would be much more efficient to just wash Kazo off in the water channel... but then again, whether Kazo was amphibious or not was up to debate. Blitukus would rather not risk that. Blitukus continued cleaning the dirt away to the best of his ability. He worked slowly with as much precision as he could, avoiding any possible damage as he chipped away at the packed dirt. Finally, he chipped the last of it away... he dusted the adamantine off, and checked the joints. They still moved and they still were as strong as ever... it seemed time really did respect adamantine and crystal. Still, he himself had to be prepared... and his body and soul were still recovering from his stay in the wastelands. Quite a while had passed. Blitukus returned to his room, and began to reflect... soon though, he found he began to become thirsty again. He drank from the river again, finding his body was glad to once again have a reliable source of water. He returned to his room, and continued to rest and reflect... he felt it in his heart, the demons were responsible for the end of civilization... he began to feel a deeper and deeper anger toward the demons... they had done that... they had threatened him... they had threatened his mother... but soon enough, it would be alright again, and the demons would have nothing on him. Maybe... when all things were opened to probability again... maybe... with his mother having lived out a full life... the demons would've lost the war. For a change, it seemed there was nothing the demons could do to change this. Blitukus continued assessing the situation. More time passed, and the moon moved through the sky. Blitukus stopped to eat again, his hunger having returned... there were still many possibilities that were yet to be resolved. When he finished, he cleaned the spores and returned them to the seeds bag. He returned to his room, and continued his reflection... it was likely the last component still lay in the future, although... he might be facing demonic resistance, this time. Dracha had said his birthday gift might be useful in the future... he decided to wait until after he received his gift to venture forth to the last component. He finalized this decision, then, as he physically became tired, finished the night reflecting on what he would do regarding an adamantine raptor strolling his tunnels, should he successfully revive Kazo... it would work out, somehow. Blitukus finally found himself tired enough, and lay on his bed. He allowed himself to drift off to sleep after reviewing some of the first reading material he had read.

That day, he had an odd dream... he found himself standing upon the wastes once again... but, it seemed a dark silhouette stood on a nearby hill. The silhouette vaguely reminded him of the shape of a kobold... whatever it was, it seemed to be female. Her eyes had a sharp but small blue glow, only at the pupils... the rest of her was completely dark in this environment. Her silhouette moved... she seemed to pull out a crossbow, and aim over an adjacent hillside. She fired... in the distance, a spray of ichor and gore flew into the sky, a bright trail of red hot plasma connecting the end of her crossbow to whatever she had targeted. She then walked down the slope of the hill, her feet leaving deep prints in the ash... she climbed to the top of the next hill, more of a dune, and looked over the top. She let out a deep howl, sounding like that of a wolf... soon after, a glowing projectile whizzed above the hill. She quickly aimed and returned fire at whatever was on the other side of the hill. She then quickly crouched behind the peak of the hill... she looked at Blitukus as if she were looking at an old ally... she silently gestured for Blitukus to come closer. Blitukus acknowledged this, and approached. She quietly spoke, "Try a little sooner next time... we need you back at base. Go!" She forcefully pushed Blitukus back, away from the hill top. Blitukus backed down the hillside, and ascended the hill behind it... as he stood atop it, he looked back. Beyond that hill lay a demonic caravan of some kind... it seemed they had very advanced technological vehicles, beyond anything Blitukus had seen before. He saw the red and green glows moving across the desolate terrain... in front of Blitukus, far away from the demonic caravan, lay several blue glows, barely noticeable against the darkness... but they were still there. Blitukus began to walk toward the glows... soon, he felt a sharp, intense burning... it seemed a glowing, demonic projectile had emerged from his front side... he felt his back, gushing with blood... it had entered into his backside... Blitukus looked down, and vaguely saw smoke emerging from the flaming hole in his guts. He fell to his knees... and that's when it ended. Blitukus awoke... he felt his dream had had no reflection in the physical world at that moment... it WAS a possibility that civilization... and the demons... had survived the initial disaster... but they both lived on a dying world, a world that would die and take them with it... perhaps it was an even crueler fate. Perhaps, some day, the world would be reborn, the lands turning green again... but civilizations fate would still be sealed.

Blitukus sighed... and forced these thoughts from his mind. He would deal with the details of the future after his birthday... Blitukus got up. His body and soul had recovered, and he was almost ready. He walked to the river, and drank. He looked up the river, and saw the waters flowing down at him. Who WAS that in his dream?... His quest was nearing its end, and he may never find out the details behind the wolf-like kobold. When Blitukus finished his drink, he proceeded into the cavern again. He picked up Kazo, then lay Kazo down near the portal ring. Blitukus walked back to the control panel, then opened the magma and water inlets. When steam had built, he opened steam to the dynamos, and fed the dynamo power straight to the portal ring. As the portal ring spun up, Blitukus positioned himself between the portal ring and Kazo... slowly, the portal ring gained more and more energy. Blitukus crouched down, holding one of his hands close to the bottom coils of the portal ring.

*I have long understood that adamantine forms an excellent conductor within components... but I had never expected to become a component myself between two adamantine objects...*

The portal ring spun up, faster and faster... finally, Blitukus heard the high pitched hum of the coils. He held his fingertips close... eventually, arcs of energy found their way into his fingertips, passing through him to the amulet, where they were converted to mana. This was the only safe way to do it... if he took on energy from any other point in the system, he would likely be killed in the act of reviving Kazo. The arcs of the coil began to extend outward... Blitukus moved his mana to his other hand, and pressed his hand against Kazos head, releasing free mana out of that hand... if Kazos soul was there, this mana should be picked up... if not, then it would go to waste, and nothing would happen.



Blitukus continued doing this... eventually, he noticed the glow in Kazos eyes starting to reappear... it was working. Blitukus smiled... although he noticed the amulet... in fact his entire body, was starting to become warmer. Kazos soul really was still there... his friend had survived, and was now about to awaken... The glows formed the familiar reptilian eyes... Kazos head moved slightly. Kazo opened his mouth, and spoke, in a weak, barely audible voice, "So I guess that means I'm dead?" The glow kept intensifying. Kazo turned his head to the side, then looked up, catching sight of the magma channel. Kazo spoke, his voice strengthening, "Looks like I've gone to hell..." Kazo smiled. Blitukus snickered, "You do not seem very upset at the notion." Kazo replied, "It means I get to play with fire for an eternity."



Kazo looked up further, and saw Blitukus, standing before the portal ring, arcs of energy emanating outward from it. Blitukus moved his hand to avoid obstructing Kazos view, then commented, "You are far from dead, Kazo, although you have been asleep for a very long time." Kazo replied, "Really? So I'm not in hell, I'm in the future... I hope those are two different things!" Blitukus sighed, "As do I..." Kazo tried to stand, but Blitukus held Kazo down, speaking, "Stay laying... it would be best if your mana capacity was filled, as we need to work out a new power source for you." Kazo spoke, "I knew there was a reason I couldn't wake up. So how long was I out for?" Blitukus responded, "Well... I do not know, but the difference between now and the last time we met is about 2074 years." Kazo snickered, "We've met before? You do look familiar." Blitukus nodded, "Have you forgotten? I am Blitukus... the one who brought you a source of pure chaos." Kazo spoke, "Blitukus? The chaotic kobold? I thought I would never see you again! So I take it this means you've discovered the secret to immortality?" Blitukus replied, "Unfortunately no... indeed, I would rather not count the number of times I have come close to death." Kazo replied, "You sure look young for being 2100 years old then." Blitukus spoke, "I am actually 23 years of age. What you see behind me is a time machine." Kazo spoke, "I thought they said the time machine idea didn't work." Kazo rolled over, then stood. Blitukus stopped, and stood fully... his body was becoming uncomfortably hot anyway, the amulet hot to the touch. Kazo continued, "So then you've become a high mage? There's never been a kobold high mage before, how exciting!" Blitukus replied, "No... I am about at where you left me there... you might notice the different metals involved. I found that a time machine requires devices that only technology can provide." Blitukus pointed back to the calculating machine. Kazo looked at it, then quickly walked over to it, looking closely into it, a grin on his face, his tail flicking back and forth. Kazo spoke, "'Technology'... it's shiny, and has these rollers, buttons, levers, and... that's a LOT of gears! I don't think I've ever seen anything like it!" Blitukus snickered, "Technology is the physical parallel to your familiar astral techniques. You might say it is a whole other field of working with the world. Much of what I had learned before meeting you regarding basics came from working with technology." Kazo grinned, flicking his tail more, and twisted around to face Blitukus, "A whole other field? I just LOVE exploring new fields!" Kazo walked up to Blitukus, "It's your turn. I taught you how to work magic. I'd like to learn about this 'technology'!" Blitukus asked, "What do you want to know?" Kazo continued his grin, "Everything." Blitukus smiled. It seemed he had something to keep him busy... but this also meant many things would have to be taken care of before hand. Kazo seemed remarkably cheerful for what he had likely gone through beforehand... but perhaps that was simply his nature... perhaps also he had long since gotten over it. Kazo knew what had happened to the ancients, and Blitukus still wanted to know. But, before any of that, Kazo would need a new power source... Blitukus had transfered over quite a bit of mana, but it wouldn't last over an extended period. Kazo was unable to power himself in the weakened mana flux of 1085... they would think of something.

I'm hoping I kept Kazos voice pattern consistent. Then again... I'm probably just being paranoid still. I should stop that.

[ January 02, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 02, 2008, 12:01:00 am**

Ah yes, I remember that game... brings back fond memories :)

Edit: FIRST POST!! :D

[ January 02, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **etgfrog** on **January 02, 2008, 03:45:00 pm**

took me long enough to read off of it :D

great story.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Squeegy** on **January 02, 2008, 06:54:00 pm**

Just a little question from page 2--

What's 'ore -k'?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 02, 2008, 07:35:00 pm**

Hmmm... even if Kazo's voice pattern WASN'T consistant, it's probably similar, and it's understandable that it may have changed a bit.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 02, 2008, 07:39:00 pm**

Thank you all :)

Yeah, considering the situation it would make sense if Kazo changed a little...

Well, this was written in the old version.

There used to be a utility, ore.exe. that would give you ore veins. Ore -k would give you coal.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 02, 2008, 08:59:00 pm**

Beyond Quality.  
I love that Kazo is back.  
You are the awesome.  
etc.

Really I don't know what to say beyond the usual stuff, so this gets to be a short post.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Squeegy** on **January 02, 2008, 11:16:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by AlanL:  
<STRONG>Thank you all :)

Yeah, considering the situation it would make sense if Kazo changed a little...

Well, this was written in the old version.

There used to be a utility, ore.exe. that would give you ore veins. Ore -k would give you coal.</STRONG>

What happened to it? Sounds like a very useful program.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 03, 2008, 12:23:00 am**

It wasn't updated to the new version.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Squeegy** on **January 03, 2008, 12:29:00 am**

Couldn't it be patched?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 03, 2008, 12:40:00 am**

Thanks :)

Ore.exe was with the old version... I doubt there will be one compatible with the new version any time soon, seeing as the new version likely deals with tiles in a fundamentally different way.

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Blitukus replied to Kazo, "You seem to already know about gears and levers and other basics, so it is a matter of applying them, usually in combination, to manipulate physical forces and energies to accomplish a task. First though, you need a suitable power supply. Do you recognize this amulet?" Blitukus pointed to his amulet. Kazo replied, "That looks like part of a cat machine! I think I've seen it once... it ate mana and made a nice lightning show, kind of like that adamantine ring back there. It was fun seeing where all the arcs would go to!" Blitukus continued, "This amulet converts between mana and a force common among higher technologies known as Electromagnetism. In many ways, electricity and mana have a lot in common. The ring is sending out arcs of electricity and curves of magnetism. I can use these to produce mana for you, but I was unsure of how it would treat a construct... it might be dangerous. Do you know how it treats constructs?" Kazo replied, "Not a clue... Let's find out!" Blitukus looked back at the portal ring, its arcing, auroric magnificence. Blitukus spoke, "I do not think that is a good..." Blitukus turned back around to see Kazo was no longer standing there. Blitukus continued, "... idea?" Blitukus noticed he felt ever so slightly lighter... the amulet was missing. Blitukus turned around, to see Kazo, wearing the amulet, standing near the portal ring. A moment later, Kazo held his hand up to the arcing ring, and when the energy arced into him... the amulet glew, and seemed to treat him just like anyone else. Kazo smiled, then grabbed hold of the coil... he looked down to see arcs of energy crossing between his feet and the ground, "Now that's odd. What an interesting phenomena!" Blitukus snickered, "I hope you realize that at those power levels, you might be dead had it not worked properly." Kazo replied, "That's highly unlikely. Besides, the thrill of danger only makes life more beautiful!" Blitukus thought about it... while his flesh could only accept so much of specific kinds of energy without being damaged, Kazos perfectly conductive adamantine exterior could accept any kind of energy without being damaged. Blitukus stood by the control panel, and watched. Eventually, Kazo let go of the coil, licked his lips, then opened his mouth, and closed it on the coils. Kazo grinned, "Delicious energy!" Blitukus snickered, "I had never thought much about the eating habits of constructs..." Blitukus looked carefully. Kazo wasn't damaging the coil at all. Blitukus continued, "Is lack of mana more like exhaustion or hunger to you?" Kazo replied, "Kind of both at the same time. It's an odd feeling... I think this was the first time I've felt it. I discovered I don't starve like others do. Instead, I fall asleep. Useful to know!" Kazo then stepped away from the portal ring, and walked back over to Blitukus, handing the amulet back. Blitukus accepted it, then cut power to the portal ring. Kazo asked, "That's a lot of levers... what are you doing?" Blitukus replied, "I am shutting down the machine... Do you see this lever?" Kazo replied, "Yes. That looks like good bronze too!" Blitukus smiled, "Thank you. This lever controls power to the dynamos. The dynamos are what make the electricity, carried in the silver wires... This lever controls the steam release in the boilers... steam is what drives the dynamos. These two levers off to the sides of the panel control the water and the magma inlets, respectively. The inlet and power levers have to be on, and the steam release lever off, for power to be generated. Feel free to help yourself in the future, just take care of my equipment, please, and make sure to shut it off before you leave." Kazo nodded with a smile, "Okay, not a problem!" Kazo still seemed to be eying the amulet. Blitukus cut steam flow to the dynamos, and vented the boilers. He then shut down the inlets, allowing the channels to drain. Kazo spoke, "I noticed my artifact isn't here any more... did you take it?" Blitukus replied, "I need it... although I had kept from installing it, just in case you still needed it for something." Kazo responded, "I... Nevermind. Let's trade for it!" Blitukus asked, "What did you have in mind?" Kazo replied, "It looks like there's not much mana for my mana collection grid to collect. I want you to pull it out, and replace it with that!" Blitukus hesitated, then asked, "You basically... want me to pull out your stomach and replace it with my amulet?" Kazo smiled, "It's an upgrade for the future!" Indeed... Although it meant Blitukus would be without the amulet... he could rely on Kazo for mana should the need arise. Despite the risks of such a thing... it was a good idea, and Blitukus did need that component.

Blitukus nodded, "I agree." Kazo replied, "Good! Let's get started. Seeing as there isn't any better place to do it, we can do it here." Kazo sat on the control panel, letting his tail rest upon the controls. Kazo then seemed to slide his claws between two of his own plates on the middle of his side... soon after, there was a small pop sound, and his chest plates seemed to rotate away slightly, revealing his internals. Blitukus noticed Kazo seemed to have quite a complicated set of internals... although his magnificently crafted blue diamond heart was visible quite clearly. Near and attached to this glowing gem-and-adamantine assembly was a mithril array with dimly glowing rubies suspended in it. It seemed blue diamond was also a critical component of some of the most advanced magical devices, as well as some of the most advanced technological devices. The grid of rubies was likely the mana collection grid. Blitukus walked up, and looked into Kazos internals... Blitukus gently touched the ruby and mithril grid. Kazo spoke, "That's the one, now just pull that out." Blitukus asked, "You are not going to sleep for this?" Kazo smiled, "Why would I? I'm always eager to see how a new upgrade fits in!" Blitukus snickered. Blitukus then found where the grid connected to Kazos heart, and the structural connections to the frame... Blitukus first unlatched the connections to the frame one by one, then gently began to try to pull the connection apart, using his claws to try to slowly leverage the seam apart. Kazo spoke, "I'm made of metal and gemstones... just yank the thing out!" Blitukus nodded, then stood next to Kazo, bracing himself against Kazo. He then pulled at the connection with all his strength... SNAP! The connection came undone, separating cleanly. Blitukus stumbled back, and found he held the now detached mana collection grid in his hand... he must've hit it against the wall of Kazos chest, for some of the thin, wiry mithril was rather bent up, and one of the rubies had cracked slightly, and had lost its glow. Blitukus handed the slightly damaged grid to Kazo, "Souvenir..." Kazo noticed the damage, then smiled, "It's a good thing I don't need it anymore! Let's see how that amulet fits." Blitukus unstrung the amulet, then placed it into the spot that used to be occupied by the collection grid... it fit within the spot, but there was nothing to attach it to, and no way to properly connect it... Blitukus had an idea regarding improvising this, but he would need extra materials. Blitukus spoke, "It seems I need wire..." Kazo nodded, took up the now unused mana collection grid, and bit into the mithril wires, severing them... after biting into this component several times, he handed a few mithril wires to Blitukus, "Here you go!" Blitukus replied, "Something about that seems a bit, erm... anyway..." Blitukus accepted the wires, and held the amulet against the back of the empty space, in contact with the supports that connected to the adamantine exterior. Blitukus used some of the wire to tie the unstrung amulet to these supports, making very sure to properly restrain it with as much security as possible, preventing it from coming loose in virtually any situation. Luckily, the bottom half could be wedged directly against the supports, so this made it much easier to do so. Then, using the rest of the mithril wire, Blitukus ran connections between the unstrung amulet and Kazos heart... unlike the heart of a flesh and blood creature, Kazos heart was essentially immune to electricity. Blitukus connected the mithril wires directly to the connector previously used by the mana collection grid. Seeing as the mithril already had been in wire form, it was likely that the magical metal conducted mana as well as electricity, and a direct connection should be much more efficient... Blitukus finished the installation, and when he found he had fastened it in securely enough where he would have to try rather hard to cause any of it to come loose, he backed away, and shut Kazos chest plate. He had noticed that there was still quite a bit of room left over all in all.

Blitukus spoke, "Done. I notice you place a lot of trust in me." Kazo stood back up, leaving the damaged and partially dismantled mana collection grid on the control panel. "I trust friends who trust me! And also, you're skilled. Good job, it feels nice in there!" Blitukus smiled, "Thank you... I also noticed you hesitated regarding the artifact?" Kazo replied, "It's... well... It's the last thing Arkus gave to me... It's good that I'm giving it to you... I'm trying to put it all behind me still." Blitukus asked, "Sorry if it is too painful for you... but what exactly did happen to Arkus?" Kazo replied, "Well... it was around 600 years after you first showed up. Magic had reached its height... and then the demons showed up. Arkus and I defended the tower, and I thought this was just an exciting new challenge... but one day, Arkus started acting different, like he was afraid of something, afraid for me. I knew there was something he wasn't telling me, and he told me it was for my own safety I didn't know... no matter what I did to get him to tell me, he wouldn't! The day after, he told me to retrieve a crystal glass box from the forests. Something was different about the tone of his voice. He gave me that artifact, and told me, 'Kazo, guard this with your life, no demon must ever see it... THE future, depends on it.' He then told me he loved me, and bade me farewell... There was this look in his eyes, and then I... I left, and went to the forests... there was no crystal glass box there. When I got back, a hundred demons flew over the tower... they held Arkus up, and tore him apart right before me... they just... then... they threw him down, and tore the earth apart, burying him and the tower. They never noticed me, so they left. I wandered around the wilderness for a few days... weeks... but, Arkus... I went back to where the tower used to be, and lay there, curled up around that artifact. I held it... his last command was for me to guard it, so I did. I lay there, letting time slip by... but I decided to sleep through it, and maybe wake up

when everything was OK again. If anyone ever tried to take it, I would wake up and they would be in for a surprise... but, as I slept and who-knows-how-long passed, I just felt myself getting more and more tired. Eventually I couldn't wake up even though I tried! Eventually it all drained to nothing, and, I no longer felt anything. I thought I was dead And then you came. You're not a demon, and you say you need the artifact, so... have it. I need to put this all behind me, and move on." Blitukus felt rather empathetic... it reminded him of his own story. He noticed a certain familiar sadness in Kazos eyes... the pain of a lost loved one permeated even the hard, solid heart of a construct. Kazo then looked into Blitukus' eyes... a new sense of determination visible in Kazos eyes. Kazo hugged Blitukus, speaking, "And thanks to you, I, his legacy, get to live on to witness a new, exciting future!" Kazo seemed to smile with a deep appreciation for Blitukus' efforts, "Thanks, friend." Blitukus felt the component pressing against him... Kazos efforts had also brought him much closer to saving the soul of his own mother. Blitukus spoke, feeling appreciative of Kazos efforts, "Thank you as well." Kazo let go. Blitukus walked back to the cat relic, and installed the third component... only one more to go, and it was complete. Blitukus turned around. Kazo was standing right behind him. Blitukus was startled slightly by this. Kazo asked, "I've heard about that device but I don't think I've seen it before. What does it do?" Blitukus replied, "I do not know exactly... only that it is very powerful, and very important. So far, I have heard of it as a capacitor and a reality-manipulation device... but I have a feeling that is not the entire list. I do know that in order to complete my quest, I must first complete the device." Kazo looked at the cat relic, then smiled, "I look forward to your testing it..." Kazo looked back at Blitukus, then at the portal ring... a moment passed, and then Kazo spoke "So this is a working time machine? I think I'll go back... I have to stop the demons." Blitukus responded, "That was one of the first things I had tried to use it for... it does not work... this universe prevents such things." Kazo spoke to Blitukus, "Aww... really?..." Blitukus nodded. A moment passed, then Kazo continued, "I still remember the day you turned a naked mole dog into a soul-eating rift in the astral plane. Anyway, let's talk about this field of 'technology'! The past is one thing... I'd like to be ready for the future!" Kazo and Blitukus both smiled... although, it was the future that concerned Blitukus. Perhaps, though, Blitukus had just gained a very powerful ally in his quest... he might need such a powerful ally. Until then, Blitukus now had two good friends to keep him company... Blitukus noted the similarities in his circumstances and Kazos... perhaps Blitukus had just taken a role in the beginnings of an entirely new quest? Perhaps, but at the moment, they both seemed to have common goals.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 03, 2008, 12:40:00 am**

First post! :D  
BEYOND QUALITY! :D  
KAZOOOOO!!! :D

I am feeling... Happy! I really think it is Kazo that does it, I get happy thoughts from reading about Blitukus and the future but nothing like this, before reading this I was fairly tired before but now I am filled by only pure happiness, I have never felt love and tend to avoid it in books/movies but if I should imagine it it is not a fraction as good as this. (And (love) is also highly corrupting, but thats not really relevant, just the reason I avoid it)  
It's really indescribable... You are my hero AlanL, I am your greatest fan.  
////////////////////

quote:
Couldn't it be patched?

Nope, the mineral system works completely differently now whit minerals in the raws.  
////////////////////

AlanL could you go to the IRC? I am trying to turn my diurnal/nocturnal cycle the whole way around as ordinary methods (Going up early and to bed late) won't work or are unpleasant (on break so I don't WANT to have to go up early).

GOTO #Blitukus;

Edit: I forgot the Beyond quality award I should give as I got the first post.

"This is a blue diamond Beyond Quality award.  
it is made of blue diamond.  
It mences whit spikes of awesome.  
It is encrusted whit imagination.  
On the item is an image of a universe and a universe in logic, the universe is talting whit the universe.  
On the item is a image of a raptor and time in admantine, the time is making a submisive gesture, the time is laughthing.  
On the item is a image of a kobold and a human in frozen tears, the human is shooting the kobold."

[ January 03, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 03, 2008, 12:58:00 am**

I have nothing to say really...

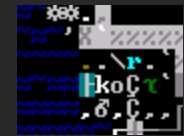
Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 04, 2008, 12:45:00 am**

Thank you all :)  
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Blitukus nodded, then spoke to Kazo, "Technology is the art of directing and converting physical forces and energies to accomplish physical tasks. It is a matter of designing and building devices that take a source of physical energy and, in the end, do something useful. Seeing as you already know about gears, levers, and other basics, it should not be hard for you to get started. Physical energies come in many forms, be it motion, heat, electricity, chemical sources, or energy from fundamental particles themselves... although I am not sure regarding the harnessing of the last... In general, I would recommend breaking down your desired task into the physical processes that are absolutely needed. Then ask yourself, what physical forces or conditions cause these processes? How can these processes be replicated? How will the energy for this be derived, and how will it be handled? And always make sure you are using the most effective and efficient methods you can think of." Kazo replied, "It sounds like solving a puzzle! I like puzzles!" Blitukus responded, "In some cases, designing a new device is much like solving a puzzle. Another thing to keep in mind is that certain materials can only handle a certain amount of physical force, and also can only handle certain temperatures. All machines must stay within these limits, otherwise the material, and therefore the machine, will fail. This should be part of the common sense you must always follow... but after that incident involving a catapult firing far to the side... anyway..." Kazo asked, "The catapult spell... I always loved using it on rodents to see how far they would go. What is this technological catapult and what happened?" Blitukus replied, "A catapult is a simple device, consisting of a 'spoon' and a rotating axle mounted upon a frame. A source of tension or torque... either a string or a spring of some sort... is attached between either the axle and the frame, or the 'spoon' and the frame. When the 'spoon' is drawn back slowly, using one of a variety of force-amplifying machines, this energy of motion, kinetic energy, is stored in whatever is creating the tension or torque, as potential energy. Then, the 'spoon' is tied down, preventing the energy from being released. The 'spoon' is then loaded with a projectile, typically a rock. Then, the tie is severed, allowing the potential energy to, much more rapidly, convert back to kinetic energy, much of this energy being transfered to the rock. The rock then flies forth, hopefully hitting the intended target. What happened to me and my comrades several years ago... I was 14 at the time... was one of them had made the axle too narrow... the forces upon it as the catapult fired were too great, and the axle snapped, causing the rock to fly far off course, nearly hitting someones well... luckily for us, it only **nearly** hit it." Kazo smiled, "Unexpected results involving flying objects are always fun to watch!" Blitukus snickered. Blitukus walked over to the calculating machine, Kazo following. Blitukus pointed at the rollers, "Another rather simple example... no, not the whole machine, just the rollers." Kazo walked up and looked closely at the rollers. Blitukus pointed at various parts of it, "This device performs the task of counting a number based on the rotation of this axle, the energy provided by the motion of the axle itself. Note how this roller has the numbers 0 through 9 painted on it. It represents a single digit, and for each one tenth of a rotation, it increments by one. Notice the large gear and the small gear, the small gear connected to the axle. The circumference of the large gear is 10 times that of the small gear, so when the



Small gear rotates once, the large one rotates one tenth of a rotation... one number on the roller. Each further digit is connected to the previous in a similar manner, since each digit is ten times the one before it. This gives the tens, hundreds, thousands place, and so on." Blitukus then spun the roller slightly, spinning it back afterwards. Kazo replied, "I get the idea. Thanks, Blitukus. I'm eager to put it to use now!"

Blitukus responded, "I did have a rather straightforward project I had intended to do, a mill. Perhaps we could work on it together?" Kazo smiled, flicking his tail, "I'd love to!" Blitukus then left the cavern, walking into the farm room, Kazo following. Blitukus spoke, "I was intent on knocking down these walls and removing the floodgates you see here to make room for the mill. Our task is to grind up plants into their respective products... our source of energy, the river you see before you. I will leave it up to you to design the rest." Kazo replied, "What an interesting puzzle!... but I assume engraving runes into the millstone would be cheating. It needs rotating motion... but the river is linear. A wheel would work... and the water would push against flat surfaces. A wheel with flat surfaces on it, placed in the river can drive a shaft... and the rotation can be transfered to a vertical shaft with gears. Hmm..." Blitukus nodded. "So it seems you have learned the basics of technology rather quickly." Kazo smiled, "So where can I draw this out?" Blitukus replied, "Unfortunately, we are limited in our writing utensils... coal dust is all that is available. I will bring it here." Blitukus walked away, then returned with the cup of coal dust a few moments later. Kazo accepted it, and began drawing out remarkably precise designs on the wall. The mill he had designed also included a lever to lift the paddle wheel out of the river when it wasn't in use, and a lever to move the millstone for collection and cleaning. Blitukus nodded, "Perfect. Now, we need the stone blocks to put this together. I am quite glad you had arrived knowing the basics... I would rather not have to spend a month telling you the basics of mathematics and physics, after all." Kazo snickered, "Just like how I was glad I didn't have to spend a month telling you about the basics of willpower and the essence of it all! What a coincidence!" Blitukus smiled, "Indeed. Now... hrm... I only have one pick axe. I will dig out the limestone here and ready this space. This limestone must be conserved... it has an important use I will discuss later. Meanwhile, if you exit and turn left, the first door to your right will take you to my work room. Feel free to explore there." Kazo grinned, "Sure thing!" Kazo then left, headed for the work room. Blitukus took out his pickaxe, and dug out the limestone obstructing the future building sight. This unearthed a reasonably sized chunk of limestone, which he moved back into the corridor... it would be rather wasteful for it to get washed away in the seasonal flood. Blitukus then began to take apart the farm floodgates... he noticed the crudely chiseled floodgates and basic mechanisms... but 5 years prior, they were all he had... He felt it in his heart. He was dismantling a piece of history... but as Kazo had reminded him, history was one thing... his own future always lay ahead. Blitukus finished removing the floodgates, then filled in the channels left behind. His future food supply now relied on, as some odd dwarves from the far deserts had referred to it, 'Nile Farming'. Still, he likely wouldn't need to grow any more food until after he had completed his quest. Blitukus walked back into the work room, and looked around... Kazo was nowhere to be seen. CLANG! Blitukus looked up... Kazo was standing atop the magma furnace, little else visible but his blue, glowing, reptilian eyes. Kazo grinned, "This odd metal shines like nothing I've seen before!... and it makes for a dead giveaway, but that's beside the point!" Blitukus replied, "That metal is the technological equivalent to mithril, known as Steel." Kazo snickered, "So raccoons somehow inspired it?" Blitukus replied, "No, **steel**, with 2 E's." Kazo replied, "For some reason I like the sound of that name!" Kazo then hopped down, gracefully landing on the stone floor below. Blitukus spoke, "Now, we should make the blocks, wheels, and other components needed." Kazo and Blitukus then split up the jobs, gathered materials, and began to produce the needed parts. When they were done, they brought the parts out and built the mill to specification.



Upon completion of the mill, Kazo spoke, "Let's see if it works or not!" Blitukus asked, "What if it does not?" Kazo smiled, "Then I hope it fails catastrophically enough for it to be worth our time!" Blitukus snickered. If something DID go wrong, Blitukus still didn't want to waste food... he retrieved the dimple cup, and the empty sand bag from the glass furnace, and returned. He placed the dimple cup in the mill, readied it, then lowered the paddle wheel into the water. It worked exactly as expected, Blitukus collecting the dye in the bag. 2 dimple cup spawn were left over as well. Blitukus placed the seeds and the bag back into the barrels in the corridor, then walked back, pulling the lever to raise the paddle wheel out of the water. Kazo smiled, "Glad to see it works! I think I'll just head back over to that work room. I want to know how that stuff works!" Blitukus nodded, "Just leave things as they are, please. I will also be doing work in there soon." Kazo replied on his way out, "Of course, what a great opportunity to observe!" Blitukus followed Kazo, collecting a cave spider web on the way, and walked to the loom, weaving it into cloth, Kazo watching him and taking note of the tools he used. Blitukus then weaved it into another bag, and proceeded to continue milling plants, this time milling the cave wheat into flour, collecting the seed as well. Blitukus now needed somewhere to cook the flour into bread... his ashery no longer served any use, so he would take it apart and clean the stone, using it for a kitchen afterwards. Kazo decided to volunteer his efforts again. When they were done, Blitukus thought about it... one bit of flour alone wouldn't be enough to make a decent loaf of bread. He remembered what he had heard about dimple cup spawn... dimple cups had no nutritional value whatsoever, and neither did their spawn, but their spawn did have a rather pleasant flavor when cooked. Blitukus wasn't a chef... but he knew the basic idea. He took the flour, and mixed it with water and what else he could improvise for it... there were no chickens around for hundreds of miles, so eggs were out of the question, and little else as far as additions to the flour could be improvised. He took the dimple cup spawn, chopped it up, and placed the pieces into the 'dough', then cooked it. A while later, 3 meals worth of bread resulted. At least he now had a better variety in his diet. Next, Blitukus decided to try his idea with cooking dwarven booze. Blitukus reviewed his books regarding alcohol. As he read... he looked up to see Kazo looking at him. Blitukus spoke, "You have a habit of sneaking around." Kazo replied, "Yes I do. I love surprising people, it's like a hobby of mine!" Blitukus snickered. He then allowed Kazo to read with him. Kazo commented, "So it looks like they still use the same recipes." Blitukus replied, "Dwarves are renowned for their stubbornness." Kazo smiled, "That's just part of the reason why they're so fun to talk to! I can't get enough of listening to them argue among themselves!" Blitukus snickered again. When he was done reviewing his reading material, Blitukus put the book away, then proceeded to brew one of the pig tails into dwarven ale. When he was done producing the ale, he brought it back to the kitchen, retrieved proper chemicals, mixed a solution, then began to boil and cook it further. Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "This is another parallel. The mages of the ancients had alchemy. Today and tomorrow, we have chemistry. They are very related, and there are some books detailing a bit of chemistry back in the stack in my room." Kazo replied, "I think I'll have to read those some time. It sounds like technology has a new take on almost everything! I can't wait to try all of these new fields out!" Blitukus smiled, "You will have time. Currently though... I just hope this is edible at all... it does not smell very edible..." Kazo smiled, "Let's see you eat it when it's done." Blitukus replied, "Perhaps... but I may decide against swallowing it..." Blitukus walked out, and brought back the cave wheat seed... he knew the oils from this seed might serve as a catalyst in some carbon-consuming reactions, so he sliced it and added it to the solution. Eventually, as liquids boiled away, the solution solidified. Blitukus allowed it to cool, then shaped it into biscuits. Blitukus sniffed them... and found that even he, a canid, still thought twice about consuming them.

*NOT how my mother used to make them...*

Kazo watched eagerly. Blitukus sniffed them again... and hesitated. Kazo spoke, "If this experiment fails I can always heal you. It's always nice to see what doesn't work too... Let's see what this new food of yours does!" Blitukus looked at Kazo, then looked at the dwarven ale biscuit... he hesitated again, then bit into it. The biscuit actually didn't taste as bad as it smelled, but it still never tried to hide the fact that it was chemically modified. Blitukus forced himself to swallow it after chewing it enough... he found that his stomach seemed to readily accept it, and that it was quite filling. Blitukus spoke, "If I do not get sick throughout the course of the day, then I have a new source of food." There wasn't that much physically there... but it seemed so filling and energy rich, that that little bit would count for 6 meals worth. He moved the food back to the stockpile, saving it for later. It may not be masterpiece meals, but he now had more than enough food to last him through until the end of his quest. On top of it, it seemed Kazo was quite readily picking up the concepts of technology... although what he would use them for was his own agenda.

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I know it's relatively short... conversations can be hard and I'm still nervous if I'm getting it all right or not. Well, if this turned out good then it means there isn't much to worry about. Then again, this was a rather uneventful update.

[ January 04, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 04, 2008, 01:01:00 am**

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Fact of life Blitikus, nothing will ever be as good as your mom made it, unless as a kid you liked something else better.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 04, 2008, 01:01:00 am**

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Actually, you handled the conversations quite well.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 04, 2008, 01:02:00 am**

oh god, I was SO close to not getting the first post...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 04, 2008, 01:04:00 am**

That's fine. I'm at least glad I got it once. :)

[ January 04, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 04, 2008, 01:04:00 am**

Thanks :)

Glad to hear I wasn't letting phrases go stale (my primary concern).

Also, nice job regarding the simultaneous posting.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 04, 2008, 01:06:00 am**

I AM A SIMUNINJA!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 04, 2008, 11:27:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!!! :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 05, 2008, 12:09:00 am**

Thanks :)

I knew that post was anticlimactic, but unfortunately, that was unavoidable as you said. I didn't think it would reflect on the characters though.

Kazo walked in knowing only the bare minimums regarding tech. So, Blitukus is teaching it from the ground up. You'll see with this post that it progresses back upwards. You can't expect Kazo to go making and using high tech without knowing the basic levels first. Unfortunately, since we're all used to a technological world, although simple magic still seems cool, simple technology is of course, rather mundane.

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Blitukus, "Good to hear!" Blitukus began to notice... although Kazo was still fully functional... it seemed the shine of his adamantine exterior had dulled slightly. Blitukus asked, "Does adamantine tarnish at all?" Kazo looked at his hands, then looked at Blitukus, "Not exactly, but I should wash this off." Blitukus replied, "There is a water channel feed into the..." Blitukus noticed Kazo walk right to the edge of the magma channel. Kazo seemed to wash himself off with magma, but never submerged himself and was careful to get the magma off long before it cooled. Kazo spoke as he did this, "I've seen dragons do this but the first time I tried it I partially turned myself into an obsidian statue! Arkus and I had a good laugh about that one! Ah... Arkus... I'll miss you." Blitukus sighed... it might be a good idea to change the subject. Blitukus asked, "Why do you not submerge yourself? It would get rid of instantaneous solidification problems." Kazo replied, "Too much heat and thermal expansion makes my crystals shatter. Good thing I was told about that before it happened! I still love doing this though, nice and warm! I think it might be too warm for you though." Blitukus snickered, "Indeed." Kazo finished, checked to make sure not a drop of magma was left on his surface, shook off, then stood. Kazos adamantine surface now shined as if it were forged the previous day. Kazo spoke, "Much better! I'll just sit here and cool off. I'm eager to see what you're doing next, though." Kazo sat upon the anvil of the magma forge. Blitukus nodded... what would he do next? He still had another pig tail... and dwarven ale was a very good drink. It was mentioned in the book that the alcohol content of dwarven booze is, on average, high enough to allow it to serve as an effective antibacterial agent, only dwarven ale tasted far better. He didn't need it, but it would help to pass the time. And perhaps Kazo would be interested in trying it... the thought of a drunken reptile amused Blitukus. First, Blitukus felt simply thirsty. He stopped for a drink from the river, then afterwards, Blitukus gathered every bit of pig tail he could find, brought it back with the now empty booze barrel, and then brewed the pig tails into dwarven ale, matching the dwarven recipe. When he was done, he offered some to Kazo. Kazo spoke, "I already tried that once. It didn't work, but it did help make my mouth shinier! I don't think many constructs can get drunk." Blitukus snickered, "I see." Blitukus then moved the barrel full of booze back to the central tunnel. Blitukus returned. Kazo grinned, "I just remembered, 'Miner's tip 58: If you're out of mana to make an explosion, dwarven booze makes a fine substitute!'" Blitukus snickered... it was an idea... a rather risky one. It seemed he had mined as much as he had needed to anyway. Kazo continued, "Of course, the dwarven mining guild condemned the booze bombers for committing atrocities... and the elves condemned the dwarven mining guild for committing atrocities... and then the booze bombers condemned the elves for committing atrocities. That's the circle of political life!" Blitukus laughed, "Much too true... especially among humans." Kazo asked, "What's a human?" Blitukus responded, "You have never seen a human before? Well... of course, they did not appear until after the first demonic war. They are like elves, only bigger, slower, and without the pointy ears." Kazo responded, "Another race of hairless apes... they really are an odd bunch, but fun to watch!" Blitukus nodded. Blitukus then walked to the door of the work room... to find Dracha walking up the tunnel.

Blitukus exited the work room, Dracha walking up to meet him. Blitukus spoke, "Hello, Dracha." Dracha replied, "Great news... but first, mind If I have a drink?" He noticed Dracha looking at the barrel of fresh ale. Blitukus had little use for it, seeing as he did not have a drinking habit nor was he short on food. Blitukus nodded, "Help yourself." Dracha spoke, "Thanks!" Dracha then took up the entire barrel as if it were a mug, and drank from it. Dracha finished, then set it back down, "Hey, this stuff ain't half bad! An' comin' from me, that's sayin' quite a bit!" Blitukus smiled... then looked up to see Kazo, slowly and carefully making his way up to the top of Drachas head. Dracha spoke, "You know... I got this weird feelin' on top of my head..." Kazo lay belly-down on Drachas head, bending his head down so he was staring right into Drachas face. Kazo grinned. Dracha seemed to go cross-eyed for a moment, then looked at Blitukus, "Hey, what did ya put in this?" Blitukus snickered, "Nothing unusual." Kazo jumped off of Drachas head, spinning in midair, and landing, facing Dracha. Kazo smiled, "So I see the Adventurous Apprentice is still around! It's been a while!" Dracha hesitated, then spoke, "... Kazo?..." Kazo replied, "I still remember the time you turned that old, broken alchemy lab into a still! How've you been?" Dracha replied, "I've been doin' fine thanks to Blitukus here... say, where'd you come from anyway?" Kazo replied, "Blitukus found me and brought me back to life! You might say I slept in a bit..." Kazo then spoke to Blitukus, "Thanks again! If you need my help, count me in!" Blitukus smiled, "Thank you..." Blitukus then looked at Dracha, and continued, "I found him by digging under a ruined building in the year 2421... I brought him back with me, and used the cat amulet. Now the amulet is part of him." Dracha spoke, "So ya dug under some old ruins and found him? I've heard of a 'living fossil' before but this is ridiculous!" Blitukus snickered. Kazo smiled. Dracha continued, "Kazo an' I are probably gunna want a chat, so I might as well tell you the news now Blitukus. I just unearthed the motherlode of gems, all those power crystals I refined are gunna help a lot when it comes to the colony. I sent out a message to all the other dragons... a lot of 'em thought I was tellin' jokes at first but I told them I was very serious. They were speechless... I told 'em to get their rumps in gear, we'll be out of here soon enough! Third... I don't know what was going on but I saw of all things a little grey cat messin' with my mana generator! I don't know what the cat was doin' with it but... somehow it was actually working **better** after the cat saw me and left! That was some weird stuff!" There was that cat again... perhaps the gods had missed one? Kazo spoke, "I think I'll just head over to your place. I can't wait to see



what you've been up to these last 1400 years!" Dracha smiled, "Yeh, it's to the right after you leave Blitukus' tunnels. Keep going along the mountain face until you see a cave. There I am!" Blitukus asked, "Before you leave, I have been curious about one thing... what is the story behind the legend of the dragon laying on vast piles of gold?" Dracha replied, "Gold is nice, it feels good on our scales and we like how it looks. One day some humans saw a dragon enjoying some gold he'd dug out of his cave... they went in, and even though they could've asked and he would've given 'em a part of it, they wanted it all, so they drew their swords and started taking swings at him. The end result of what happened next was 4 swords stuck in the wall, 4 burnt up suits of armor, 4 charred bodies, and one dragon grumbling about a rude awakening. He took the bodies and hung 'em up outside to warn would-be robbers not to mess with him, so what happened? It made the humans think he was evil, so they sent even MORE of their kind. Stupid humans. Anyway, I've got more crystals to refine, stuff to polish up for the big day. It may still seem like a long ways off but it'll be here fast! I'll show up again sooner or later. Until then, good luck!" Blitukus smiled and waved, "Same to you, Dracha." Dracha walked down the tunnel, Kazo following. She reached the chasm, and then took off from the bridge... instead of walking through the glacier, Kazo leapt off of the bridge, ran against the wall, gripping it with his claws, then jumped again, landing on Drachas back. Dracha was surprised at first, then laughed. Kazo did still want to know more about technology... he should be back soon. In the mean time, Blitukus had some time to sit and think about what he would do in preparation for the big day...

Blitukus went back to his room, sat, and thought... Kazo did count as an observer... and Kazo did love to observe. If Kazo was around when he was operating any heavily probability-dependent device, such as the time machine or the cat relic... he would need Kazo to be cooperative. Kazo had a refined and powerful will... perhaps together they could much more accurately operate these devices. Until then, he still had quite a bit of time... he also realized, the cat relic, in order to fully do its job... also likely had to be unobserved when it performed it. Would he even have indication if it had worked or not? Likely the results would be obvious and drastic. Blitukus continued thinking about various implications, and eventually found himself hungry again... he was tired of plump helmet, and would rather NOT eat those biscuits. He retrieved a meals worth of bread, and ate it. He found it actually tasted rather pleasant. It seemed to be filling and nutritious. He smiled, and saved some... even though Kazo was a construct, perhaps he still was capable of tasting. Blitukus walked down to the very bottom of his tunnel, peering into the adamantine he had mined through, peering out into the now unoccupied prison... that demon... all of those demons... Blitukus walked to a section of unmined adamantine, and placed his hand against the wall. These walls would crumble on new years of 2000. It seemed new years day was marked with many tragedies... and after 2000 especially... never again would it be the festive day it once was. Those fireworks were now nothing but a memory. The temperature was infernal, so he did not stay for long at all. Blitukus sighed, and walked back up... further, and further, the temperature plummeting, until he reached the deathly, frozen surface. Hours had passed... where was Kazo? It was a glacial winter night... soon to be the day Blitukus now regarded with no joy... although civilization may have over the course of centuries put Fales death behind and once more welcomed new years with festivities, welcomed it as a sign of being one year further into the future... it would never be so enjoyable for Blitukus... but it would always remind him that as order turned to chaos, times natural flow took but one direction, and carried all else with it. Blitukus stood at the exit of the tunnel... the arctic winds blew. Blitukus sighed... suddenly, he began to hear the scruffing of claws digging through snow. He saw a distant blue glow quickly moving across the glacier... this glow quickly moved up, Kazo becoming visible in the moonlight. Kazo ran to the mountainside, and leapt up to the top of the cliff using various narrow ledges as landing points on the way up. Blitukus saw Kazo running along the top of the cliff... then Kazo seemed to leap up high into the air, and come down upon a steep, snowy slope. Kazos adamantine feet slid nearly frictionlessly upon the frozen surface, allowing him to reach immense speeds. A natural rock formation curved the slope upwards into a ramp... Blitukus watched as Kazo launched off of the rock formation, performing a back flip in midair, then landing in the snow right in front of Blitukus, sending a cloud of snow forth. Kazo had landed with precision and accuracy, his hand forming a third landing point, his other hand held behind him. Kazo looked up at Blitukus, and smiled, "Snowboarding without a board, you should try it some time!" Blitukus snickered, "I do not think my legs are up to that. Also, my feet are not as frictionless as yours and I happen to lack a board as well." Kazo stood, "Aww, I was hoping we could race down the slope." Kazo then looked around, spotting the electromagnetic wave generator and the armored vehicle in storage. Kazo spoke, "Now that vehicle looks heavy! What do these do?" Blitukus responded, "The wave generator is for communication, and the armored vehicle is... well... a machine of war. I intend to change the latter eventually, though. The details and inner workings of these devices are more advanced subjects that I will describe later. You seem to have understood the basics well enough, and perhaps we could move on to steel and steam-works." Kazo commented, "Steam is fun to work with! It used to have these magical properties that made it burn through almost anything! Dwarves used to make virtually impenetrable traps with it... I guess it doesn't work any more?" Blitukus shook his head, "Magic is not what it used to be, and I am afraid it may never return." Kazo spoke, "So then technology has picked up a new use for steam? I'd love to hear about it!" Blitukus led Kazo back into the tunnel, "You have a constant thirst to know more, an admirable trait." Kazo replied, "I've got quite an appetite for knowledge!" Blitukus replied, "Speaking of that..." Blitukus led Kazo back to his room, and offered Kazo the last of the bread. Kazo grinned, showing his pointy adamantine teeth, "I don't eat plants. Thanks for the offer though!" A moment passed... Kazo started looking around, his tail waving around slowly, "I am starting to get a little low on mana though. I'll be back before you know it!" Kazo then left, turning to go to the chamber. Blitukus sat back in his chair, listening to Kazo operate the dynamos... after he taught Kazo about steam and steel, he would move on to toe height of what he had achieved, electricity, the wave generator, the calculating machine, and finally, the time machine itself. Blitukus' may combine magic and technology, but it seemed that Kazo actually would soon embody this combination. This had several implications, but in the mean time, his own quest still had several implications...

Spring has arrived!

The cold outside was starting to let up... it was that day once again. Blitukus sighed, and walked out of the room. He walked toward the chamber... apparantly Kazo was already done, for wisps of steam were present, but other than that, the channels were empty and the machines were off. Kazo was also nowhere to be seen... "Happy new years!", Kazo spoke. Blitukus looked behind himself to see Kazo standing at the other end of the tunnel. Kazo approached. Blitukus replied, "Unfortunately, I find I cannot enjoy this day... it brings back too much pain. It does mark year 6 of my quest though... and reminds me that I near my quests end." Kazo replied, "I have to admit, I think you're the most dedicated kobold I've seen." Blitukus replied, "Thank you." Kazo then spoke, "I was wondering about something..." Kazo then moved by Blitukus, walking back into the cavern, Blitukus following along. Kazo then positioned himself between the particle cannon and the portal ring, positioning himself in a defensive pose, ready to cast a shield. Kazo spoke, "This looks like some kind of energy cannon. I wonder if I can block one of it's shots. Let's find out! It's been a while since I've had a real test of my shields." Blitukus sighed, "I had silently sworn... I would never use the particle cannon against a living being, ever." Kazo spoke, "Aww... I still want to see what this looks like when it fires." Blitukus replied, "You will... in fact, I may ask for your help in operating these machines once I have taught you about the more advanced technologies." Kazo smiled. Although his quest was getting close to its end, many new possibilities were opening up... Blitukus still wondered what his mother had arranged for his birthday, and when it would be useful. Blitukus hoped, that in the end... all possibilities would be opened up, and he would be able to focus down on the one, the one in which his mother still lived. This also presented an opportunity for Kazo... in the very same event, perhaps a solution could be found where Arkus had never died. Possibilities were opening up, but what were they turning out to be? It would be resolved soon enough, and Blitukus felt confident that it would somehow turn out alright in the end.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 05, 2008, 12:33:00 am**

As always, Beyond Quality.  
  
Pure excellence.  
  
Edit: FIRST POST!!!  
  
[ January 05, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 05, 2008, 12:36:00 am**

Thank you :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 05, 2008, 12:37:00 am**

Any time ;)



Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 05, 2008, 02:06:00 am**

Impeding doom, why do you taunt me so...

Also, armok? :roll:

EDIT: I think I finally figured out the cat thanks to that whole unobserved thing... it is none other then SHRODINGERS CAT!!!!

[ January 05, 2008: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 05, 2008, 08:59:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!  
You are the awesome!  
Etc. etc.

////////////////////////////////////

quote:
Also, Armok? :roll:

What is it?!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 05, 2008, 09:14:00 pm**

:roll:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 05, 2008, 10:05:00 pm**

If you're going to do that here, please don't let it turn into a mess. We already have a dedicated thread for that.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 05, 2008, 10:17:00 pm**

Wasn't planning on it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 06, 2008, 12:53:00 am**

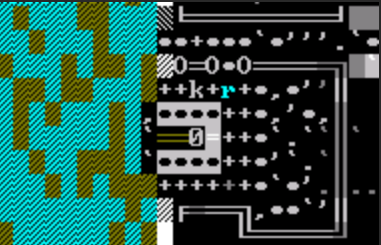
Thinking about these characters... well, I can't say much new, so, it's left me speechless. Thank you all, again. I would like to thank the characters as well... this has become so much more to me than simply text.

Intro Edit: Glad to hear things will be kept under control.

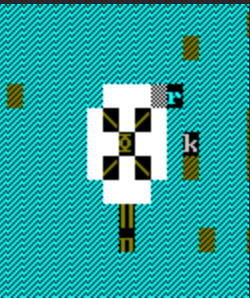
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Kazo spoke to Blitukus, "Speaking of more advanced technologies... I noticed these pistons are common in your devices. I got curious and had a look at the entire energy-generator here. I found out how these steam pistons work. Powerful energy on the go, pretty clever!" Blitukus smiled, "Thank you... yes, on the go indeed, steam power is the first portable technological power source, and as such, we see the first machine-powered vehicles arising with its use. It is also far more convenient to use than most power sources, allowing for powered structures anywhere, rather than just where natural sources are available. This leads to an interesting phenomena... follow, I am sure you have seen it before but perhaps I could fill in some details regarding my magma smelter." Kazo followed Blitukus into the work room, Blitukus stopping by the magma smelter. Kazo eagerly asked, "What's the 'interesting phenomena'? I noticed it's heart is different than the old dwarven design." Blitukus responded, "Since you have studied the steam engine, you can infer how the magma intake and fan work... but here is what makes this smelter different. You notice that this fan sucks air in across the magma, then blows the superheated air upwards into the chamber containing the metal. Unlike the typical smelter, this blast of superheated air makes reactions in the smelting of certain metals occur in a more effective and controllable manner, especially in the making of steel. On top of it, you may have noticed that while the the entirety of a usual smelter is typically used in the production of only a small number of bars, this type of furnace has the volume to allow for a much larger operating volume, allowing a far larger output, making work far more efficient. This is the interesting phenomena, production en masse. In my travels further forward in time, it seems the introduction of powered machinery leads to similar advances in the manufacture of nearly everything, resulting in far more abundance of materials and finished goods, and with life easier, it seems science accelerates tremendously." Kazo spoke, "Sounds like the introduction of the power crystal!" Blitukus asked, "Power crystal? I think I have heard of Dracha mentioning it once. What is it?" Kazo continued, "It was several centuries before we first met when it was discovered. Mithril making was an art known to only the highest metalsmiths and alchemists of the time. The process was intense, requiring many steps. Our enchanted works were, at the time, limited to simple runes. Only the nobility had mithril, everybody else used bronze or iron. One day, an alchemist was trying to create a new kind of shard bomb for the force cannons, and he accidentally found a certain aura that cascaded within the crystal! It turned out to be stable, so he was about to throw it out... but then he noticed, the crystal was taking up mana without his intervention! He was the first to use this new technique. The new crystal allowed for enchanted works that powered themselves without needing a mage. A few years later, large constructions were powered by this. This allowed mages to perform feats far beyond what they had previously dreamed of! Soon after, an alchemist made another breakthrough... he infused the essence of a power crystal into iron, and after the powers were aligned, the iron fused with the crystal and was organized into mithril right there! Mithril making became far easier and cheaper. Life of hardship turned to life of plenty, and mithril became the staple metal in buildings, vehicles, just about everything!" Blitukus smiled... this did sound remarkably similar to steam power, industrial steel and production en masse. Blitukus spoke, "Very interesting story. I still find the similarities are striking between the path of magic and the path of technology." Kazo smiled, "Thanks for teaching me the other side of the coin, I'm eager to learn higher technologies and apply the secrets of the universe once again!" Kazo asked, "Secrets... do you know of true chaos, of the higher dimensionalities?" Kazo grinned, "Yes, it's a part of me now! I got to hear all about the time travel experiment, and their thoughts on dimensions above. I guess using these secrets is far beyond this steam power and steel, just as it was far beyond simple power crystals and mithril. Let's talk about more, I'd love to hear about advanced technology and your real, working time machine! I'd also love to hear more about the applications of technology's power crystal. I have all the time in the world!"

Blitukus smiled... indeed, it seemed Kazo did. Blitukus nodded, "I suppose you could read about steel later. A nice bridge between the intermediate subjects of steam and steel and more advanced subjects are the domains of powered vehicles, and flight." Kazo grinned and flicked his tail, "I just love flying vehicles! I was the only test pilot to ever survive... well, there were a few things I was the only test pilot to ever survive. It was a fun ride anyway!" Blitukus snickered for a moment... then remembered his own experiences, "Unfortunately, my abrupt landing was not so enjoyable... unfortunately it means I no longer have my flying machine to show you, although I do have the designs for it still. It has degraded over the course of the years... but..." Blitukus walked out of the room, Kazo following. Blitukus pointed to fading designs on the wall, "... you can still read them. You will see I have made use of a combination of magic and technology. The steam generating dual-loop, or simply the steam generator, is mentioned over here." Kazo studies the designs, taking note and remembering several aspects, as well as noting several specific similarities. Kazo spoke, "So it looks like these steam loops... flood and anti-flood?" Kazo laughed, "We never thought anyone would use it like that! That's perfect!" Blitukus asked, "You know of the history of flood and anti-flood?" Kazo smiled, "It was the biggest and dumbest mistake any of us did while testing the star portal! The dragons were experimenting with the idea of terraforming. One of them had the idea to siphon up a bit of our planets water and at least some magma,

and bring it with in a separate junction. They established two sources, one at the bottom of the ocean, and one under the bottom of a volcano. They decided to test it by infusing the destination aura into the air, allowing one to draw water or magma anywhere in the world. I guess one of them told the controller 430 down instead of 340 down. The destination aura became infused into the water and magma itself! Whenever it flows, it trades fluids between itself and these sources... although once mana flux drops too low the sources will disappear and it'll all stop working. We found that this actually didn't change how water and magma flowed THAT much, but it did have some effects... like the famous bottomless storm drain, and the infamous perma-flood. We didn't think it would really be useful for much. You took it and made these marvelous contraptions with it! I love these kind of surprises!" Blitukus smiled... it was unfortunate that it would stop working eventually though. He noticed the future had a lack of steam loops... it was a good thing he had not attempted to use one to power Kazo. Kazo kept looking over the designs for a bit, Blitukus and him discussing various details. It seemed that although the actual machines were different between magic and technology, their uses were virtually identical. Next, Blitukus led Kazo up the tunnels. Blitukus spoke, "The flying machine was actually my first attempt to reach heaven, and reach my mother... unfortunately, it proved insufficient. Up next are 2 later large projects I have built in the course of my quest." Kazo smiled... Blitukus seemed to be inadvertently reviewing his own quest. Blitukus led Kazo into the storage... and there lay the armored vehicle... the war machine.



Its cold, steel bulk served as a grim reminder of the perversion technology had been subjected to, of the friends he had lost that one day, so long ago... Blitukus sighed. Kazo looked into Blitukus' eyes, and a moment later, spoke, "Are you OK?" Blitukus sighed again, but spoke, "This machine was what I had ridden in during the battle against the corrupt dwarves and their world-domination scheme... although the dwarves were defeated, out of the dozens who entered, I was the only one on my side to survive. I lost many comrades that day... I lost a good friend that day. Changing the subject... the armored vehicle is just that, an armored vehicle. Beneath it you will see a rather straightforward mechanical drive system... the rest of it you can investigate yourself if you wish." Still... that day... Blitukus had no direct evidence that demons were the ones who ruined the future, but all evidence he had seen pointed to it. Remembering the corrupt dwarves only reignited his anger towards the demons of the future... but he extinguished this. It was of no use to allow himself to be consumed in these emotions. His quest involved only one more major goal, and that was to gain the last component of the cat relic, and finally put it all to use. Kazo spoke, "I'm sorry to hear.. So, 'Changing the subject', I'll just have a look around then!" Blitukus nodded. Blitukus watched as Kazo moved around the corner of the machine. Kazos body, and soon after his tail, vanished behind the rear of the armored vehicle. Blitukus felt his heart, once sinking at the thought of his lost friends, had been bumped upwards by the cheerfulness of his new friend. He looked back on his quest... he had accomplished so much... he even amazed himself at what had happened... and it would all have to be thrown away, but he felt, it was worth it. He would save his mothers soul, and all would be alright again. Blitukus heard the occasional metallic clank and scruffling of Kazo moving about beneath the armored vehicle. Blitukus looked around the bottom for a while, waiting for Kazo to emerge... finally, Kazo did emerge, but not from the bottom. The hatch opened, and Kazo climbed out. How Kazo had managed to get from beneath the vehicle to within the cabin without being noticed escaped Blitukus. Kazo smiled, then hopped down, landing to Blitukus' side. Kazo spoke, "Simple, yet effective! A very utilitarian vehicle. I like it! I saw an empty mount in the cabin... what's supposed to go there?" Blitukus spoke, "The automatic crossbow... I will show it to you later, until then... I have had my fill of discussing the instruments of warfare. Now, let us move on to the wave generator. Now that you know the workings of steam power, I will introduce you to the more advanced subject of electricity, electronics and aerial broadcasting." Blitukus led Kazo out to the wave generator, still resting upon the glacier... although quite a bit of snow seemed to have made itself at home in the dish...



Kazo had already approached the dynamo, and was observing the inner workings of the device. Blitukus spoke, "I know you have knowledge of the particles of matter and energy, so I will explain this relatively briefly. Charged particles drift about in metals, usually randomly with an average speed of zero. Charged particles react to magnetic fields. Changing magnetic fields, such as those from this rotor spinning, encourage a net motion among the charged particles, resulting in a current known as electricity. Normally the oscillating field results in an oscillating current, but in this case I have used this special connector to 'capture' the energy in such a manner it flows in only one direction. As you can see, it is attached to change polarity twice for each full cycle of the magnetic field. This power goes to this box of components, which turns the current into an oscillating wave, modulated... here. This wave is then amplified here, and when it reaches the top of the antenna, it is converted into waves of electricity of magnetism which propagate through the air. The dish of the antenna focuses this to allow for a much more powerful emission in one direction. These waves also induce modulated electrical waves in other antennas sensitive enough to receive the waves in the air, the dish here allowing for increased sensitivity. With this, wireless communication is possible. The exact parameters are described in far more detail in my designs, and in the books, which also happen to hold many of my designs. As you can also see, the operators chair is mechanically linked to face in the direction the antenna is pointed. Here not only do we have the controls and output, we have an optical telescope to track targets with." Kazo inspected the machine for a bit, then walked to the telescope, and looked through it as it was. He spent a moment looking through it, then stepped back, looking out among the stars... A moment passed. Kazos stare seemed to pierce into the heavens... perhaps marking some point on the surface of a world around a distant star... For a moment, Blitukus seemed to finally realize how in tune with the world Kazo truly was... Kazos adamantine body seemed quite truly part of the mass of the entire planet for a moment, but then the feeling faded, although Blitukus kept thinking about it. Technically, seen from the heavens above, Kazo, Blitukus, and all else upon the surface were part of the mass of the rest of the planet. Kazo spoke, "I get the feeling the dragon colony really has a future out there... maybe when your quest is over I'll go with them..." Kazo looked at Blitukus, then smiled, "I hear this band of stars has close to 600 billion stars in it. It spans 160,000 years of light-speed travel from one edge to the other. 600 billion stars, each harboring infinite possibilities! I would LOVE to go see them!... maybe some day." Blitukus smiled... he knew there were many thousands of stars... 600 billion? And this was but one band of many in the collective universe. Blitukus felt deeply honored to know he had gained the attention of such a mind-bogglingly vast entity... then again, though he had gained its attention, attention perhaps even enough to match his own... even that was microscopic compared to the full attention of such an entity. Perhaps quests similar to his were playing out among various creatures of various species in a million different ways in this universe... This rose many questions concerning probability, chaotic space and the nature of time itself... it also brought forth a simpler question, but one just as important. What did the universe want? Perhaps Blitukus would find out soon enough. Blitukus spoke, "When my quest ends... I am unsure of where I will be, but best of luck to you either way. We still have time until then, but before I can discuss my calculating machine and the time machine in an effective manner, you need to know some of the more advanced technological tricks regarding the details of the universes workings. My books have all of the information you need, and some designs as examples. You really should read them first." Kazo smiled, "Sure thing! I like reading informative books. I also like trying it out!" Blitukus replied, "Your focused willpower combined with your knowledge, and of course experience, with probability will make you very useful in operating the time machine. I am sure I hardly have to ask, but would you mind lending a hand eventually?" Kazo grinned, flicking his tail a bit, "I'd love to!" Blitukus smiled. They both walked back into the tunnel. Blitukus was rather glad to escape the cold for his warm tunnels... Kazo seemed indifferent to the cold. It hadn't taken Kazo much time at all to learn the ways of technology... then again, he had already known the magic parallels along with the basics and a good amount regarding the universes inner workings. If Kazo were to bring what he had learned with as the dragons embarked on their interstellar journey, perhaps they would also evolve technology to compliment their magic? Perhaps a harmony of the two would emerge, and they both would evolve... over time, the dragons would become the next cats. Only time would tell.

EDIT: WOOHOO! The tank returns!
[ January 06, 2008: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]
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Title: <b>Re: A Kobold's Quest II</b> Post by: <b>Impending Doom</b> on <b>January 06, 2008, 02:52:00 am</b>
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<div><div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div></div></div> <div>Very well done!</div>

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 06, 2008, 11:56:00 pm**

Thank you :)

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As they reached Blitukus' room, Kazo asked, "So where is this automatic crossbow?" Blitukus replied, "I had left it down the tunnel... I had last used it to drive back the minions of this mountains demon in search for adamantine." Kazo asked, "So you got that adamantine by breaking through a demonic prison?" Blitukus nodded, "I did what I had to do. Currently, the demon released here is no longer a threat... for now." Kazo hesitated a moment, then replied, "Glad to hear he or she won't be bothering us! Now, I'll just head down the tunnels for a while." Blitukus replied, "I will see you in a while then. Please... do not bring it back here, leave it near the bridge... just in case." It seemed Kazo was already on his way out. Kazo left, and Blitukus waited... and waited for quite a while.

**The cave river is overflowing.**

Blitukus kept waiting. It was a long trip down the tunnels... perhaps Kazo had also gotten side tracked after looking at the crossbow. Indeed, that was rather likely. The cave river gushed up its banks... the mill was still perfectly intact. The waters eventually receded, then Kazo returned, dripping slightly with water. It seemed the water beaded up on his adamantine surface. Kazo smiled, "That was a refreshing encounter!" Blitukus snickered... it seemed Kazo was waterproof after all. Kazo continued, "That bow of yours is really clever! Not my favorite weapon type though... are there other improvements to other weapons?" Blitukus replied, "Currently, that is the only advanced weapon around... although it seems all weapons, melee and otherwise, have had some sort of major advancement in the future. This makes me curious, what weapons do you prefer?" Kazo replied, "I've found my claws, teeth, and tail have made for an excellent defense over the years... but when for one reason or another I need something else... I go with what's sharp and pointy, generally spears. I prefer swords as a second." Blitukus commented, "Many consider the spear fundamentally outdated though..." Kazo smiled, "It's the most effective and versatile melee weapon, period. It's tried and true over the last 40,000 years! One of the legendary weapons of the war against the demons was a spear... I saw the guy who had it too! He had enough adamantine covering him to build another me!" Kazo had a point... actually, an expert would have many more options in combat using a spear than using, say, a mace. Spears can fundamentally be used to slash, stab, cleave, and can be used effectively and accurately as a thrown projectile, each destined at a foes vitals... while a mace could be used only as a means to bash at someone and clumsily and ineffectively as a thrown projectile, its blows seldom piercing through to vitals. Blitukus remembered seeing a spear used in combat while in the year 1999... although, that spear was an immense leap above its wooden shafted, stone tipped ancestors. Despite Blitukus' aversion to the instruments of war, he did feel rather curious about these artifacts. Perhaps he would see one again... maybe not. Blitukus spoke, "I do see what you mean. What were the artifact weapons of the war?" Kazo replied, "There were several, but I'll never forget when I met Grand General Visnoh. He carried two artifact weapons at his height. One was the Spear of Infernal Retribution, a mithril-and-adamantine spear said to have been able to summon the fires of hell itself to strike down all foes! The other was the Sword of Genesis... it was an adamantine sword, and when it was empty it was as powerful as a regular adamantine sword... but it's full power, well that's why I just called adamantine swords 'regular'. With each swing the sword gained power, until its blade carried the radiance of heaven and the fires of hell simultaneously... and it still went higher! Legend had it that at its true full power, the sword could have summoned forces of the astral plane unseen since the very creation of the astral plane itself! Using these weapons, Visnoh led 5 successful campaigns and, on his own, struck down 4 arch demons! Too bad it was the 5th that ended him. He and his gear were never seen again." Blitukus thought for a few moments... it seemed, ironically, demonic attacks inspired further innovation and advancement, in a desperate attempt to defend against them... but, what was that technological leviathan, the 'Dreadnought?' What lost relics of the technological era would be buried for none to see eternally after? Blitukus sighed. Kazo continued, "That's ancient history now... literally! I still would've loved to try out those weapons though! Maybe they're still around... maybe not. I don't think I'll need weapons anyway." Kazo then looked around the room, picked out a book, brought it back to the chair, sitting sideways in the chair. It seemed Kazos relatively large tail would make the chair rather uncomfortable should he sit in it 'properly'. Blitukus sat and thought for a while... but soon found himself becoming tired. He then lay down on his bed, and eventually allowed himself to fall asleep.

That day, he slept well, his dream being his strolling among endless green, vibrant landscapes beneath a purplish sky. Despite the odd color, the air was pristine and rather refreshing. After a bit of wandering through these joyous wilds, he happened upon two feline statues. One statue consisted of adamantine, its eyes glowing with a purplish blue aura. The other statue consisted of that dark technological equivalent, its eyes glowing a focused, electric green. Both of the felines smiled at one another, and they mirrored each others pose, pressing their paws together in midair. Blitukus smiled at the two cats, and looked at them. Suddenly... something seemed to change. He felt something intervening that seemed to be from outside of this world, perhaps outside of his dream entirely. He felt the fuzzy chance of the probabilities of his unseen, unawake body being forcefully narrowed down to one, ordered solution... his chaotic heart noticed this, in fact his heart felt literally observed. Blitukus awoke... he opened his eyes, to find them immediately making contact with the blue, reptilian eyes of the face above him. Blitukus spent a few moments waking up, then spoke, "Doing your outpost liaison impression, I see." Kazo snickered, "You've got a good heart!" Blitukus then noticed Kazos hand pressed firmly against his chest. Blitukus looked down. Hovering above Kazos other hand was a 3 dimensional image of Blitukus' heart, consisting of nothing but light, but beating in unison with Blitukus' actual heart. It looked to be in surprisingly good condition considering all it had been through. Blitukus snickered, "A long time ago I once thought to myself that the day I saw my own heart would be ten seconds before my death. I am glad I was wrong." Kazo smiled, then drew his hand away, the image vanishing. Kazo spoke, "I've never seen a kobolds heart before. I'm glad for the light-casting method of looking inside. It's sure cleaner than cutting you open!" Blitukus asked, "... You would not have cut me open, would you?" Kazo replied, "Since you're a friend... I'd only do that if you gave me permission." Blitukus responded, "I am grateful to hear that... I guess. Anyhow, what have you learned from the books?" Kazo spoke, "I looked through you designs. I also read up on steel and how electricity works." Kazo then picked up a book, then sat with it, opening it to the near end. Kazo continued, "I also read about fundamental particles and the secrets of the physical realm!" Blitukus noticed he was reading the 20th century book regarding atom smashers. Kazo continued further, "I know how fundamental particles act... but who knew this donut-shaped particle catapult could make such beautiful fragment spirals! I see now how physical forces, energies, and mass interact... it's so beautiful! Playing with the very innermost heart of the fundamental particle... it's every alchemists dream! So I had a look at the time machine again, and I figured out how all the parts work. It's a masterpiece, Blitukus!" Blitukus smiled, then got up. Blitukus spoke, "Thank you, Kazo... so then you also figured out how the calculating machine worked?" Kazo spoke, "It took me a while of looking at it and playing with the gears... but I figured out most of it. I haven't figured it all out but I will soon! It's everything the magic time machine didn't have! We tried, but magic can't be used directly to solve math. Technology can do it naturally! I'm eager to find out all the new things technology can do... but first, I just got to the parts about cosmic rays and solar neutrinos!" Kazo continued reading. Blitukus stood. Kazo snickered, "This makes me want to pay the sun a visit!" Blitukus laughed... although, Kazo likely could survive in the vacuum of the heavens... and although the instruments used to measure the suns properties were relatively crude, adamantine likely could well withstand the temperature at the suns surface. In such a hypothetical situation, Kazo would have to take care not to be sucked in though, for it was likely the heart of a star was another story entirely.

Blitukus stretched, then started reviewing his own designs while Kazo was reading... eventually, Blitukus heard a sound where there was previously silence. KPLUNK! SPLASH! SPLASH! "MEOOOOWL! ERRRRH!" Blitukus set down the book, then exited the room. He looked up the tunnel... that cat, now rather pathetic looking, soaking wet, was walking down the tunnel. As the cat turned to enter Blitukus' work room, it commented, "So much for a clandestine operation..." Blitukus followed the cat in. The cat walked near the magma channel, and was rapidly dried off by the radiant heat. Blitukus stood nearby. The cat raised its tail up, then turned to face Blitukus. The cat spoke, "There, perrfect..." The cat then lowered its tail as its fur poofed up slightly... "Sort of..." The cat then walked away, and rubbed against the steel frame of the magma smelter, smoothing its fur back down. The cat then walked back to Blitukus, "Now, hello, canine." Blitukus spoke, "Greetings, Cat... I thought your kind had been reduced to animals?" The cat responded, "I was merely visiting and the gods decided they wanted to keep one of us alive for them to torment, especially that Armok, a rather sadistic... mrrrrh, well they didn't count



on me escaping them. I still have the quasi-immortality they gave me... they wanted me around for a while, and I was, just not where they wanted me to be. That convenient shortcut you so kindly provided me was an excellent way to jump out of their sights for a while." Blitukus asked, "Doesn't your presence here jeopardize the relic? Armok could just take the device, after all." The cat smiled, "Not exactly. As long as you, the current owner, and those around you live, no god may move the device. Think of it as... well, you will understand it is a willpower and probability based failsafe." Blitukus nodded, "I see. I assume you will want to leave soon, but before you do, I am curious regarding your civilization... I have heard much but seen little." The cat replied, "I suppose there is no harm in speaking the general details. We evolved in a similar manner to the species of this world... but, from the very beginnings of our civilization, we had made it customary to engrave runes on our technological devices to enhance them further. We developed magic and technology side by side... really to us, we treated it all as simply 'technology'. This sped up our advancement quite a bit. Our civilization was at about 10,000 years of age when we reached our height. We had spread throughout the galaxy... yes, we had mastered ways of bending space to allow for shortcuts. At our height, we had the capacity to harness about 20 billion times the output of your sun, and, as you could imagine, this made us a very serious threat to the gods. Although the details of it are still... sensitive... I can tell you we were on a mission of high importance, and our development was structured with this in mind. The gods banded together to silence us due to our power.. but should they have discovered our mission, all would have been lost. Now, I must leave. Goodbye... perhaps I will return later." Blitukus spoke, "Interesting... I will think about this. I look forward to your next visit. Until then, good luck." The cat smiled, then walked away, disappearing from the room and leaving no trace. Upon leaving the work room, Blitukus looked back into the cavern, and saw Kazo had returned to looking at the calculating machine. Blitukus went back to his room, and looked over his designs further.. he would want to remember every detail of his accomplishments. Blitukus thought about what the cat had said, but eventually, new reflections entered his mind. Kazo had already been essentially brought up to date on the workings of Blitukus' technology, but there was still a lot of time left. Kazo likely would ask about the plastic of the book cover, and other odd details, but that could quickly be summarized. The barrels were stocked with food, his machines were in good condition... it seemed for the first time in a long time, he had some time off to enjoy himself, and friends to share it with. It would help him to get his mind off of the end of his quest, looming before him. He determined he would make the most of it, and perhaps entertain some of Kazos ideas as well... after all, he felt in his heart, his days were numbered, and that number was ticking down... so he might as well enjoy what he had left.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 07, 2008, 12:25:00 am**

First post!

WOOHOO! details on the cat!

BEYOND\*whatever amount armok did last time+1 Quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 07, 2008, 01:10:00 am**

That made me smile. Thanks :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 07, 2008, 06:24:00 pm**

Beyond ["BEYOND\*whatever amount armok did last time+1"] Quality! :(

Thanks again for this wonderfully story! I don't really think anyone except AlanL can understand how much this means to me...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 07, 2008, 06:38:00 pm**

Ah yes. I remember that plan now. Sealed myself off before you guys actually carried it out though.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 08, 2008, 12:17:00 am**

Thank you :)

As long as the RP doesn't get out of hand, I generally enjoy reading it anyway; sometimes it helps to form backstory, actually.

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Blitukus waited a bit longer... he heard steam-powered machines starting. Likely Kazo had gotten hungry again. Blitukus got up, and put down his book, deciding to indulge an old gnomish impulse, one he had previously refused, the cutting and admiration of gemstones. On top of it, he could give the gemstones to Dracha to aid with the draconic efforts when he was near to finishing his quest. He brought back rough gems from within his tunnels, stopping for a drink, then continuing. He continued to cut several bunches of gems... he continued until he got hungry, stopped to eat some, then continued... where was Kazo? He cut gems, eventually cutting a well-crafted large Sapphire... immensely valuable back at home, but that mattered little. Kazo seemed to have left... a lot of time had passed. On his way out of the work room to fetch another lump of rough gems, Kazo seemed to appear from around the corner. Blitukus smiled, "Greetings, Kazo." Kazo smiled, "Why hello! I just got done speaking with Dracha. She told me to give you these!" Kazo then gave Blitukus several sweet pods. Blitukus smiled, "Thank you, and I thank her.. I think I know what I will do with these." Blitukus hadn't had sweets for a very long time... now was a good chance to make some. Kazo spoke, "I couldn't figure out what that one book cover was made of, what is it?" Just as Blitukus had predicted... although Kazo was somewhat chaotic, it seemed there were certain actions he had a high probability of taking. Blitukus smiled, "It is a material from the future known as 'plastic'. I do not know any of the details regarding it, other than it seems fairly commonplace in the future, often a substitute for metal or wood it seems." Kazo smiled, "I wonder what other materials technology can produce!... with every new material comes a whole new world of applications. Speaking of that, I thought up a way to make something like the old Dwarfbane rod launcher using steel and technology. I'd like to experiment with upgrading that armor of yours!" Blitukus asked, "Will it be modular?... if it fails, I would rather not be stuck with it." Kazo spoke, "Don't worry... I'm an expert at dealing with failed experiments!" Blitukus snickered, "In that case, of course. I trust you as a friend after all. There are some leftover steel scraps by the forge, and some leftover bars from the time machine left in the cavern." Kazo smiled, "I'll just go do that then. Thanks!" Blitukus smiled back as Kazo walked eagerly toward the cavern. Blitukus continued with moving the rough gems back and forth, and cutting them, although he was starting to get a bit tired. As Blitukus worked, and occasionally stopped to gaze into the brilliant, refractive gems, he also looked aside to see Kazo forging an addition to the arm of his suit... it was a small addition, but it seemed to be surprisingly complex. Blitukus thought back, and remembered Dwarfbane... the giant elephant with the cable-shooting attachment. Although, the magical properties of this cable-shooting device couldn't be exactly replicated... what did Kazo have in mind for unique technological properties? Blitukus observed Kazo curiously every now and then. Eventually, his tiredness got to him, and he decided to stop there. He had nearly finished cutting gems... he would finish the day after. Kazo also seemed to be finishing up... really, it was a very clever design, although Blitukus couldn't see the details, it appeared to make use of small but powerful steam pistons and devices, as well as some sort of linkage system that connected to the fingers of the glove. Blitukus left the room, and went back to his bed. He lay, and looked back through his designs... he soon felt tired enough to sleep, and did so.

That day, Blitukus drempt of how it was before it all... simpler times, peaceful times, a time of happiness and prosperity. He remembered the simple, small villages, resting peacefully upon the green fields. He embraced the vision, remembering fully his childhood, what it was like before... but it all disappeared. When he awoke, he felt a bit of sadness in his heart... no matter what peace he had brought... he still missed those days. But, he realized... his new situation gave him new powers and capabilities, the power to fulfill an otherwise impossible quest... he sat up, and looked down, spotting his old bronze and green glass goggles... he had stopped wearing them since his first time travel experience... but they still were a symbol of his capabilities and achievements. He picked them up, smiled, then put them on once more. He stood, yawned, then exited his room... Judging by the sounds, Kazo was recharging his crystals once more. Blitukus walked down to the river and took a drink, returned to his room, eating 'breakfast', then continued what he had mostly completed the day before. He soon finished... and piled the gems together on the table, smiling and sticking his nose into the pile. A lump of cut turquoises, a lump

of rose quartzes, 3 lumps of red spinels, a lump of aquamarines, complete with a quite large aquamarine gem... 5 lumps of beautifully cut emeralds, and a lump of sapphires, complete with a well-crafted large sapphire gem. All in all, a rather large pile of gems. Blitukus laughed, and began to gaze into them, combining the refractivity of different gems, watching light bend in all sorts of ways, light bouncing into rather odd paths within the pile, and within the lineups he had created. It also demonstrated some of the rather odd properties of light... After a bit of toying with the properties of light, Blitukus piled the gems again, then lay back and rested up against the pile of gems. Despite the rather hard edges of the gems, they seemed to feel surprisingly comfortable against his fur...

... in fact, I may consider sleeping upon them...

Blitukus snickered. Kazo spoke, "I'm glad you woke up! I'm eager to test this new device!" Blitukus looked down... Kazo was standing nearby. Blitukus sat up, and stood. Blitukus spoke, "Sure, I myself am rather curious as to what it does exactly." Kazo grinned, "You'll see!" Blitukus walked into the main area of the work room, and then put on the chest plating and upgraded arm-and-glove of his suit. The steam generator in the back of his suit provided power for the new device. Kazo then walked out to the tunnel. Blitukus followed. Kazo then stood in the tunnels, turning to face Blitukus. Kazo raised his tail up slightly, and stood with arms held outward as much as possible in the tunnel, legs spread slightly, "Let's see what you can do with it!" Blitukus responded, "I am assuming this means this new device is ineffective against adamantine..." Kazo grinned, "If you manage to scratch me with it, I'll be impressed! Besides, it'll remind me of all the fun I had playing with Dwarfbane!" Blitukus did have a bit of a moral hesitation to using this apparantly dangerous device on a friend... but he pushed them aside, for it seemed his friend was effectively invincible, and he would likely be providing some sort of entertainment for them both in doing this. Blitukus snickered, "If you say so." Blitukus then took a close look at the device... apparantly he was supposed to control it through the finger linkages... after a minute or two of observing it and moving the controls around, he found out how it was controlled. By pressing his fingertips against the bottom of his palm, near the bottom of his wrist, then pulling upward, he could fire it. Then, his fingers collectively controlled the right guideline, his thumb the left... apparantly, when the two bolt-like projectiles were fired, they trailed a small cable, and the cable could be quickly and precisely manipulated using these controls. Blitukus aimed it at Kazo, then fired the device. Two puffs of steam fired out of the device, the harpoon-like bolts shot out, trailing thin, almost wire-like steel cable. The bolts bounced off of Kazos chest harmlessly. Kazo snickered. Blitukus pulled back, the device reeling in the bolts, reloading itself automatically. Blitukus noticed that the controls could be used to fire the bolts in convergent or divergent directions, and direct the unspooling cable as well. Waves in the cable could be used to even direct the bolts mid flight... indeed, a skilled operator would be able to do quite a bit with it. Kazo was still smiling, holding that position, waving his tail slightly. Blitukus aimed again, this time aiming carefully, using a divergent input... he fired. The bolts flew over Kazos arms, and with a jerk upward, Blitukus sent a wave through the cable which angled the bolts downward. Blitukus stopped the spools, and then jerked back, the bolts wrapping around Kazos arms and becoming caught on their own cable. Blitukus pulled back, pulling Kazo toward him. Kazo stepped back, nearly pulling the glove off of Blitukus' hand. Blitukus released the spool, and sent another wave through the cable, causing the bolts to come loose. Blitukus then reeled the bolts back in again. He found it surprising that all of these functions were packed into a device that, excluding pistons, was smaller than his hand. It was indeed a very clever technological device... unfortunately, it seemed he would have little use for it, apart from entertaining himself and his friends. Blitukus aimed, and fired again. THUNK! Kazo looked down... the bolts were caught in the space between two plates at a joint. Kazo seemed slightly surprised by this, but then smiled, "You've got good aim!" Blitukus snickered, "Thank you... although it was probably simple beginners luck." Blitukus reeled Kazo in... but ended up simply pulling himself toward Kazo. Kazo easily freed the bolts, then started pulling Blitukus around by them. Blitukus stumbled forward, eventually standing right next to Kazo. Kazo snickered. Kazo let go, then smiled, "Let's see how well you can snatch a moving target!" Blitukus reeled the bolts in fully, smiled, then nodded. Kazo led Blitukus down to the empty cavern that once contained the rough blue diamonds, waved his tail about for a moment, then started moving about the room. Blitukus found that more often than not, he missed, but he quickly adapted his crossbow skills to serve him with this device, greatly improving his accuracy. They both proceeded to, in a way, make a sport out of testing the device. Blitukus and Kazo both found it rather fun and amusing, and continued on for quite a while, testing the device in many different situations, the device proving successful in nearly all cases, although, of course, Kazo was never damaged. Eventually, they declared it a success, and Blitukus stopped for a drink. Blitukus never thought he would enjoy working with Kazo on an experiment so much, but he did decide to make the most out of what happened on these last remaining days. Blitukus finished his drink. He then began to take the bits of armor off, and spoke to Kazo, "Thank you for this invention... I am not sure what I will use it for but it is a very clever device." Kazo smiled, "I'm sure you'll think of something!" Blitukus smiled... perhaps he would, but it was unlikely. Blitukus then took the armor, and put it back with the rest. He thought about bringing his armor, his weapons and whatever else he could with in preparation for repelling potential demonic resistance in the future... but then again, it was likely that any demons present would be wielding armor that his weapons wouldn't scratch, and weapons that effectively rendered his armor nonexistent. Even worse, bringing his equipment along would increase the chance of a violent encounter. He decided it would be best if he left it behind... they would serve no use. In the case of a violent encounter... at least it would end quickly. He forced the thought from his mind. Until then... he still had at least a little time left.

I have the feeling that I might've messed something up, although I can't pinpoint it. I'm hoping having to continue after a power outage didn't cause problems or interrupt anything in the story. Then again, maybe the power outage just made me paranoid.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 08, 2008, 12:28:00 am**

Brilliant, as always. :)

The cables on the device appear to be quite strong for their size. Perhaps Blitikus could use it as some sort of grabbling/climbing implement?

Edit: FIRST POST!!

[ January 08, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 08, 2008, 12:32:00 am**

Thanks :)

Probably... maybe, maybe not. keep in mind, these are made of steel, which has a pretty good tensile strength. These also aren't truly wire thin, I just didn't want to give the impression that they were the typical thick cable.

[ January 08, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 08, 2008, 08:11:00 pm**

BEYOND QUALITY!!! :D

Oh, Reign, it's a shame you missed it, it was fun. Especially that time when we took red-hot needles and stuck them into... Ok, I won't tease you whit what you missed, that would be *mean*, and I'm not mean, am I?  
(I ALMOST succeeded in telling I stuck needles into a cat for fun and claim I'm not mean in the same sentence :D )

Ok, I and AlanL discussed that as well as many other things on the chat today (Like a SHOCKINGLY awesome surprise about Kazo I proposed \*strikes a proud pose\*), we did some math and that device should be able to lift about a ton, whit a little trick to not ruin the mechanism it would indeed be quite useful for climbing, good suggestion Reign, it might come to use.  
(the cables are 4-5mm in diameter for that calculation if you want numbers BTW)

Sleeping on gems... I think Blitukus have been around dragons for to long, not that it's a bad thing.

And Kazo is awesome as always!

Most of the things I was going to say in this post I actually ended up saying on the irc, as an excuse for it being so short. (actually Reign you might consider joining us some day, if you are not afraid for spoilers or the discussion going over your head.)



I hope I have not spoiled in any way or otherwise done anything against the will of AlanL, if so, my deepest excuses followed by attempted suicide.

This is beyond words in awesomeness. \*spontaneously tries to hug AlanL, resulting in AlanLs clothing catching on fire\*

And to quote Fale in ending this post:  
Thanksye! bye! :D \*evaporates\*

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 08, 2008, 08:36:00 pm**

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Um... Impeding doom suggested the cable, not me.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 09, 2008, 12:59:00 am**

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Erm... O.o

\*clothing spontaneously extinguishes... then actually seems to repair itself\*

There...

Anyway, thanks :p

And, yep, it seems it was Impending Doom that contributed that idea, not Reign.

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Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "Perhaps I will think of a way to use it... but it depends on what tasks come later. I am not sure what will come next." Outside, the sun was not rising... but Blitukus felt rather tired anyhow. Had Blitukus really spent... actually, he WAS woken up early. The sun would be rising soon anyhow... perhaps he should take the opportunity to sleep in, a luxury he hadn't been able to afford previously. Blitukus continued, "I have chosen to end my day early... I was woken up early. Please allow me to sleep until I awake naturally this time." Kazo replied, "Aww, I was having fun testing that... I'll just have a look around outside while you rest then." Blitukus nodded, then left, moving back to his bed, and laying in it. Blitukus then daydreamed until he slipped into a real dream.

Within, Blitukus found himself standing in front of the castle of old Rametaru, capital of Anthath Siset... but, the familiar, pleasant town, pristine landscape all around, was different... he looked around, and saw every building, save for the castle, in shambles... a thunderstorm roared overhead. All around were spikes stuck into the ground, the dismembered heads of his fellow townspeople stuck atop them. Blood stained the ground... he shut his eyes, turned, and look back at the castle... all of a sudden, the castle was made of obsidian. A deep, cruel, menacing laugh emanated from the castle... Blitukus walked around, noticing the buildings mostly empty, those inside starved to be nearly skeletons. Everything in all of the shops were priced 99999. Blitukus heard an armored guard running toward him. He turned to face the guard... the guard was plated in iron armor, holding a simple iron mace drawn. Blitukus jumped back as the guard swung at him. Blitukus then jumped forward, and wrestled the mace away, proceeding to bash the guards head in with it. Blitukus found this all unrealistically easy to do... He walked to the center of town, walking to the dirt road... to find it had suddenly become asphalt, but buildings around decayed even more. Thunder roared again. This could not truly be old Anthath Siset! His mother would have never, ever allowed this to happen... perhaps, it was not his familiar old Anthath Siset after all... He heard the buzzy voice of someone speaking on radio, "Code 418, target spotted." There was a beep, and the sound of footsteps behind him. Blitukus turned around to see another guard running toward him... this one clad in anti-projectile fabric and a bit of titanium plate, holding a mace with an immense spike on the front, wearing a helmet the eyes of which glowed red. The guard ran up... Blitukus swung, and missed. The guard swung, and knocked Blitukus down, Blitukus yelling as the spike dug in, the force of the blow seeming to make his whole body shake. It disabled his left arm... luckily, Blitukus held the iron mace with his right hand. Blitukus grunted loudly, the guard drawing back to strike again. Blitukus then brought the mace upward, striking the guard in the knee. The guards knee was broken, and the guard tumbled to the ground, yelling. Blitukus kept bashing at the guard until eventually, even through the titanium plate, the guard was killed. The iron mace was ruined by striking at the titanium plate. Blitukus dropped it, grunted, and got up. He shuddered... then looked around again. The buildings of old Anthath were gone... and now, he saw the Rametaru of the future... gone to hell. Buildings were rusted over, and in place of the castle, was a towering building, marked OmnireCo. Lightning struck the building, the building standing perfectly unharmed. Blitukus felt himself filled with a new rage... who would dare do such a horrid thing to his home town, to the home of his mother? Blitukus picked up the XXiron maceXX, and threw it at the OmnireCo sign... the obsidian-black glass was shattered... and then, it seemed all reality was shattered.

**It is now summer.**

Blitukus woke up... but he still felt the same fury within. But, he did feel a new determination... he would NOT die to ANY being of the future... demonic resistance or not, he promised himself, he would succeed in his quest. He sat up, and sighed... breathing deeply, and forcing the bitterness from his heart... it shall only return if it were needed. Blitukus stood, spent a moment allowing his body to fully awaken, then left his room, to immediately face Kazo in the tunnel. Kazo snickered, "I didn't know kobolds hibernated!" Blitukus quickly checked his timepiece... he had indeed slept in quite a bit... it was now Hematite, the month of his birthday... but he still had time left... at least a little. Blitukus smiled, "I generally do not but in this case, I felt like it." Kazo smiled, "I was playing with some metal and found out that I can use the cat energy-converter the other way too! If you don't mind I'd like to test it on you." Blitukus stepped back. Kazo snickered again. Blitukus spoke, "After my encounter with the dwarves, I find I have been zapped enough for one lifetime... find something else to use." Kazo replied, "Aww... Dracha's too big for that. I'll find something eventually. Until then... It's summer... and it's snowy! Now that's a rarity!" Blitukus sighed, "Not in this biome... but, out of all of the years I have been here, I have yet to enjoy the snow... I did come from a desert, and I had seldom ever experienced snow as a child." Blitukus smiled, "I suppose I will be outside then, if you would like to come with, feel free." Kazo smiled, "Sure thing!" Blitukus smiled, then walked up the tunnel. He spread his clothing in a manner to guarantee maximum coverage and insulation... since it was summer, the temperatures weren't really lethal, but they were still a bitter cold. Blitukus emerged into the now slightly flatter snowy dunes... he smiled, embracing the environment around himself... it might be his last chance to truly enjoy it. He found it odd... those 6 years ago, when he had arrived... his first concern was to dig a tunnel to escape the cold, for otherwise he would have surely perished... and now, he finds that he had everything he needed, and now ventured onto the glacier... for the sake of perhaps turning what had once been nothing but a lifeless waste, into sweeping white hills that may forever remain in his memory. He looked out toward the horizon, and took in the view... the beautiful, powdery land beneath a beautiful, starry, auroric sky. The aurora... both a beautiful display, and a sign that that worlds shielding against the piercing rays of the cosmos was working properly. This landscape, the scene of his arrival, the scene of his first flight, the scene of his speaking with the heavens... and now a scene within what would perhaps prove to be the last period of peace he would enjoy before his quests end. Blitukus balled up a snowball, tossed it up, caught it, repeated this a couple of times, then chucked it out into the distance. The frozen beauty of this land seemed to, at least temporarily, extinguish the flame of his anger... he felt truly at peace. Blitukus crouched down, and began to ball up snow. Meanwhile, Kazo seemed to be ascending the cliff face once more. Blitukus gathered together a large amount of snow, and made it into a snowbold. As he finished, a flying, spinning snowball struck the snowbold in the head, causing part of it to explode in a cloud of snow. Blitukus snickered a bit... the snowbold had been struck down, but could be easily repaired. Blitukus looked to his side, "Please watch where yo-" A flying, spinning snowball struck Blitukus in the face. Blitukus shook off. Kazo laughed. Blitukus balled up a snowball, and threw it, striking Kazo in the face. They then engaged in a snowball fight for the fun of it for a while. Eventually, Dracha was seen approaching overhead, flying low to observe them. Kazo balled up another snowball, hesitated for a moment, then chucked it upward, striking Dracha in the front of the nose. Dracha continued flying past. Kazo snickered. Blitukus walked over to Kazo. Blitukus spoke, "I wish I could do more out here but I still want to make use of those sweet pods, after all, I-" THUMP! Both Blitukus and Kazo were buried under a small mound of snow. Dracha could be heard laughing above. Blitukus quickly dug himself out, stood, and shook off, shivering. Kazo easily dislodged himself, and quickly shook the snow away. Blitukus continued, "... I am getting rather cold anyway." Kazo smiled, and walked to the cliff face. He then scooped up some snow, and put it in his mouth. A few moments passed, Kazo focusing on something... then Kazo spat out a bit of water, which froze on the ground. Kazo found an overhang in the cliff face, then spat a small, continuous stream of water onto the edge, the droplets freezing near the lowest point. Eventually, an icicle was formed. Kazo broke it off, then handed it to Blitukus, "Here you go!" Blitukus snickered, "Very nice trick, Kazo. Thank you." Blitukus looked at it... it was a solid chunk of Kazos spit... then again, since Kazo was a construct, it was of course simply frozen water.

Blitukus and Kazo walked back inside, and then Blitukus set the spike of ice down on his table in his room, setting it upright... unfortunately, it would melt there... although, it did seem to eventually stick to the table. Then, Blitukus left his room, and began milling



the sweet pods into flour...

**The cave river is overflowing.**

Blitukus continued for a little bit more... eventually, he heard the approaching waves. gsh... GSH... RSSHHHH! Blitukus realized that probably wasn't a good idea... he picked up the sugar he had gotten so far, anything else he could carry that would likely get washed away, then left the farm room. A moment later, the waters gushed up onto the shores, flooding the mill once more... luckily, Blitukus was inside. A few moments later, Kazo walked in through the front door of the tunnel, trailing a bit of water behind him. Kazo smiled, "Nature helps cut down on the tedium!" Blitukus snickered, "I suppose so... I did find my last impromptu encounter to be rather... refreshing..." Kazo snickered, "I'm glad you had a nice swim!" Blitukus smiled... it seemed it definitely was a rather good way to go through life to look on the bright side of things. Blitukus then waited for the waters to subside, and resumed milling, eventually stopping for a drink, bringing the sugar back, and, following an old idea, cooked the sugar into caramel. As he did this, he noticed Kazo in a nearby workshop, playing with electricity and magnetism it seemed. It seemed Kazo easily turned working with these physical forces into an art form. Blitukus noticed that one odd aspect of the combination of magical control and the cat energy-converter allowed for Kazo to also manipulate magnetic fields, indicated by Kazo moving magnetic and metal objects about, and occasionally getting them stuck to him. Blitukus considered it very likely that this new ability to manipulate electricity and magnetism could come in very handy for Kazo... although when and where was still to be determined. Blitukus continued cooking the sugars. Quite a lot of caramel resulted. Kazo stood, and walked up to Blitukus, "It looks like using the converter backwards will have a lot of uses. I'm eager to try them!... but I think I need to find a real need first. I guess I've found a new way to entertain the dragons!" Blitukus smiled, "I am glad you enjoy your new-found abilities. Here, try this." Blitukus offered Kazo the caramel. Kazo stuck his head in, and licked the caramel sitting at the bottom. Kazo then pulled back out, licking his lips, "I love the taste of caramel!... It's too bad I can't really eat it... but it does make me glad to have adamantine teeth! Speaking of eating... I think I'll just head over to the cavern." Blitukus nodded. Kazo then snatched up a little bit of caramel, licking it on his way to the cavern. Blitukus spent some time enjoying the caramel himself... it was a real treat. He hadn't often had sweets at all, even when he was young. Unfortunately, one day a human gave him chocolate, and he found by experience that kobolds could not properly digest chocolate. That was the first and last time he tried the stuff. Blitukus wondered, if Kazo couldn't really eat, why could he taste?... Taste was actually the most natural form of chemical sensing, a useful ability to have in several circumstances. Blitukus stopped eating the caramel, saving quite a lot still actually, and instead finished his appetite with another bit of bread.

When he was done eating, he decided to use the free time available to deliver the gems... and the rest of the caramel... to Dracha. He wouldn't be needing either, and Dracha was the one who gave him the sweet pods anyway, albeit indirectly. Blitukus took up the two empty bags remaining in his home, and stuffed them full of gems, stuffing his clothes full of gems as well, bringing as many with as he could, including the large gems. Blitukus carried the container of caramel along too as he left, walking up the tunnels, and out, walking towards Drachas lair. Blitukus snickered... the items he carried were likely valuable enough to buy out the stores of an entire village... although the cause he was intent on donating to was far more valuable than that. His gnomish lineage remained attached to the gems... but the knowledge that they were his only reminded him that he had every right to give them away. He continued on, eventually reaching Drachas lair, and entering. He passed into the main cavern, noticing the familiar equipment that had provided him once with an out of body experience... but now, stockpiles of materials were being built up, it seemed there were stacks of food, mithril, books, crystals, she was intent on bringing as much as she could. Blitukus saw Dracha near the back of this cavern, and approached. She was carefully reading a book. He waited until she finished a page, then spoke, "Hello, Dracha." Dracha turned around, then smiled, "It's not often you pay ME a visit! Welcome... I smell caramel on ya!" Blitukus smiled, then offered Dracha the caramel. Dracha smiled, "I haven't seen that stuff in ages! Thanks!" Dracha then took up the container, and ate the rest of the caramel out of it. She seemed to enjoy it quite a bit. When she was done, she dropped the container, licked her lips, then sat. She smiled, "The quickest way to make me a friend is to give me sweets, but yer a friend anyway! Thanks again... You have any more of it?" Blitukus replied, "No, that was the rest of it." Dracha laughed, "I'm tempted to grow some more sweet pods just so I can give them to ya! I want some more of the stuff sooner or later, an' I'll soon make my own, but I won't say no to a gift on top of it!" Blitukus snickered, "It seems you have a sweet tooth the size of my forearm." Dracha smiled, "Yeh, yer probably right about that." Blitukus then walked to a gem pile, and contributed what he was carrying to it. Dracha spoke, "Not often this happens! Thanks, and... emeralds? That's a lot of emeralds. Not only is that my favorite gem, we really need those!" Blitukus smiled. Dracha continued, "These'll really go a long way. Thanks, Blitukus!" Blitukus smiled further, "I am glad to donate to such a noble cause... but now, I must leave, for it will soon be my birthday, and I would rather be ready for it." Dracha replied, "Yeah, the countdown is doin' as the name suggests, and I gotta be ready too. I'll see you... well, maybe the next time we see eachother will be the last. I'll see you next time, and thanks again!" Blitukus smiled, then left, crossing the glacier back to his own home... He walked back down through the tunnels, and met Kazo walking up the tunnel. Kazo spoke, "Why hello!" Blitukus replied, "Hello, Kazo. Have any further questions or discoveries arisen while I was gone?" Quite a while of transit had passed, actually. Kazo replied, "I've got a new question for you... what is the answer to absolutely everything?" Unfortunately, this was inherently impossible to know. Blitukus snickered, then spoke a random guess, "9\*5-3?" Kazo smiled, "I don't know either, but I'm pretty sure that's 42! In one of the oldest math systems ever to be etched in tablet... an oddity in the notation systems and base number makes the exact opposite of 42 get written as -3. I love figuring out the oddities of ancient systems!" Blitukus tilted his head slightly, "How does one get -3 from inverting 42?" Kazo replied, "A bad base number and strange notation that gets carried through. It's also rather funny thinking about what might've made them do that too." Blitukus snickered. Blitukus then checked his timepiece... it read, "12:01 AM, Hematite 28, 1086". He had just turned 24... it seemed the beginning of the end of his quest had now begun... but, he did feel rather curious as to what his mothers soul had arranged... whatever it was, it may indeed prove critical to his quest... perhaps.

[ January 09, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 09, 2008, 01:50:00 am**

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Great story. The snowbold scene was hilarious

Hrmmm... Kobolds may be canines, but would they really develop the same problem digesting chocolate?

Edit: FIRST POST! AGAIN! I'm on a roll here!

Edit Again: Decided to read back over the last couple pages, and noticed something that I hadn't seen before. The descriptions of the demon that founded Metropolis and the one that Blitikus released are oddly similar. Coincidence?

[ January 09, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

[ January 09, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 09, 2008, 04:26:00 pm**

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Thanks :)

Yeah, this time it really was a coincidence. Those two demons are different people.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 09, 2008, 05:03:00 pm**

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Beyond quality.  
[generic praising]

Sorry Imp.

Etc. etc.

...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 09, 2008, 05:06:00 pm**

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quote:
Sorry Imp.

What for? I never said you did anything, Armok.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 09, 2008, 05:19:00 pm**

Because I azzumed it was Reign that came whit the cable-zwinging idea and didn't give you credit for it.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 09, 2008, 05:22:00 pm**

That was an honest mistake. You don't have to apologize for it.   ;)

[ January 09, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 09, 2008, 06:20:00 pm**

YES! HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY REFERENCE IN A KOBOLDS QUEST!  
My life is complete...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Demosthenes** on **January 10, 2008, 12:42:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by AlanL: <STRONG> Yeah, this time it really was a coincidence. Those two demons are different people.</STRONG>

What? They are? Dang, I'm confused now. :|

Also, Kazo is now Magneto.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 10, 2008, 01:00:00 am**

Thanks     :)

And yes, I thought eventually a HHGTTG reference was in order.

Kazos abilities weren't a reference to magneto, but they do seem to share a few things.

Recently, I felt inspired regarding Kazos quests again... I'm looking forward to writing it.  
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Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "It seems I am now 24 years of age... now perhaps you may decide to help aiming the machine?" Kazo grinned, flicking his tail a bit, "I'd LOVE to! I've been waiting for this!" Blitukus smiled, "You will not have to wait much longer. I need to suit up. In the mean time, I would like you to start the dynamos and begin charging the capacitor." Kazo replied, "Sure thing!" Kazo then walked quickly toward the chamber. Blitukus proceeded to the work room, took off his goggles, and began to put his entire suit on. Slowly, he managed to fit it all on, checking the joints and making triple sure they were secure and airtight. He would not use the nudge... perhaps a few minutes would be all that his suit would provide him anyhow, for all it protected him from was extreme pressures and some temperatures. It did not provide oxygen though outside of the air within it, and any other potential environmental hazard, including high energy rays, he would be vulnerable against. He would likely not want to stay for very long. He finished suiting up, wearing the sphere of direction on the outside of the suit, and slowly made his way to the chamber. Kazo had done as instructed, and the capacitor was well on its way to being charged. Kazo knocked on Blitukus' steel suit, "What's it like being a kobold in a can?" Blitukus snickered, "Better than being dead." Kazo commented, "I'd love to test that armor with you in it!" Blitukus replied, "I promise... should I survive the end of my quest, you may do as you wish with me... as long as you do not do anything permanent." Kazo smiled, "Sounds like fun!" Blitukus did owe it to Kazo... then again, he found himself wondering what he potentially had just gotten himself into. Despite Kazos rather uncommon set of morals, Blitukus still trusted him. They waited... eventually the capacitor charged. Blitukus switched power to the portal ring. As the portal ring charged, he carefully calculated the initial conditions, readied the calculating machine, put in the specific coordinates he had written down along with the initial conditions, and then started it going... although most of the work was already done. Kazo eagerly watched the entire process, smiling as he observed the calculating machine do its work. Blitukus wondered... what if his present WAS the fourth component? It was unlikely, but possible... maybe possible. As the ring gained speed, Kazo walked up to it, absorbed some of the charge from it, then returned. Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "This is a device that operates on fundamental probabilities... you may observe the particle cannon firing, but as soon as the beam cuts off, cease all observation for at least several seconds. During the time the rift is opening, the entire... 'shortcut'... as the cats call it, is in simultaneous states subject to probability. When the rift is open, and we observe it, it will already likely be near the intended destination, but it is our willpower that will refine the destination to put it in a favorable place. Something will be out of the ordinary with whatever the environment will be, and we want to focus down to that. Over these distances, refinement can mean the difference between being able to reach it and not." Kazo replied, "I can't wait to do this!" Blitukus smiled and snickered. The ring was up to speed, the capacitor charged, the calculating machine ready... all was in place. Blitukus discharged the capacitor, the particle cannon firing. Kazo watched with a smile. As soon as the beam had ceased, Blitukus started the clockwork controls, and shut his eyes, focusing on making the destination come out near whatever was special in the region indicated. While Blitukus did this, he seemed to sense his willpower combining with the ever refined one of Kazo. When they both once again observed the rift, it had fully formed... on the other side seemed a land consisting of only red sky, distant thunderstorms visible... several bands of gas seemed to slowly move. Blitukus spoke, "Perhaps we focused upon the wrong location..." Kazo spoke, "Something interesting has to be there! Let's find out!" Blitukus smiled, "Then we shall."

They both walked to the rift. Air was being sucked through with quite a lot of force... there was little or no pressure on the other side. Blitukus shut the vents on his suit, making it truly airtight. He then stepped toward the edge... before him was red gas... an immense sphere of it... but, above its curved horizon lay brilliant stars. He felt nervous about stepping out into such an area, but he remembered... his mother had sent him these coordinates, and she would never do anything that would jeopardize his life. Blitukus stepped through the rift, and emerged on the other side... he immediately found himself in free-fall... yet, looking down at the red ball of gas, he seemed to be moving to the side, not downward. He looked around. In the distance were several rock-like objects that seemed to be in free-fall with him... visible in the far distance were dimly glowing moons sparsely scattered in the sky. In the far, far distance, the sun was visible... although, it seemed much dimmer and further away than it had been at his home. He realized... he now circled the red, fuzzy planet he had once seen in his optical telescope. Blitukus used the momentum of his body to turn himself to face the rift again. Turning in such a manner was difficult, but in this airless and weightless realm, it was the only option he had. Blitukus saw Kazo also emerging from the rift. Behind the rift lay a large, rock-like object. Close by to the side was a moon... the moon seemed to be covered with ice not consisting of water. Blitukus indeed noticed that there was a slight bit of condensation drifting from the steel surface of his suit... indeed, the thermometers in his helmet were pegged negative with such force to indicate a temperature below -300 degrees. Blitukus saw the nearby moon... it was the size of a small planet. This meant that the ball of red, banded gas, lightning arcing through it below, was several multiples the size of a rocky planet. Blitukus noticed a blue glow of mana around Kazos hands... Kazo seemed to move forward due to astral forces. Kazo looked around, smiling, then approached one of the nearby rock-like objects, apparantly small asteroids, anchoring himself to it with his claws, and proceeding to watch Blitukus. Blitukus noticed that he seemed to be within a cloud of these asteroids,

these objects likely rather sparse elsewhere around the red gas giant. Blitukus heard nothing but the sound of himself breathing... his suit would soon become cold, the air spent. His system only cooled the suit, and even if he managed to get it to function in reverse, there was little heat at all outside to pump into his suit. He noticed though, that his suit cooled surprisingly slowly... there was no air around to carry heat away, so it could only radiate away. Blitukus found he rather enjoyed the view... although he wouldn't have long to enjoy it. Blitukus looked into the sphere of direction... it was empty. This world fundamentally had no supply of mana. Blitukus used his own stores to check the sphere. It seemed to point toward the decently sized asteroid nearby. Indeed... the rift was very close to it. Perhaps it was actually pointing to something on the other side... Blitukus turned to face it, and vented steam from the back of his suit. He was pushed in a path toward the asteroid... but his steam loop quickly stalled. Apparently he was out of range of the sources back on his homeworld. Blitukus noticed the very high density of this part of the asteroid cloud... even in asteroid belts asteroids were typically quite far between, but here they were well within range. Blitukus reached the asteroid, and set foot on it, slowly bending his legs, dust trailing upward weightlessly. Blitukus grappled the rocky edged of the asteroid, and made his way around its surface... finding there was a rather beautiful view of the nearby moon on the other side, but not any carryable items. Blitukus checked the sphere again... it still pointed toward the center of the asteroid... perhaps his goal lay **within** the asteroid... he checked the surface for any way through, but it seemed there was none, although the surface was slightly penetrable and could be latched to... then a new idea arose.

Perhaps he would have a use for Kazos invention... although he would only be able to fire it once without power from his suit. He would have to make it count. Still... how could he penetrate the surface of the asteroid? There was nothing around to aid him but other, smaller asteroids... this meant the only solution was to make use of a smaller asteroid. An idea quickly revealed itself to him... although he would need Kazos help. Perhaps Kazo could breach the surface alone anyhow? Blitukus looked around... Kazo was still resting upon an asteroid rather distant from him. Blitukus found a nearer asteroid between himself and Kazo. He aimed for that asteroid, and compensating for gravity... rather, the relative lack thereof... leapt toward it. He approached... and eventually reached it. He found he had little time to land and aim before he would simply bounce off of the asteroid. He aimed the best he could toward Kazo, and adjusted his course, the asteroid he was leaving behind being nudged away by a small amount. He found he was a bit off target... As he approached, and eventually began to pass his target asteroid. Blitukus aimed at the moving target, then fired the bolts, the recoil nudging his course away, the puffs of steam turning to wisps in the vacuum around. The bolts became firmly lodged in the surface of the asteroid. There was no steam left to reel himself in... Blitukus grabbed the steel cable... and was promptly jerked to a relative stop as the cable ran out. Blitukus pulled himself toward the asteroid... but, he also felt as if he were pulling the asteroid toward himself. Technically it was both. Eventually, Blitukus and the asteroid met at a point between their centers but much closer to the asteroid. Blitukus grabbed hold of the surface of the asteroid, freed and recovered the bolts, and proceeded along the surface until he met Kazo. Blitukus nearly began to speak... then realized it would be futile. He began to gesture his ideas at Kazo. Kazo smiled, reached out, and used one claw to tap at Blitukus' forehead... Blitukus realized, if Arkus was any indication, then Kazo had a much more efficient form of communication literally in mind. Blitukus rested in weightlessness, and allowed his mind to open and reveal itself toward Kazo. He noticed Kazo projecting a link. Kazo communicated, "Isn't it beautiful? I hardly ever get to leave for the heavens!" Blitukus snickered, "I agree... but I need your help. I need to break through the surface of the large asteroid near the rift. Can you retrieve the item from within it?" Kazo replied, "I think I could, but I'm not sure how good the results would be out here. Let's find out!" Blitukus responded, "No... whatever it is... I would never risk its destruction. I do have a plan that may damage the surface of the large asteroid, though. You are still able to thrust, so I would like you to propel this asteroid towards the surface of the large asteroid. Hopefully this will crack the surface enough for us to get through... but not too hard... I do not want to risk damage to the contents." Kazo replied, "Aww, I wanted to see how well teleportation works out here. Sure, but tell me one thing first! How will I hold on to this asteroid when I need my limbs to thrust with?" Blitukus thought for a few moments, then responded, "Here, stand." Kazo stood, holding himself steady to avoid drifting away. Blitukus moved himself near Kazo, took the steel bolts and cable, and, pressing his back against Kazos back, wrapped the cable around both himself and Kazo, tying them together. Blitukus then crouched down, getting a good hold of the surface of the asteroid, and moving to put the asteroid between himself and the large asteroid. Blitukus communicated, "Thrust in reverse, and I will transfer the force to the asteroid. Seeing as you do not fly back on our homeworld, I assume this thrust is not very large." Kazo responded, "It isn't... It's not efficient at all either... but I just love this environment!" Blitukus snickered. Kazo then began to thrust, pressing Blitukus against the asteroid. Blitukus used the glow of the rift as a reference in steering the asteroid... the giant boulder in space, a mass which likely neither of them could hope to move back on their homeworld, seemed rather simple to nudge forward, for there were no forces opposing their push on it. The asteroid slowly accelerated... but it kept accelerating. It sped up as it approached the larger asteroid. Eventually, Kazo stopped thrusting, and Blitukus braced himself. The asteroid crashed into the larger asteroid, sending chunks of dust and rock flying out into the heavens. The two asteroids then began to slowly drift apart once more, the surface of the large asteroid showing signs of cracking in the impact site.

I get the feeling that something about the gift was awkward... hmm...

Edit: I cut out the lower section, I actually messed up for once, and I need to fix this. Will repost as part of the new update. I might edit what's left here too.

[ January 10, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 10, 2008, 04:06:00 am**

FIRST POST!!!  
Beyond Quality!!!

Real response later.

Edit:  
Ok, I don't want you to take this as the story being imperfect, it is completely flawless, but in this update you could have been a bit more wordy, actually I would consider rewriting the last part of it.  
Up until he cracks the crystals its all good (its good the whole way of corce but inconsistency starts to show there), but then;

- 1) What the HELL is a giant geode doing in outer space?!? It's a geological impossibility. geodes form by water seeping thought limestone or similar, quite similar to stalagmites in needed conditions, and are *\*not\** naturally thin shells, they are just carved like that, also not even under perfect conditions do they get anywhere near that large. major sim error.
- 2) If it WAS possible the beauty would be breathtaking, worth damn more than half a sentence. Also the other views over the planet should be worth a but more description.
- 3) it's very strange that after all the pulling around the gift is still in the center. it would more likely be quite near the wall if I know those physics right.
- 4) Fales message is not worth writing out in full?!? damn disappointing I want to hear that voice again.
- 5) generally the entire update seems stressed and not as inspired.
- 6) Kazo is remarkably passive, especially towards the geode.
- 7) You don't describe what the angels of blood look like.
- 8) you never explain how Blitukus gets back to the portal.

Now I feel like I've committed heresy but this is a very important update that should be perfect, and it feels like you was thinking about something else while writing it.  
Really it should be made into two updates, retrieving Fales last gift is important enough I think to deserve that.

I don't want to sound like it was anything wrong but you mentioned yourself something seems wrong, and you generally is thankful when I correct you, so I thought the naked truth would be the best.

[ January 10, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 10, 2008, 03:31:00 pm**

I knew something felt wrong, thanks for pointing it out. I'll probably just fix up the previous update tonight.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 11, 2008, 01:07:00 am**



I see what happened... a lot of things went wrong at the same time to make those mistakes happen, but the end result was not the end of the world.

I'm definitely glad you pointed them out though, and I'll at least give fixing them a good try.

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Blitukus untied himself from Kazo, and moved along the surface of one asteroid until he could cross to the cracked surface of the other. Blitukus noticed he was running short on air... his time left was counting down.

Blitukus searched along the cracks... he found he could move chunks of broken surface away... the asteroid must be a rather thin shell of sorts for even that impact to do such damage. Kazo joined Blitukus in digging through the damaged surface. Blitukus noticed... this stone seemed to be broken not in random cracks, but in some kind of pattern... the pattern was indiscernible though, rendering this only a suspicion. They continued on, and eventually, they got through to crystal... what was crystal doing in an asteroid? All asteroids previously found to have survived as meteorites consisted of simple rock and metal... it seemed this one was an oddity. After moving the broken crystal out of the way, he made his way to the hollow interior of the asteroid and pulled himself in... it seemed it was a giant geode! The crystals within sparkled beautifully... the crystals actually seemed to reflect and refract light in a very structured pattern. Kazo entered as well. Light shone through and entered the interior of this geode. The light entered the crystals, and vibrant, red rays were sent in countless directions through the cavity within. Countless reflections and red glimmers were visible upon the surfaces of the crystal, and it seemed the tips of each shone brightly against the dark interior. Kazo grinned, and nudged himself toward the center of the geode, "Now who thought we'd ever find one of these out here! Too bad it's too big to fit back through the rift!" Blitukus snickered... indeed, it was by immensely far the biggest geode he had ever seen. Blitukus also noticed something else... the rays of light within were focused toward the center. Blitukus nudged himself forward, and drifted toward the center of the geode... when he passed into the center, the rays seemed to all bounce to him, causing a flash as he passed right through the center.. then for a moment, he saw, reddened in the faces of the crystals, some the reflected image of the areas behind himself, the image flipped upside-down and magnified a bit. Blitukus blinked... these crystals were reflecting light in a very precise manner... perhaps it wasn't a natural phenomena at all. This was only part of the light though, for the crystals were semi-transparent... they glowed a dim red with the light entering through the hole. Blitukus reached the other side, and grabbed hold of the remarkable crystals... there seemed to be the reflections of Kazos blue, glowing eyes emanating from the surfaces of the crystals... some were dim... some were not. Blitukus smiled and reached out to wave at him, but he found his hand made contact with something. The eyes shifted. It seemed Kazo was actually right next to Blitukus. Kazo laughed inaudibly in the vacuum, and smiled at Blitukus, transmitting, "So this isn't a geode!" Blitukus nodded, "So it seems. Do you know what exactly this is?"

Kazo grinned, "I think this is the mana focusing array of the R.R.S. Tanswurth. I love making discoveries like these!" Kazo looked around, smiling. Kazo then continued, "I would just love to bring this back... ah well, I know where it is now!" Blitukus noticed that among the crystals... somewhere was an imperfection, something absorbing the light. Blitukus began to search the walls of this... whatever this was... for whatever might be here. Blitukus asked as he searched, "I am curious... What is a mana focusing array... and what is the R.R.S. Tanswurth?" Kazo communicated, "It was the first ever interplanetary vessel to have a crew! The mana focusing array... it's like the heart of the ship! It does three things. It stores mana for use within itself and the ships systems... it collects mana from around magically charged worlds to replenish its supplies... and it focuses mana, polarizing it to be used with the force manipulation casting. As the mana focus was moved, astral tendencies of equilibrium caused forces upon the entire vessel! They expected that, focus-to-the-crystal, this array can produce 1.5 million pounds of thrust!" Blitukus replied, "Impressive!... but how did it get out here?" Kazo replied, "I read it was one loose connection that started it all. As the Tanswurth moved out of our homeworlds gravity well... they thrustured focus-to-the-crystal. They had a hard time getting this mounted properly, so I read. So the array was thrusting full out, and a mounting plate came loose... and another... and the next one bent and broke... and long story short, that vessel in the heavens tore itself apart. The array burned its power catapulting itself away into interplanetary space, and it was never seen again... until now! Some call the Tanswurth incident historically tragic... I call it a valuable learning experience! I think people get the two mixed up sometimes!" Blitukus found himself snickering... even though the story itself was rather sad. Eventually, Blitukus found an object hidden between two crystals... it was... paper? Indeed, it was a note, a smaller object wrapped within. Blitukus retrieved the note, pushed off, drifting to the front of the ancient array, and exited. Kazo communicated, "I'll just have a look around... I'd like to know exactly what happened, and here I am to find out!" Blitukus smiled... air was beginning to run rather short, and the rift may be closing soon anyhow, but he still stopped to take in the view one last time. He stood upon the exit... below him floated slowly moving and rotating asteroids... to the side, the sky-blue icy surface of a moon... it seemed small clouds, wisps of whatever composed the eternal snows, hovered upon a barely existent atmosphere. And right in front, a little to the right, the red gas giant, bands of brown and blood red on its surface, swirls of gas on the borders of the bands, thunderstorms causing flashes over its surface. Near the poles of the night side of the planet, beautiful rainbow-incandescent auroras could be seen, visibly marking where the immense magnetic field tore through the gas. Likely this magnetic field also carried a band of intense, harmful energy... luckily, Blitukus could guarantee himself he was not in that band. All around, the stars shone brightly, and for once, Blitukus saw much of the band of stars the local sun lay within... although some of it was obscured by interstellar dust. For a moment, Blitukus felt a sense of the isolation of these regions... he was familiar with wilds where one could be alone for hundreds of miles around... but perhaps he now gazed upon wilds where one could be alone for billions of miles around in all directions. Blitukus was not alone though... although it seemed Kazo was rather intent on studying the interior, and, passing by Blitukus, exterior of the array. Blitukus unraveled the note, noticing the odd, square item within. He let the item float, making sure it was still relative to him, and then placed the note in front of himself, letting it float as well.

Blitukus read the note under the dim light of the distant sun. It was a note, written in familiar handwriting... Blitukus smiled. It read as if she were speaking to him in person... indeed, it almost seemed she was,

"Happy'st Birthday, Blitukus! I'z saw 'n fighter guy an' he's said I'z his hero! Wes'n talk about many tings. He'za say he's... 'Phoenix Coalition, Special Ops.' He's gave me un' pretty ting, iss 'n 'Artifact'! He'za says iss ta stop tha biggest evil baddies an' issa protect tha good. Now iss'I protect ya! I care bout ya, das'I never change! G'luck... I wuv you!"

*I love you too, mother... Thank you.*

Blitukus looked at the object that came with it... it was a functionally useful gift, especially in his situation, and also a token of the immortality of their love for one another. Blitukus sniffled, smiling at the note... he then held the object he was given up, looking at it near the distant sun. Physically, the object was actually quite smaller than the paper of the note. It seemed to consist of a thin square plate of an odd type of transparent plastic with a metal tab on one end, the plastic having odd properties that gave it a rainbow hue. The metal tab was made of either steel or titanium, it seemed... he didn't know how it was meant to be used either, but if it could stall the actions of powerful forces of evil somehow... it might be quite useful in gaining the final component. Blitukus smiled as he held it between himself and the sun... the suns distant and weak rays were scattered upon hitting the object, revealing a very complex, 3 dimensional matrix of some kind embedded within the plastic. What it was exactly meant to do... even how to use it... perhaps he would find out when the situation needed it. Blitukus looked back at the note... it seemed he should get rid of the note... he felt a presence approaching. He felt he really SHOULD get rid of the note... otherwise he and his mother might be in quite a bit of trouble. Blitukus didn't want to at all... but he felt he had to, and did NOT want to risk jeopardizing his mothers soul. Blitukus sighed, then tore up the note into strips, and then lined the strips up and tore them into small squares. He felt as if he had torn right into his own heart in doing so... but it had to be done. Blitukus then cast the squares out to drift apart among the regions of space near the red gas giant. Blitukus held the plastic object, and began to look around for Kazo. Suddenly, Blitukus found himself pressed against the asteroid... Blitukus felt as if he had been caught violating a law somewhere... but perhaps he had gotten rid of the evidence. 2 angels of blood materialized, pinning him to the asteroid. The angels were both kobolds with red fur and feathered, glistening, blood red wings. They were both rather beautiful, with peace and vitality existent in their eyes. Blitukus sensed they were not evil, but were quite orderly by nature, and had found Blitukus, the chaotic kobold, near the site of some disorderly conduct. One of the angels communicated, "What are you doing all the way out here?" Blitukus responded, "... Investigating the asteroids... you might have heard I am known for my scientific accomplishments, and I wish to observe more. Upon hearing of the old ship core here, I could not refrain from investigating it as well." ...Where was Kazo? The angel continued, "And what is this you're holding? How did you get this?" Blitukus continued, "I have traveled into the future, and this seems to be an artifact from more technological eras." Although these statements were blatantly misleading, they weren't technically lies. The other angel communicated radially, "Armok must've had a reason for sending us out here. This person may be lying... it is no coincidence that he is here, now." The first angel responded, "... we have no proof that it isn't as he says, and I doubt we will ever find any here. All we have is circumstantial... it is not enough. Time travel is not against the code, nor is travel through space." The other angel replied, "Then, this might have been just a false alarm?" They both nodded to one another. The angels released Blitukus, "We apologize for such a rude encounter, but when Armok gives an order to us, there's *usually* a good reason. You are free to go." The angels then vanished. If Blitukus hadn't dispensed with the note... they would have had direct evidence that he and his mother had violated the bounds of the mortal plane. Blitukus let out a sigh of relief. Blitukus then heard Kazo broadcasting a laugh, "I was eager to see what they'd do with you... I didn't think the result would be nothing!" Blitukus asked, "Is that why you did not come to my aid?" Kazo replied, "I don't think I'd want to interfere with angels... it would've made things worse!"

Blitukus broadcasted to Kazo, "I see. Now... we have done all we need to here... I need you to help me get through the rift, for the escaping air will blow me away from it otherwise." Kazo replied, "Sure thing, I'm eager to see what comes next! Looks like the general Tanswuth story is right. I'm done analyzing it... for now, anyway." Kazo then left the surface of the ship core, and thrustured his way to Blitukus, stopping right in front of him. The ancient array had actually been knocked away from the rift, and was drifting away from it slightly, the rift already a real distance away. Kazo offered a hand. Blitukus accepted, and then Kazo, using his 3 other limbs, thrustured away, pulling Blitukus along with. Kazo thrustured toward a point a distance in front of the rift, then turned and slowed as he approached that point, eventually stopping there. Kazo then turned to face the rift, and thrustured toward the rift, gaining momentum as he progressed. When he met the rift, he had sufficient momentum to overcome air resistance, and passed through the roaring portal, pulling Blitukus along with.

When Blitukus emerged on the other side, he all of a sudden felt very heavy. He landed with a clank, and opened the mouth vent of his helmet to allow in fresh air. Kazo let go, then began to absorb charge from the portal ring. Both Kazo and Blitukus' suit seemed to have wisps of condensation descending from them. Blitukus now heard much more than his breath... the instability bell was ringing quite loudly. Blitukus had nearly used all his time back there... Blitukus then walked back to the console, and when Kazo was done, the rift already vanished due to a collapsing, unstable center, he shut down the portal ring. Blitukus set the plastic object down on the console, and took his helmet off, proceeding to look at the plastic object... it likely was from the future, 2000, or perhaps a bit beyond... He avoided thinking of it only as a mere device though... it told him that, in a way... his mother was still alive, even if she was only alive in his heart regarding the mortal plane.

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... Ok, I think I covered all 8 points. I of course am a little worried that I did the note inaccurately, but I don't have any bad feelings regarding any specific parts, so it's probably OK. At least, I hope it is.

[ January 12, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 11, 2008, 01:28:00 am**

Once again, awesome.

hrmmm... there seems to be no shortage of winged kobolds in this universe, but few if any of the other races. Perhaps their appearance is only what the viewer percieves?

I get the feeling that Blitukus will be revisiting the wreck of the Tanswuth sometime soon. After all, it's a two thousand year old, mana powered starship!

Edit: FIRST POST!!

[ January 11, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 11, 2008, 01:37:00 am**

Thanks :)

Unfortunately, the ship was, well, not a starship for one. It was an interplanetary vessel, nowhere near interstellar. Two, its heart getting ripped out kinda damaged it beyond repair :p

Nice idea though.

As far as the winged Kobolds, I'm assuming that Armok, and therefore his 'employees', have kobold avatars, although the demon that Blitukus released assumed that form temporarily. We could also say that they tailor themselves to their audiences.

[ January 11, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 11, 2008, 01:45:00 am**

Dawww... :(

Ah well. Still a wonderful story.

Also, had some general questions about kobolds that I have been putting off for some time. Are they descended from a generic canine species, or are they closer to any particular species? Are they plantigrade/digitigrade? Do they see color in the same spectrum as humans?

Gawd, I ask waaay to many questions...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 11, 2008, 01:49:00 am**

Thanks again :)

I assume they can be either plantigrade or digitigrade... not actually really sure which I would pick. Likely there are digitigrade tendencies, at least. They can see color as well as humans can. As far as which species exactly... not sure, but probably descending from something like dogs or wolves... then again, dogs descended from wolves.

[ January 11, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 11, 2008, 07:11:00 pm**

Beyond Quality.

OK, just vent to bed and realized I had forgotten to write a response here, so I am quite tired and don't have the time or energy for a proper update. only immediate danger. I read it early i n the morning as usual.

quote:

... Ok, I think I covered all 8 points. I of course am a little worried that I did the note inaccurately, but I don't have any bad feelings regarding any specific parts, so it's probably OK. At least, I hope it is.

I think you might have overcompensated Fales note a bit. need to speak further about this on chat.

I just realized I forgot a BU award in the last post that I got the first, will tomorrow hopefully.

Zzzz...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 12, 2008, 12:52:00 am**

Thanks.

quote:
Originally posted by Armok: <STRONG>...you might have overcompensated...</STRONG>

I probably did a little. This is turning out to be more complex than I had thought.

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Kazo smiled, his tail waving about, "I can't wait for our next journey!" Blitukus replied, "You will not have to. There is only one thing left... I must gain the fourth and final component, and put it to use." Blitukus then switched power back to charging the capacitor. He began to take off his suit, leaving the pieces near the console. It was likely, if he faced powerful demonic powers, it would be nothing but a hindrance to wear that thing around. At least without it, he stood a chance of evading them. Blitukus pocketed the plastic square, and gained possession of the sphere of direction as well from the steel plate now resting on the ground. Blitukus walked to the water channel and took a drink. Blitukus then stood by the control console. Kazo looked at his own invention on the arm of Blitukus' suit, and spoke, "I'll have to make myself one some day." Kazo then looked at Blitukus, "I love a good adventure! Thanks for including me." Blitukus smiled, "Thank you for helping." Suddenly, Blitukus finally realized the full implications of it... this was it... but, for some reason... he felt as if this was not truly the final part of his quest. He felt as if he had missed something, left questions unanswered... what would happen if he rewrote history... would the gods notice? They probably wouldn't, but what were the implications and costs of what he wished to do? Whatever it was... it was worth it. Eventually, the capacitor charged. Blitukus switched power to the portal ring. As the portal ring gained power, Blitukus stood next to it, then gestured for Kazo to join him there. Kazo approached. Blitukus spoke, "I use this in a manner to perceive the true, complete position of the components, a manner involving all dimensions. Such an enormous operation causes it to overheat very rapidly, meaning I usually get merely a glimpse of my destination. I would like you to cast cooling upon it as I use it... hopefully it will extend the viewing time, at least slightly." Kazo placed his hands near the sphere and smiled, "Sure thing!" Blitukus then reached out and allowed the arcs of the portal ring to jump into him... he then realized a very simple mistake he had made. He drew his arm back.

Kazo snickered, "Forgetting something?" Blitukus no longer had the amulet. Blitukus replied, "It seems I have formed a habit... It matters little. I now need you to convert the energy to mana for me it seems. Could you power the sphere while I make use of it?" Kazo replied, "Sure thing, just hold it there." Blitukus held the sphere out. Kazo wrapped his tail around part of the adamantine coils behind him, and then held his hands near the sphere. Blitukus tried to focus his will upon the sphere, to allow it to transcend into higher dimensionalities... but it simply shutdown at the attempt. Blitukus spoke, "More power, please. Much more." Kazo moved slightly. Blitukus felt some mana seeping through the sphere back into him... it was saturated with mana. Blitukus tried again... this time it worked, allowing Blitukus to project his search through space and time, for at least a moment. Blitukus saw the destination marker... it lay within the Rametaru of the future... although it seemed the land around was dead, the buildings decaying, but the city was still moving. That was all Blitukus could see before the sphere overheated. Kazo commented, "Now THAT looked... interesting! I wonder what that was!" Blitukus spoke, "It seems those without the proper... erm, perspective, find objects of higher spatial dimensionality to appear rather distorted in rather odd ways. That was a map projected in higher dimensions." Kazo smiled, "So... I remember, you and Arkus were talking about that subject! Arkus never figured it out... maybe I will some day!" Blitukus smiled, "Perhaps... I do hope so. For now, I shall at least attempt to complete my quest..." The deltas for Rametaru had already been solved for. He walked back to his calculating machine, and plugged them in at the top. For the time delta, he set it to bring him to the year 2000... then spun it upwards with a lesser force... likely that was not that far beyond his previous visit to Rametaru. Blitukus then returned, calculated the initial conditions, and then plugged those in, starting the calculating machine afterwards. Kazo stood by the control panel, smiling... it seemed Kazo was confident in a positive outcome. When the calculating machine was done, the portal was ready... the machine was ready... ready for what was likely its final use. Blitukus spoke, "Ready yourself, Kazo." A moment later, Blitukus discharged the capacitor, firing the particle cannon. The brilliant beam of energy arced through the room, compressed to a point within the auroric magnetism of the portal ring... perhaps, the last of its kind... at least, for a long time. The beam ceased, and Blitukus then started the clockwork controls, shutting his eyes and focusing on forcing the destination to appear near the component... or at least somewhere safe nearby. He sensed his willpower combining with that of Kazo. When they observed the resulting rift, they found that wherever it led to was quite dark indeed, only a dim, red electric glow visible. He did not want to have to stay long... but he could hide if he had to. Ensuring he got the component was more important than reducing the duration of the stay. He did not know what to expect... or how much struggle it may be to even make it through the following day... but whatever happened, it would be worth it. Blitukus then approached the rift, looked back one last time, then passed through.

Kazo followed, "It feels like a cave, only it's open! I wonder wh... oh... I don't think this is good!" Slowly, Blitukus' eyes began to adjust... he stood in an alley, a deteriorating wall to his left, an almost obsidian covered, tall wall to his right... indeed, he would have to wait for his eyes to adjust further to see where it ended. It seemed it was a dark, starless night. Blitukus checked his timepiece, powering it with his own mana, and using the light of the rift behind him to illuminate its face... it read, "01:18 PM, Granite 1, 2066". Blitukus put it away... it was just after the passing of noon, yet it was as dark as night? A very dark night... Blitukus stepped forward, Kazo following close. This was once a desert as well... yet now it was very cold. Blitukus stepped through snow as he continued. He lost himself in thought once, about what he could have just walked into, and when he brought himself back to watching where he was going, he noticed the glow... the rift behind... had vanished to be reached once more a day ahead. The air, unlike that of the even further future, still had a decent amount of oxygen left... although it was laden with soot that left a gritty and sour taste in Blitukus mouth. Blitukus coughed upon breathing the heavy pollutants, and used his shirt as a filter. Indeed, it seemed the whole city was blanketed with smog... Blitukus' eyes were finally adjusting... although it was nearing their maximum sensitivity. Dim red lights provided the only color in the city, the rest was darkened to the point of being reduced to greyscale. Blitukus looked up... the sun could barely be noticed at all above an asphyxiating blanket of dark clouds. A thunderstorm was occurring in the distance. Above, Blitukus noticed that what he once thought was merely a tall obsidian wall was a small part of an immense skyscraper, windows embedded behind the exterior supports... a large, glowing, OmnireCo sign present at the top, the top menacing with obsidian-like spikes. Blitukus emerged from the alley... the street ahead was in a state of serious disrepair. A dim red glow was present about the city, giving some of the grayscale areas a bloody hue. The buildings around were heavily decayed and useless, their rooves and parts of their upper walls decayed away, their windows missing in some cases... it seemed they were decaying from chemical processes. Likely the only thing keeping them from decaying further were the crude, makeshift rooves placed above them. The road was nearly empty... only an occasional, obsidian colored, spiked vehicle would make its way through, searchlights scanning pedestrians. The citizens around seemed to be in tattered clothes, and in tatters in general. The humans were starved to the point of nearly being nothing but skeletons. Many of them had uncared for injuries, and nearly all showed signs of long term exposure to hazardous chemicals, their skin revealing it... they were all human, no kobolds were around to be seen. Atop one tall building on the opposite side of the street was a billboard, reading, "Omnipresent. Omnipotent. OmnireCo!" It began raining... the rain seemed to sting at Blitukus' skin. Blitukus immediately sought cover, and found himself among a group of humans.

The humans all seemed to suffer a bit of hair loss as well... they seemed lifeless. Their eyes carried an empty, mindless stare, and none of them spoke. One carried a baby... the baby seemed as mindless, and was missing one eye... whether the baby was even alive was debatable. A human was walking through the hazardous rain on the opposite side of the street. An automatic crossbow mounted on a machine seemed to drop down from an overhang and target this person, and, for no apparent reason other than the sick enjoyment of its operator, fired. The human was killed without him ever making a sound, and even after he had collapsed the machine kept firing until the corpse had been thoroughly pincushioned. Nearby was the corpse of another human... the broken spleen seemed to be protruding far out from the broken skin of the corpses back. A dark vehicle slowed as it approached, scooped up the bodies into some sort of cargo hold, and drove away, leaving a trail of smog and two pools of blood behind. The vehicle reminded Blitukus of a trash hauler. Only demons could possibly have done something like this... but why did they not leave the bodies to rot? Blitukus realized... the bodies were probably 'reprocessed'... he decided to not only avoid but to keep his distance from the local food supply... whatever little there was, anyhow. This... it was a horror, committed with the tools he had inspired. Blitukus felt his anger returning. What caused their blank, mindless stare?... Blitukus noticed he had a headache... whatever was causing it was failing to affect his thoughts though. Blitukus looked back at Kazo, who was looking upwards. The rain was letting up, the humans around dispersing. Blitukus looked up, and spotted a black transmitter of sorts... Blitukus was feeling his anger return in force... they may have the humans subdued, but not him. How dare they do this... do THAT... with the technology he had inspired to arise? It sickened Blitukus immensely... he then spotted the location that once contained the statue of his mother, the statue now buried upside down, broken, in the ground. They had ruined the future that he and his mother had strived for... Blitukus noted the alleyway close by. He felt within he had to do something... he could evade the consequences. They likely had little knowledge of who he really was, and would not be able to track him. The humans, freed from the influence of this device, just might be able to destroy further transmitters... and perhaps, a wave of rebellion unfold in an ever unsuspecting system. Guards were nowhere to be seen, and the demons controlling those crossbows would very likely not happen upon the wave until it was too late. May one act of chaos in a sadistically orderly system butterfly into change unseen before... Blitukus waited until there were no humans that would be jeopardized by his actions, picked up a nearby rock, and hurled it upward, causing the small, dark transmitter to



break, letting out a shower of small broken components. Blitukus' headache vanished. The look in some of the relatively near humans eyes changed... they seemed horrified, realizing what was happening, and looked around. There was a loud beeping sound. The humans seemed frightened, and stood still. An automatic crossbow on a machine sprang down, and then began to search for any directly adjacent target. Blitukus fled to the alley, Kazo following close behind. The crossbow machine only saw Kazos tail disappearing into the alley... it then aimed at the frightened but for once mentally free humans, its menace causing the humans to step away... where the humans were then captured under the influence of other transmitters. Blitukus sighed deeply. That was NOT what he had intended to happen. At least nobody was dead... but then again, in this place, which fate was truly worse? The crossbow machine then retracted, a vehicle dispatched in the distance, likely to repair the broken transmitter. Blitukus noted the quick response time... indeed, it seemed quite a bit was monitored. Likely demonic surveillance covered the city... their electronic presence always hovered overhead. Blitukus was NOT safe here, but luckily, they had not had the chance to identify him as the one to pursue. Unfortunately, there were likely guards already on their way to search for whoever had done it. Luckily though... he had likely already escaped their search. Blitukus walked on, down the alley, rapidly leaving the scene. Kazo followed. Blitukus spoke, "You seem to be rather quiet, Kazo." Kazo replied, "I don't really have much to say here. This is turning into an exciting adventure though! Let's continue, I'm eager to see how it ends!" Indeed... exactly how WOULD Blitukus bring about the end of this part of his quest? The fourth component would doubtlessly be guarded by an impossibly strong security system... but it had to lay somewhere near. Likely it was in the top of the tower... but he had no hope of getting there alive. He needed to find another way... since he had escaped his deeds at the transmitter, it seemed he likely had all day to try to figure it out.

[ January 12, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 12, 2008, 03:46:00 am**

Excellent story!

Hrmmm... things may get interesting pretty quick here... hope Blitukus brought his crowbar! :D

It seems that Blitukus is unaffected by the devices that are subduing the humans. Perhaps other kobolds are similarly immune? That would explain his odd dream a few posts back...

Edit: FIRST POST!!

[ January 12, 2008: Message edited by: Impending Doom ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 12, 2008, 11:28:00 am**

Thanks :)

Actually, the kobold in his dream is someone else in another time, but details about kobolds and the transmitters will be coming up in the next one.

[ January 12, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 12, 2008, 08:59:00 pm**

Beyond Quality! :D

First of, you DID remember to write down that revised note we spent two hours perfecting on the chat, right? \*looks panicked\* :p I dunno, probably have tendencies for both, it might be individual.

Probably they are descendant from the same common ancestor as wolves and dogs, maybe jackals to or somesuch.

quote:

Hrmmm... things may get interesting pretty quick here... hope Blitukus brought his crowbar!

Is this some reference to some game?

quote:

It seems that Blitukus is unaffected by the devices that are subduing the humans. Perhaps other kobolds are similarly immune? That would explain his odd dream a few posts back...

I would guess it is tuned to resonate something in the human brain, and fore some reason didn't work on kobolds, but this theory is most likely very wrong, we will see soon, very soon.

////////////////////////////////////

As always this is beyond words!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 12, 2008, 09:11:00 pm**

quote:

Is this some reference to some game?

Yup. Surely you know which one?

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 12, 2008, 09:43:00 pm**

Nope, don't buy games since I discovered DF.  
I do know almost every FPS have if, but I cant remember whits one started it. Don't care either.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 13, 2008, 12:31:00 am**

Thanks :)

Half Life 2, of course.

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Blitukus looked up, spotting the top of the OmnireCo tower again... why did they choose Rametaru to establish a base in, and not Metropolis? The enormous tower presented an enormous problem... Blitukus spoke, "How am I supposed to get up there?" Kazo replied, "You got up Arkus' tower back a long time ago. I know you'll think of something, and I'll be eager to help!" It was a nice reminder that he had a friend... a team of 2... although the force they faced likely had countless numbers. Kazo moved into the shadows, and crouched, watching Blitukus, ready to pounce at something... what, exactly? Suddenly, Blitukus was pinned to the wall by a cloaked being, wearing thick gloves, black eyewear, and a gas mask, hood covering the rest of the head. The being was taller than Blitukus... but still rather short. Perhaps a dwarf? The being spoke, "Kobold?" The being then scanned Blitukus once with some sort of device, looking at a mostly

dim reading, "Not a looter..." The being then pressed a button... the device made a crackling and clicking noise... but Blitukus actually seemed to make it click less than the ambient environment, "Obviously not a vulture..." The being then stopped pinning Blitukus, pulled back his hood and removed his eyewear, revealing the fluffy ears and face of a kobold, "Who are you and what the hell are you doing out here?" Blitukus sensed that he could trust this kobold. Blitukus responded, "I am intent on gaining a certain needed item from that OmnireCo tower." The kobold replied, "You came out here without any cover, not even a gas mask or a weapon?! Shooting yourself is a quicker way to commit suicide!" Blitukus sighed, "I have nothing... but I am willing to risk my life for this item... you might say I would do essentially anything." The kobold replied, "If it's that important to ya... ah hell, anyone who causes trouble here makes my job easier. Just **don't** tell me your name..." Blitukus asked, "Are you... perhaps... from the Phoenix Coalition?" The kobold replied, "Never heard of it, not now, not in the records, not anywhere." Perhaps this Phoenix Coalition has yet to be formed... Blitukus asked, "What do you recommend, in fact, what is your 'job'?" The kobold replied, "I'm not gonna tell you. When the demons catch you and torture you, you're not going to tell them about me. If you really give a sh\*t about getting out of here alive, you might want to scavenge around and loot for a while. Just don't go into the woods. I have a spare bologauge. Here..." The kobold then gave Blitukus a small, handheld device of some sort. The kobold continued, "... use it and it'll keep you from getting in over your head. Two buildings to the right, on the opposite side of the near street is a Good-Sh\*t warehouse... it'll be a good place for you to start." Blitukus nodded, "Thank you... you seem quite generous considering the situation. On an unrelated topic, why do these transmitters not affect us kobolds?" The kobold replied, "I share what I have because you're a free soul... and you look like you just wandered in, and can use the help. I don't know where you came from, but we kobolds are the last of the free souls, apart from the vultures and looters... looters especially will slit your throat for a slice of bread. The jammers around here don't work on kobolds because the relative brain-wave frequency of a kobold is different than that of a human or a dwarf." Blitukus asked, "Erm... brain-wave frequency?" The kobold continued, "The stupefiers work by inducing currents that synchronize beta waves together, giving a similar effect to certain drugs. The problem for them is a kobolds beta wave has a different frequency range and is managed differently than a humans beta wave... basically a kobolds brain is wired differently. This is why the guards shoot kobolds on sight... outside of propagandaville that is. They keep kobolds there to torture them and make them do evil things so they can send the propaganda around." Blitukus replied, "I see... I find it odd you have so much time to speak with me, but I am grateful for it." The kobold replied, "The same... I haven't been able to talk to anyone for a while, and I'm still waiting for certain events to happen..." A moment passed. Blitukus spoke, "Thank you for these items and this information, but I must continue." The kobold nodded, putting on his eyewear and wearing his hood again, "I understand. I shouldn't get to know you anyway... it was nice talking to you."

The kobold then walked off. Kazo emerged, and walked to Blitukus, "A bologauge... let's see what it does!" Blitukus nodded, took the small device, pointed it at Kazo, and pressed the only button on it. The small display lit up with green text, "Calc. Dst..." It then changed to "En. Rdg..." It then displayed, "38 W" An energy reading?... Blitukus pointed it at a bulb marked dimly "4W". Blitukus measured again, the bologauge reading "3.6 W". It seemed it measured the energy radiating out of a body... although 38 watts seemed very small for someone like Kazo... then again, it was likely this technological device didn't account for astral radiance. Blitukus spoke, "It measures physical energy emissions. It definitely will come in handy for judging how much power a technological entity wields. It reads you at 38 watts..." Blitukus aimed it at himself, and measured... it read "TGT TOO CLSE". Blitukus set it down on a pipe, pressed the button, stepped away, waited a moment, then returned. It read, "95 W". It would serve as a decent reference. Kazo smiled as he saw it, "So I take it it doesn't measure astral energies." Blitukus replied, "I assume not. Now, we should visit this warehouse." Kazo followed Blitukus out into the street, walking two buildings down to the right, finding a large warehouse marked, "CLEARANCE LEVEL 4". Blitukus looked at the door... it seemed to have no way to open it, but there was a keypad with an optical scanner and a linear slot near it. Blitukus tried to manipulate the device with mana... but found it was so complex he would likely set off an alarm by tampering with it. Blitukus stopped, and spoke, "It seems we are locked out." Kazo smiled, "I'll take care of it!" Kazo then walked up to the door, and inserted a claw into the crack along the edge of the door. He held his other hand close by. He slid his claw up and down until he found a certain point. Kazo carefully adjusted his position, then suddenly, two bursts of sparks shot out from the crack. Kazo drew back, rather forcefully kicked the latch of the door, and then the door came open. Kazo snickered, "I love doing those things!" Blitukus followed Kazo into the building, shutting the door behind himself as to not arouse suspicion. The inside of this surprisingly sturdy steel warehouse was lit with decent white light. All around were various metal crates, some in stacks. Kazo waved his tail about, "I can't wait to look through these!" Kazo eagerly leapt atop a crate, and opened it, going through its contents. It seemed the crate was full of... rather disturbing propaganda. Blitukus sighed, and opened a nearby crate. At least he had a chance to gain proper equipment. Inside the crate he found canisters of bread, plump helmet, and real, pure water... Blitukus opened the canisters, sniffed the contents, then closed them. It was real stuff... no wonder this was referred to as the 'Good-Sh\*t warehouse'. Of course, it was all kept behind locked doors from the people... unfortunately, the people in their stupor likely wouldn't appreciate the food anyway. Still... Blitukus would leave the door open on the way out. Blitukus pocketed several canisters, loading his pockets with a days worth of provisions. Luckily, he required much less than a human, but still... water is heavy. Blitukus heard Kazo, "Catch!" A moment later something struck the side of Blitukus' head. Kazo snickered. Blitukus turned around and looked down to see a gas mask on the floor. Blitukus picked it up... it was designed for humans, but he found that some simple adjustments and impromptu modifications using some materials from a nearby clothes crate allowed enough room for him to use it. Within that same clothes crate, Blitukus found some decent coats... he put one on, and found it would effectively hide his identity in the dark outside. He tossed one to Kazo, who also put it on... although Kazos tail was visible at the bottom. Kazo then took it off, and set it down to continue searching.

Blitukus was in the process of opening another crate when both he and Kazo heard heavy footsteps approaching the other door of the warehouse... they both realized, Kazos breach of security had likely triggered a silent alarm. Kazo smiled, "I wonder what they'll look like!" Blitukus replied, "I am NOT intent on finding out..." Blitukus ran toward the door they entered from, the footsteps near a door on the other side. Kazo spoke, "Aww... I wanted to see them." Kazo hesitated, then followed Blitukus. A moment later, the door on the other side burst open. Kazo and Blitukus looked back... guards had entered, wearing dark armor consisting of projectile-proof fabric and the occasional red-painted titanium plate. Their helmets had eyes that were pitch black. They carried dark, spiked automatic crossbows, but the clips and feeding mechanisms, even an isolated bolt chamber, were unadorned titanium. Apparently the crossbow required quite a power source, placed within the guards suit. The guard spoke through a machine, "Kobolds!" The guard then took aim... the titanium bolt chamber, the string of the bow fitting through glowing slots, opened, revealing a glowing-hot interior. The guard fired, the crossbow sending out a small puff of gas with each shot. The bolts glew red with heat as they flew through the air. Two sank into the ground behind Kazo, two flew through the door, sinking into the adjacent wall. Kazo and Blitukus exited, and, guards in pursuit, ran to the other side of the building, entering an alley... there were several empty crates in an adjacent alley connecting to this one. Kazo ran up to Blitukus... the guards reached the front of the alley, and fired down it. The piffs of bolts hitting the ground and walls around them could be heard. Some of the bolts panged as they hit Kazo... although they fragmented on impact, they did not damage him. Kazo began to turn to cast a shield to allow Blitukus to reach the corner... but the bolts were already whizzing by. Blitukus ran, the bolts hitting the ground by him. Blitukus turned for the corner, and upon seeing the two glowing projectiles flying toward him at high speed, attempted to jump away... it was too late. The sound of flesh being simply shredded could be heard twice. Blitukus yelled out in pain upon feeling the red hot shrapnel in his belly and chest that the bolts had fragmented into upon impact. Blood splattered out, and Blitukus collapsed due to pain. Blitukus' fur and clothes began to catch fire, and he yelled again. He felt himself slipping unconscious... but, before he did, he felt Kazo picking him up and carrying him, the panging of bolts hitting adamantite audible. Blitukus fell unconscious... and finally, the pain was gone. Several moments later... at least to Blitukus, it began to return... although, it no longer burned. Blitukus slowly came to... he saw Kazo close by above him... and they were both within a large, closed metal crate. Blitukus looked down. The fire had been quickly extinguished, and the embedded bolts and shrapnel had been cooled. Blitukus tried to move, and immediately felt intense pain. He coughed, which made it worse... he grunted loudly, then lay there. Kazo spoke, "I didn't think you'd wake up so soon!" Indeed... likely, if it weren't for his previous years toughening him up to such extremes... he likely would've been outright killed. He was badly injured, but he was still alive. Blitukus spoke, "Thank you, friend..." Kazo smiled, "Now we're even!... not that it counts for anything. I can't heal you with all this stuff embedded in you. Would you rather me remove it with you awake... or wake up again later?" There was a whirring sound, and the crate began to move. Blitukus held back a sigh, "I would much, much rather sleep through it." Kazo replied, "Sure thing, now hold still!" Kazo then placed his hands near Blitukus' head. Blitukus felt certain forces acting within his head... then he felt as if he were losing touch with his body, and soon after, he was unconscious again. Only a few moments seemed to pass to Blitukus. When he came to again, he felt his pain was mostly gone... his flesh was finishing mending, and then it was done. Blitukus moved his arm and felt his chest and belly... his fur and clothes were burnt and blood soaked, but he had been healed. Luckily, all of his items were undamaged by the flames. Blitukus sat up, and when his senses had properly returned, spoke, "Thank you again." Kazo smiled, "I think we'll have peace for a while! Have a look outside." Blitukus noticed the crate was open. Still a bit light headed and dizzy, he slowly stood... he saw the inside of a cargo hauling vehicle, several other crates nearby. The cargo bay was dimly lit, the interior walls a greenish color, the floor a grey metal. The back doors had windows, and visible out the back was not only the rapidly moving road beneath the vehicle, but the half-ruined city of Rametaru, shrinking into the distance. It seemed he now faced a further obstacle... he would have to get back to Rametaru... hopefully, wherever he was headed wouldn't be as harsh as where he was coming from. One could hope... although hope seemed rather sparse in those lands.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **etgfrog** on **January 13, 2008, 12:39:00 am**

interesting part of the story, seems similar to a zombie apocalypse type game

edit just to comment first post, new person to get it this time.

[ January 13, 2008: Message edited by: etgfrog ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 13, 2008, 12:39:00 am**

post-apochalyptic games are one of my favorite genres :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **etgfrog** on **January 13, 2008, 12:42:00 am**

have you tried urban dead? its a pretty interesting zombie apocalypse web based game.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 13, 2008, 12:42:00 am**

Actually, I did once... got killed pretty quick both times.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 13, 2008, 04:29:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!

[Generic post of praising]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 13, 2008, 11:57:00 pm**

Thanks :p

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Blitukus felt his dizziness subsiding. He got up fully, and stepped out of the crate. Blitukus then sat on another crate, waiting for his body to return to normal. Kazo hopped out of the crate, and started sniffing the air, waving his tail slowly. Kazo moved, moving toward something he had sensed... he narrowed it down to a panel in the wall. Kazo then opened the panel, revealing several wires. Kazo grinned, flicked his tail about, then bit into, but not through, the wires, drawing energy from them. Blitukus watched, and snickered... then sighed. The vehicle continued on... although the dim tail lights of the vehicle seemed to dim much further as Kazo intercepted their power. Blitukus decided to then search the crates... some were empty, the ones not empty held chemicals, paper, and/or rather painful looking metal devices. None of this was useful to either of them. Blitukus stood looking out the rear windows of the vehicle, and drank half of the water he had brought... it was actually rather refreshing... although the thought of what the commoners drank still sickened him. He tossed the empty cans to the ground and kicked them aside. He then sighed... how could this have come of Anthath Sizat? The demons had disgraced the nation by making its capital theirs... but why were the demons so intent on burying the legacy of him and his mother? Perhaps it was all the good they brought to the world that the demons sought to annihilate. Blitukus returned to the open crate, stepped into it, sat, and lay back. He was rather tired, and would likely need to be well rested for what he would face next. Unfortunately... seeing as day and night made little difference... it would be difficult to tell the passing of time. Blitukus lay, forced the world around out of his head, at least temporarily, then finally allowed himself to sleep.

In his dream, he found himself in the pit of darkness... it seemed light itself was sapped to the point of an empty shell. All around, there was nothing, no floor, no ceiling, no matter, no energy... but... there seemed to be forces... forces tugging at him. He resisted this tug. He found that even his virtually massless observer form in this dream even was tugged rather firmly... an object with real mass would doubtlessly be deformed in a rather ridiculous way by these forces. Blitukus noted the darkness... but he moved away from where they were pulling him, toward a single point of light. As he approached this point, it eventually began to expand... it dimmed, revealing points within the point... eventually, it unfolded to reveal a starscape, the beautiful cosmos! Was this the boundary of heaven and hell? Blitukus felt... it was something different. The darkness retreated until it was a flat horizon... upon emerging from this horizon of sorts, he noticed the darkness shrink down into a sphere below him, light distorted in a rather odd way all around the sphere. Blitukus felt displaced in time, but when, or exactly where he was, was unknown. He felt he could be in the distant past or the distant future. Suddenly, a sound rang through the cosmos... "Meow! Mrr...." Several specks of light moved through the sky far away... Blitukus felt, that although this pit of darkness was large... it was relatively small, in fact, small enough... Blitukus saw these specks move toward a metal construction... the construction was lit... constructions all around were lit... the size of a city... the size of continents... the size of worlds! These immense constructs seemed to be moved by the gravity of the nearby object, moved in circles by the twisted fabric of space... they cougth immense beams of energy,generating the power to fuel worlds for millenia. Blitukus moved toward it... small dots... thousands of them moved in and out. A chorus of meows were sung between the specks and the structures... all a celestial beauty. Blitukus laughed, as he moved by, he saw a flock of these specks, refueled by the energy-generating construction, take flight from its surface, ascending and ever accelerating into the beautiful, starry cosmos. He looked back... it seemed the entire construct was a sparse outer ring, spinning slowly, far away from the black sphere... connected by thick spokes to a strong inner ring, close by the black sphere, which spun much faster than the rest of the ring, the spokes on it proceeding to energy collectors harvesting the beams. Waste matter was dumped into a spiral around the black object, heating up to glow with extreme intensity near the center. Some of the resulting energy was expelled in intense beams, which were harvested and converted to fuel, to be used for transit and shipped to various worlds. Even the energy of the objects gravity was harnessed. Indeed, it was recycling taken to the ultimate extreme.

Blitukus smiled... and when he awoke... he found he was still smiling... if only for a moment. Still, a feeling stuck with him, even out of the most all-consuming pits of darkness... true, benevolent power can be created and wielded. Blitukus got up, and looked outside... unfortunately, these were two different kinds of darkness. One could always hope for the best... there were still free souls in this world, even if they didn't have much of a bright future. Perhaps the dream had another nature, a nature that made his heart sink... the cats once had a glorious civilization, but it was brought to ruin by evil forces... and here we have another civilization, brought to ruin by evil forces. Blitukus sighed. It seemed all of the glories of the past had a tendency of becoming undone... he felt anger in he heart... the demons had ruined his mothers hard work, ruined her legacy... but unfortunately, he had now seen from experience that a violent encounter was not an option. The vehicle was entering a city... there was a sign barely visible as the vehicle passed it. It read, "You are now leaving-". The rest was spraypainted over, the spraypaint reading, "Propagandaville!" Unfortunately, it seemed that to leave it, he would have to go the opposite way, which meant he was entering it... Blitukus felt rather nervous at the thought of what those metal devices were used for. He would have to be extremely careful not to be restrained by anyone... still... He might be entering a deathtrap. He made a commitment, and he would follow through with it... no matter what. A deathtrap can be circumvented... although, odds were odds. Luckily, should things go horribly wrong, he had a friend. Blitukus noticed Kazo looking out as well. Blitukus spoke, "I wish to tell you... should I be killed, I leave it up to you to finish my quest, Kazo... I need you to, for my sake, and my mothers sake. Retrieve the fourth component. Use the cat relic to rewrite history, to undo the deaths of our ancestors." Kazo spoke, "You act like you're going to die!" Blitukus spoke, "You act as if it were guaranteed I would not." Kazo smiled, "There's no such thing as a guarantee, but I think we'll make a good team!" The vehicle began to slow. Blitukus looked at Kazo, "Thank you, friend." It seemed Kazo really did have a point... that demon that had crawled from the adamantine Blitukus had dug those years ago would never have a chance to enjoy her bargain... no matter what, he would find away, no matter the odds. Blitukus thought about it... Kazo did not need a weapon, and perhaps Blitukus would find one. Blitukus spoke, "Indeed... nevermind what I had said... we will succeed." Kazo kept smiling, "Let's see what happens next!" The vehicle stopped. Footsteps could be heard around the side. Blitukus spoke quietly, "It would be a good idea to repackage ourselves first..." Blitukus walked back to the crate, and got in, leaving plenty of room. Kazo followed, and also entered the empty crate, shutting the lid above him. Blitukus heard doors open... footsteps approached. The crate shifted. There was the sound of metal rubbing



upon metal. The crate shifted again with a rather forceful clank. The crate moved... a moment later, it fell a short drop and slammed to a stop. Blitukus did his best to keep his breathing minimal... The crate was likely resting within a wheeled cart. It was wheeled up an incline... up another incline... past some guards... down a stretch, turning, then continuing, then turning again. A bit later, the cart stopped, and the crate was rolled upon its side as it was shoved off the cart. Luckily, the crate did not come open. Blitukus WOULD succeed... in this area, he remembered what the kobold had said, something would definitely make his life easier... the guards would not fire on sight... although they may fire for fun... hopefully that wouldn't happen. Blitukus listened to the footsteps... they moved away.

When all was clear, Blitukus opened the crate, the lid now on the side opening upwards. Blitukus emerged and stood, Kazo following him out. They were inside a dimly lit, decaying hallway. There was a corner nearby. Blitukus slowly made his way to the corner. There was a guard standing by a doorway... it seemed the guard had a mace of some sort but only a hand crossbow for ranged combat. Blitukus slowly walked toward the doorway, avoiding eye contact with the guard. The guard laughed, and blocked Blitukus' path, attempting to establish an aura of superiority. The guard then drew his mace, held it near a refuse receptacle, and swept it across the top, knocking an aluminum can onto the floor. The guard spoke, "Pick it up." Blitukus held in a sigh, and held in a grunt, and held in a curse, but reluctantly did as the guard said. Blitukus realized... the guard would likely try to use the mace. Blitukus was very swift... The guard spoke, "Put it in the trash." There was one instance of trash to send the can towards... Blitukus chucked it with quite a bit of force, hitting the guard precisely between the eyes. The guard held up the mace and chased after Blitukus, who darted away. Blitukus then darted around the guard, moving back toward the door, then went through the door, the guard in close pursuit. As the guard also moved through the door, Kazo seemed to fall onto the guard... likely Blitukus' actions allowed Kazo to get through unnoticed. Kazo latched on firmly with his claws, knocking the guard over. The spikes on the guards mace now glew red hot... the guard bashed at Kazo fruitlessly. Kazo bit the guard in the neck, and shook the guard around, and tore a chunk away... a chunk that happened to be the guards throat. The guard gagged and shook in a manner that indicated he would be yelling in pain. Kazo spit the chunk out in the guards face. Kazo then stood again, and landed a grazing kick on the guards belly, his claws sending up a spattering of blood. Kazo approached, and slashed at the guard repeatedly until he was quite covered in blood. Kazo then backed away, the guard bleeding to death rather quickly. Kazo snickered with a bloody smile. Blitukus walked up to the dead guard, and retrieved the crossbow and its ammunition... the armor was rather sliced up. Although the cloth was projectile proof, it was not unable to be cut through it seemed. Two more guards ran in from the T-section at the end of the hall, and saw Blitukus, Kazo, and the dead guard. They drew their hand crossbows. Blitukus jumped away as one fired, dodging the glowing bolt. Blitukus then dodged again, Kazo jumping to the side as well. Kazo blocked the bolts, Blitukus behind him. Blitukus looked at the crossbow he had gotten... it was already loaded and ready... it seemed to be a hand crossbow with a heated clip, although the power for the heater was no longer being supplied. The guards saw this, stopped firing, and began running toward Blitukus and Kazo. Blitukus used this opportunity to fire over Kazo, the bolts flying forth toward the guards. Blitukus had to draw the string back each time, but the crossbow itself did the rest. One of the guards was hit in the gut... the guard grunted loudly, stumbled back, but kept standing. The guards once again fired, aiming carefully to try to hit Blitukus from behind Kazo, but failed. Blitukus kept firing, hitting one guard in the chest and leg, several times, eventually mortally wounding him with fragments piercing through the armor. He hit the other guard in the head once, damaging the helmet, the second hit getting through the eyepiece to the guards skull, killing him right away. The mortally wounded guard stumbled, and fell... Kazo moved away. Blitukus kept the crossbow drawn, and dropped the now empty clip. He replaced it with a new one. Blitukus then walked over to the 2 other dead guards, and salvaged their ammo, adding it to his own supply. Even if the bolts grew cold, they would still be quite lethal... although, Blitukus noticed the guards armor was quite effective against even these bolts. Blitukus then salvaged the chest armor from the guard he had shot in the head... it was much too big for him. Blitukus took off his coat, and put the oversized armor on, undoing the seals and wrapping it tighter, putting the coat back on over it. Blitukus then made his way down the corridor, putting his crossbow away, concealed within the coat. Another door was ahead. Blitukus opened it, and exited the building. Thunder roared... it was raining. Around the perimeter was a barbed wire fence, and within was several decaying buildings... it looked much like a prison of some kind. The rain stung at Blitukus' head. Blitukus put the hood on... he noticed that now the coat protected him quite well from the rain. Kazo exited as well, and used the hazardous rain to wash the blood off of his surface. Blitukus had felt he stood a good chance of dying... being unarmed and walking into a hive of the demonic forces... but now he could get past the guards, was armed and protected. There was a chance he would die... and now it seemed that chance had been reduced quite a bit. Blitukus still needed a means to get back to Rametaru though... and it would likely prove much less convenient than simply boarding an aircraft.

Of course, I made my HL2 reference :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 14, 2008, 02:16:00 am**

FIRST POST!!! :(

He even had that guard in his mouth and didn't zap it, why? I am not suggesting an edit, I'm just looking forward to some zapping and this seemed like exactly the kind of situation to warrant a zap, but I am sure you got a good reason.

BQ award... I've run almost out of ideas it seems, inspiration...  
"This is a titanium beyond quality award.  
It menaces whit spikes of clear diamond and star ruby  
It is encrusted whit platinum.  
On the item is a image of a kobold and a construct in rose gold, the kobold is shooting the construct, the construct is laughing, the kobold is laughing.  
On the item is an image of a construct and a guard in black gold, the construct is ripping the guard to shreds."

It would be fun if you commented the awards sometimes... I put a bit of thought in them and it would be fun to know if you got all of the references...

That was really all I had to say.

[ January 14, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 14, 2008, 04:22:00 pm**

Thanks :)

Yes, I do get the references, here it relates to the testing of the cable-shooter, and Kazo striking down the guard in the last update. I'm not sure what the clear diamond and star ruby signify though.

The reason Kazo doesn't zap people much here is because he doesn't yet have a reliable power source, and he'd rather not run out in the middle of a fight. Here he would only zap someone if it would be tactically effective to do so, and in this case, the guard already had his fate sealed.

[ January 14, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 14, 2008, 11:51:00 pm**

Blitukus looked around, and spotted a pitch black corner near a building... he walked to it, hid there, and concealed his actions under his coat as he checked the sphere of direction... he wanted a way of transit back to the now distant Rametaru... the sphere pointed toward a red glow in the distance, near the horizon. The source of this glow was obviously outside of this... well, it was more of an immense prison than a city. Now it was simply a matter of getting there, and arranging transportation to Rametaru... whatever that transportation was... and how he would arrange it... were still unknown. Blitukus concealed the sphere under his coat, and emerged. He pointed toward the glow, and spoke to Kazo, "Our transportation awaits..." Kazo replied, "Let's go there... I hope it flies, whatever it is!" Blitukus replied, "You are rather fond of flight for a reptile." Kazo smiled, "You might say I'm related to birds in a way!" Blitukus thought about it for a few moments, then replied, "Interesting." Kazo continued, "When they found the species this body was based off of might've had feathers... well... Arkus loved me for who I was, and didn't want to change me..." A few moments passed... Blitukus then gestured for them to

continue. They walked toward the adjacent corner of the prison, toward the glow. They walked down a poorly paved path between buildings... the occasional sight of a kobold could be seen... the walking skeletons, having lost nearly all of their fur from their half-mangled bodies, were a sight fit only for the depths of hell itself. Blitukus averted his eyes from the sickening sight. As they continued, they happened upon a gate that blocked their way. It was a steel gate, more of a bulkhead actually, embedded within a heavy concrete wall. fences marked with a lightning bolt sign towered above the top of the wall, barbed wire at the very top. Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "We will have to find another way... if we attempt to break through, we will attract unwanted attention." Kazo looked around, carefully analyzing his surroundings, then spoke, "I think I see another way. Let's see how it works!" Kazo smiled, waved his tail about, then ran up to an empty, heavily sealed gatehouse near the front, then leapt up onto the top of it. He then leapt up onto a very narrow ledge on a nearby building, then leapt from that onto the roof of an adjacent building. Kazo leapt from that roof back to the building with the ledge, this time on the roof of that building. A spotlight investigated the building Kazo had left from... The reason Kazo had not simply scaled the fence then became obvious. Kazo hid behind a small stairwell as the spotlight beam swept across... it investigated, saw nothing of interest, then moved on. Kazo then emerged again, and leapt from that roof onto the fence, grabbing hold of it with his claws... he was subjected to an immense electric current which simply charged his mana reserves. Kazo climbed to the top of the fence... from that height... higher than any of the nearby buildings... it might be a bad idea for even Kazo to simply leap down. Kazo lowered himself down the other side of the fence, the spotlight returning and investigating the fence, but missing Kazo each time. Kazo reached near the bottom of the fence, pushed off, and landed gracefully on the ground. The spotlight darted down... Kazo darted away. Kazo reached the other side of the bulkhead gate, and hid behind the pillar, the spotlight beam in hot pursuit... but it had never truly spotted him. The operator in the tower was left with merely suspicion that he had seen something... The spotlight searched the area closely, scrutinizing the details... then moved on. Kazo then made his way into the gatehouse... Blitukus was still waiting on the other side. Blitukus was hiding near the bulkhead gate... there was a whirring for a moment... the gate opened very slightly... Blitukus made his way to the crack, and slowly slid between the two multi-ton steel doors... when Blitukus had reached the other side, the bulkhead gate shut behind him as to not arouse suspicion by being ajar.

Blitukus looked around, and then immediately hid from the roaming spotlight beam. The beam moved away... Blitukus noticed Kazo hiding by him. It seemed there were two paths to travel... forward, into the traps of light laid by the spotlights, or to the left, into an unknown path. It seemed some sort of especially secure facility was placed here. Either it housed special items, or special operations... either could prove useful. Blitukus decided upon the path to the left... he waited for the spotlight beams to move away, then darted onto that path, Kazo following close behind. A u-bend was ahead... and there were armored footsteps in the adjacent path. A wall was between them... but they would meet at the u-bend. At least Blitukus could no longer be spotted by the watch towers... Kazo ran ahead, Blitukus struggling to keep up. Kazo stopped right at the u-bend, Blitukus stopping right behind Kazo. It seemed some of the rain had pooled into a large puddle in the u-bend... Kazo spoke softly to Blitukus, "Wait. Let's see how effective my new abilities are." Blitukus stood back. Kazo placed his hand into the puddle. There was the splashing of metallic boots in the puddle approaching the U-bend on the other side. There was more splashing... there was even more splashing... likely there were several guards. Kazo then channeled his energy, as electrical energy, into the puddle... 3 simultaneous loud grunts could be heard from the other side. A second later, Kazo withdrew his hand. Blitukus drew his crossbow, and rounded the corner... there were 3 guards. One guard was on the ground, the other two stumbling, badly stunned. They yelled obscenities as they stumbled. One of the guards seemed to be already recovering... indeed, this guard seemed much tougher and more heavily armored than the rest, carrying a larger weapon. Blitukus ran up to the guard, and fired through the guards eyepiece, killing the guard. Blitukus ran up to the guard on the ground, and aimed. THUD! Blitukus was knocked forward, a bolt striking him in the back, the immensely hot fragments slicing and burning at him... but they did not pierce through enough to cause major damage. The armor worked, although it doubtlessly could be made better... perhaps the demons enjoyed the thought of watching the guards die slowly as well. Blitukus grunted loudly, stifling a yell, and turned while readying the crossbow again. Luckily, the armor was fireproof to some degree, and the fragments were relatively quickly cooled. The other standing guard was weakened, still stunned, but still attempting to ready his crossbow. Kazo attacked the guard from the side, slamming the guard into the wall, and proceeding to slash at the guards guts, slash at them again, then kick the guard in the gut, causing the guards guts to spew out of the deep slash wounds. The guard hit Kazo in the head with his hand crossbow. Kazo stepped to the side, bit the guard by the head, and shook the guard around by the head, ending by slamming the guards head against a wall. The guard collapsed... but Kazo did maintain possession of the guards helmet in his mouth. Kazo promptly spit that out though. Meanwhile, Blitukus turned back to the guard on the ground, who was reaching for her crossbow. Blitukus grabbed her by the head, tore her helmet off, and fired a bolt into her forehead... partially reducing the brains inside to mush, the red hot fragments burning and partially melting their way through. The guard fell limp, dead. Meanwhile, Kazo gazed down at the dying guard... the dying guard shakily held up the crossbow, and fired, the bolt striking Kazo, the fragments ricocheting away. Kazo kicked the guard in the chest, embedding his claws very deep... he then gouged 3 gaping wounds using his claws. Kazo then pulled his claws out, and walked away, the guard falling unconscious before he was able to fire again. Blitukus searched the guards... they had ammunition, but better, the heavier guard had an automatic crossbow of sorts. Blitukus removed the clip from the hand crossbow, set it aside, then picked up the automatic one... he noticed his armor actually contained a power supply compatible with this weapon, and attached it as such. Blitukus looked at Kazo, who looked Back at Blitukus.

They both continued, Blitukus holding the automatic crossbow out... it was too large to effectively conceal anyway. They continued down the path, emerging into a more open area near a facility of some kind... it seemed they needed to pass through the facility to continue further. There was no way around it... there was a tunnel of some sorts that seemed to lead in the direction of the glow in the distance... and this building was the only entrance point. The entrance seemed to be open... Blitukus walked in. Immediately he heard a weak, desperate yell, and a gag... followed by the whimper of a kobold. Blitukus stood ready to fire... Blitukus moved slowly forward, and looked into a room off to the left... the room was full of some sort of machinery, wired to a kobold on a table, needles stuck into the kobold all over the kobolds body... two tentacle demons, wearing the arms and armor of the prison guard, were present. Blitukus aimed at the head of the one most visible, and when the demon noticed, it was too late. Blitukus fired, bolt after glowing bolt striking the demon in its armored head... the demon grunted and yelled, but didn't let out a yell of its death until the 6th hit. The other tentacle demon drew 3 crossbows, using its tentacles to hold 2 of the 3. Those two were automatic, the third, held in his hands, was a rather heavy crossbow of sorts. Blitukus stepped back, but the demon pursued, firing 3 bolts. 2 of the 3 struck the walls, the third striking Blitukus in the gut, causing another damaging wound but one that wasn't fatal. Blitukus grunted, and ran back as fast as he could. Kazo leapt forth, and shielded his front. Blitukus stood behind Kazo, and as Kazo blocked the bolts, Blitukus fired over Kazos shoulder... unfortunately, the bolts seemed to do little against this demons metal-and-cloth armor. The demons helmet was still vulnerable, but less so than the last... likely this one ranked higher. Kazo leapt forward, and slashed at the demon with both hands and feet... but his claws simply got stuck in the armor and did no real damage. The demon smacked Kazo away with a tentacle-wielded crossbow, then fired its heavy crossbow at Kazo. A bright red-and-orange glowing bolt flew through at immense speed, the recoil causing even the demon to stumble a bit. The bolt struck Kazo, and actually managed to dent the adamantine plate slightly, sinking into a nearby joint between plates, the sound of crystal cracking being heard. The impact knocked Kazo back and over. Kazo hesitated slightly, then tore the bolt out and threw it aside, proceeding to get up again and run toward the demon, mouth open, leaping onto the demon despite a rain of conventional bolts, proceeding to bite the demons neck, shaking and tearing away as much as he could. The demon attempted to tear Kazo away with its tentacles. Blitukus had been approaching in hopes of finding a vulnerability, but now the demon had been made vulnerable. Blitukus finished running up, and searched for a vulnerable area to fire at... he quickly found one. Blitukus jumped up, and fired directly into the neck joint of the demons armor. The burning bolt pierced through... As the demon yelled, Blitukus fired several shots into the demons mouthpiece, the bolts flying into the demons head, the heat and shrapnel unable to escape from within the dense helmet. The demon then fell limp, Kazo stepping away. Kazo commented, "That actually hurt a little... I love the thrill of facing an actual threat for a change!" Kazo then snickered, and proceeded to heal himself... apparantly a crystal within him had cracked, but had not lost any parts, so it could be refused to become whole again. Blitukus then proceeded to pull out the jagged, non-fragmented portion of the bolts from his suit, and dropped them.

Blitukus then walked into the room... However long this kobold... apparantly a captured one from another area... had been here... Blitukus would rather not know. Blitukus shut the machines off... the kobold then promptly ceased breathing, and lay eternally motionless. It seemed these machines were an experiment in keeping the subject alive and awake when they should've died... just to prolong the amount of time the demons would have with a subject. Blitukus sensed the soul released from the body... the soul made itself readily available to be sensed, as its feelings were very strong. The soul was not angry... rather immensely relieved to be able to leave that body. Soon after, the soul seemed to become more and more distant, drifting upward, never to be seen on the mortal plane again. Blitukus left the room... Kazo was still tending to the crystal and the dent. Blitukus spoke, "We must move, it is not safe here." Blitukus continued toward the tunnel, Kazo following behind, still tending to his damage... although it was damage, it was quite minor, and he finished rather quickly. The tunnel seemed to be an actively used path by the guards... it might be a bad idea after all to use that main tunnel. A large group of guards spotted Blitukus and Kazo from within the tunnel... and soon, a hail of bolts was let loose. They would in all likelihood not be successful against a crowd of these well armed guards... Blitukus leapt to the side, taking cover in a nearby hall. Kazo ran past Blitukus. Blitukus got up, and followed Kazo... they entered a small room, full of pipes, levers, various chemicals, and a hatch. Blitukus looked around... the hatch was a way out, hopefully. Blitukus opened the hatch, and hopped down into a small tunnel. Kazo followed, shutting the hatch above him. They walked down this small tunnel, in the general direction of where they remembered the glow to be coming from... a tunnel was a tunnel. This one, though, seemed to carry some sort of rather nasty fluid near its bottom. Blitukus avoided it, and considered himself lucky once more to be wearing a gas mask. After they had continued a ways down the tunnel, Blitukus

spoke, "I highly doubt anybody will search these tunnels for us... if you would not mind it, I could use some healing... we should both always be in the best condition possible before placing ourselves in another situation like that." Kazo replied, "Sure thing, I'll always help a friend!" Blitukus responded, "Thank you... you definitely are a true friend." Blitukus then took off his coat, and then began to take off the armor... it seemed the fragments of the bolt that had pierced through and embedded themselves were partially embedded in the armor, and partially embedded in his flesh. Blitukus stifled a yell as he removed the armor, pulling the sharp fragments out of his burned flesh. He seemed to bleed quite a bit afterwards. Kazo crouched down by Blitukus, and focused his power to heal the wounds... in an effect almost exactly like that of the, at that point nonexistent, global healing field, Blitukus' flesh drew itself together, and mended itself, the burns fading and disappearing. Eventually, when this was finished, Blitukus and Kazo stood again. Blitukus pulled the fragments out of the armor, and put the armor back on, following it up by putting the coat back on. He spoke, "Thank you again, Kazo." Kazo smiled. They continued down the tunnels, at least in the general direction of the glow near the horizon. Blitukus wondered... why did they need such high security facilities? The only ones of this nation capable of breaking in were the demons themselves... perhaps the demons were holding a contest to see who could develop the most sadistic techniques. More and more, Blitukus felt anger... he tried to subdue it, but it was becoming difficult to do so. This was not his legacy... this was not his mothers legacy... he had to do something about these hellish conditions, but it was unlikely an opportunity would present itself. His first priority was the completion of his quest... perhaps then, this would've all had a different outcome... he just wanted everything to be alright again...

[ January 14, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 15, 2008, 12:28:00 am**

First Post!

EDIT:OOOh... foreshadowing... I wonder whose gunna attack?

[ January 15, 2008: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 15, 2008, 03:50:00 pm**

Beyond Quality and beyond words, as always.

////////////////////

quote:
Yes, I do get the references, here it relates to the testing of the cable-shooter, and Kazo striking down the guard in the last update. I'm not sure what the clear diamond and star ruby signify though.

I knew you was, that one was easy and simple, as I said I'm running out of ideas, some of the earlier had like 3-4 references per picture. There is no special reference whit the gems there, it is meant to be visualized!

Thanksye fer the ªstoryª!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 15, 2008, 11:31:00 pm**

Thank you :)

I see, I suspected that was probably the case.

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Blitukus and Kazo continued down the dark tunnel for a long time... they likely tread for several miles through the dark, cold tunnels. Eventually, they came to an intersection... there were pipes along the walls. Kazo spoke, "I'm getting hungry... I hope you don't mind carrying me if these tunnels don't end soon." Blitukus replied, "I do hope it does not come to that but I am prepared to do so in that situation." Kazo smiled, "Thanks!" The only light in the tunnels came from grates above... they were beneath snowy ground. As they reached the intersection, Blitukus heard a grinding and a whirring... he stopped at the corner. Blitukus looked around the corner, and saw some kind of machine approaching the intersection to Blitukus' right... apart from one red, glowing eye, not much was visible... although it seemed it carried a variety of tools, and perhaps also a variety of weapons. Blitukus couldn't accurately size it up, but it did seem large, and likely armored... Blitukus pulled out the bologauge, and took a reading of the approaching machines emissions. It read 710 W... which was over 7 times that of Blitukus' body. Likely the machine was intended as some sort of remote guard to prowl the tunnels, putting an end to both intruders and escapees... and Blitukus was both simultaneously. Blitukus hid behind the corner again, Kazo standing next to him... 710 watts was a decent amount of power... perhaps it could be harvested. Blitukus would be no match for the machine in a fair fight... so the fight would have to be unfair. Either it was a prowling guard... or it was sent explicitly to do away with Blitukus. Since none of the guards had followed him into the tunnels, the latter was likely. Blitukus had to find a weakness, and exploit it. The machine approached... as it began to cross through, weapons pointed out in all directions, Blitukus fired at the red light on the front... the light was extinguished, and the sound of breaking glass could be heard. The machine stopped, beeped loudly as if letting out a yell, then opened fire at Blitukus. Fortunately for Blitukus, the machine was cumbersome at aiming, and was ineffective at close range. Blitukus darted away, bolts landing near his feet. It seemed some of the bolts stuck in the front of the machine, revealing several black lenses on pivoting objects. As Blitukus ran, he turned and fired at these lenses, breaking every single one he could see, the glows of the bolts revealing further ones which he shot at as he ran towards the front of the machine. The machine now seemed to have further difficulty aiming. Blitukus leapt onto the front of the machine, sliding over it, and continuing his run upon falling off of the other side. The machine turned, changing its aim to find Blitukus again. Blitukus noticed the glint of other objects tracking him... Blitukus fired at them, but after two shots, ran out of ammunition. Blitukus slid to a stop, detaching the clip and fishing out a new one. It seemed though the metal of the machine was invulnerable to bolts, its sensory devices were fundamental weak points. Kazo leapt on top of the machine, the machine distracted with Blitukus, and began to bite and kick at the various devices on the top. As Blitukus was about to load the new clip, the machine fired an immense bolt at Blitukus. Blitukus leapt back and dove... but before he could reach the ground, the bolt struck the ground behind him, fragmenting in an explosion that knocked Blitukus further back, some of the shrapnel grazing him, a piece embedding itself in Blitukus' leg. Blitukus grunted, hitting the ground. He pulled the fragment out, tossed it aside, and got up, taking up the clip that had fallen near him. The machine then proceeded to fire conventional bolts. Blitukus noticed it seemed to be ignoring Kazo, even though Kazo was, bit by bit, rendering it blind. Blitukus darted to the side of the tunnel as he reloaded. He reached the side of the tunnel, slammed against the wall, and was too slow in rebounding... he was hit twice, once in the side, once in the gut, knocking him down.

Blitukus grunted loudly, barely stifling a yell, and rolled as he finished reloading. Kazo had already moved to the side closer to Blitukus, and was further blinding the machine... Blitukus, despite the pain, aimed along this row and fired, the bolts whizzing across and into the sensing top of the machine. Another bolt struck Blitukus in the gut... Blitukus yelled, feeling blood pooling beneath his armor... but if that had only gone a little higher, it would've been his head. The machine seemed to stop firing as the last sensory device was destroyed. Blitukus grunted loudly, slowly sat up, then shakily stood... he felt weakened by the shock of his wounds... but he was still alive. His insides would probably have been partially mush had it not been for the armor. The machine then let out an electronic screech, and began firing randomly in all directions, finally deciding to fire upwards across its own top at Kazo. Kazo jumped off, the machine striking Kazo with a large explosive bolt in midair, the blast causing Kazo to fly forward and land face first on the floor of the tunnel, causing a splash. Kazo hesitated, then got up, both he and Blitukus hiding against the wall as the machine again fired randomly in all directions. The machine again stopped, as if waiting patiently for something... Kazo felt along the joint in his back, finding it to be slightly damaged, the upper joint of his tail damaged a bit as well. None of it was major... although the fact that a direct hit managed to damage Kazos plating meant that it would tear right through Blitukus' armor... he felt glad to have leapt away in time. The machine still waited... Kazo ran forward, landing in the water with a splash. The machine aimed quickly and fired at Kazo, Kazo jumping back again. It continued firing... not at Kazo, but at the water where Kazo had landed. After a few moments of firing, it stopped, and once again waited patiently... the whirring and clunking of it reloading from an internal stock could be heard. Apparently it did still have some sensory devices left... they just weren't optical. A few moments passed... Kazo and Blitukus both looked at one another. Blitukus then began to slowly make his way forward, walking digitigrade, his careful footsteps muffled further by his fur. The machine seemed to not notice Blitukus. As Blitukus moved, several times he had to stifle a grunt from the pain of his injuries, and luckily, he was successful in doing so. As Blitukus made his



way toward the intersection, the machine seemed to slowly aim towards Blitukus, as if its suspicion were aroused... perhaps it had rather sensitive hearing... Kazo then darted into the water, then darted down the other side of the tunnel toward the machine. The machine immediately aimed away from Blitukus, and fired at Kazo. Kazo jumped forward, landing on the back of the machine and sliding across. Blitukus ran to the front of the machine... there had to be a weak point somewhere... right on the front, an area normally monitored by the weapons of the machine, lay an access port of some kind, kept shut by a lock. Blitukus stood in front of the machine, and fired into the lock... each shot dented the lock further, but it seemed rather strong. Blitukus ducked in front of the machine as one of its weapons swept across, firing a line of bolts above Blitukus. Again, the machine seemed to fire randomly. Blitukus stood and again fired on the lock... the machine began to move forward, nearly running Blitukus over. Blitukus grunted, but managed to step away fast enough. Blitukus kept firing, finally, the lock came apart. Blitukus jumped onto the front of the machine, bolts whizzing around, and pulled the broken lock off, proceeding to open the panel... highly delicate, complex electronics lay below. The machine was nearly done aiming at Blitukus, ready to reduce Blitukus' head to a red mush... Blitukus fired into the port, delivering such a fate to the machine, the electronics inside shattering and melting. The machine fizzled, let out a stalled, broken sound, and finally stopped moving.

Blitukus dropped down, and lay back against the wall of the tunnel, thin smoke slowly rising from the opened panel. Kazo appeared from behind the machine. Blitukus grunted, placing a hand over his wounds... it was not a mortal wound but it was still weakening him. Blitukus snickered a bit, and gestured toward the now dead machine with his other hand, "Dinner time for you, friend." Kazo grinned, waved his tail around, and then began searching for more panels. Kazo found a panel near the rear, easily broke through the lock, and opened it, finding stacks of batteries within. Kazo licked his lips, and bit into the wires, draining the batteries into his own mana supply. Blitukus sat and waited... the pain only reminded him of his anger... it would only get in the way. He could not afford to be consumed in emotion... especially in a place like this. Blitukus kept waiting... Kazo repaired himself as he finished absorbing his fill of energy. Perhaps humor was an ideal substitute for anger in this situation... he must keep his spirits up, otherwise, this place indeed would get to him. As Kazo finished, Blitukus took off his coat and armor... all of the fragments reigniting the burning pain as they were pulled out. Blitukus nearly yelled. Kazo approached. Blitukus spoke, "I could use some help!" Kazo replied, "Sure thing!" Kazo, having gotten his fill of energy, repeated the previous healing technique. As Blitukus' wounds mended themselves, Blitukus asked, "How did it taste for you?" Kazo replied, "Low voltage direct current... kinda sour, but I still like it!" Blitukus snickered, then proceeded to pull out the fragments from the armor. The armor was now getting somewhat damaged... its protective value would be diminished the more it gets hit. When Kazo had finished, Blitukus put on the damaged armor as well as the coat, took up his equipment, then stood. He spoke, "Thank you again, friend." Kazo smiled, "It's not often I get to heal kobolds. I love trying new things!" Blitukus snickered. Kazo once again topped off his mana stores... the batteries within the dead machine were nearly depleted anyway afterward... Then, Blitukus and Kazo continued down the tunnels. Eventually, they reached a large shaft, with a stairwell going upward, and downward... a waterfall of the rancid fluid. Blitukus surveyed the waterfall, then proceeded upwards. There was no doubt his actions had brought the guards to alert... but he was now far away from the scenes of his actions. Blitukus climbed the stairs... Kazo leapt across the room onto the stairwell, then leapt across again to the stairwell higher up, leaping upwards to the top. At the very top of the stairs lay a large iron cover. Blitukus felt his strength had returned... when he reached it, he pushed it upward, and slid it away. Blitukus climbed out, Kazo leaping out... they stood very near what looked like a storage facility consisting of 6 large, cylindrical tanks, pipes leading all around. Behind them lay the prison... ahead... only the facility... then wilderness. Blitukus looked at the facility... it seemed the entire prison was surrounded by these tall concrete walls... but those tanks were high enough up to reach the top of the wall from. There were stairs leading up the sides of these steel tanks... well, one of them... the other 5 had no such staircase. Blitukus and Kazo walked up to this one tank, and climbed the staircase.

Atop the staircase, they found that an old abandoned railroad connected the area near the facility to the now somewhat closer glow in the distance. Blitukus and Kazo made their way across the connections between tanks... Some of the tanks were open topped, exposed to the rain... why they would be exposing their products to the rain... perhaps they were intent on delivering damaged product, or were simply intent on wasting resources. They carefully stepped along the edge of an open tank... the liquid within looked exactly like pure, good water... but it smelled very strongly of acid. Blitukus carefully avoided it. They also passed another tank... Blitukus accidentally bumped into Kazo, causing Kazo to slip on the metallic surface and fall into the tank, becoming covered in the dark, gooey substance within. Kazo slowly emerged from the top, and held his hand out. Blitukus carefully bent over, and tried to pull Kazo out... but their hands slipped apart, Kazo falling right back in. Kazo tried again this time gripping Blitukus' hand tightly with both of his hands. Blitukus pulled Kazo out, and in doing so, nearly pulled himself in. Blitukus spoke, "My apologies for that..." Kazo smiled beneath the fluid covering him, "Thanks for pulling me out!" They continued on across the tops of the tanks... eventually, they reached the tank nearest the edge of the wall. Kazo hopped up onto the top of the wall. Blitukus jumped off from the tank, grabbed to the edge of the wall, dangling several stories above hard ground, and pulled himself up... at least on the other side the ground wasn't so hard... he would still rather not fall. Kazo slid down the side of the wall, landing on a ledge, then dropping off from there, landing on the ground. Kazo looked up at Blitukus, then began to wash the goo off, using puddles of rainwater. Blitukus walked along the top wall, and found a decayed section of the wall. He slowly made his way down it, using imperfections in the wall to slow his descent, eventually making his way to the bottom, and walking back to Kazo. Blitukus waited for Kazo to finish washing up, then they both made their way toward the train tracks. Suddenly, a light sprang forth from the wall, and soon spotted them. Turrets on the side of the walls deployed themselves, and fired at Blitukus and Kazo. They were unwelcome... but did not wish to stay anyway. Blitukus darted away, down the tracks. Kazo hesitated for a moment, looking at the turrets, looked at Blitukus, looked back, then decided to follow Blitukus. Blitukus ran down the tracks, then ran away from the tracks... the glow of a flying machines engines could be heard overhead. Blitukus and Kazo left the area near the tracks... the dark flying machine whirring overhead shone a spotlight down, searching the area near the railroad... nothing of interest was to be seen there. Now the darkness had become an advantage... Blitukus and Kazo moved forward, toward the glow on the horizon, the chance of the flying machine overhead discovering them very slim, even without cover. For quite a while, they calculated their moves, dodging the spotlight, and continuing forward... eventually, the flying machine had lost track of them entirely. Blitukus and Kazo then moved back toward the railway, staying close enough to effectively use it as a reference, but not moving too close. They continued walking toward the glow, and as time passed, it very gradually drew closer. Blitukus still had his gift from his mother... although he had yet to see an opportunity to use it. Blitukus looked around... due to size, he would spot a search party quite a bit before they spotted him... he had successfully escaped from the facility behind him... but what lay in the one ahead? All that mattered was transportation to Rametaru laying ahead... what it would take to acquire it from likely demonic hands... what it took mattered little, Blitukus told himself. He thought, no matter what happened, somehow, he would prevail and gain the fourth component... not only would it save him and his mother... it may prevent the demonic takeover, as well as giving Kazo a bit more time with Arkus, those many years ago... It seemed Blitukus' quest had grown in importance as time had passed... The end outcome... even whether he would make it back from this journey... were still yet to be observed.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 16, 2008, 12:25:00 am**

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First post.

\*theorizing\* Infrared sensors were why it ignored Kazo?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 16, 2008, 12:31:00 am**

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That's part of the reason... the other part of the reason is that it was AI controlled, and it was using sequential targeting (it targeted Blitukus first)

Really though, I was also assuming EM sensors including and other than visual, so after the visual ones were destroyed, that would work best.

[ January 16, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 16, 2008, 04:31:00 pm**

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Beyond Quality!

This is far to short, but I don't have much more to say...

Thanks :p

I noticed that as this has gone on, people have had less and less to say... it's an indicator that this has gone on for...

...about 3 months...

It was on this very day, 3 months ago, when the last post in AKQ I was written.

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Blitukus and Kazo continued walking through the bleak wastes, nobody else in sight... eventually, Blitukus drank the last of the water he had, and ate the last of the food. It was dark all the time, but he could still tell much of his day had been spent. Blitukus checked his timepiece... it read "07:08 AM, Granite 2, 2066". He only had 6 hours left. Hopefully, whatever transit he would find would be swift... They continued walking... a while later, they began to approach the facility. Their transit likely would be rather swift... it was an airbase of some sort. Much of the facility was walled off, and guards kept an eye out around the main gate, the rest of the facility surrounded by electrified fences, guards on patrol around the perimeter. A flying machine flew overhead, slowed to a hover, then set down in the airbase... it had flown right over Blitukus and Kazo. Eternal night was eternal cover. As they approached, the guards were on opposing sides of the base, the side they were approaching was unobserved by patrol. Blitukus walked up, and stopped away from the fence, noticing the humming around it. Kazo spoke, "I'm hungry... THAT looks delicious!" Blitukus noted Kazo looking upwards. Kazo smiled, waved his tail around for a moment, then leapt up to the top of the fence... he held on to a cylindrical device with many thick wires on it. Kazo then bit the device, tearing part of the external metal away, then bit into the devices insides... Kazos eyes seemed to glow brighter. The device made a very loud and powerful buzzing sound. It seemed to grow hot... it eventually glew with heat, and then promptly exploded in a shower of sparks. Then, all of the humming was gone. Kazo hopped down. An alarm sounded. Kazo snickered, then slashed at the fence, cutting a hole big enough for Blitukus to move through. Blitukus then moved through the hole in the fence... he touched the fence several times, and nothing happened. Kazo hopped over the fence. The alarm blared, and guards were approaching. It seemed the hangars and tarmacs were housed within a walled facility... they would have to go through the facility first. Blitukus noticed a door open, no guards behind it, and ran to it, entering the corridor. Kazo followed, shutting the door behind him. Kazo pressed his fingertips against the contact point of the doors edge, and sparks shot out as he fused the door permanently shut. Kazo spoke, "I'm eager to see what's in this building! Let's find out!" Hopefully, they would find an unattended aircraft in the building, hopefully also where it could be launched without damaging it. Blitukus walked down the hallway... the alarm still sounded. They approached an intersection with a door to the left... heavy footsteps of heavy guards could be heard approaching. Blitukus gestured to Kazo to head to the door... Blitukus then opened the door, Kazo entering as well. Kazo shut the door, and fused that door shut as well. A moment later, a guard could be heard bumping against the door. The door handle moved and twisted, the guard unsuccessfully trying to open it. The next attempt was more forceful... the guard kicked at the latch on the third attempt to no avail. The guard then grunted in anger, kicked the door, then left. Kazo snickered.

Ahead was a stairwell downward. Blitukus walked down the stairs quickly, Kazo simply dropping down from one level to the next. At the bottom, they were faced with a large storeroom of sorts, several crates around. There was a loud beeping sound, and on both sides, the doors shut... the doors were connected to a controller high up on the wall to their right, the controller becoming active seemingly causing the doors locking shut. The room was very tall, and there was no way up to the controller. There was a cable running from the controller to the front of an inaccessible ledge on the other side of the room. A small freight elevator was present near the ledge though. Some crates had hooks atop... there was a small crane near the inaccessible ledges. Blitukus thought, he could ascend to the crane, have Kazo move a box into the freight elevator and send the freight up a level, grab the box with the crane, carefully position it on the cable, where it would slide down and hit the door controller, causing a panel to come open. There, another box could be used to hit the innards of the device, hopefully causing it to unlock the doors involuntarily. Unfortunately, it was a risk that would have to be taken... unlike previous doors, these were thick and solid. Kazo would not be able to circumvent the lock. Unfortunately also, the ladder and stairs that led to the top of the crane were broken, and it seemed someone had thrown spikes across them, and at the very top, a whirl of a turret could be heard... likely two turrets. Kazo would likely fall through the broken stairs... Blitukus spoke, "I do not think this will be fun..." Kazo snickered, "Of course it will be!" Blitukus replied, "The stairs will not support your weight... I will have to do this by myself..." Kazo smiled, "Who said anything about stairs?" Kazo then ran toward the small freight elevator, designed to only lift one crate at a time... Kazo slapped the button near the elevator, jumping at the platform and crouching in midair. Kazo landed on the platform just barely making it under the top of the entry as the platform ascended. Kazo stood and snickered, standing right above a warning, "DO NOT RIDE". The freight elevator carried Kazo up the shaft, to a platform near the top of the room. Kazo crouched and made his way out of an area intent for crates only, onto the platform under the crane. Kazo then jumped up onto a very narrow ledge on the supporting structure of the crane, ran down it, and then jumped again, landing on the now not-so-inaccessible platform. Kazo then made his way across the cable, reaching the control box of the doors in person. Kazo smashed the panel open, then pulled the control wires, causing the doors to revert to their default state. The doors unlocked. Kazo dropped down, landing gracefully. Kazo stood from his landing, and smiled, "I just LOVE doing things like that!" Blitukus managed to smile... for a moment this helped cheer him up.

Blitukus then opened the further door, and continued up a small set of stairs, and down a hall, Kazo following. Next, they opened the door and emerged into a dark room made completely of stone. There seemed to be a deep chasm running through the middle of the room, two bridges across... both bridges led to separate areas. One bridge was retracted, controlled from the opposite side... the second was guarded by quite a few heavily armored guards... although these guards hadn't seen them. Their chances fighting against so many heavily armored guards near the edge of a chasm were not encouraging... but it seemed it was a must. There was no way to get to the other side of the retracted bridge. Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "It seems we will have to fight our way through... I am not sure about the depth of this chasm but should we fall, our fates would be the same. Do whatever you can to avoid the edge..." Kazo smiled, "Forget about them!" Kazo then ran down the edge of the chasm, leaping down onto the supporting railing of where the bridge would be should it be extended. Kazo ran across extremely narrow steel supports, jumping over the rusted portions. It seemed that although Kazo lacked the decent ability to compensate for upset balance, once he had established balance, he seldom ever lost it. Blitukus watched, hoping to himself that Kazo would make it across without slipping... Kazo leapt over the large gap between the two halves of the structure, landing on another narrow curve on the other side. Kazo made his way to the opposite end, and hopped up onto solid ground. Kazo then proceeded to pull a lever, extending the bridge across the chasm. The guards took notice of this... even though the chasm prevented them from running directly to Blitukus, they opened fire. Blitukus jumped back, ran back, then darted forward, bolts falling behind him. Blitukus jumped across a smaller gap, landing on the edge of the nearly extended bridge. Blitukus then ran across... Kazo was already finishing up opening a locked door. Kazo opened it, and they both entered. Inside, they saw several imps and lesser demons fleeing the room... when they had all left, the doors blocked off by bulkheads slamming down, blocking all exits. They seemed to be in some sort of control room... computer terminals were all around. Blitukus heard a voice sound through the building, "NO you sh\*tf\*cks, I want him to myself! F\*ck off dammit before I throw you in the furnace!" There was the sound of a throat being cleared, "Well, Kobold and lizard, You've managed to stir up a bit of a ruckus! I always enjoy a good helping of bloodshed and chaos, but not when it's a kobold doing it... I wanted to stab you with this... but I guess I'll just have to dismember you with it instead. Goodnight." Suddenly, there was a hissing... a gas was entering the room. Blitukus looked around. Blitukus sniffed the air, and the air seemed to weaken him slightly... eventually, it would weaken him entirely, but he was still conscious. Blitukus looked around... it seemed there was nothing either he or Kazo could do. It seemed it was the end... the room was sealed without any escape, and when Blitukus awoke, he would either be in a torture chamber... or it would be too late to return home anyway.

Blitukus looked around... there had to be SOMETHING he could do! He pulled out the sphere of direction... perhaps it would point him to the right place... perhaps to the controller of the machines of this room, or something linked to the controller... It pointed Blitukus toward a computer near the wall. Blitukus ran over to the computer... it seemed its previous user left with haste, leaving everything still running. A small connection icon was present in the computers interface... it was the same icon he had seen in 1999... the demons used the very same network, perverting it into a tool of oppression. Blitukus looked around the computer, and quickly tried to find a way to stop the gas... but this computer was nothing more than a terminal! There were no controls open... Blitukus looked around the physical computer... cables... slots... one slot had a shape and size that was rather familiar. Blitukus recognized it immediately, and pulled out the artifact gift his mother had given him... the gift didn't look like an artifact at all, rather something that was likely an every-day object in this future... perhaps the artifact was what it contained. Blitukus looked at it, then slid it in to the slot. It fit perfectly. A moment later, a box popped up on the display of the computer. It listed the contents of the drive... there were quite a few contents, but one was different, labeled "NOTE TO SUCCESSOR". Blitukus selected this bit of information, and viewed it... he lacked the time to read through the chunks of text, but instead quickly glanced through it, reading little, only getting the general idea of what each other program did. One program was mentioned as being able to "stop it dead in its tracks"... whatever 'it' was. Blitukus selected that program, and viewed it... as the program started, it prompted Blitukus, asking whether he was sure... Blitukus did feel rather sure he wanted to survive. He confirmed... a plane popped up on the display, lines of text whizzing by faster than any being of flesh and bone could ever hope to read... then, suddenly, the computer spat out Blitukus' gift, error messages popping up all over, then spontaneously powered down. A few moments later... several of the other terminals did the exact same thing! A moment after that, a voice could be heard throughout the base, an



urgent and frantic beeping in the background, "Alas, machines do not bleed... FUUUU-" Then, there was static, and silence, the hissing fading away. Many of the machines in the room were stopped entirely by an invisible force permeating the network... but this force was stopped by something. Blitukus was still trapped, but at least now he had gained much more time to find a way out. Blitukus let out a sigh of relief... he walked over to one of the still-running consoles, and used it to read this "NOTE TO SUCCESSOR" again, Kazo approaching to read as well... It read,

"If you are reading this then it means I am dead and either my friends or my superiors see you fit to carry this. If, on your mission, you ever find yourself close to death, you HAVE to destroy this. It will never be salvaged by the demonic hordes. This is all I have to say on that subject.

Good luck, for your sake and that of the Coalition."

Blitukus read further, the technical specifications of the various programs listed below. There were many programs for many purposes, to protect a network against intruders from afar, to commandeer sections of networks should the occasion call for it, and finally, 'Hammerer', the most advanced program, a program that sends itself to all computers connected to that one, and forcefully shuts the computer down, creating a wave of machines stopping. All of these programs packed a large amount of automatic routines within a very small package. Indeed, all programming was of the highest quality, the code menacing with spikes of digital information. It was also noted that the machines of those who were free were independent from the demonic network. After the completion of the second demonic network in 2070, the demons had established system countermeasures... Hammerer would not be effective on anything larger than a small-medium network. Apparently Hammerer dated to 2088... but the countermeasures were really only first established in the years following 2070?... Blitukus stood in the year 2066. He possessed a weapon against evil built with technology yet to be invented, using methods yet to be discovered, only susceptible to countermeasures yet to be invented... the demonic network was entirely unsuspecting, and entirely defenseless. But still, something had stopped it... it could not be a distant countermeasure... it had to be stopped by a machine within that very room, and that machine now stood between Blitukus and his goals. His time was running short... which one was it? Blitukus looked around the room...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 16, 2008, 11:54:00 pm**

FIRST POST! Even though I don't have time to read it.

My brain has been broken by that last bit.

[ January 17, 2008: Message edited by: Reign on your Parade ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 17, 2008, 08:39:00 am**

Beyond Quality!

This one is a peak again after the birthday gift. Awesome.  
Speaking of birthdays, three months... feels like much more.

I like how Kazo cheated those game-like "physics puzzles", he is just amazing!

I don't really know what to do about these posts being far to short.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 17, 2008, 11:28:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
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Blitukus searched... and notice one machine different from the rest. It was much larger than usual, and seemed quite active, connected to the network through multiple wires. Blitukus looked around once more... the network... the computers... once the main, characteristic tool, providing benefits for all in a grand civilization... now perverted to be nothing more than an instrument of oppression. It sickened Blitukus to his heart... he was now here to do away with a wondrous invention gone wrong... perhaps once and for all. Blitukus once again accessed the contents of his gift, this time in the larger computer.. he ran 'Hammerer'... upon clicking yes, the program started to spread itself and topple the system... but it did not get far at all. The port listing the operations closed, and numerous 'Function terminated by overseer' messages popped up onto the display. Blitukus closed them... this machine was important, connected to many places... but it was protected by a nearby computer. The machine spat out the gift as if it were repulsed with it. Blitukus picked it up, and looked around. There were many computers still running... but these smaller computers were likely vulnerable. Blitukus walked over to one, and once again, inserted the gift, and ran 'Hammerer'... this time, the machine was stopped, and several of the machines around it. Blitukus then repeated this with another active machine... as the machine shut itself off, Hammerer spread itself, and shut off the nearby machines... now... only one machine was left. Blitukus walked up to it, and used it to run 'Hammerer'... as with the previous uses, it asked Blitukus if he was sure... likely a measure to keep it from being accidentally used... but still...

*I am sure my quest will be completed successfully... no need to ask.*

Blitukus selected yes... the computer promptly undid its own operations, and shut down, spitting the gift... obviously now a data storage unit of some sort... out. Blitukus retrieved it... now there was no 'overseer' computer to terminate anything. Still... Blitukus realized... he was about to undo one of the greatest things to have evolved from the devices he had inspired... The full realization dawned on him as he slipped the data storage unit into the slot again. The inventory of the device again popped up on the display... Blitukus moved the pointer to Hammerer... he felt his heart slowly begin to sink with sadness. The hammerer obviously compromised a computer in more ways than simply shutting it down... for no longer was the demonic operator able to control gas flow. He was about to destroy information... he was about to destroy a world wonder... and as he observed this, it would be unrecoverable. He noticed the connection icon again. He remembered 1999... the database... this network was once the collaborative electronic mind of a grand and beautiful civilization... it provided knowledge and tools to all who requested... Blitukus felt his sadness deepen. He forced himself to run Hammerer... it prompted him, "Are you sure?" Beautiful metropolis, the wondrous technologies benefiting all, utopias metropolis, his dream in reality... A shining beacon of hope for the future... and this one remnant of it, Blitukus was about to destroy... What had happened to the skyrises before the cliff? The wondrous flying machines and vast cities? So many people... Blitukus thought, hundreds of millions... no, billions... and it all was no more. What had happened to the peaceful, simple towns... so long ago? Blitukus sniffled. Before his time travel... before flying machines... before it all... all was well... peace and prosperity permeated the open lands and open skies, simpler times where one was free... Remembrance of these times... when he was but a child... it brought tears to Blitukus' eyes. Once again, he wanted to stand upon the rooftop of his familiar castle, the wooden buildings around... a peaceful town upon the deserts, green, untamed fields beyond, the sun cascading over the pristine lands where the land and the future were both full of brightness... he wanted to be able to be with his mother one more time... his hero, his mother, his best friend... in many ways, his inspiration through life. The one kobold to stand in a world where kobolds were hated, to stand for all kobolds, to stand for all against evil... and win. She still was his inspiration... Blitukus felt it welling up in his heart. Even if his love for his mother was one of the only bright things in these dark, bleak lands, it would prevail. He would succeed... no matter what, his quest would be carried out until its final action. No force of evil, no matter how powerful or advanced, would extinguish his love. He once again found himself in the cold enclosure of a bleak future... the computers and wires all around, metal walls and glowing lights... the display immediately ahead, asking, "Are you sure?" He had told himself that he would succeed... no matter what it entailed... even if it meant the destruction of one of the last great relics of the grand civilization he helped to inspire. A tear dropped from Blitukus' face. Blitukus selected, "Yes." Blitukus watched as the program ran, text being displayed and rolling off the screen so fast it became a blur... soon, error messages popped up as the machine churned out its last functions... the error messages flooded the screen, and finally, the machines innards ground to a halt. The data storage device was spat out, the display turned black, then the machine suddenly and crudely shut down its own power supply... Blitukus had just let loose an illness among the machines from 22 years into the relative future... the entire network was indeed defenseless. There was the sound of yelling and swearing above. The lights flickered... suddenly, the lights shut off, a moment later, the room was lit by dim red lights along the walls, the lights slowly dimming, flashing back up in brightness, and slowly dimming again in a cycle. Blitukus raised his head, and sniffled slightly. He got up, took his gift with, then walked away. Kazo smiled, "Looks like these machines provide a whole new arena for combat! I'd love to try it



out!" Blitukus replied, "Perhaps some day you will... now, we must escape from this facility. Please help me with this bulkhead." Blitukus walked over to a metal bulkhead blocking the exit. Kazo replied, "Sure thing!" Kazo walked over, and then, both working together, they slowly managed to pry the bulkhead open, the mechanisms formerly locking it shut having been disabled. Blitukus walked through... a stairwell lead up for quite a ways, likely to the surface. Blitukus began to ascend the stairwell, Kazo leaping up toward the top.

Meanwhile... all around the facility... all around the nearby prison... demonic operations ground to a halt as their networked, computer-regulated machines spontaneously shut down and refused to restart. A kobold was running from a guard, and made it away, but found himself at a dead end, a turret popping out of the wall behind him. The kobold pressed his back against the end of the dead end... he expected it would be the end of him... but... the turret stayed popped out, doing nothing. Moments passed. The kobold walked up to the turret... the turret now pointed at the wall, unmoving. The kobold pushed the turret, and it slid in its guides limply. The hum around the fences ceased. The kobolds who were strong enough to do so realized this opportunity, and began to climb the fences to flee. The guards immediately opened fire, but as kobolds poured out of their enclosures, and fled through the now unlocked-by-default doors in the concrete walls, the guards, taken by surprise, could not stop them all from escaping. The one who had nearly been killed by a turret was one of the ones to successfully escape... As this one kobold ran, he felt vengeful for all he had seen within the prison... he had seen friends tortured to death at the hands of demons... it was then this young kobold decided to join one of the free factions, and train to use the demons very own weapons against them... he would not be satisfied as a regular troop either... he wanted to wield the highest technology against them, to protect his friends and the friends of others, to finally put an end to the demonic grip on the world... he decided, he would have to somehow work his way up to becoming one of the very few special ops. He felt confident he would succeed... he was still young... and he needn't worry about running out of fuel for the flame of his vengeance. As this all took place... at the top of the OmnireCo tower, the CEO... a dark being, clothed in thick, dark clothes, was watching the latest propaganda regarding a kobolds body slowly being dismantled alive, starting with the eyes... suddenly, the image went to static, and then went to blue, the text "SGNL FAIL" on the screen. The CEO was taking a drink from his diamond and gold adorned glass... he slammed the glass down, cracking it, then stood. He yelled at the screen with a demonic roar... but it did not change the fact, the screen still read, "SGNL FAIL"...

Blitukus and Kazo finally neared the top of the stairwell. They opened the hatch at the top, and climbed out. All around, the facility was dark. A thunderstorm rocked the skies. Rain poured down, and wind blasted across the black surfaces. A rapid thudding seemed to approach from behind. Lightning revealed something moving over the tops of the buildings. The thudding grew louder... eventually, it revealed itself from the building tops right above Blitukus. It was a a flying machine with very small wings, its rotor on top spinning, creating a loud thudding overhead. Lightning flashed again. Blitukus stepped back as the flying machine turned. revealing the glowing red eyes of its pilot. Blitukus knew what was about to happen next would likely best not involve him standing right there. Blitukus darted away, Kazo hesitating, but following. A bright flash was visible beneath one of the small wings of the flying machine... a rocket then streaked forth, striking the ground behind Blitukus. Blitukus dove to the ground. The explosion sent out several bolts, which fragmented further on impact. Blitukus got up, and noticed Kazo was gone. Blitukus darted away as the flying machine then began to fire a hail of bolts that glew blue, engulfed in blue flame. It seemed the bolts themselves burned with extreme heat. The pilot must obviously be new... for at these ranges it would be difficult to miss with an explosive rocket and all these bolts. Then, Blitukus realized... the wind was blowing the flying machine all over the place, and the rain obscured the pilots view. Blitukus found cover, and hid behind it. The flying machine then ceased firing, maneuvering around to try to get at Blitukus. Where had Kazo gone to?... Was Kazo OK?

The demonic pilot reloaded the heavy crossbows mounted to her flying machine. The flying machine suddenly rocked and a loud CLUNK was heard. She immediately thought the crossbows had jammed... no, it was alright. Likely just the wind and debris.

Blitukus kept crouched behind the cover, a small service vehicle connected to a fuel tank... likely the pilot would have little concern about its own home base, and would soon blow up the vehicle AND the tank, sending Blitukus with it.

Lightning struck in the distance, the flash illuminating the compound for a split second... the pilot noticed two blue, glowing eyes looking in the canopy at her. Kazo smiled, licking his lips, and spoke, "Hello!" Kazo then pried the canopy open. The tentacle demon pilot spoke, horrified, "Adamantine..." The demon then reached for a weapon, but before she could reach it, Kazo dug his claws in to her, biting her face and slashing her throat out with his one free hand. Kazo then stepped back, and stabbed her with his claws, latching on firmly and lifting her out of her seat with it. The canopy open, he held her over the front of the flying machine, and then tossed her upwards and back. The tentacle demon pilot struck the blade of her own flying machine, the rotor chopping her into several pieces, then promptly scattering the pieces. The flying machine drifted downwards... drifted downwards faster... and finally smacked into the ground, sliding to a stop, leaving a shower of sparks... it was a rough landing, bending and scraping off a bit of the exterior metal and frame, but actual damage to internal components was minimal. Blitukus was already on his way to the flying machine, having started running upon seeing Kazo on the canopy. Blitukus ran toward the flying machine... he saw Kazo sit down in the front seat. The winds caused by the rotors pressed Blitukus back, but Blitukus ran through the wind, reaching the cockpit and pulling himself in. It seemed they now had a means of transit. Kazo grinned, "I just LOVE flight! Let's get moving! I want to see what this technological flier can do!" Blitukus replied as he sat in the copilots seat, formerly empty, "Agreed! Thank you again." Blitukus then shut the canopy, and seated himself. Although the thought of riding in a flying machine with Kazo as the pilot didn't immediately seem appealing, Blitukus realized, Kazo likely had more than a lifetimes experience with flying machines of one sort or another. Kazo spent a few moments studying the controls... the seat was made for a larger creature, but adjusting the seat combined with the use of his tail allowed him to compensate. Directly in front of him were several displays, on the panel, they displayed text, on the glass panel in front of the window, text and lines that showed the relative position of the horizon, as well as visual navigation markers, all in blood red colors. Kazo twisted a dial, causing it to brighten to a fiery red. Kazo then sat back, and pressed the throttle forwards. The engines of the flying machine let out sounds of increasing pitch, and the flying machine then lifted off again. Immediately, the flying machine was pushed and turned about by winds, rain covering the canopy. A flash of lightning was once again seen. Kazo countered the motion of the aircraft, and flew it above the tops of the buildings. Kazo opened the canopy slightly, looked around, spotted the railroad, then shut the canopy again. He turned the aircraft, tilting it forward, guiding the aircraft on a path back down the railway. They soon flew over the prison... luckily, there was only one road leading out, and the road could be seen through the rain. Kazo then turned the flying machine, flying down the road in a crooked manner, fighting the wind. Kazo flew quite fast down the road... a bolt of lightning struck the ground behind the flying machine, thunder heard quite loudly. Kazo slowed the machine... lightning struck the ground in front of it. Kazo tilted the flying machine, causing it to move to the left, lightning striking the ground to the right a few moments after... Kazo then quickly turned the machine almost entirely sideways to the right, a moment later, a bolt of lightning striking so close to the left that it rocked the flying machine, causing the displays on the control panel to flicker. Kazo snickered. Kazo returned the machine to flying down the road. The lightning around intensified... but it all seemed to be happening in a more distant area. Soon, the rain and winds began to subside... they were leaving the storm behind. As soon as they had left the storm, Kazo laughed, and pressed the throttle all the way forward, the flying machine ascending quite high and reaching high speed. It seemed as they ascended, the sky became slightly less dark. It was still rather dark though. Blitukus sat back... when he had arrived in Rametaru, he had nothing but his clothes and a friend... now he had all of that, plus armor, a weapon, and an apparantly powerful flying machine. It would have never been possible had they not both worked together. Blitukus was now returning to what was left of Rametaru, and no matter what he faced, he told himself, he would succeed. Still... he would be faced with direct resistance from OmnireCo itself... He decided, those who would attempt to stop him in his quest would never succeed. The flying machine ascended through the skies, tilted forward, rotor pulling it up.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 18, 2008, 02:08:00 am**

FIRST POST!

RRL: real response later.  
////////  
Edit:

Kazo as a hacker... I can imagine it.

Sorry I don't have the BQ award for getting the first post but I'm currently so tired my eyes fall of so I wait until tomorrow when I can do it properly.

[ January 18, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 18, 2008, 11:56:00 pm**

It wasn't really meant to hint he would be a hacker or anything.

Fitting you got post number 666 though.

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Blitukus sat, and tried to calm himself... quite a while passed. Blitukus managed to calm himself from the previous combat... but he still felt bitterness and anger. So much... was all lost... what was to come of the world but a burnt out cinder? He could only hope that it would somehow turn out alright... he knew in his heart he would succeed... he would make sure all would be alright. Blitukus sighed... Kazo kept flying forward along the road... it seemed Blitukus had likely slept for quite a while, for there was a large distance to be covered. They continued on... Eventually, Kazo spoke, "I think you should take over for a while. I'm hungry!" Blitukus nodded. They carefully exchanged seats, careful not to upset the delicate balance of the aircraft. Blitukus seated himself in the pilots seat, Kazo moving to the rear of the cockpit, sliding a panel open, and rather than biting through the wires beneath, carefully found a power wire for the outside lights, unhooked it, and began to transfer charge from it, all done in a manner to avoid damaging the aircraft. Blitukus noticed it became a bit more difficult to navigate without the lights, but he continued on the same course. This aircraft seemed to be very responsive, using electronic controls and machine-regulated control surfaces. More time passed, and the fuel reading began to decline noticeably... eventually, Blitukus checked his timepiece... 1 hour left... he sighed, then looked up... there was Rametaru near the horizon. Blitukus flew the aircraft directly toward it. He would soon be upon his goal, but would he have enough time to retrieve the component? As Blitukus flew over the edge of the city, the lights below began to shut off as if a wave had emanated from where he had entered the city. Some of the buildings remained only visible with red internal lights... one of these buildings being the OmnireCo tower. Blitukus' heart was filled with anger at the sight of it. Blitukus flew towards the tower... the outage below likely was the reason why he wasn't being fired upon from the ground. Kazo was sitting in the copilots seat, looking out at the darkened city. Blitukus looked at Kazos adamantine exterior, and realized... the component was nearly indestructible and likely at the top of the building where it wouldn't be crushed under anything. The building was not so indestructible... right near the building was a guards barracks... there was no way he would make it to the top of the building, and it would be quicker to sift through rubble anyway. Blitukus quickly checked the sphere of direction... it verified his goal lay at the very top of the building. It seemed the building was centered upon the same space the castle had once occupied... its small base made it unstable. Blitukus circled around it... he noticed the weapons settings on the panel... including the options CBW, RKT, and MIS. Blitukus selected the rockets, and aimed at the base of the building, the side facing the guards barracks... He sighed... not wanting to have to use such an abomination of technology... but it had to be done.

Blitukus aimed carefully, and pulled the trigger on the control stick. The aircraft rapidly launched multiple small rockets from salvo containers towards the base of the building. The rockets flew, leaving a white streak behind them, and struck the base of the building with successive explosions, blowing out windows and knocking down walls and pillars. Blitukus sighed again... a moment after, the dust churning near the impact sites, a plume of dust shot out of the bottom of the building... a moment after that, another plume shot out, carrying debris with it. A moment after that... the bottom of the building erupted in a plume of dust and debris, the building shifting, and beginning to topple. Blitukus quickly flew the aircraft out of harms way as the building toppled down, glass, metal, and other debris flying all over the place as it toppled down right onto the guards barracks, destroying it, the sound of crumpling metal and shattering glass echoing throughout the city... below, the mind-numbing devices having been disabled, the strictly and oppressively ordered system that held down the people of Anthath was falling apart. Blitukus looked at the ruined building... something was flying above the ruin... Blitukus checked his sphere of direction again, and it pointed right to this flying object. It either was or had the fourth component, whatever it was. Blitukus felt his heart fill with both dread and anger at the sight of this object, whatever it was, for some unexplicable reason... he tightly gripped the control stick, finger on the trigger. A voice boomed over radio, "YOU DARE DEFY MEEEE?! Your family shall DIE BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!" Blitukus spoke back into the aircrafts transceiver, "You are too late... my family... is already long dead." Blitukus felt his dread diminishing... his anger darkening and simmering. Blitukus drew nearer... it seemed to be a large, dark demon... the demon carried a dark mace in one hand, the other entire arm consisting of metal and machinery, the arm itself serving as a ranged weapon. It seemed almost half of the demons body, including half of his face, consisted of metal and mechanisms... one of the demons eyes was blood red, and glew with hatred and unjustified fury... the other was black glass and metal, a small, electric red dot in the middle. Indeed... it seemed technology was the only thing holding this demon together... the demon seemed quite damaged by the acidic rain, wings having become useless due to holes in them... but the demon was wearing a thruster pack of sorts, capable of producing much more thrust than mere wings could. The demon wore an immaculate business dress with a long tie... out of everything this dress was undamaged by the environment. The demon yelled, "KOBOLD?!"... this seemed to surprise the demon quite a bit... the demon continued, "Kobolds are only fit for being slaughtered. Your kind should've STAYED IN YOUR HOLE IN THE GROUND!" This demon seemed to have an especially deep hatred for all of koboldkind... and... this demon knew of when kobolds existed only in small caves? That mace... The thought brought Blitukus to a very startling conclusion... Still, Blitukus was beyond the weapons range of the demon. Blitukus pointed the bologauge at the demon, opening the canopy slightly to allow for a direct view, and then began a reading. The demon continued, "Your kind will bow before me so I can chop your heads off, BOW BEFORE KING IZ-" Blitukus finished it for him, "-rolronum... Gustem Izrolronum..." Gustem replied, "I NEVER told ANYONE my old name... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!" Blitukus replied, "I am Blitukus Siegedriven... your reign has ended." The demon screamed with demonic fury, "SIEGEDRIVEN?!?" The demon then flew toward Blitukus, Blitukus standing his ground... figuratively speaking. It seemed there was only one way to get the fourth component now... Blitukus heart was full of anger... if that was how it had to be, so be it. Blitukus spoke as Gustem readied his weapons, slowly approaching, "My mother faced you alone with nothing but a simple sword... she had told me she had thought herself destined to die that day... but she stood victorious that day. Here, I face you wielding the greatest of your own weapons, a powerful friend by my side... your defenses are gone, and you are weakened. What chance have you? Prepare to be sent back where YOU belong, Gustem." Kazo smiled, "This could get interesting!" Blitukus quickly spoke to Kazo, "Be ready to defend." Gustem had nearly closed within weapons range, speaking, "Anthath Siset is mine, but now I'm the CEO of OmnireCo... ***I own the world.***" With the resources of an entire planet... what could a tyrant demand to be researched and produced? Perhaps Gustem would really be a threat... Blitukus hoped he would prove to be nothing more than a threat. Kazo climbed out of the partially open canopy, and stood atop the aircraft, near the very front, readying himself.

Blitukus turned, and aimed at Gustem... Blitukus switched to missiles, and as Gustem got within range, Blitukus fired. The missile shot out... and as it zipped toward Gustem, Gustem squng his mace through the air with great precision... the air between the mace and the missile seemed to break down and become electrically conductive, an arc of energy detonating the missile before it reached its target. The bologauge finally produced its reading... sort of. It alternated between "SNSR SATRATD" and ">9000 W". Gustem flew with accelerating speed. Gustem fired... a bright, glowing green bolt flew, surrounded by flames of all sorts and small, relatively hard to notice arcs of energy. Blitukus jerked back on the control stick, the flying machine ascending suddenly. The bolt whizzed beneath it, and continued back, exploding powerfully on impact with a building, sending glass and debris flying all over. Blitukus then flew towards Gustem, firing all remaining missiles save for one. Gustem fired at the incoming missiles, creating an explosion which engulfed and detonated all of the following missiles. Blitukus switched to the aircrafts crossbows, and fired again, gustem flying backwards, away from Blitukus. Blitukus felt he should save that last missile for when it could really count... The bolts flew toward Gustem, and struck him... bouncing off, doing little else than tearing up his now not-so-immaculate dress, revealing the metal below in some cases, in others, making a shallow impact into flesh and falling away. Gustems long sentence in the very heart of hell seemed to have toughened him... Blitukus kept firing, Gustem firing back. Kazo reached out and used his willpower and mana to apply a force on the incoming bolt from afar, deflecting it away. They flew over what seemed to be pumps near the ground, the dark, gooey liquid being burned nearby, producing toxic fumes. Gustem began to approach... it seemed Blitukus was now out of ways to fight back... Gustem fired again... this time, Kazo deflected it with a narrower margin. Behind, collateral damage was adding up... but that was Gustems doing... Gustem flew right up to Blitukus' aircraft, and swung his mace... Blitukus quickly jerked the control stick to evade, but it was partially in vain. Rather than striking the cockpit, the mace struck the wing, breaking clean through it, then ripping it off entirely. The flying machine was thrown to the side a bit by this. Gustem then brought the mace up again, readying another swing. Blitukus pulled up. Kazo then leapt from the front of the aircraft into the air. Kazo landed on Gustem as Gustem swung, the mace striking the very nose of the aircraft, mangling some of the sensors and shattering the cockpit glass. The flying machine was knocked nose down by this. Kazo climbed onto Gustems back... Gustem drew his mace back, and readied to knock Kazo away with it... a mace like that wielded by someone like that... could really do some damage to Kazo... and combined with the immense fall... Blitukus had to do something! But what?... All attacks were ineffective but some parts were more vulnerable and critical to hit for certain circumstances. Unfortunately, using the last missile would probably knock Kazo off if it hit at all. Blitukus fired as Gustem began his swing... the bolts traveled to the left... just as Gustem swung, one of the bolts struck a nerve on Gustems hand, causing gustem to lose hold of the mace, which promptly went flying on its own path. Sparks shot out from behind Gustem. Gustem yelled, and began to fire rapidly at Blitukus... Blitukus was forced to retreat away to a further distance, several bright, glowing green bolts coming close to grazing the aircraft. Blitukus sighed in relief... THAT hit he had just made was true luck... and now Kazo was free to do whatever he needed to do. Blitukus then realized... Kazo might need to hop back. Blitukus flew back towards Gustem, despite the bolts... if his aircraft were to be struck by one of those bolts... it was almost guaranteed to be the end of it. Blitukus flew in anyway, firing constantly even if his bolts had little effect. Sparks kept shooting out... Eventually... a larger spray of sparks shot out from behind Gustem... his equipment shifted... Gustems thruster pack then seemed to part with him, flying high up into the sky. Kazo leapt from Gustem, leaping high into the air... finally landing atop the aircraft, barely staying on. Meanwhile, Gustem yelled, and fell, flapping his useless wings futilely. Kazo smiled in at Blitukus, moving to the very front of the aircraft. Blitukus opened the canopy, letting Kazo come in, then closed it afterwards.

Gustem yelled as he fell...then finally fell upon a broken pipe near a tank of one of the tanks of goeey, dark liquid. He was impaled through the gut on the small but long pipe. Gustem yelled... a moment later,aiming up at the still flying flying machine. Gustem fired... and the bolt fell short, flying far too low. Blitukus spoke from the anger in his heart, "Go back to hell... and STAY there this time." Blitukus then fired the missile. It struck Gustem, blowing Gustems lower body away from his upper, and creating large leaks in the tank. Flaming goo poured onto the ground. Gustem yelled in pain as he slowly pulled his upper body forward with his hands, quickly bleeding out. As Gustem bled, the flaming goo overtook him, engulfing him in flames and toxic fumes. Gustem screamed, burned alive for a while... then finally moved no more. The tyrant had fallen... again. What would happen to civilization now?... The demons would reestablish themselves, it seemed. Still... at least somewhere... there would be hope. That battle had proven to be merely a battle... but had it not been for his luck, and his friend... it could've, likely would've, been the end of him and his quest. The end of his quest was soon anyway, as he would be completing it successfully... but what would happen as a result of his actions?... whatever happened, it would be worth it. The fourth component was now his for the taking... he just had to get down there, get it, and bring it back to his home... whatever would happen next... there was no way to really predict.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 19, 2008, 04:55:00 am**

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FIRST POST! :D  
RRL.  
Edit:

Beyond quality! :D  
Don't really have much to say and is to exhausted to say it anyways.

"This is a !!magnesium!! Beyond quality award.  
It mences whit spikes of clear diamond.  
On the item an image of humans and kobolds in saphire, the humans are calebrating, the kobolds are celebrating.  
On the item in an image of a kobold and a kobold in star ruby, the kobold is hugging ("embracing" created weird images...) the kobold, the kobolds are smiling."

"This is an obsidian Beyond quality award.  
It mences whit spikes of black diamond.  
On the item is an image of humans and demons in jade, the humans are figthing the demons.  
On the item is an image of a demon and a kobold in star ruby, the kobold is striking down the demon, the demon is screaming"

Ok, two mediocre BQ awards.  
These are meant for visualizing, please do so for the full effect of the gems.

[ January 19, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 19, 2008, 11:53:00 pm**

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Thanks, and yes, I do visualize them every time :p

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The explosion and flames was guaranteed to attract unwanted attention. Blitukus slowed the aircraft, turned it around, and slowed it to a hover, descending towards the flames. There was surprisingly little activity around... it seemed the guards were busy elsewhere. Blitukus set the aircraft down on the road near the burning building, and opened the canopy. Luckily, Gustems remains were near the edge of the flames. Blitukus stepped out, and slid down the nose of the aircraft, landing on the road below. Blitukus stepped toward the flames, but stopped short of entering them. He hadn't the time to wait for it to burn out, and thanks to the goo, it wouldn't be able to be extinguished properly. Kazo ran by, jogging into the flames, "I wonder what's left!" Kazo walked up to the dead, separated half-a-body... the chest consisting of metal, a radiation-hazard sign on it... since the bottom half was already blown off, Kazo was able to cut through the fleshy stump and get at the innards of the dead demons chest... Blitukus realized, in order for the demon to have over 9000 watts of power available without magic, the demon must have a very compact and very powerful power source... Kazo fished out a lot of wire, and small metal bits, as well as various bits of gore... eventually, Kazo put his foot on the body, and yanked at something quite forcefully... he ripped out a small, spherical device... he then repeated this, ripping out a disk-shaped item. Kazo picked them up, cleaned the gore and ichor off of them, and then walked to Blitukus. Kazo spoke, "These are some interesting finds! Here you go!" Kazo then handed Blitukus the disk-shaped item. Blitukus spoke, "Thank you again... thank you so much, good friend... now, we should leave before the guards manage to get here." Blitukus walked back to the aircraft, Kazo following. On the way, he observed the disk-shaped item... it had an adamantine rim, and held by the rim was a disk-shaped matrix of spiraling ruby crystals, spiraling from the outside in, large crystals on the outside, but shrinking toward the middle, the very center containing a fundamentally small ruby crystal structure. Here he held the fourth component... now it was time to finally leave this hellish place and return home. Kazo curiously looked at the spherical device... it seemed to be made of titanium and various other materials, and its surface had several complex devices upon and sticking through it, most prominent a motorized array of 6 capped rods protruding from the top right portion of the sphere. On the front of the sphere was a radiation-hazard symbol. There were several points on its surface where one could connect a wire to it, and likely each connection had a different purpose. Blitukus and Kazo reached the aircraft and hopped in again, Blitukus shutting the canopy after they were both seated. Blitukus then took off, flying the aircraft back toward the now toppled tower. Kazo took the opportunity to gain a bit of extra charge from the lights again. Chaos between the guards and the populace was erupting below. Blitukus flew the aircraft to the rubble, and landed in front of the now short and bare wall, metal supports and broken glass laying about everywhere. Blitukus set down, and shut the aircrafts engine down, opening the canopy, and hopping out. Kazo stopped transferring charge and followed, bringing the spherical device with. Blitukus hastily walked back to the alley that he arrived in... the rift wasn't there. Blitukus checked his timepiece... 5 minutes left. The alley was blocked off, and covered with debris. Kazo walked up to Blitukus, and spoke, "I can't wait to see what this does!" Blitukus replied, "Indeed... although my quest will soon end, it may prove beneficial to you." Kazo smiled, and still toyed with it, trying to figure out what it did and how. Blitukus kept watch for any guards... twice, guards ran past the front of the alley, but never bothered to look in. Blitukus turned back... the rift had appeared... it seemed Kazo was too busy with the device to observe the rift. Blitukus spoke, "Come, the rift has arrived!" Blitukus then ran through, crossing to the other side, Kazo following close behind.

Blitukus felt a sudden surge of energy as if he had been suddenly awakened... it was the feeling of mana flux... something even over the period of one day he had begun to miss. He did it... all four components and the relic frame were in the same room...

*May I need never return to that time again...*

Blitukus took off the gas mask, and tossed it into the magma, the mask bursting into flame and quickly melting. Blitukus heard footsteps... he looked back to see a guard running at the rift, mace drawn. Kazo stood his ground. Blitukus ran back to the control panel... as he turned, the guard was just about at the rift... Blitukus cut power to the portal ring... the guard leapt into the rift... the rift destabilized and collapsed, with the guard in it. The guard seemed to implode within the collapsing fabric of space... blood and gore was shot out of the collapsing rift, flying about the room... Blitukus ducked as the flying gore bounced about and finally came to rest. Kazo laughed. Blitukus stood again, and sighed... he was tired... but it was finally about to be done with... Blitukus took off his coat, took off the armor, and held the fourth component, looking at it. Now was the time to finally end his quest... Blitukus shut down steam flow to the dynamos, then walked back down to the cat relic... luckily, the flying gore had missed it despite it being relatively close to the portal ring. Kazo watched as Blitukus unhooked the cat relic, and held it... Blitukus spoke, "These components you have helped me so much in retrieving are parts of this device... a device capable of rewriting space and time... now, **we** shall make use of it..." Kazo immediately knew what Blitukus meant, and approached. Kazo asked, "Do you know what the side effects are?" Blitukus replied, "No... but whatever they are... it is irrelevant." Kazo smiled, "Let's find out... I want to tell Arkus!... Arkus..." Blitukus nodded, then inserted the disk into its slot... it fit snugly, then latched in.

The device was now complete... suddenly, the device seemed to get heavier. All four components glew slightly, each gem glowing its natural color... a dull, white light was visible in the inside. Blitukus held it... and focused his willpower within it... he sensed the immense complexity of the device... it truly was the most advanced item he had ever seen... likely anyone had ever seen. Kazo positioned himself on the other side of the device. Blitukus felt the devices power... driven by an energy of extreme density, present throughout all the universe, but even tapping into it required such immense measures... there was enough energy present to do anything... Blitukus tried to fully power the device up by drawing energy through it... but it refused. Something was insufficient about this approach... then Blitukus



realized... this energy was most efficiently tapped from **every** angle... Blitukus focused himself further, allowing his consciousness to expand to view all dimensions of reality... though the world around changed in this view, and though the device appeared differently, the inner workings of it and its ability to tap into this omnipresent power source became much more clear. Blitukus tried again, this time drawing the energy forth from angles and directions unobservable by conventional means... this time, he felt energy come forth as if being sucked through a small hole... This was the first time Blitukus had seen a device that needed this mode of comprehension to simply be able to even operate it... the white glow within the device intensified, and began to grow as power slowly built... and as power built, its flow increased, resulting in an exponential buildup... eventually, the increasing energy was regulated by an immense drain... Blitukus felt an odd feeling in his hands... he felt odd entirely, as if the fabric of reality itself were ready to be dislodged. Blitukus felt this sensation, and drew it out... he sensed Kazo was ready for when the change was to be made... The sensation grew... Blitukus felt that, through the device, he had the power to pull space and time free from its bindings and reconfigure it entirely... doubtlessly, the energy and power he held in his hands was more than enough to reduce him to fundamental particles in order for this to be remotely possible... and now he wielded this power to finally undo his mothers death... to once again live among the people he grew up with, to see the tops of those simple stone buildings, presiding beneath a pristine horizon... to be able to meet his mother again... gone would be the days of heartbreak and hardship, and everything would be alright once again... he told himself, this was it. There was no turning back, nor would he ever want to. Blitukus held the device up, and shut his eyes, a tear running down his cheek. He focused his will through the device... the device was covered in sky-blue, lines of purplish aura running through, and black, lines of green, sharp light running through. Blitukus felt the device at work... his existence... the existence of all nearby... reality was becoming unraveled, and seemed to be dissolving, liberating itself from the constraints of certainty... soon, it would all be over, he thought, sure that thought would be his last... then, the fabric of reality all around him seemed to explosively snap down, hitting its former state like a rock falling from miles and hitting concrete. Blitukus grunted loudly, and dropped the cat relic, opening his eyes... reality still was as it was.

Blitukus slowly took in a breath... something was horribly wrong. Kazo had a similar reaction... A voice above boomed, "MORTALL!!! You DARE toy with the enginezs of the GODSZS?!?" Blitukus felt his heart fill with anger so quickly, fear had no time to take root. Blitukus looked onward, "The gods have no claim to these 'engines'. I will make use of ANY engine I need to complete my quest. Step aside... this is beyond you." Armoks presence ignited with fury, "YOU DARE DEFY MEEEE?! PUNY SSZLAVE! I will KILL you, take that device, and dump your soul and YOUR MOTHERZS szoul into OPPOSITE CORNERZS OF HELL! You will NEVER SZEE EACHOTHER AGAIN! You have until autumn to enjoy your melancholyyyy... I will be obszerving you... your probability trickzsz won't ssave you now!" Blitukus exhaled through his nose, feeling no melancholy whatsoever, for anger had displaced it. Without manipulation of probability... the cat relic would not be able to function... it seemed the shackles within Armoks slave camp had grown 7 more dimensions... When Blitukus had first dug to reach the adamantine, when he had breached a pit leading to hell, he had looked down it, and thought to himself... only as a last resort. He was down to his last resort. Perhaps he would be able to rescue his mothers soul by getting to the dumping point first... He had until the end of summer to prepare. It seemed his fate truly did lay down below... but the question was, on whose terms would it be?

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 20, 2008, 04:04:00 am**

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BEYOND QUALITY!

First Post!  
... again.

Edit:  
hmmm, if you are considering jumping into hell LITERARY then you are quite desperate.

"this is an astral Beyond Quality award.  
it mences whit spikes of !!energy!!.  
it is encrusted in mana.  
in the item is an image of oil and a demon in memories, the oil is striking down the demon, the demon is scremng.  
On the item is and image of happiness in memories, the happiness is withering away."

These BQ awards is just getting worse and worse.

[ January 20, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

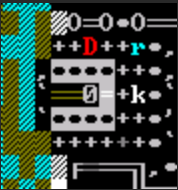
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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 20, 2008, 11:51:00 pm**

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I still find your BQ awards to be pretty creative :p  
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The presence of Armok faded into the distance, but some of it stayed in proximity, observing all around. Blitukus sighed... he tried to extinguish his anger, in order to focus on the task at hand... but he found himself fighting back a yell instead. Perhaps he would have to let the flames diminish on their own... indeed, his anger combined with his exhaustion made it difficult for him to see properly. Kazo spoke, "Arkus..." Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "Perhaps my actions will be... visible... enough for you to use the cat relic... if that becomes so, I leave it up to you to bring both of our quests to a successful end." Kazo hugged Blitukus, "Thanks, friend! I will!" A moment passed. Blitukus then replied, "Thank you, good friend... now, I must rest... we have a long season ahead." Blitukus then shut off the magma and water inlets, venting the boilers, then retreated to his room. He lay in bed, and found himself falling asleep almost immediately.

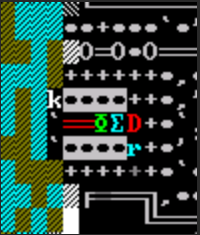
That day, Blitukus felt he had a dream, but didn't remember it. When he awoke, he opened his eyes to find Dracha sticking her head in the door, and Kazo standing nearby. Kazo smiled, "Good timing! We just got back!" Blitukus looked at Kazos smile... he felt it himself. He realized... though this would be the last part of his quest, for better or for worse... he was about to defy the will of a god... and, he told himself, he would succeed. Blitukus felt his anger had declined, and was being replaced... he smiled... not even the forces of hell itself would stand between him and saving his mother. The very act of Blitukus smiling seemed to annoy Armok... which only made Blitukus smile more. Blitukus stood. Dracha spoke, "I'm here to help ya however I can!" Blitukus thought... although he felt confident... he needed the means to back up his confidence... he needed to travel swiftly and he also needed to protect himself from the forces of hell... he needed his armored vehicle. But, none of his tunnels were wide enough to drive it down to the pits, and the tunnels of hell would likely be worse... but, in 1999, he had seen a dwarven drilling machine. He could mount a drill on it, which would also serve as a weapon if need be. Further, it would NEED some very impressive cooling... likely, all of this could be enhanced by magic as well. He really didn't want to have to ride into battle again in that monstrosity... but it was his best chance, for what he pursued far outweighed the cost on all levels. Blitukus spoke, "I say we retrofit the armored vehicle... it may be our only chance. I am thinking of adding a drill and cooling to it... perhaps plating it with adamantine for good measure... I also might need to enhance it with magic. Please, I need your help with the last part." Kazo replied, "Sure thing!" Dracha replied also, "Yeh, sure!" Blitukus spoke, "Thank you... you are truly good friends... unfortunately, time is short." Blitukus then walked down to the armored vehicle, Dracha following behind, Kazo riding atop Dracha. They reached the storage room, and entered. Kazo hopped off and stood by the door as Dracha examined the machine.



Dracha eventually spoke, "Looks Like I can help ya with the coolin' and the drill. You'll need some more gems for it though. I can design the runes while you dig for 'em. To call it safe we'll a few good helpings of sapphires for power and some ruby for heat management. If ya get enough ruby we could even enhance this cannon of yours, making the magma hotter and faster!" Kazo continued for her, "And emerald's a good all-purpose gem too! What do you want me to do?" Blitukus replied, "Help Dracha please, I will plan out the technological improvements, then I will dig out the gems. Dracha, I understand you also must prepare for your journey... thank you for your help, despite this, but I hope for you to be ready by the end of summer." Dracha replied, "I got it taken care of, I'll be ready, don't worry!" Blitukus nodded, "Thank you still... this would not have been possible had it not been for you two." Kazo and Dracha smiled, Dracha speaking, "No problem!" Blitukus nodded, "Let us begin..." They then got to work, Dracha and Kazo using wall space to plan out runes and crystal arrays. Blitukus investigated the machine, the bottom and what was beneath... the modifications would be fairly simple... but they would require more material on top of the gems. Blitukus finished his planning, and walked back down the hall,

retrieving his pickaxe, then took a drink from the river and quickly ate a meal before proceeding down the tunnels. Blitukus walked to an outcropping of sapphire... the last one he had available... and dug through both pockets... both times, he was surprised to find the main gems hidden away in unusual locations, causing him to shatter the gems accidentally... no more sapphire? This might be a problem... He forced it from his mind, and continued down the tunnel, past the magma, unearthing rubies and emeralds... perhaps the emeralds would work as a substitute, being an all-purpose gem... he brought a large amount of raw emeralds back, and cut them, returning for the second large bunch. He found it somewhat ironic that he unearthed these gems near the previously sealed pit.

He then returned for the large helping of rubies, brought it back, and cut them to the best of his ability, preserving as much as possible. As he carried it back, the bronze bolts laying on the floor reminded him of his battle with the demons... now it lay in the future again, and it would be on a much larger scale... likely it would be his last battle. As long as he succeeded in his goals, it mattered little. Blitukus noticed Kazo bringing an adamantine plate out of the work room as Blitukus entered. Blitukus brought the gems one load at a time into the storage. Dracha commented, "Ah yeh, emeralds'll work just fine!" Blitukus smiled... it was very good news. Dracha and Kazo were plating the back of the armored vehicle with adamantine it seemed... adamantine with runes engraved in it. Blitukus walked up to the wall, and observed the design. After studying it, and figuring out what was what, he proceeded to help Dracha and Kazo put together the heart of the magical side of the improvements. They worked for a long time, the moon moving through the sky. Blitukus stopped for a drink, Kazo stopping to recharge. Blitukus decided to drink from the water channel in the cavern as Kazo harvested energy. Kazo spoke, "I was a bit too wrapped up in your other inventions to talk about that statue... It's very well done!" Blitukus smiled, "Thank you." Kazo continued, "So you really like yourself I see!" Blitukus replied, "Well I was the only kobold around to model a statue after..." Kazo snickered, "I see!... All I have to do to make a statue of myself... is fall asleep!" Blitukus snickered. Kazo continued, "I figured out what that sphere does! It makes power, LOTS of it! I'll figure out how it works later. I'd like you to put it in with the cat amulet... when this is done, of course!" Blitukus nodded, "Of course, friend." Kazo smiled. They finished tending to their needs, and got back to work. They took adamantine, made it into plates complete with mounts for gems and runes in some cases, and plated the armored vehicle with it, placing the gems in the designated pattern. The barrel of the cannon was lined with ruby, the hatch and mechanisms behind it lined with the general-purpose emerald. They continued for quite a while more, the sun rising... eventually, Blitukus once again found himself tired.



The heart of the magic improvements to the center of the armored vehicle was complete... but there was still much more to do. Blitukus felt exhaustion getting to him... he had still accomplished quite a bit. He decided to call it a night and return the night after... As Blitukus walked away, he heard the voice of Armok laughing, "Pathetic mortalszss... you don't even know you're dooomed!" Armok continued laughing...

*Perhaps I am doomed to death... but I will not die before my quest is complete.*  
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I know it's a bit short and monotonous... perhaps the calm before the storm? This seems to happen in my stories.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 21, 2008, 05:25:00 pm**

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Beyond Quallity! :D

first post, although that hardly means much anymore, were are you reign, I've seen you in other threads so I know you are not dead.

The calm before the storm, yes...

"This is a steel Beyond Quality award.  
It mences whit spikes if titanium.  
It is encrusted whit clear diamond  
On the item is an image of a city and demons in chrome, the demons are striking down the city."  
These awards mean less and less...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 21, 2008, 11:47:00 pm**

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I'm grateful to see your BQ awards period :p

This update's a bit on the short side thanks to my sickness... but it's better than writing nothing.  
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Blitukus walked back down his tunnels... he passed by the moonstone he had dug out those years ago... the cassiterite he had dug through... it had been such a long quest... and it was finally nearing its end. Blitukus reached his room, and lay in bed, finding his exhaustion allowed for him to fall asleep quite rapidly.

That day, Blitukus found himself strolling the dry and hot lands of his home... he saw Rametaru... it looked so small, after having seen its future self. He spent a long time in this dream ascending up the spiraling incline to the top of the hill, and looking back down at the small, distant suburbs... then, it faded as the dream ended, the following dreams being forgotten.

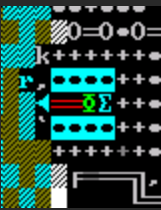
Blitukus awoke, hesitated for a few moments, then stood, stretching and yawning... likely, this was the second to last time he would sleep. They Dracha and Kazo doubtlessly got much more done as he slept... but he still had to produce the technological improvements. This would require more metal... he hadn't the time to produce enough steel, so bronze would have to suffice. Blitukus took up his pickaxe... 8 stacks of bars would do. Blitukus dug out the needed 4 lumps of cassiterite, then dug a new tunnel to reduce hauling time to the other part of the malachite vein... as he dug through the malachite, he realized... this was the last time he would be mining from his tunnels... and soon, he would smelt and forge for the last time. Blitukus brought the cassiterite and malachite back, one large lump at a time, and then smelted it into bronze. He looked into the molten metal as he did so... bronze was the metal he had begun with access to, and now it was the one he ended with. Blitukus checked over and over to make sure the bronze was of the highest quality he could produce, and then poured the bars, repeating the smelting process again afterwards... he had more than enough bars resulting from this. Blitukus then took the bars, and forged them into two large pistons and a crankshaft to drive the drill, one piston to aim the drill, as well as the air pumps and radiators that would serve as proper cooling. As Blitukus forged, Kazo smelted adamantine into wafers, then proceeded to patch the wafers together into plating. Some of the adamantine had been used, but there was still quite a bit left. When Blitukus was done, he shut off the steam-powered inlet to the forge... it had served him well. Blitukus sighed, and stopped to drink and eat. All in all, it had taken a long time to forge these components... now he just needed to install them. In order to do so, he would need to remove the armor at the front of the machine, and put a hole in the metal there for the shaft to fit through... he had made the shaft long enough to properly aim, and thick enough to take a lot of force. The reason he needed to be able to aim the drill vertically was that the drill would have to be a bit on the small side in order to not get in the way of his view. Blitukus took the components to the storage room, having to make several trips to do so. He noticed that the adamantine plating was beautifully enhanced with a few large runes... what they did... he would find out eventually. Blitukus returned down his tunnels, and eventually came across his automatic crossbow... he had an automatic crossbow from the future he could use, and so didn't need this one. He could use the steam loop from it though... both to heat the bronze of the front of the vehicle enough to punch through it, as well as to replace one he had taken from the armored vehicle prior.

He brought it back, and upon reaching the storage room again, he saw adamantine plates beneath one of the treads. Dracha grunted as she lifted up the other side of the armored vehicle, Kazo slipping adamantine plates beneath the treads. When that was done, Dracha let it come to rest upon the adamantine. Dracha spoke, "I never thought I'd be workin' on a project with Kazo again! I gotta go back to my lair and double check everything before the big day though. I'll know when to teleport the relic out... Thanks again, my fuzzy friend! Bye... it's been nice knowin' ya all this time!" Blitukus replied, "Thank you, Dracha... your help was needed. I understand this is the last time we will see eachother... Goodbye, and good luck..." Dracha hesitated a moment, then parted. Kazo watched her leave, then

commented, "Let's get this done. I'm eager to use the relic!" Blitukus replied, "Agreed." Kazo then began fusing the steel to the adamantine. Meanwhile, Blitukus took the steam loop and the crankshaft, walked to the front of the vehicle, removed the armor plate where the drill would go, and heated up the bronze on the vehicle to glowing heat with the steam loop. He then placed the end of the crankshaft on the middle, and hammered it through, creating a hole in the metal. Blitukus pulled the crankshaft out... now he needed to wait for it to cool before doing anything else with it. Kazo stopped to recharge after fusing the plates... apparantly, the act of fusing metal required a lot of energy. Blitukus began to install the radiators and air pumps beneath the cabin... if it weren't for these cooling systems, he would probably be cooked alive before completing his tasks. Blitukus also noticed a stack of adamantine plates with runes carved in them, encrusted with ruby... and on all of them the rune was the same. When Kazo returned, Kazo noticed Blitukus installing the cooling systems, took those adamantine plates, and began to slide them beneath the radiators, fusing them to the bronze. Likely they would keep both the cabin and the radiator cool. When the cooling system was installed, proper drives, connections, and control linkages connected to it, Kazo went back to plating the treads. Blitukus then stopped for a drink, returning to install the crankshaft and pistons to drive it, the bronze having cooled enough. When they were properly mounted, connected back to the boiler, the control linkages fed through to the cabin, Blitukus slid out from beneath the vehicle, and looked at it.



The night was nearly over, but the improvements were nearly complete. Blitukus was beginning to feel a bit drowsy, but he wouldn't stop for that. Now, Blitukus needed a drill... and no material was more suitable than adamantine... Blitukus returned to the work room, smelted adamantine strands into several wafers, then forged the wafers into an enormous adamantine corkscrew... the adamantine was quite lightweight, but this unfortunately presented a problem. Should he encounter some hard material with it, he might need enough momentum in the drill to break through it. Of course, he wouldn't need to add that much weight... he forged bronze into weights and mountings, placing the bronze on the interior of the corkscrew, the bronze also serving as a good mounting point between the corkscrew and the crankshaft. Blitukus dragged the enormous corkscrew back over the bridge and to the storage room... Kazo was already done plating the treads. Kazo approached, then looked at the corkscrew. Kazo spoke, "So it looks like you'll be digging through some tough rock. The rune at the front can help you channel power into the drill! I want to find out what you'll do with it!" Blitukus replied, "If nothing else, perhaps it will help my digging speed." Kazo smiled, "I'm eager to find out!" Blitukus nodded. Blitukus then took the corkscrew and mounted it onto the exposed end of the crankshaft. Kazo watched as Blitukus installed the steam loop, walked out to the wave generator, salvaged its steam loops, then returned, installing them as an auxiliary supply through the inlets of the drills pistons. Blitukus then exited from under the vehicle. That was it... the sun had risen, and the night was over... but all the modifications were complete. Blitukus and Kazo stood looked at what they and Dracha had accomplished...



It was adamantine plated and menaced with spikes of emerald and ruby crystal... hopefully it would guarantee that he would survive long enough to reach the dumping point and distract Armok enough to get Armok to stop observing the cat relic. Blitukus spoke, "Tomorrow, we will have time to discover how that spherical device works, and I will install it for you." Kazo grinned, "I can't wait to try it out!" Blitukus smiled for a moment... it would be his last favor for a friend before his final battle... Blitukus felt very grateful for all his friends had done for him, for soon it would be the end.

The corkscrew wasn't supposed to look that small... unfortunately, there's only so much you can do with ascii.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 22, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

FIRST POST! Beyond beyond quality!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 22, 2008, 12:35:00 pm**

Thank you :)  
  
I got the feeling Armok's comment indirectly led to you taking the first post :p

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 22, 2008, 07:05:00 pm**

Holy crap I didn't notice that part of his post!  
  
In all honesty I simply haven't had the time to read anything more then a few sentences at a time recently.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 22, 2008, 07:20:00 pm**

Beyond Quality!  
  
Yea, I just didn't post because I had no ideas for a BQ award. :roll:

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 22, 2008, 11:10:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
  
Reign: That actually explains quite a bit :p  
  
Armok: The award isn't a prerequisite or anything, do as you wish.

Blitukus nodded at Kazo, then walked back to his room... he looked at the bridge... and remembered the first bridge he had built there. He continued, reaching his room, and laying in the bed that had seemed to decay surprisingly little over the previous years. It was the last time he would be able to rest... at least, in the current state of things. He shut his eyes, cleared his mind, and slowly, he pulled himself into sleep.

That day... he had a very vivid dream... he saw the world in all dimensions, and could travel through each one as if it were all the same... from the adamantine spires and mithril towers of the ancients, to the titanium skyscrapers and aluminum antennae of the future... he found he was able to review his entire quest... he felt as if he were looking into reality from outside of it, and could go whenever and wherever he chose... he sensed this freedom... he kept browsing all that he had seen... it had been a long quest... he had made friends, lost friends... he had good friends who helped him. He had seen days of joy and days of sorrow... periods of serene peace, and scenes of intense bloodshed. Blitukus sighed in his dream, the sigh seeming to echo through all the cosmos... he just wanted it all to be well again... finally, he told himself, soon enough, it would be.



Blitukus awoke. The realization came to him... with the use of the cat relic... this all would be erased in cause and effect... he would have never met Dracha, Kazo, or have experienced so much and gone so far... it was a sacrifice he was willing to make... it was not only in his best interest, but the benefits would apply to Kazo, and indirectly, Dracha as well... he thought to himself, it must be done. He sat up, sat there for a moment, then stood. Kazo walked in, holding the spherical device. Kazo spoke, "It's a lot simpler than it looks!... I was hoping it would be harder... I love a good puzzle!" Blitukus snickered, focusing on the immediate, "How can we make use of it?" Kazo replied, pointing out certain features on the spheres surface, "These two pins move the rods when electricity is supplied. These two thick connectors are where the power comes out. The rods are... kind of like a throttle, I guess. When they're pushed all the way in, almost no power is made. The more they're pulled out, the more power is made. I pulled them all the way out as far as they would go, and it started to get really hot!... Something told me this was a bad idea, so I pushed them back in. We only have one of these after all!" Blitukus nodded, "Interesting. I would like to learn of how it generates this power but I am afraid I am out of time for that." Kazo then replied, "I would LOVE to find out!... Maybe I will eventually! For now, I'll draw how I think it should be hooked up. You have time for that, right?" Blitukus nodded... then realized, he had made a mistake earlier. Kazo smiled, "Thanks friend!... If I end up all alone it might be the only thing to keep me alive!" Blitukus doubted that would happen... this reality would be overwritten... but still, he would, if nothing else as a gesture of good will to a friend before parting eternally. Kazo then began to draw his plans out on the wall of Blitukus' room. Blitukus then left, walking up the tunnel, and gathering some sand... one small, but critical piece was missing from the retrofitted armored vehicle... it was pointless to cool the interior if the interior was open, and the window was still nothing but an open port, previously left deliberately open to allow for air to enter, but now, the air within would have to suffice... hells air was likely nearly unbreathable anyway. Blitukus returned with the sand, and melted the sand down in the glass furnace, forming it into a small square window. When the glass cooled, Blitukus brought it back, and installed it into the armored vehicle. He then returned back to his room... Kazo had drawn the designs out, and had harvested more mithril wire from his old mana collection grid... still, the thought of a construct salvaging its own parts was a bit odd to Blitukus. The plans were actually very straightforward considering the spherical device was likely much more complex on the inside. It was simply mounting it in, wiring the outputs to the cat amulet, and wiring the controls to two specific points on the back of Kazos inner surface. Blitukus nodded, "Open, and I will install it." Kazo smiled, opening his chest plate up again, "Let's see how it fits!" Blitukus approached, Kazo handing him the device and the wire. Blitukus looked in... that empty space was just right for the device to fit in. An interesting coincidence, quite a lucky one in fact. Blitukus set the device within the empty space, and used some of the wire to tie it down, firmly securing it in place with the other components. Blitukus then wired it as shown, making sure to place the control lines with as much precision as he could. Kazo spoke, "I can control where certain charges end up. That's how I'll control this." Blitukus nodded, "I see." Kazo then continued, "Watch and see if it works!" Blitukus nodded, then watched... a moment later, a small electric motor on the device turned, causing the rods to extend outward from their formerly completely sunken position. Kazo seemed to adjust the rods using charge manipulation alone, the output from the device causing the main crystal in the amulet to glow, the other crystals around, including Kazos blue diamond heart, began to glow brighter as well. Blitukus smiled... all in all, it was quite beautiful... truly an embodiment of mutually beneficial harmony between magic and technology. Blitukus backed away, "It all seems to work perfectly." Kazo smiled, closing his chest plate, "Good! I'm eager to find out what I can do with it!" Even if these events were to be erased... perhaps Kazo would be brought back in the future, and would find out then. Blitukus nodded. Kazo then continued, "Now that everything else is done... Let's see what the new drill can do!" Indeed... it was time.

Blitukus left the room, and proceeded into the cavern, grabbing a little bit of to eat on the way... he would need all he could bring... he suited up in his steel suit... as he connected the pieces, checking they were air tight, he realized... he might die in that suit. So be it... at least it would mean he would have more time until he died. When he finished putting on the suit, he brought with the automatic crossbow from the future as well as the sphere of direction and all of the ammunition he could carry, slinging the guards armor over his shoulder... he wouldn't be wearing it, but it would provide some power to operate the crossbow with... he lugged all of this back, up the tunnels, removing his helmet temporarily to take a drink from the river... the river had kindly provided him with the most important substance for life, for years... and once he crossed it in his vehicle, he would bid it farewell. He then put his helmet back on, and continued, reaching the storage room, dumping the weaponry into the armored vehicle, and then hopping in himself. Blitukus shut the hatch, and started the steam loops... as the boilers pressurized, Blitukus checked the controls... everything was as it was left. When the boiler had gained enough pressure, Blitukus drove forward... for the first time in what seemed an eternity, the armored vehicle rolled forward, its now adamantine-plated surface shining in the arctic moonlight... Blitukus drove it out onto the snow, turned it around, then drove it back into the storage room... Kazo hopped on top of the back of the machine, watching as it reached the back of the room... Blitukus pulled the rightmost of the two newly installed levers to his left... With a hiss and a clank, the two pistons engaged, transferring the force of their push into the crankshaft. The drill began to turn, speeding up rapidly. When it had gotten up to speed, Blitukus drove forward into the wall... the entire machine torques a bit as the drill dug into the wall, rock being pulled back and out. Blitukus turned the machine and aimed the drill to drill in an expanding oval... Blitukus found that the power of steam, the strength of adamantine, and his own skill with mining allowed the drill to dig into the rock like a hot knife through butter. Indeed... he was accomplishing the work of a team of miners with it... he dug the tunnel 3 spaces wide and tall enough for the machine to fit through, moving in and continuing deeper, drilling through the same cassiterite vein that he had dug through with a mere pickaxe when he had first arrived. He continued, until he had broken through to the river... in this case, whether it were to flood or not would make little difference. Blitukus drove through the river quickly, and drilled through the wall on the other side. As he continued, he thought, the chasm... how was he supposed to cross it? Even adamantine wasn't so indestructible when faced with such an immense fall... then, he remembered, the chasm was dark. This meant there was a roof over it, which in turn meant he could dig over the chasm, using the roof as a new floor. Blitukus angled his drilling upward, drilling up at an angle as he approached the chasm. As he reached the height of the roof of the chasm, he began to level off... he sensed the rock below shifting as he drilled the tunnel over the chasm... eventually, the rock behind the vehicle collapsed, falling into the chasm... but he was on the other side, still drilling. Blitukus kept this elevated height, continuing further and further, reaching warm rock. He drove atop the warm rock... he passed by the warm rock as he crossed over the magma. Blitukus then angled downward and to the side, reaching his old, preexisting tunnel towards the pits... only he was now widening it to 3 spaces wide. Then, Blitukus finally reached the sealed pit he had once fought demons from... now he would be invading their realm. Blitukus shut down the drill, opened the hatch, then raised his head out. Kazo was still riding on the back of the machine. Kazo spoke, "Glad to see it works!... I still wanted to see how magic would help though." Blitukus replied, "You will in a moment... after this, you need to return to the cavern... you are the last hope for making use of the cat relic in our quests... and also, I suggest readying the portal should you need to make a getaway. This is likely the last time we will ever speak to one another Kazo... thank you again, and good luck." Kazo responded, "Ok, same to you!... I hope you come back, if not... I'll miss you, you know." Blitukus paused a moment, then nodded. Armok could be heard laughing, "Yezssz, go ahead. The demonsz szshall paint the wallss with your blood!" Blitukus looked at the pits... he imagined the situation happening differently...

*Mr. Divine, it is time for some mortal intervention.*  
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I know this probably seems like me dragging my feet, but this took a lot longer than expected and also I don't want to split an update between these scenes.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 22, 2008, 11:31:00 pm**

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First post.  
  
Lessee how demons deal with their HEADS BEING DRILLED OPEN! MUHAHA!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 23, 2008, 04:54:00 pm**

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Beyond Quality! :D  
  
I don't think you are dragging your feet, write as much as possible before this ends.  
Also I do enjoy writing BQ awards when I have inspiration.  
  
\*Joins Reigns manic laughter\* MOAHAHAHAH! :D

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 24, 2008, 12:05:00 am**

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MWUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAhaha \*cough\* WHEEEEEZE \*cough\*

Thanks :)

Between all sorts of stuff and having to study, I ended up with a lot less time this update. Sorry if it's short.

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Blitukus looked back at Kazo... they waved at eachother, and paused a moment... so the end begins. Blitukus sighed, and sat back down into the armored vehicle, closing the emerald-studded hatch above him. Blitukus looked at his controls... then turned the vehicle to face the bridge, resting the drill down against the cap he had made... he then started the drill, collapsing the blockage. He moved back, and waited for any demons to emerge, automatic crossbow ready... none did. Blitukus then dug a ramp down into the pit, at the same time focusing his will upon the vehicle, channeling mana into the drill which heated and fragmented the rock, further increasing digging speed. He drove down through the eternal rift into the other plane... Kazo stood at the edge of the pit, watching even after Blitukus had passed through... eventually, he walked away, walking back toward the cavern. Kazo had seen the answer to his question... but would he ever see his kobold friend again?

Blitukus found himself driving into a small, square, iron plated chamber with only one way out... it seemed locked shut by a blood-covered iron bulkhead. Blitukus noticed the vehicles external temperature reading was a flat 180 degrees... rather than giving the tortured souls here the relatively quick death of burning alive, they were all to slowly cook for perhaps even hours before dying... to be revived, just to die again. Indeed, the demons probably just wanted the pain to come from their teeth, claws, and tentacles rather than simple flame. This now worked very much against them... Blitukus was in no danger of having the water in his steam loops boil away, and could continue on. Blitukus turned toward this exit, and began to move toward it, automatic crossbow ready. There was a loud scream followed by a tentacle demon leaping out from behind the corner. The demon laughed for less than a second, hesitated, then yelled again, its eyes seeming to suddenly grow as it saw the immense adamantine-plated mass approaching it. Blitukus fired the automatic crossbow, the heated bolts proceeding in an exact path, one striking the demon in the gut, one hitting it in the chest, and one hitting it in the nose, each getting stuck firmly in the would. The demon let out a ceaseless scream and stumbled as the wounds cougth flame from the red hot bolts, and as the goo that the demon called blood also ignited, the demon itself glew as it burned from the inside out, finally collapsing in a flaming heap. Blitukus sighed, driving over the burning body, and continuing to the bulkhead... he attempted to drill through the bulkhead, and found that this resulted in a small indentations and some shavings of iron on the floor. Luckily, the adamantine drill was nearly immune to damage. Blitukus tried again, channeling mana into the drill... occasional sparks shot out from where the tip of the drill met the iron. Blitukus focused himself, and channeled more energy from the emerald to the drill. The iron began to glow red where the drill contacted, and eventually the iron began to yield to the drill. Blitukus then drilled a hole through the bulkhead in this manner, clearing a hole large enough for him to drive through, and drove through to whatever lay beyond the bulkhead... it was pitch black. Blitukus realized for all he knew he could be driving off of the edge of a 5000 foot cliff... as darkness hit the runes upon the middle of the vehicle, the runes lit up, providing illumination in what was apparantly a stone tunnel barely wide enough for the vehicle to fit through.

*Good thinking, Dracha. Thank you.*

Blitukus continued. There was either a corner or a T-section ahead, off to the right, a tunnel of some kind glowing red. Blitukus checked his sphere of direction as he approached... the sphere pointed... down? A little bit to the right too... Blitukus chose the tunnel leading to the right, drilling the edges and sides to widen it enough for him to continue. He entered a room where the stones themselves seemed to glow red. The corridor continued on the other side of the room, leading downwards... Blitukus saw a three-quarters-dead kobold tied up and crucified alive, a demonic human planning to carve holes out of the kobold with a spear.. the sight of this brought back Blitukus' anger... he realized... he now fought against the wishes of the true force behind his mothers death... that force had far too long reigned superior... its reign was over. Blitukus felt nothing would stop him. The demon drew back, intent on boring another hole with the spear, but soon was filled with fear as it turned to view a much larger instrument of a similar intent directed right at his body. Blitukus ran into the demon, impaling the demon on the idle drill. The demon grunted, and tried to pull itself off. Blitukus then ran the front of the drill into the wall, then turned it on. The demon yelled and was ripped apart as it was torn between the wall and the drill, ichor and gore flying out. Blitukus backed the vehicle up, revealing an ichor-covered indentation in the wall. Blitukus saw the now four-fifths dead kobold... it was doubtlessly in unimaginable suffering... Blitukus aimed carefully, and fired one bolt, striking the kobold in the head, killing it instantly, and ending its suffering instantly as well... at least, for the time being. Blitukus paused... but continued... it was better than leaving the kobold there to die slowly. Blitukus drilled down the ramp, expanding it to three spaces wide as he proceeded down it... at the bottom, he found a room full of tortured engravings and tortured beings in cages, the beings seemed mostly motionless... their mouths seemed to be fused shut, their cries, those that could, nearly inaudible... other corridors were leading out... for some reason, it seemed rather sparse about here... he had half expected to face a horde of demons and masses of tortured souls... but most of this place was simply empty... for some reason, perhaps, they were somewhere else. Blitukus skipped this room by tunneling downwards further through the stone... perhaps he would miss the crowd... then again, he could just as easily end up literally falling right into the middle of a crowd. Blitukus progressed, chunks of rock flying about as he drilled... the temperature seemed to drop slightly... this was odd, but it seemed a function of height. He then realized a potential reason for hell being so sparse there... it was close to the mortal plane... too close for their comfort. Perhaps there was a reason the pits led to what was apparantly a prison within hell for demons. As the red glow behind became more distant, the vehicles lights came on again.

The temperature dropped to 140... then began to rise again. He had left the outer strata it seemed, and was now piercing ever closer to the bottom of hell. He kept digging for a bit of time, th temperature rising back to 180... was this simply layers? Perhaps hell itself had temperature fluctuations? Eventually, the rock beneath seemed to give way, the vehicle falling through a few feet to a ledge, and slamming down. Blitukus grunted on the sudden impact, but nothing was damaged. This was a cavernous room, very tall... and down below were concentric circles of various demonic minions... spirits of fire around the periphery, tentacle demons within that, frog demons within that, and at the very center, a blood red, extremely large gem. The demons seemed to be channeling their energies into the gem... the earth around shook... There was only one way to go it looked like... Blitukus drove down the ramps, and slowly made his way over a bridge... it seemed the demons were so focused on whatever cataclysm they were summoning they didn't notice Blitukus. As Blitukus crossed the bridge, the earth shook again, this time with quite a bit of intensity... the extra weight of the vehicle caused the bridge to collapse in the middle, sending the vehicle falling down onto the crystal. The adamantine plate hit the crystal with immense force, shattering the crystal and leaving a minor dent in the adamantine. A silent moment passed, then various war cries broke out, the demons proceeding to annihilate one another! Goo, ichor, gore and flame flew about. Blitukus drove forward as quickly as he could. Various projectiles, arrows, stones, even ballista and catapult projectiles rained down, pelting the demons and the armored vehicle. The impacts combined with demons climbing on and throwing eachother against the armored vehicle caused it to rock and slide quite a bit as Blitukus tried to move toward one of the enormous halls leading out of the room. It seemed the demons were making rather short work of one another, under the fire of projectiles from above especially... the hatch above Blitukus opened, and tentacles slipped down. Blitukus moved the automatic crossbow, and, finding the lightweight crossbow from the future gave several advantages over his old one, fired it out the open hatch, striking the tentacle demon 3 times in the head. The demon fell off. Blitukus went to close the hatch, but it was ripped open once again, a frog demon leaping through the hatch, grabbing hold of Blitukus' leg and attempting to wrench it backwards. Before the demon could do so, Blitukus had already begun to pull the trigger. Two bolts lodged themselves in the demons head... the demon then fell limp, releasing its grip, ichor coming out of its mouth... Blitukus grabbed the demons body, and stood, raising it out of the hatch and throwing it to the side, knocking another demon off of the side of the vehicle. Blitukus then turned around and fired at another frog demon making its way up the other side, two bolts striking its chest, one striking its gut. Blitukus kept firing... 4 more bolts to the gut and 3 more to the chest and it was still coming... Blitukus finally managed to hit it in the head despite the flying projectiles and rocking motion, killing it. Blitukus shut the hatch after seating himself again... SLAM! Blitukus stopped the vehicle, and immediately reversed its motion. The exits were now sealed... the demons had all mostly killed themselves, leaving goo and gore painting the vehicle, two bodies impaled on the drill... even the siege operators above had taken eachother out, likely just for fun... save for one. The ballista fired again, missing Blitukus. Blitukus turned to face it... it rested in a cave high above the ground... it also reminded him of the dwarven siege machines he had once faced... Blitukus charged the cannon... he also noticed two demons... winged, horned, red-skinned goblins, standing among the ichor, goo, and gore, one male, one female, kissing eachother... ironic that the goblins would be the only ones at any sort of semblance of peace with one another here.

When the cannon was charged, Blitukus focused himself, and channeled energy from the emeralds into the rubies of the cannon... he built up quite a charge both of mana and of steam... he let them both loose simultaneously. A puff of steam shot out and the rubies flashed bright red, a fraction of a second later, a bright, yellow-hot mass of molten earth was projected forth... it arced through the air, striking the ceiling of the cave... it actually melted the rock where it hit, causing more magma to be formed which promptly fell down upon the ballista, killing its operator in a few moments of unimaginable pain. The goblin demons laughed loudly, almost maniacally... they likely would attack next. Blitukus turned the vehicle toward them, and drove toward them, aiming the crossbow, and firing... two bolts missed, one struck the females gut, one her knee, one her neck, and another landed on the top of the forehead. She was knocked back and over, falling limp. The male hesitated a moment... then laughed even louder. Blitukus growled, and activated the drill, parting the bodies



impaled on it, headed right for the remaining goblin demon... the demon jumped up, and landed on the very top of Blitukus' vehicle. Blitukus aimed the crossbow at the hatch. The demon opened the hatch, and just as it was hopping down into the cabin, Blitukus pulled the trigger... CLICK! Not a good sound to hear... Blitukus dropped the crossbow. The demon grabbed Blitukus' helmet... it seemed he still had one advantage, a hard exterior... Blitukus punched the demon in the chest as hard as he could... he accidentally triggered the launcher to fire, the two bolts impaling themselves in the demons chest... Blitukus felt a sudden energy jump up through his arm... the demon jumped... felt his own chest... then stumbled back... Blitukus realized what had happened. Blitukus sucked the energy right out of the demons heart... and when he was done, the glow in the demons eyes faded, and the demon collapsed. Blitukus tore the bolts loose, reeled them back in, then tossed the demons body overboard, shutting the hatch again. Now he was alone in the room but... he felt the energy within him beginning to corrupt him... it was spreading throughout his soul... he felt himself begin to weaken, and weaken. He focused himself, trying to drive it away, but it was to no avail... he felt himself becoming weaker, until he felt himself losing consciousness... He would NOT allow his quest to end like that! Far too much rode on it! His friends... his mothers soul... indeed... the love for his mother was something that could never be tainted... NOTHING would stand in its way! as the corruption reached into his heart, it attempted to take it over, and encountered a surprise... suddenly, the corruption seemed to catch a small bit of the flame of Blitukus' drive forward... a force determined at its source to be unstoppable... and at an exponentially growing rate, the corruption was engulfed, the darkness bursting into a vapor. The darkness removed, only pure energy remained... Blitukus absorbed this in, and felt himself quickly returning, mana filling his soul and powerfully radiating outward, filtering into the crystals of his machine. Blitukus looked forward, and a moment later, drove toward the vast hall now locked shut by a bulkhead and mechanisms... what lay beyond the mechanisms? Had the demons not killed eachother, that would've been a much more difficult fight... and those were only minions... Whatever lay ahead was grave indeed... Blitukus found himself smiling. Whatever it was, he would overcome it. Nothing could possibly stand between him and saving his mother from the demons, not space or time, not angels or demons... but still... the sphere of direction marked out, his destination still lay quite below.

Wow... I wrote a lot more than I thought I would! But I get the feeling I started too late, and starting out a bit tired meant not enough action... there wasn't meant to be all that much in the upper levels anyway.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 24, 2008, 09:49:00 am**

Beyond Quality! :D

First post!  
"This is a silicon beyond quality award.  
It is encrusted whit logic gates of half conductor.  
In the item is an image of a @ and &s on screen, the @ is striking down the &s.  
In the item is an image of cats and a device in silver, the cats are constructing the devise."

(check PMs)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 24, 2008, 11:51:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
  
The award looks like a handheld :p

Blitukus rolled over several bodies, and approached the bulkhead... stopping as he reached it. It was very tall... likely a bad idea to try to drill through it as if the bulkhead above collapsed down, it would shear the drill clean off from the front of the vehicle... Blitukus noted the mechanisms. Blitukus gathered power from the vehicles crystal, and focused it upon the mechanisms, projecting his willpower through with it... Blitukus manipulated the mechanisms, far too high up to reach conventionally, triggering the control on it... Blitukus found that that much force at that much distance took quite a bit of effort. He had to hold the control linkage in that position as the gears turned, slowly opening the bulkhead... it took a few minutes for the bulkhead to open... but Blitukus felt from the force needed, it would come crashing down once he stopped. He opened the door nearly all the way, the bulkhead lifted off the ground... he then jammed the throttle forward and let go. The bulkhead began to move swiftly in reverse. The armored vehicle rolled beneath the raised bulkhead at high speed, a swift moment later, the bulkhead slamming shut behind Blitukus as if it were a pile driver. Obviously, to move something that heavy, there were many more mechanisms somewhere... indeed, he now found himself driving through a hallway plated with iron... at the end was a red rock T-section, a male demonic kobold standing behind a fortification of some sort, just watching. Blitukus stopped before crossing the iron... there were holes in it... whatever traps lay in this hall were traps forged in hell, perhaps powerful enough to do more to his vehicle than simply slow it down... Blitukus began to charge his cannon. If he couldn't roll through them, he would have to get rid of them from afar. These traps... he noticed they were true master works of innovative and cunning design... a shameful waste. Blitukus readied, and then fired, adding mana to the force of the cannon, the resulting yellow-hot lump of magma spreading through the entire hall... all of the traps sprung at once... corkscrews, serrated disks, spears, hammers, bolts flying everywhere... they sprung with a lot of force... likely his vehicle would've actually been damaged in its vulnerable underside by the traps. The traps were then promptly ruined by the magma, the glowing rock melting and seeping through to the mechanisms below. The demon laughed. A dwarf stumbled out from the right way of the t- section... a dwarf less tortured looking than the rest, but visibly worked half-to-death. Blitukus recognized the dwarf... it was the one who had planned to take over the world, and Blitukus had defeated. The dwarf cried, "MY MASTERPIECES!" As the magma reached the dwarf, the dwarf screamed, stumbled, fell face first into the magma, and was quickly incinerated. The demonic kobolds laughter simply intensified further. Blitukus drove forward quickly, starting the drill, both to drive much of the magma out of the way as well as to be ready to break through that fortification...

... but the glowing-hot iron beneath gave way. Blitukus stifled a startled yell as the machine suddenly plummeted into mechanisms, breaking through them, and falling into darkness... He seemed to fall for quite a ways... the machine flipped in midair, then seemed to scrape against something. It set down upon a nearly vertical incline... an incline that began to get more and more horizontal, Blitukus pushed firmly down into his seat as the vehicle slid forth, breaking through an iron grate, and skidding to a stop in a glowing-red-rock room... in this room, there seemed to be a ramp up to the left, a ramp down to the right, and straight ahead... several tentacle demons bowing down to an elephant-sized human demon sitting in a proportionally giant throne, holding a scepter, surrounded by the, in some cases living by a thread, mutilated bodies of goblins, dwarves, humans, kobolds, and elves alike, blood covering the floor near iron cages with instruments of torture surrounding them... the temperature had gone from 180 to 200. Too much higher and Blitukus may have to walk... Blitukus approached, reloading the crossbow, aimed the automatic crossbow, and fired at the tentacle demons... many of them continued bowing to the enormous demon even after being hit several times. The tentacle demons never stopped bowing... until a bolts sunk into their heads, one at a time. When Blitukus felled the last tentacle demon, the larger demon made a very deep growl... it seemed to awaken. Blitukus began readying the cannon again. The demon stood, and looked down at the blue object before it... It breathed flame at the armored vehicle, and the vehicle was unaffected. Blitukus drove toward the demon, firing at it... but the bolts simply fragmented upon impact, the fragments resulting in nothing but scratches and minor cuts to the demon. The demon slammed its golden, adamantine-bottomed scepter down upon the armored vehicle... missing it, but leaving a crack on the floor. The adamantine bottom of the scepter looked very sharp. Blitukus turned, and evaded with changing speed as the demon punched and then kicked at the vehicle. Blitukus then turned again, aiming the cannon up, the cannon ready... The demon kicked the armored vehicle, causing the vehicle to rock a bit, the demon stumbling back and grunting, taking weight off of the foot it kicked with. The demon then stepped back up, raising its scepter up, bottom down, readying to bring it down and stab through the vehicle... and due to the adamantine bottom... that was possible. Before the demon could do so, though, Blitukus fired the cannon full force... the magma knocked the demon back... the demon stood, hands over its chest as the magma burned right into its heart... the demon then coughed up ichor, large amounts of it that sprayed everywhere... then the demon collapsed, ichor gushing out. There was a growling prominent all around as if it were right on top of Blitukus. Blitukus readied his crossbow... this time, he would have the first strike... he opened the hatch, and stood aiming the crossbow all around and seeing no enemy... he realized, that was Armok. Armoks anger was felt throughout the room... suddenly, the ground around the vehicle crumbled, sending the bit of ground the vehicle was on, including the vehicle, plummeting downwards. The vehicle seemed to be pressed down by an invisible force... Blitukus had to hold on to avoid becoming pulled from the vehicle. Perhaps he had just succeeded in distracting Armok enough?... no, perhaps he would have to do better... it seemed nothing regarding the fabric of space and time had changed.

The pushing force stopped, and the vehicle rose off from the falling terrain... Blitukus let go, and floated seemingly weightless above the vehicle, righting himself feet down... PRFFSS! The vehicle slammed back onto the terrain, Blitukus landing hard on his feet on top of the vehicle, magma shooting up all around the fallen chunk of terrain... the chunk of terrain seemed to rapidly come to a stop as it splashed



down into a caldera barely larger than it. Blitukus grunted at the force of the landing, the jolt resulting in a bit of pain... but the collapsing rock and magma had at least yielded some... Blitukus was uninjured. The chunk of floor below began to sink into the caldera... Blitukus hopped into the armored vehicle again, shut the hatch, and turned it... he found a hall leading out, a ramp leading down... Blitukus quickly drove forward, crossing the ledge from the fallen terrain into the hall... the terrain he had 'rode' downward sinking into the magma behind him... he looked forward and saw a magma flow, the entire room walled with rocks that oozed magma... it was getting much too close to his water supply boiling off... hopefully it could keep itself cool for a bit more... Blitukus drove forward... there was an earthquake and the tunnel ahead visibly sheared, causing two visible halves to be apparent. Blitukus crossed from one half to the other. At the end was a small tunnel section, square and concrete walled, barely large enough for the vehicle to fit through. Beyond that was a vast, dark cavern, with hills of gore and bodies, its upper levels full of explosions... whatever dangers lay ahead mattered not... Blitukus drove forward into the small tunnel... it was a very tight fit... just as he entered it, the two ends of the tunnel slammed shut. For a moment, all was dark... then the lights of the vehicle came on. Blitukus heard the hatch opening... in fact... the vehicle was covered with various species of demon... a demonic male kobold hopped into the armored vehicle. The red furred being indeed looked much like the kobold he had seen earlier behind the fortification... Blitukus turned around, and tried to aim the crossbow, but the demon was to fast, grabbing the crossbow, and forcing it aside as he pinned Blitukus down. The demonic kobold then forcefully dislodged Blitukus' helmet despite Blitukus struggling against it. Blitukus squinted and blocked in anticipation of an attack... the demon grabbed Blitukus' head, forced Blitukus' eyelids open, and then looked right into Blitukus' eyes... Blitukus saw the demons gaze... it seemed to somehow convey a message. It seemed the demon knew of Armoks anger toward Blitukus... hell was much like a prison... some demons shed blood to get on Armoks good behavior list in hopes of a more lenient sentence... some demons simply rebelled, despising Armok... Armok was obviously not happy with Blitukus. The demon smiled and snickered menacingly, long, bloodstained canine teeth showing... yet somehow it also felt as if the demon were snickering with an ally... The demon then shoved the helmet back onto Blitukus' head, threw Blitukus into his seat, and left the cabin, shutting the hatch after leaving. The tunnel ahead opened once again...

Blitukus drove out into the cavern beyond, a vast arena full of countless bodies of countless dead. The demons from the tunnel behind followed him out. Blitukus checked the sphere of direction... it pointed down and quite noticeably to the right... He was getting much closer... Blitukus turned to the right, and drove that way... demons appeared all around, descending from the sky, the demons that had followed Blitukus out eager to engage them in combat... the demonic screeches of their fights could be heard, the occasional winged body landing upon the ground with a dull thud... and then, sometimes, getting back up and taking flight again. Two enormous, towering demons burst through a large pile of bodies ahead... these were bigger than the last... One busied itself with the relatively puny demons... the other rushed toward the armored vehicle... there was no time to charge the cannon, and bolts and the drill would be ineffective... Blitukus opened the hatch, and stood... he remembered one bit of magic he had only used once... He shifted his senses, ignoring the towering demon and the chaos around in order to focus on the chaos fundamental and the true nature and visage of the space around... hell was corrupt in all 11 dimensions... but it mattered little. Blitukus focused his energy as much as he could, aiding himself with the vehicles supply, allowing power to flow as fast as he could muster it, all in order to create a region of purely chaotic space... he enclosed this space in a bubble, and cast it at the approaching demon. He allowed his senses to shift back, returning his mind to the 4 dimensional fray... the demon screamed, twisted, and contorted, all in ways unimaginable... for a moment, it seemed to be in many places at once... then, it exploded into almost silvery-blue droplets, in the middle, a few body chunks sinking into a puddle, out of which, at a relatively immense rate, grew a strange plant, itself oddly curved and covered with serrated blue leaves... a plant? Well, it was random... The plant then promptly burst into flame, as well as the other remnants, the flames consuming it all. Standing atop a hill of bodies to Blitukus' left was the demonic kobold from before, laughing and applauding. Blitukus paused for a moment to watch this, then continued onward... he wanted no part in this fight... The path ahead was relatively clear... some of the bodies he drove over were badly rotten... this had been a battleground for eons. Many, nearly all, of the bodies weren't demonic... in fact, all around tortured souls with their mutilated forms slowly made their way about, hopelessly trying to avoid being caught in the war machine of the demons fight. Eventually, the sphere pointed much closer to straight down... Blitukus started the drill, and began to dig downward in a spiral... the rocks glew, and occasionally he came across magma oozing out of the stone... perhaps there were a few times he nearly ran into a magma pocket as he descended. He dug down, deeper and deeper... where was the bottom of hell... what lay beyond the bottom of hell? Blitukus dug deeper, and deeper into darker and denser rock... eventually, he broke through to a small chamber, seeming to have naturally formed in the earth... Armoks anger could be felt again. There was an immense earthquake... suddenly, the tunnel back out collapsed... Blitukus was trapped. Blitukus still could dig... but, the rocks began to glow as magma flows sprung up and into contact with them... the magma began to heat the chamber like an oven. Thanks to this Blitukus' machine wouldn't be able to dig that far without overheating it seemed... Armoks presence then drifted away. Blitukus' machine would fail, then he would be simply stuck in a dark chamber, to slowly cook to death... and there was nothing he could do... nothing... but, he asked himself, how could it be? He had come so far... and was so close... how could he finally fail his quest this way? He would die, and then the demon would come back to claim his and his mothers soul... he felt, that was the quests end... but... perhaps...

*I will NEVER fail this quest... even if I shall die I shall die knowing I've done my job, that my mother is safe!*

The sphere of direction indicated his goal here lay very close below... perhaps, he could dig there before his machine failed... if not, he would dig by hand... either way, he would reach it before he died, he told himself, for he must... failure was no option.

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I feel some of the wording might be a little awkward near the end... ah well, simple fix in that case.

[ January 24, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 25, 2008, 12:14:00 am**

I like this demonic Kobold. He's properly sadistic.

This is a bronze BQ award. On it is an image of demons, a kobold, and a demon. The kobold is killing the demons. The demon is laughing.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 25, 2008, 12:38:00 am**

Thanks :p

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 25, 2008, 02:47:00 pm**

BEYOND QUALITY! :D

Blitukus is so badass, he fight his way trough hell whit both demons and gods against him, that ought to be fundamentally impossible, jet he succeeds!  
I mean, he literary sucked the corruption out of a demon!

And I love the thing that even \*demons\* have both god and bad guys!  
Must be because I keep throwing peaple that annoy me in hell despite being good, if they are smart enough they can pretend to be evil long enough to be promoted to demons...

And I'm happy to see you take up writing BQ awards Reign, keep that up!

You are the awesome!  
Thanksye.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 25, 2008, 11:34:00 pm**

Thanks :)

Although, they're not necessarily good guys, they just despise Armok so much they consider anyone who pisses him off an ally.

Now was the time... Blitukus backed the vehicle up from the point his goal lay below, and then dug into the ground in front of him, angling the vehicle downward and plunging his drill through. He heard another digging sound... but it wasn't a mere echo of his machine, for it wasn't a drill... was someone else trying to reach him? He had no time to find out. Blitukus continued, down more and more... the rock began to glow with heat... in fact, the rock all around did. It was as if he were digging through to the very lowest regions of land itself, beneath which rested only hot magma. Blitukus felt the heat getting through even to his suit... points on his machine began to glow with heat as well... his machines power began to decline as the water began to boil within its own loops. The digging from above became louder and louder... Blitukus continued despite all this. It was his last and only chance... but, he should be upon it! What was down here? Perhaps it was nothing, and his sphere for once only led him to his death... Blitukus sighed... CHINKK! Something seemed to outright stop the motion of the vehicle, despite the spinning drill... Blitukus stopped the forward drive of the vehicle, and began to turn, digging out the area around and scraping around this large metallic object, hidden for eternities within the dense ground... as the rock fell away, it revealed the object to be a sealed adamantine chamber, a chamber barely large enough to perhaps contain his armored vehicle... it almost seemed to be made of bricks of the blue stuff. Blitukus backed away, aimed carefully, started the drill, and rammed it... the block he had struck was dented but apart from that the drill had little effect... The drill slowed... and slowed... it no longer spun fast enough to dig through regular stone, let alone adamantine.

*Just a bit more, please just a bit more!*

Blitukus realized the steam loops were about to cease operation soon... the cabin temperature, and the temperature within his suit, climbed rapidly. Blitukus stopped focusing his energy into the drill... and the drill ground to a stop. Moving the drill controls did nothing... he left it on but the drill didn't turn. A tear came to Blitukus' eyes... the drill was his only chance of reaching his goal... and now it was no longer functional. Whatever lay within was sure to be protected against teleportation. The steam loops were about dead... but their hiss could still be heard... in fact the hiss could be heard throughout, to the drills pistons and back. Blitukus realized... his drill was not truly powerless... he could channel magic through it still. Blitukus grunted, gathering up as much power as he possibly could, and began to force that power, the entire mana supply of the vehicle with it, into the drill in a great surge. In a great flash the adamantine wall began to crack... then, as the bit of the wall that was caught up in the drills tip came free, all the steam the jammed drill had built up behind it was now free to do its work. The drill quickly started into motion... Blitukus drained quite a bit of his mana, and the vehicles mana... then stopped... CLANK! The vehicle seemed to stop from motion suddenly. Blitukus opened his eyes to find out the now rapidly spinning drill was now completely put through the wall, the front of the vehicle having hit the rest of the wall... Blitukus pulled back, and used the drill to knock out the bricks from the edge of the hole, widening it until it was wide enough for him to cross through... being able to dislodge bricks proved much easier than breaking through the first time. As he did this, the sound of stone finally being broken through could be heard behind... whoever had broken through mattered little, though they were obviously interested in either him or what he had uncovered. Within, he saw a brilliant rift to another, second room... on the side of the wall was text engraved in a language older than time, a language that seemed to translate itself into all other languages... it read, "Maintenance tunnel 112, close by eternity cycle 2." Maintenance... tunnel? But where could a gods maintenance tunnel lead to? Perhaps it saw its use when these realities were first born, as a convenient transit to get from one realm to the other during their construction... and the gods had forgotten to close it. It was very well hidden, though. Perhaps Armok still enjoyed the convenience of using it himself... Blitukus drove through, crossing to the other side... He began to drill through the opposite wall, grunting loudly as he channeled a large burst of energy again... meanwhile, he heard demonic laughter echoing down the tunnel he had made... demons pursued him. He ignored it and continued... in a bright flash, finally, a fissure was formed. Despite the now truly dying machine, his own overheated self dizzy and light headed... he was about to break through.

The soul of a dead male dwarf stood by a tall adamantine building, atop a floor more soft and comfortable to walk upon than the best materials technology or magic could produce... it was transparent, and all above and below, celestial beauty simply indescribable. The dwarfs soul stood next to the soul of a kobold... They were conversing with one another, talking about their former lives and joking about their own mistakes while remembering their own successes. They shared a mug of a drink that tasted truly perfect, strong enough to satisfy any dwarf as well. The environment all around was truly serene... Opposite the building was a large adamantine-brick wall... and a fissure suddenly formed in the wall. One of these souls looked over at this large crack... the crack emanated a sensation all amiss that none had felt before... Suddenly, a section of the wall burst open, sending bricks forth as an adamantine drill, stained black with dry, baked blood, punched through. The drill then moved side to side, knocking further bricks out of the way and widening the hole to reveal the glowing red rocks that lay behind... Both souls froze in fear... the kobold soul dropped the mug, the drink spilling all over the place. They both ran, likely to notify the nearest angel...

Blitukus saw the two souls running, but didn't care. He finally made it out of that place. He exited through the hole, letting the vehicle come to a full stop, its in some places glowing-hot plating cooling and dimming. There was a hiss, and for a moment, steam escaped from under the vehicle. For once in perhaps literally an eternity, a mortal had made it to heaven not from a grave but in a machine both of steam, bronze and steel, and of adamantine, crystal and runes. He had once tried so immensely hard to fly to heaven... to speak to heaven via electromagnetic waves... but, he never imagined his vehicle to heaven being a machine of war... so be it. The implications though, were far beyond this though... demons rushed through the portal... once intent on tearing Blitukus out and ripping him apart, now could care less about Blitukus... it was time for a feast. The two souls returned, bringing with them an angel of blood, who herself froze at the sight of the blood and gore covered vehicle emerging from the glowing-hot portal surrounded by demons. She took flight... Blitukus drove forward. Angels approached, and an aerial battle broke out between the demons and the angels so intense with bodies hitting the walls and floor with such force that the ground occasionally shook. Blitukus looked at the demons... looked around at the celestial beauty now in jeopardy, then looked back at the demons... A forgotten tunnel had now become a very serious situation for a certain deity.

*If this doesn't distract him enough, I don't know what will!*

Hopefully it would distract the angels enough as well... a large, clanking, adamantine-plated mass wasn't exactly stealthy... although the soft ground did quiet the sound of the treads quite a bit. Blitukus turned, and drove behind the side of a building... he then checked the sphere of direction... straight ahead? Blitukus continued... as the machine cooled its power returned, and Blitukus accelerated to top speed. Right ahead was a tall adamantine wall with an adamantine gate sealing it off. Blitukus approached, setting himself up to ram through the gate... behind, a thunderstorm cloud had formed over the battle, and lightning rained down upon the demons, although more and more just kept coming. Armoks presence could be felt behind Blitukus, and it stayed back at the battle... it was working. Blitukus continued, bracing himself for impact. Just before he hit the gate, an orb of magical energy struck the ground in front of the armored vehicle, causing an explosion that tore the ground upwards. The vehicle collided with this uprooted terrain, and was rapidly stopped by it. A stray shot?... A very close call... Blitukus backed up, then the source of the shot revealed itself. An angel of blood flew overhead, revealing itself to Blitukus as it turned about. The angel looked with precision, through the window, right into Blitukus' eyes... it was one of the same angels that had inspected him the day he had received his gift from his mother... the angel recognized him... and recognized... THIS is what Armok had feared. Blitukus backed up the vehicle. The angel blew the land into a barrier behind him. stopping him. The angel then began to trap Blitukus in by wrecking the terrain all around his Vehicle... Blitukus started up the drill, and punched his way through. It seemed angels could use powerful magic, while demons couldn't... Blitukus told himself, he would make it, this would not be the end of him! Indeed, seeing as the angel wished to trap him rather than annihilate him, even if he lost, he would likely still survive. The angel then began to cast freeze upon the treads of the vehicle... Blitukus used his own magic to keep them warm enough to not freeze through. Blitukus couldn't afford to be stopped, even if it meant an actual battle... Blitukus realized... he could apply his magic to the machine itself! For some reason, he had never really had this thought before... likely it was subdued under the stress of the situation. Blitukus focused his willpower upon the steam loops of the vehicle, speeding up the motion of the water, raising how much was made and available... the steam output increased... Blitukus fired the automatic crossbow at the angel and charged the cannon. The angel casted a shield which blocked the bolts. Blitukus sucked magma from the magma loop, quickening the rate at which magma gathered in the cannon, and increased the steam flow into the cannon... it loaded quite quickly. The angel darted to the side, and threw an orb of magical energy... at the same time, Blitukus fired the cannon. The flying magma struck the flying orb midair, resulting in a magical explosion that sent magma flying all over the place. Blitukus loaded another charge in the cannon... as he was about to fire, the angel threw an orb through the bolts. Blitukus immediately had to stop and cast a shield of his own. The orb exploded, shattering the shield and knocking the whole vehicle back. Immediately, the angel, getting a break from shielding, casted another, and another, Blitukus having to shield repeatedly, the armored vehicle forced back against a wall. After several hits, Blitukus ran out of energy to shield with... exhausted, he looked on as the angel held an explosive orb in its hand... it slowly flew toward Blitukus, its eyes glowing... Blitukus summoned forth power from the emeralds... more power... as much power as he could possibly draw. Blitukus yelled loud, and fired both the cannon and the automatic crossbow. The angel seemed surprised by this. The angel dropped the orb which exploded on the ground below, and shielded itself... the impact from the glob of magma sent it flying back. Blitukus gritted his teeth, bringing mana flow to the maximum he could possibly ever channel. He fired the cannon again... and managed to fire again before that shot had landed! The angel was knocked back and destabilized by this. A demon then zipped in out of nowhere and tackled the angel. Blitukus fired again, striking them both as they wrestled in the sky with a rain of glowing bolts and then finally, a shot from his cannon, sending them both tumbling down as a ball of flame. The emeralds along the front of the vehicle fractured under the load... BANGG! The steam loop powering the

cannon burst! Blitukus ceased power flow... it was over... He sighed, and drove forward. He turned to face the gate, and started the drill... whatever lay next... he would have to survive without much of his mana supply, and minus an operational cannon. Hopefully, Armok would get distracted enough for Kazo to use the relic in the mean time... if not... nothing would be able to change what has happened. Blitukus hoped for the best, for now the end to his quest really could come at any moment.

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 26, 2008, 12:41:00 pm**

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Beyond Quality! :D

First post:  
"This is a silver Beyond quality award.  
It is encrusted whit bands of platinung and silver.  
It mences whit spikes of crystal glass.  
On the item is an image of a tank, a dwarf and traps in saphire, the tank is shoting the traps, the dwarf is screaming.  
On the item is an image of demons and heaven in clear diamond, the demons are invading heaven, good souls are being consumed.  
On the item is an image of a kobold and a god in demon leather, the kobold is defying the god, the kobold is laughing."

So he finally made it to heaven...  
THIS STORY IS SO EPIC!

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 27, 2008, 01:26:00 am**

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Thank you :)

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Blitukus drove forward, accelerating to top speed and ramming into the gate. His drill became entangled in the bars of the gate, but successfully caused it to come unhinged. Blitukus kept driving forward through the opening gate, the unhinged gate carried upon the drill leaving a trail of sparks as it screaped against the surprisingly hard stone floor of the area. Blitukus approached a ledge, lowered the drill, and backed up, scraping the gate loose from his drill... he looked and saw an iron tank of some sort, menacing with large iron spikes... the entire tank was half-cylindrical and large enough for his machine to barely fit into, but was also sealed off. It was out of place with the rest of heaven... within lay his goal, just about guaranteed. It was precariously perched over the chasm he had used to free the gate from the drill... the chasm led streight down to a cell in hells prison. Blitukus backed the vehicle up, and turned to face the side of the tank... now to finally reach his goal. Blitukus started up the drill, and set the throttle all the way forward, causing the vehicle to accelerate rapidly towards it, drill spinning. Blitukus focused his mana within the drill, using the power from the remaining emeralds...

Fale lay suspended within the iron container... chained to the wall... the entire container was ready to be cast into hell, and she was made well aware she would go with it... she was ready to face anything, but still... what of her son? Her ears perked up to hear the hissing of a several steam engines clanking toward at high speed. WHAM! An enormous adamantine corkscrew punched right through the wall of the tank! Fale laughed and grinned... the steam mechanisms were a giveaway... she knew exactly who had come to her rescue.

Blitukus pulled back out slightly, let the drill spin back up, then widened the hole until it was large enough for the vehicle to cross through. Blitukus shut the drill off, drove through, and turned to see his mother chained to the wall... he felt emotions welling up within him as a result of this... he had finally done it, he had finally reached the soul of his mother... although the circumstances were different than what he had previously imagined. She pulled her arm to the side, stretching out the chain... Blitukus saw this, started up the drill, and carefully maneuvered toward his mother... she held perfectly steady as the enormous adamantine drill covered with cooked blood approached... Blitukus maneuvered slowly and with precision... finally, the tip of the drill struck the chain holding her left arm, severing the chain. Blitukus pulled back, and repeated this for the other 3 chains, going in a counterclockwise pattern. Fale hopped down from her now broken restraints. Blitukus stopped the drill, opened the hatch, then climbed out... he then took off his helmet, and for the first time in so long, saw his mother directly... His mother saw him, standing in his steel suit, covered in gadgetry and standing upon the adamantine plated, gem encrusted armored vehicle. Fale spoke, "Blitukus!" Fale climbed up, ran to Blitukus and gave him a big hug. Blitukus accepted immediately... it had been so long. Blitukus spoke, "You have no idea how much I missed you, mom!" Fale smiled, hugging tighter, "Yes I do!" Blitukus smiled... finally, it had been done. Soon, Kazo would trigger the cat relic, and they both would be back, to once again gaze across the pristine, peaceful grounds of their home... death had not stood in his way... here he was, hugging his mother one more time, years after it should have been impossible. Time travel, all these machines, his fighting his way here, it should've all been impossible... but his love would make anything possible. It had made it possible. Space and time, the gods and the laws that be stood in his way not! Blitukus kept his smile, a tear running down his cheek... that moment seemed to last... it would be eternal within his heart. Fale spoke, "Thankse!" WHAMMMMMMMM! The land itself seemed to rock in an immense earthquake, shaking the moment to its end. Armoks presence drew near. Armok yelled, "YOUUUUUUU!" Fale grinned at the sound. A moment later, Blitukus added his grin to hers. Now was time for the quest to finally end... Armok had lost. First, Blitukus must not allow himself to be destroyed... should that happen, whether the damage would carry over or not was debatable... and if Armok were to get his hands on the relic... all would be lost. Blitukus looked at the open hatch, then looked back at Fale. Fale looked around... it was their best bet for survival... she hopped into the vehicle. Blitukus put his helmet back on, and entered the cabin as well, having to stand behind the chair that was now occupied by Fale. KRCKOWWWWW! A bolt of lightning struck the chain that held the tank from falling into the chasm below, blowing the chain apart. The tank slid forward, and plunged into the chasm... Blitukus shut the hatch... He saw the cell of what was perhaps a prison within hell... which meant it was near the top... and if these tunnels came in pairs, he might end up near his own entry point... was it possible... he would actually make it back home alive?

The tank slammed into the ground, splitting in half between the floor and the wall... the bending and crunching metal absorbed much of the energy of the fall, resulting in the armored vehicle slipping out through the fissure in the tank and slamming down to the ground. Fale and Blitukus were both uninjured as the collapsing tank had slowed their descent quite a bit. Fale asked, "How's I work dis ting?" Blitukus replied, sensing Armok approaching to finish them off, "It might be best if I drove it!" He was right... Fale replied, "Okie!" She then got up and switched places with Blitukus. Blitukus checked his sphere of direction... his goal lay... to the right and up? Quite near actually... Blitukus started the drill... he rammed the wall ahead, bursting through it... the wall was actually a rather thin wall, separating that cell, full of dead bodies, from the chamber with the broken crystal... now also full of dead bodies. He was very close to the exit! What luck! He just had to navigate his way back to his tunnel, and take his tunnel up to the upper level where he could exit hell. There was the problem of the broken bridge and a wall being in the way... no matter! Blitukus found the ramp up, and drove towards it. Bodies ahead seemed to bunch up into a ball, which levitated. Armok was very near.. The bunch then flew at the armored vehicle from the side, striking the top of it... many of the bodies were pulverized, blood, goo, and ichor flying into the air with its respective gore... the entire cannon was sheared clean off, and the vehicle in general had taken quite a blow, tipping it with the force of the hit... the vehicle rolled forward on only one tread, then slammed back down to continue on both. Armok bunched up another set, and began to hurl it at the vehicle from behind... Blitukus drove at full speed, reaching the ramp... Blitukus ascended as the projectile was in mid flight, the projectile putting a hole in the ramp behind the vehicle and splattering into a heap of gore. Blitukus turned quickly, jamming the shifter back and forth as he rounded the corner, and ascended up to the bridge... the bridge was out. A section of the ground below seemed to tear itself free... Blitukus drove at full speed, crossing onto the broken bridge. The ball of earth from below shot upwards, hitting the very back of the armored vehicle, catapulting the vehicle upwards and shattering that portion of the bridge, making a large cloud of dust when it struck the top of the room. The armored vehicle flipped as it flew through the air... SLAM! It landed on the other side of the bridge... and it was still going. Fale held on tight as Blitukus drove further.. Blitukus was surprised that had resulted in that... Fale was careful to brace herself for impact from any angle... Blitukus was already sore from all the slamming around. Armok yelled in anger, his yell seeming to shatter the stone of the room... there was an immense earthquake, and boulders began to rain down from the ceiling as the room began to collapse... luckily, the collapse included the wall that had formerly obstructed him, resulting in an incline the armored vehicle could climb. Blitukus drove to the incline, boulders smashing through the ledge and clipping the vehicle several times... it even managed to tear some plates off but the vehicle still kept going. Blitukus made it to the incline, and drove up into his own tunnel. BAMMMMMMMMMM! The entire enormous cavern behind caved in, the rear of the vehicle shoved forth by debris from the collapse. The ground shook again... the tunnel ahead began to fragment... Blitukus focused his energies again, driving up steam production... there was a burst of acceleration. Suddenly, the land itself seemed to shift, splitting the tunnel in twain... the split, where there was now a solid wall, lay behind Blitukus, empty tunnel ahead. Had Blitukus not given himself a boost, the vehicle would've been caught right in the middle of the split and sheared in half. Ironically... Armoks very wrath was the only thing keeping Blitukus alive... he knew Armok could kill him simply and outright, but no... Armok had to attack him in a more grand but less effective manner...

*I know from experience how anger can blind a person... I suppose it applies to truly everyone.*



Armoks wrath would be Armoks own doing. Blitukus continued up the tunnel... A boulder was torn from the ceiling ahead, and cast down the tunnel. Blitukus gathered his energies, and as the boulder drew close, released them all at once into the still spinning drill. The boulder made contact with the drill just as its magic charge peaked... the boulder was shattered, and the armored vehicle continued further. Blitukus eventually made it to the top of the tunnel, proceeding up a ramp into the torture chamber he had previously passed through... the body of the crucified kobold was still there, the now-cool fragments of the bolt sticking out of what remained of its head. Blitukus turned at the T-section, and continued toward the iron-plated room... why was Armok waiting? As Blitukus approached the room, he saw the iron above buckling... He immediately jerked the throttle back, the vehicle skidding to a halt as the ceiling of the room fell in... and then as the floor gave out, the whole thing fell yet another floor! The armored vehicle was jerked about, and most notably jerked forward... the drill had been sheared off! That would've been the whole vehicle had his eyes not been so keen. Now, though, he accelerated again, crossing atop the rough, ruined rock of what once lay above the ceiling, to his entry tunnel. Blitukus saw it... darkness... then a light at the end of the tunnel... Armoks presence seemed to withdraw to a different point in space... and power seemed to begin gathering... if it was noticeable from that distance, it was immense. Blitukus rocketed out of the pit, launching off the top of the ramp and slamming back down in his own tunnel. Blitukus kept driving... again, he focused a burst of mana to increase steam for a burst of acceleration as the vehicle climbed up an incline... it launched off of the top of the ramp leading up, crossing over the broken ground over the magma flow, the top where the cannon used to be scraping against the actual ceiling, then slamming down on the opposite side, even more ground collapsing... the vehicle barely managed to avoid slipping backwards into the magma. Both Blitukus and Fale sensed it... Armok was amassing ENORMOUS amounts of power. Blitukus continued regardless of this... over the chasm, and down, through the cave river... a bright white light at the end of the tunnel was seen... the vehicle roared out of the tunnels, through the storage room, and out onto the glacier. Blitukus saw bright light... which faded, to reveal glacial daylight... they had made it. Blitukus closed his eyes, and sighed deeply. Fale opened the hatch, and stuck her head out, ignoring the bitter cold and grinning as she gazed out... she was once again on the mortal plane... but, her form within heaven was preserved... she was alive again! Blitukus turned the machine, and headed back to the main entrance... they would be able to meet Kazo once more. Unfortunately... Armok now observed all... was everything lost? Blitukus stopped at the front of his tunnels. Fale got out. Blitukus got out and hopped down, running as fast as his armor would permit into the tunnels, Fale following close behind. Kazo had been instructed to keep the portal up should he need to make a getaway... but, though it was possible to nudge the portal while it was observed... it would require an immense, ridiculous amount of energy to do it in any real amount... then, it occurred to him. Though he could not use the primary function of the cat relic... the dragons wanted it for a specific purpose. The amount of power it could supply in its complete form approached infinity.

Meanwhile, outside... Armok yelled, and hurled a vast ball of concentrated, destructive energy at the entire mountain... as the green, glowing projectile approached the mountain, a small, blue, but much faster projectile approached it. The two projectiles collided... the green, massive projectile was deflected into the skies where it exploded with a ferocity unseen since either demonic invasion, melting a crater into the glacier and sending a shockwave out for miles. Armok observed the source of that blue projectile... before him flew a lone red dragon. Armok threw a bolt of lightning down... Dracha teleported out of the way. Armok then threw a supersonic projectile of destructive astral energies at Dracha... again, Dracha disappeared... this time reappearing behind Armoks presence, firing a projectile of her own which struck Armoks presence... doing little other than causing Armok to focus his attention even more away from the mountain.

Blitukus reached the cavern... and there was Kazo, holding the relic. Kazo spoke, "You're back!! And you're his mother I assume! He never stopped observing!" Blitukus replied, "And he will not stop..." The portal was already ready... it just needed coordinates. Fale smiled, "Hi der!" Kazo handed the relic over to Blitukus, then smiled as he shook hands with Fale. Blitukus quickly placed the relic upon the wires connecting the dynamos to the silver spheres... the amount of energy released would surely ruin the machine... indeed, it would likely be so vast it could even reduce much of the machine to its fundamental particles! This was his last voyage... and his mother would be there with him. But where would he go? The only place he knew Armok would never find him... at the heart of heaven, hell, and the mortal plane... the very origin of it all... it was guaranteed to be out of Armoks jurisdiction. Blitukus ran back to his calculating machine, and entered in the exact coordinate, "0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0". This was a fundamental point in the universe... likely much like an anchor for the rest of the universe... as such, it never moved, and due to that, initial conditions were irrelevant. He started the machine. The machine worked extremely swiftly... the 11 key variables being zero caused a lot of terms to drop out... Blitukus spoke to Kazo, "Kazo, I am about to embark for the last time... you must either come with or leave now, for anything else within these halls will surely be destroyed!" Kazo thought about this... then spoke, "I'm going to go with the dragons!... Maybe we'll meet again some day! It's been nice knowing you both!" The machine was done. Fale smiled, "Thankse!" Blitukus nodded, "Thank you Kazo... it has been nice knowing you too. Now go!" Kazo took one last look at Blitukus for a moment... then darted out. Armok could be heard shouting outside... he was looking in... "You shall not... no... NOOOOO!!!" Fale grinned. Blitukus fired the particle cannon... when it had ceased, he triggered the clockwork controls. Finally... THIS was TRULY it! Blitukus gestured toward the rift. Both Blitukus and Fale ran side by side... MEOWWWL! The cat approached them rapidly. Why had the cat returned at this time? It had virtually no impact... as did the energy flowing to the spheres. Blitukus closed his eyes, not stopping his running, then opened them again... this time viewing the world on all levels... he focused himself on the cat relic... in 11 dimensions... the rift was truly beautiful... in infinite states painting an infinite mosaic of beautifully contorted space and time. Still, he focused himself on the cat relic, drawing forth energy... this energy in and of itself drew forth more energy... an exponential buildup happened, and the device glew brighter and brighter until its shine filled the room. Armok sent a boulder hurtling down toward the portal ring, more than capable of fragmenting the ring. Finally, the energy was ready to be used, but could not be used within the device, for Armok was observing. Blitukus, Fale, and the cat all crossed into the rift at the exact same time... When Blitukus stopped controlling the relic due to this, all of the energy stored in the relic could not work and could not be returned... therefore it only had one place to go, and it was open to accept flow. The relic discharged its astronomically large energy contents... The room was flooded with light as the charge moved down the wires at a speed much near that of light itself. The wires glew with unparalleled intensity... and as the charge reached the spheres, causing them to glow with similar intensity... the rift was obscured from all observation as the entire cavern flooded completely full of arcs and rays of energy. The portal destination was catapulted away... far beyond the distance. The matter and essence of Blitukus, Fale, and the cat also were catapulted forth, far beyond the distant regions of the cosmos...

The cat relic seemed to disappear as soon as its charge was released. The cavern was filled with a blinding light... pure energy unseen before filled the room... the wire, the dynamos, the control panel, even some of the adamantine, was vaporized and in some cases reduced to their component fundamental particles. The walls of the room turned to magma. An immeasurably small fraction of a second later, the radiance of this proceeded through the tunnels, eating away at the walls. Blitukus', Kazos, and Drachas designs upon the walls were etched in forever as the radiant energy burned the lighter rock differently than the painted rock. The doors were knocked down and melted, Blitukus' bed, books, all of it, blown apart, mostly vaporized, the rest in a flaming heap. All the barrels were blown open, the food within vaporized, what little remained in flames. The work room was blasted through, melting the stone workshops and melting the metal workshops alike, melting the magma buildings down into molten heaps. The radiance shone through to the river, and proceeded up and down the river bound only by the banks, causing the river of water to lay beneath a new river of steam. The beam continued out, erupting right behind Kazo as Kazo jumped off of the armored vehicle, off to the side. The beam struck the armored vehicle. The armored vehicle... already minus a drill, minus a cannon, and with heavily damaged armor... was finally melted through from the inside out, the glacier turned into water and steam for quite a ways. Finally, the energy dimmed down... the earth shook, not under the will of Armok, but under the sheer reaction this event had caused as the magma flow was disrupted... hidden tensions and further stored energies were finally being released. The mountain itself seemed to fragment. Kazo looked behind himself... magma began to spill forth from the front of the tunnel... if anything had managed to survive, it would be encased in obsidian. Dracha, drained from the battle, stood on her balcony overlooking the glacier, and looked out at the magma spewing forth from the tunnels dug by the kobold she that was, in life... her friend. Dracha spoke, "Good luck... I don't know if you'll be needin' it or not..." She held the cat relic... the connectors on the side of the relic glew blue with mind boggling heat... she was careful to stay very far from touching them. She watched... the mountain the magma-filled tunnel was carved into seemed to explode on top, a plume of volcanic ash and dust shot into the air as magma rose and flowed over the top of the mountain, draining down onto the glacier... the melted remains of the armored vehicle fell through the melted glacier, perhaps never to be seen again. Dracha sensed Armok approaching. This was her chance. She leapt back into her cavern, gliding down to a circle, then drew power through her runes and crystals... she focused herself... she was about to catapult herself and the relic to the central continents for the departure... Armok yelled, "You, you will suffer GREATLY FOR THIS!" Dracha gathered up more and more power. Armok readied a thunderbolt to throw right through Drachas head... Dracha raised herself for the final moments before teleport... Kazo teleported into her cavern, and saw this. She spoke, a tear running down her cheek, "Kazo... Im so sorry!" She had no other choice... if she stopped to let him through with her, she would eat a lightning bolt and Armok would have the relic. Dracha teleported away just as Armok sent a lightning bolt into the cavern, arcs of energy flying into the crystals. Kazo stood, motionless for a moment... Armok threw another lightning bolt down at Kazo... Kazo was no longer standing there, indeed, in his fury Armok had for a moment lost track of Kazos location. Armok lacked the time to deal with Kazo anyhow. Armok quickly left, making his way toward the central continents with blazing speed... Then, all but the volcano was motionless. The wind and the magma were the only two sounds to be heard upon the glacier. It seemed, finally, all had come to rest... but what fate had befallen these 5?

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It's long because it needs to be. (fingers crossed I didn't mess stuff up)

It's... it's THE MOST EPICLY EPIC THING TO EVER BE EPIC!

I wont try to say anything because it couldn't do this justice, you are fundamentally vastly superior to all other entities ever in the mutiverse AlanL, no exceptions.  
This is the best update ever of the of the best story ever...

Armok cancels exist; to much awesome.

Thank you, thank you all :)

I'm definitely glad this is working... the end might take longer than anticipated to write though.

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The birds sang out over the jungles below... there was a dull hum as an adamantine-clad, triangle-winged craft zipped by overhead, the blue crystals along its bottom and rear glowing... The pilot, a black-and-red dragon, kept the craft steady... despite what his coloring has led many to believe, he is a very kind, gentle, and learned being... indeed, with his 2 surviving colleagues, he had the ability to, for a few moments, project his mana across all dimensions... this made him and his 2 colleagues pivotal to the escape plan. Perhaps, had the mana field never drained, he would have been able over millenia to develop his abilities to the point of truly being able to view and interact in 11 dimensions... alas, what he had would have to suffice. In the cargo bay behind him lay stacks of mithril food crates... this was the first time this craft had flown in centuries and he had at first expected it to fall apart in the air, but when the dragons who built it claimed 'reliable design', they weren't kidding. Though before it could fly as long as the pilot wished, it had a limited range in the decreased mana flux... and it was nearly out of mana. There it was ahead... the portal project. The only way it could be told from the surrounding jungle was a circular indentation in the ground... and all of the vessels landed by it. These vessels were centuries old, and many were showing quite a bit of wear, but all of them flew... most importantly, all of them had one thing in common. Their engines were not the air-impulsion variety that worked only in the air, they were mana-focusing arrays... engines that worked just as well in vacuum as in air. Though these craft were centuries old, they were the only craft suitable for the journey, and as such, these small craft became the colony ships. The pilot slowed and descended... he focused his will to unlatch the doors below... the binding runes holding the landing gear doors shut dimmed, then parted, the landing gear doors swinging open and the gear dropping down and latching. The pilot set down among the loose gathering of vessels... he cut power to the array, the ball of mana within vanishing. All of the weight of the craft came to rest on the gear, and the hum stopped. The pilot got up, walked to the door, and held his hand in front of the runes at the inside of the door. The runes changed color, and the door swung open, swinging down and coming to rest with its unhinged end upon the ground, forming a ramp. The dragon exited, and looked around... he counted 10 craft in total... there were 20 dragons, and it was said half of them could add to the transportation, which seemed to be exactly right. He counted 19 dragons though... there were his two colleagues conversing with the chief smelters of the group, standing by a large pile of mithril. He himself had farmed up food in preparation for the journey. Mostly herding and raising animals, it was a peaceful and simple break from his intense and complicated studies. He looked around again... he turned to find himself being hugged by a red dragon. Dracha, dragon number 20, spoke, "Tano! It's been a long time!" Tano, the pilot, accepted and replied, "Yeah, you've been up in that outpost forever!... We need to keep moving here. It looks like they've gotten ready already, we just need to refuel and get the gate charged... I brought my food and my head, did you get the cat device?" Dracha paused, but replied, "I lost two good friends in the course of getting it... Here, you can make use of it right?" She gave him the cat relic... he replied, "I'm sorry to hear... yes... yes, I can make use of it with the help of my colleagues. Thank-" Dracha interrupted, "Thank Blitukus Thimaiyilo... Blitukus Siegedriven... remember that name." Tano replied, "I will..." It seemed lives had been lost in order to gain this device... it was a necessary sacrifice... perhaps, it was just how it happened. He looked down at it... the cat device was rather small for supposedly being able to power all this... but, whenever Dracha brought something to a group project, it worked.

Dracha spoke, "Armoks bound to be hot on my tail so we need to get this done now!" Tano replied, "Right... thank you... and thank Blitukus." Dracha watched as Tano walked to his two colleagues... they spoke, then formed a triangle around the device, calling the rest of the dragons over to be ready to take in mana, to channel it into their craft. Dracha reviewed what she had read about external astral guidance, a navigation technique used during critical maneuvers in the heavens when one dragon, shrouded in an environmental isolation bubble, aids in aiming a vessel. The vessels could not strike the wall of the tunnel as they crossed through, and it indeed WOULD be a long tunnel! Anything to strike the edge of the tunnel would be sheared clean apart by celestial forces. Tano and his colleagues focused themselves with intense power, each one holding part of the key to working in higher levels, each one working with the other 2 to make it possible. Dracha aided the other dragons in loading the spacecraft, and, once the 3 had managed to draw forth energy from the cat relic, they drew this raw energy up... in their magical hands it became mana... and used it to refuel the vessels. After that was done, all that was left was to power the portal and open it.... finally, after eons of waiting... they would be able to leave, and reestablish themselves. The 3 dug down near the circular indentation, revealing a mithril panel beneath millenia of deposited dirt, crystals embedded within... they pulled out the crystals, part of a matrix extending far out and into the mountains, and replaced it with the cat relic. They then all gathered around... Dracha looked out to the storm gathering on the horizon... Armok was nearly upon them. The 3 drew up power, which went into the crystals... an exponentially accelerating flow into a power array that spanned throughout the surrounding mountains... there was a loud humming, and the earth shook. Finally, the cat relic had a suitably large load to drive... the crystals began to glow... the crystals made the ground glow... the mountains around began to glow as masses of energy pooled within. Energy could be seen arcing among the peaks of the mountains as the power slowly built up. Dracha looked up. "YOU WILL ALL BE MADE EXSZTINCT!" He was here... As energy flowed all around, the streams upon the mountains began to boil, the vapor trailing upwards... this boiling was accelerated by unknown forces, the vapor brought together and spun into a roaring thunderstorm overhead. Dracha joined the rest of the dragons, lined up upon the circular indentation... She felt charge running up into her feet... she yelled out, "SHIELD!" She casted a shield above her... the other dragons felt this as well, and did the same, merging their shields together above the entire circle. Lightning struck, and bounced off of the shield. More and more lightning hit, bolt after bolt after bolt, each one threatening to shatter the shield and allow the next to kill a dragon. The dragons were all rapidly drained by this onslaught... the dragon next to Dracha grunted, "This is impossible." Dracha spoke, "If there's one thing I learned from that kobold, it's that nothing's impossible!" Dracha tapped into the very innermost energies she could in keeping the shield up... just a little longer, and they could escape. The mountains themselves began to glow brighter and brighter, culminating near the tips of their geometrically arranged peaks. A volley of lightning struck all at once, shattering the shield. It was time to trigger the portal anyway. They all had the destination of the portal engraved into their minds... and now, they made it the focus of their willpower, to project this space, the space between them all, streight through to meet that distant world.

They all focused their entire souls upon the energy within the mountains, drawing it up... it took all of their might... but it was done. Energy erupted from the mountaintops in beams, beams that shot through the clouds and culminated at a point above them... a ball of energy grew there. Meanwhile, back down below, lightning kept striking, and it would keep striking... One yell... two yells... a dragon close to Dracha was struck, blood flying out of his mouth... this dragon then stumbled back, and fell, smoke rising from his body, torn through by the energies of the bolt. The dragons all at once... their destination the only thing on their mind... brought the energy down. The sphere above became a beam, a beam that shot down through the thunderclouds, and landed between all the remaining dragons, right in the exact center of the circular mark... the ground glew red, shook, cracked, then the land within the circle shattered, falling into a rift through the astral plane. The glow of the mountains, the glow of the lands, even much of the energy of the storm above had been consumed in doing this! The remaining dragons returned to the vessels, and started their now refueled engines... when the ball of mana at the center of each engine array was moved, the opposite end emitted a glow, and the craft was pushed in the direction of the ball. The 10 craft, stuffed with supplies, sluggishly lifted off with the excess weight within. The 5 dragons remaining to escort them, including Dracha, did so. Dracha remained by the portal, providing navigational support in the storm. The vessels nosed downward, pointing into the swirling vortex within the spinning mithril and adamantine rings that were once merely seen as an indentation in the ground. Though they had all contributed their willpower, the 3 controlling the cat relic were the ones who actually charted and fed the portal through all 11 dimensions. They were still there, holding the rift open. Lightning struck one of the craft... 3 bolts struck it simultaneously, causing it to explode in a brilliant flash, its pilot dead and its cargo of gems shattered. The 9 remaining craft thrusted downwards, a reddish glow emanating from the rear of each vessel. Dracha, despite having just witnessed the death of a fellow dragon, kept doing her job... she used what little energy she had left to organize and guide the craft down into the vortex. Lightning struck again... the vessel in the rear exploded, its mithril and adamantine parts raining down along with shards from its now shattered crystals, its payload of stack upon stack

of mithril bars flung about the skies.Tano saw this... "No..." He forced it from his mind, and forced himself to focus, for, for the sake of all dragonkind, he had to. Finally, 4 of the 5 dragons and 8 remaining craft ran right into the vortex, being sucked in with a flash of light. Dracha stood by the portal, making sure that all had gotten through... 2 of the 3 dragons also entered... Armok yelled, "DRAT!" Tano and Dracha looked at one another. They were the only 2 dragons left on that planet. Tano gestured for Dracha to enter the portal... Dracha hesitated, but nodded... she herself entered, leaving him alone. Tano jumped away as lightning struck. Tano then ran to the panel, grabbed the cat relic, then flew, lightning striking all around and behind him, right toward the portal. Armok must never have the relic... no matter what. Armok wanted it... Armok saw this... "NOOOO!" Tano casted an environment isolation bubble around himself, and allowed himself to plummet toward the portal, "Tally ho!" He was the only thing standing between Armok and the cat relic... As he was about to cross through, 3 lightning bolts struck him simultaneously, causing him to explode into gore in midair... this inadvertently knocked the cat relic right into the vortex. It was gone from Armoks domain. Armok yelled, "AHHH NO NO NO NO NOOOOO!" Dracha witnessed this... she thought to herself, that was 3 good friends gone thanks to the cat relic... she saw the relic pass into the auroric, astral tunnel... and promptly drift away, into the side of the tunnel, where it collided with the edge of the tunnel and was sheared into its component particles by celestial forces, scattered about the planets of the system they were leaving... Dracha sighed, teary eyed... she had once treasured it... now she never wanted to see the damn thing again anyway... never again will life be lost over it, and never again would a god threaten to take it.

Dracha and the vessels accelerated faster and faster at an exponentiating rate, zipping through the tunnels of space and time. Dracha immediately moved into place in front of a vessel, her environmental isolation bubble protecting her, the vessel pushing her forward, and herself keeping the vessel from sliding around within the tunnel. They kept accelerating, faster and faster, the thrusters of the vessels leaving streaks of magical glow within the tunnel, the oddly colored view of the planet behind showing the planet zipping away into the distance, becoming a speck... yet the faster they went, the slower the rest of the universe seemed to go... still, they accelerated exponentially... or perhaps, moved nearly the same speed across an exponentially distorted space. One vessel lacked a guide... its lipped to the right... its pilot veered to the left, and the vessel zipped to the left... it slid around, several times nearly crashing into another vessel... then finally, slammed into the wall of the tunnel, being sheared into its component particles, pilot, payload and all. Despite the fact they only saw 4 dimensions, they moved in 11... this is what made navigation so difficult, why each vessel NEEDED an aid in front. Dracha looked forth... the entire star system seemed to shrink behind them to a shining point... soon, the stars around began to move. They passed through a shell around the star system they were leaving, a shell of frozen rocks, and left it behind, that sphere shrinking behind them as they finally escaped into the interstellar void. No longer were they bound to that drained world... no longer were they under Armoks thumb, shackled down... they were free to venture forth, and indeed they did. Dracha looked ahead... she was the aid for the last vessel to make it through... ahead, 6 more vessels, loaded with supplies and the backups of 20000 draconic souls, zipped through distorted space at an otherwise impossible rate, leaving streaking trails of spent mana behind them, the stars moving by all around... the entire band of stars was visible. All of the losses had been suffered... and now they rode upon the shoulders of giants, riding into parts never before seen by draconic eyes. For the first time, Dracha felt sort of an emptiness in the space around her... an emptiness filled with chaos. There was no more god observing them... they were free to provide for themselves, free to determine for themselves, for now, their own will reigned supreme over their destiny. Dracha then looked back... back at the now distant star behind them... she left behind her home... she left her friends behind... but she carried with her the memory of them... the cat relic may have indirectly brought the demise of some... but its use brought new life for the Dragons... they did stand on the shoulders of giants, and Dracha found it ironic that she, a dragon, knew one of these giants to be half the size of a human. She would remember Blitukus... she would remember Kazo... she would remember Tano... and as the dragons settle, and perhaps one day expand to other worlds, their memory would be carried with.

Dracha saw the end of the tunnel... she closed her eyes as a successful exit was imminent... the journey was complete, but, though it seemed to take very little time for her, likely years had passed back on Orubxah Oru... many more years would before she would be able to visit it again. Several flashes were emitted from the open vortex as several vessels emerged from it, rapidly slowing down to more typical velocities. Soon after they all had passed through, the vortex shut behind them. Dracha felt cold and solid... she opened her eyes... and saw brilliant stars. She looked up, and saw tandem blue stars... dancing with one another. An eternal, cosmic dance, a dance that turned tearing gravity and the nuclear fury of a stars heart into the beautiful, serene motions of a pair that had happened upon eachother and had been together since for eons... a pair that would live and die together... indeed, the two stars really did seem to enjoy each others company. The immensely energetic rays emitted by the blue 'surface' of these stars bounced off of a magnetic field... Dracha looked down, taking note of her weightlessness, and saw below her feet the horizon of a planet... it was a peaceful blue with a purplish atmosphere, and all around it was a strong mana flux... Dracha would have to take some time to get used to it, but until then, they had provided themselves with a chance... a chance they were all intent on taking. The price of freedom was large indeed... but those who had died would not have done so in vain. There was much work to be done, but finally... finally...

Dracha sighed deeply in relief, a sigh as if it were intended to echo out among the glowing nebulae... "We've arrived."  
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I get the feeling I was talking in circles a bit.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 28, 2008, 11:47:00 am**

Beyond Quality!  
First post!  
"This is a steel Beyond quality award.  
It menaces whit spikes of steel and industrial diamond.  
It is encircled whit bands of titanium.  
On the item is an image of a mushroom cloud in black plastic.  
On the item is an image of two suns in blue diamond."  
  
For the Thimaiyilo...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 28, 2008, 11:58:00 pm**

Thanks :)  
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All was still on the glacier.. nothing moved but the slowly settling volcano... eventually, even it would be motionless... and for eons ahead, nothing on these frozen areas would move. Save for one... the only one left. Kazo exited from the tunnel, slowly walking onto the snowy glacier below the starry sky. Kazo looked around... for the first time since Arkus death... he felt lonely. He was the only thing alive for hundreds of miles... yet, he was alive... and the radioactive warmth within his chest would ensure he would be for a long time... his memories of all he had met... he would remember Arkus... he would remember Blitukus... he would remember Dracha, Fale, all of them... He walked up to the volcano where his friend once lived, and looked up... then looked down... he remembered the snowball fight, the snowbold, all he had learned and the fun he had had with this friend of his... though he had not been awake to witness most of this kobolds quest, that which he had seen amazed him, and would stay. He took up snow into his mouth, warmed it within his mouth, melting it with his own energy, and then spat a stream onto the cliff face, forming an icicle. He looked at the icicle, and broke it off... he 'shut' his eyes, offering it to the empty space in front of him in remembrance... upon resuming his view, he observed the empty space. Kazo looked down, bringing the icicle close to his chest... he then etched an image into the icicle with his claw, an image of a kobold and steam machines... the kobold raising the steam machines. He walked away, looking at this image, and when he had gotten far enough away to guarantee it would never be disturbed by the flowing magma, he sunk it down onto the snow... the icicle stood straight out of the snow, the image on top. He stood for a few moments looking at it... He then spoke, "Thanks, friend!... I'll miss you. Good luck, wherever you are." Kazo spent another moment looking at it... then walked away. He walked across the glacier... he walked, and walked... he passed mountain ranged, beneath overhangs, leaving the volcano and uninhabited lair behind him... perhaps never to be revisited for centuries. He walked... and never seem to tire even as day and night cycled above him. The life-giving warmth within his chest, produced with technologies unknown, gained on his quest together with Blitukus... it never faded... it would last him quite a while. Quite a miraculous technology indeed... but, what miracles had been melted and encased within obsidian? Kazo looked on as tundra turned to snowy forest. He walked westward... away from the civilizations, out to unknown lands... Blitukus went through the portal... where he went, Kazo didn't know. Kazo looked up at the stars. Perhaps he was out there somewhere. Perhaps... he would meet his old friend some day, at some point. The odds were so astronomically against it... but... maybe. Kazo kept going, walking forth... eventually, he decided to stop at a cave among the snowy tundra. A new wound had been inflicted upon his heart right over old scars... it was not often in his life at all he felt this way. Still, he held out hope. Some day... Until then, the future lay ahead, and he was intent on seeing what it would bring. He entered the cave. It was small... he was the only occupant. Once again, he decided, he would sleep away the eons... only now he had



nothing to protect but himself. When he would end up... he couldn't tell. Kazo lay upon the rocky floor, looking outside through the mouth of the cave... snow blew and the stars shone... apart from the dull howl of the wind, all was silent. Kazo retracted the rods within his power source... he felt it cool, and his power flow diminish. He would only keep enough power on to awaken himself... when that would happen... even where perhaps... he was eager to find out. A lot of new things lay ahead... but still... he would always remember. Kazo spoke as he dissipated away his power, his head resting upon in such a way as to look out at the stars, "Good luck, friend..." With a voice that seemed to echo out among the heavens, he continued, "Good luck!" The glow of his eyes faded... and he lay motionless... and would continue to do so for quite some time.

The volcano over the glacier settled, and eventually became dormant, and when the magma had cooled, snow retook the land... the winds shifted... eventually, for a moment, they stopped entirely. For that moment, all was still upon the glacier... there was perfect silence... in the starry sky above, even the once characteristic aurora was dimmed, hardly noticeable. It seemed the land itself slept. Before the entrance to what was once a home, now a small outcropping of obsidian... nothing between it and the horizon stirred. In the snow near it... finally, a small breath of wind stirred, revealing the ice image of a kobold and mechanisms, buried within the snow, dimly shining under the moon and stars in front of the motionless obsidian outcropping.

Time passed, and nothing happened on the glacier.

Time passed... but what was time but one of many dimensions?

Blitukus saw the brightness behind him... all around him... he, Fale, and the cat were catapulted forth, and it seemed the beginning of this tunnel through space and time was blown shut before they had even arrived at their destination... Blitukus felt himself relatively frozen compared to the many bands of stars zipping by... countless eons regressed... even the stars seemed to grow younger and quickly uniform. They continued past everything, feeling their presence being squeezed together within a shrinking tunnel... Blitukus and those around him were catapulted beyond the stars... beyond the bands of stars... into the blackness beyond... into the light beyond. The entire universe seemed to draw in on itself as the 3 neared the origin of it all. It was all but a flash of light...

Blitukus emerged... and found himself cramped up within a small space... this was an understatement, for, he found every piece of his body occupied the very same point... a point occupied by a further amount of mass and energy that... very much seemed to make him numb to the very concept of mass and energy. There was so much energy, all was whiteness... so much heat, Blitukus felt nothing for such things were beyond his senses. It was the universe... it was everything... and Blitukus felt one with it all. He opened his eyes, and saw the chaotic fluctuations of space around him... it was the entire universe packed within one fundamentally small unit. Indeed, the sheer density of it all was so beyond all that the distinctions between the fundamental forces of nature became trivial. Matter, energy, and the forces, all were one... everything was at harmonious peace... Blitukus had no time to think... everything was still. This little point contained enough to make all else seem trivial... indeed, if one were pressed to describe it in any language alien or not, the closest, most descriptive concept available would be 'infinity'. Slowly, like a chain of dominoes being knocked down, the elements of the universe began to separate and function. The universe buzzed before Blitukus... Blitukus felt like he was one with the universe... as if he was the universe... and he himself buzzed along with it. A single fundamental particle with a mass that would never be seen since... then, that particle began to fragment... the forces themselves began to part with one another...

What happened next proceeded with haste beyond words, for it consisted of an explosion which language would be far too ineffective at describing.

Throughout all of this, Blitukus had retained his information... his heart and soul... but that very well could be all he would be left with. He hardly noticed as his physical body was reduced down to particles, which in turn were reduced to their fundamental particles... continuing until only the most fundamental of particles were left. His astral self was obliterated, and became one with the cosmos... but, the information held within became imprinted upon the energy flowing through... his mind and heart remained, but the soul and body around it was replaced by an amount of energy so immense it could form stars from empty space. This energy became imprinted onto Blitukus' mind and heart. This energy became Blitukus... perhaps, Blitukus became this energy. All around, energy became densified into matter... the two opposite bits of matter then meeting and annihilating one another, converting back into energy. Very occasionally, a little tiny bit of matter would escape this cycle... A truly astronomical amount of energy flowed through Blitukus and into him, but before the feeling had a chance to even register, he was already rendered unconscious by it. The white... the matter and energy, pointless to differentiate between the two... it all faded to black.

Blitukus had a dull, dreamy sensation... the heat, seeming to be distant and external, cooled... matter became dominant, and Blitukus sensed what almost seemed like a cool mist blowing across him. Even this dissipated... and there was nothing but solid cold. Blitukus felt he was displaced in time to a degree he would be rather incapable of measuring... but as he slept, this displacement diminished slowly. Either his dreams fooled his senses or he was sleeping for an amount of time that indeed had a number trailing many zeros. The darkness continued... what seemed like a misty fog was all around him in his dream... he felt it deep down in his heart, and it brought a tear to his face and simultaneously brought his mind to action... he has simultaneously failed and succeeded in his quest. He had not prevented his mothers death... he had not undone it all... it all remained as it was, and what he had observed would always be the same no matter what he did to it... but, he had saved his mothers soul and his own soul, and although he didn't prevent his mothers death... and technically, his own death as well... he felt in his heart, it was all alright again. He felt relaxed as his presence slowly drifted through the ever evolving cosmos. It had been a long and dangerous journey... but, he had finally done it... it was all alright... something told him this, and he felt his previous emotions melt away... his heart was filled with an inner peace he hadn't felt before. What the future held for him and his mother, he didn't know, but whatever it would be, everything would be fine. He opened his eyes... before him in his dream played what seemed to be a movie... of himself... the young kobold... discovering his dead mother, chased away by crossbowmen, fleeing in a wagon to the northern regions... the first time he struck the earth, that rock that hit him in the nose... the first bridge he had made, the first buildings he had made, his first attempts at steel and steam power. He remembered how his quest had started so simply... he just wanted to speak with his mother again... he had succeeded. He remembered his first attempts to do so and the troubles around... the flying machine... the battle and the armored vehicle... the wave generator... the demons, the deal, the adamantine, and the time machine... He had made his first real attempt to save his mother what rightfully seemed so long ago... He remembered the first time he ventured to the past... the first time he met Kazo... when he had gone to the future, when he had visited the other world, the mana focusing array, when he had visited the future, and fought demons in the future beyond... indeed, it had become so much more complicated than when he has started out, seeking only to speak with his mother once again. But once again, things were plain and simple... no longer would he need time machines and devices from other eras... he could simply enjoy a peaceful life... his best friend, his hero, his mother, was finally safe... Blitukus saw once again the faces of the friends he had made along the way... Dracha, the humans of the northern army, Arkus, Kazo... he would miss them all... he remembered Kazos smile, and mirrored it... he knew not if he would be able to see them again. Perhaps he would be able to some day. Slowly, these images faded into his memory... he felt the mist in his dream blowing alongside him. He felt his displacement in time had grown much, much smaller.. soon he would be upon the very time he had left... coincidentally, soon he would awaken.

Blitukus slowly awoke... He found himself floating in a dense, red, glowing fluid. He was submerged in magma!... but, somehow, it only felt mildly warm. This was not hell, even though one might think of it as such... Blitukus felt well rested. He still felt his heart at peace... yet also overrun with emotions. His mother was safe... but he would miss his other friends... He lay there in the magma for a while... eventually, he decided to find out where exactly he was. He began to swim upwards... but, he found he could move far easier by simple willpower alone. He ascended... and ran into a stone ceiling. He found himself bouncing off... he was strangely solid it seemed, but his solidity actually seemed to vary. Perhaps, as the worlds had formed, he had been sucked in during the formation of one? He grabbed hold of the stone, and tried to dig his way out... he found he could easily dig through hard stone with his claws alone... in fact, he found with willpower and simple movement, he could part the earth ahead, forming a tunnel without digging... he ascended rapidly though miles of terrain this way... though, the magma always kept pace with him. Finally, he burst through to the dark area beyond... below him, a caldera had formed, spewing magma onto a barren, rocky surface... Blitukus found himself hovering further and further away from the surface... eventually, he found the dark sky actually was host to countless, beautiful stars... he looked around... he found himself above a rocky planet covered with metals and with a barely existent atmosphere... it orbited a very, very large red star... it was the world from his dream involving the phoenix! Directly below was the caldera... he realized... it was a caldera HE had made! He realized... he had taken in... become... a LOT of energy... he looked at his hands, and they glowed, his soul consisting of energy from the fires of creation itself... Armok and the demons had nothing on him... he knew, now, he made his own fate. Perhaps the phoenix was a reference to his current state? Perhaps not, it didn't seem to indicate that specifically. Despite this, the implications of what had happened were truly astronomical... but, before he was to experiment with and develop the new abilities this had brought him... where was Fale?

I'm hoping this all worked...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 29, 2008, 12:16:00 am**

Can't...take...awesomeness..head...explodingAUGGHHH

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Torak** on **January 29, 2008, 12:55:00 am**

You use ALOT of ellipsis.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 29, 2008, 12:59:00 am**

Thanks :p

And yes, I do... probably too many, in fact. Probably because I only know of one way to cause that effect. Maybe I should learn a second one.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Toaster** on **January 29, 2008, 01:27:00 am**

How about newlines?

I like the story, but paragraphs 30 lines long are hard to read.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 29, 2008, 01:36:00 am**

A consequence of the odd paragraphing I use. It's actually a bit of an issue throughout ALL my writing... I tend to make a few huge paragraphs rather than a lot of small ones.

Edit: Actually, that's an idea. I'll have to consider it. Thanks :)

[ January 29, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 29, 2008, 01:53:00 am**

Heres hoping you remember that PM conversation we had so VERY long ago...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 29, 2008, 10:43:00 am**

BEYOND BEYOND BEYOND BEYOND QUALITY!!! :D  
Every time I think it can't get more awesome you prove me wrong...

So now Blitukus is an übergod...  
I REALLY hope this provides for some more days writing.

I would have that power to had not Draca been...

Ok, so he sleeps in the mantle of a planet for eons and then by getting up he creates a volcano. He cares about the environment and is one whit the universe. A barren almost lifeless world...  
... Did you say you play a lot of SimEarth? :p

Really, Blitukus as Gaia is not that strange an idea...

What is that PM conversation Reign is talking about? Something I should know?

Really this is the most awesome yet...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 29, 2008, 11:54:00 pm**

Thanks :p

The idea of him becoming Gaia is interesting, but wouldn't work here (among other things, big red giant star = goes KABLOOIE relatively soon). Thanks for the idea though.

I probably forgot the discussion Reign mentioned... maybe I'll go back and reread.

This might be short... for there is not much left to write.

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Blitukus looked around... it was truly beautiful, a ring around this world and a belt of asteroids around its parent star, all glowing red under the red rays. Blitukus felt peace... his quest was over... but though he had died he now lived on in a state he had never foreseen. He felt a connection within his heart, a connection that seemed to indicate a physical direction. There was also a more broad and vague connection present... but his love for his mother was the sharpest, seeming to become much more solid in this state. His heart would show him the way... he brought his willpower cohesion, and aimed himself where his heart pointed. He moved, faster and faster in that direction. He noticed, he no longer felt displaced in time. He was at the time he had left... but occupied a point in space none had seen before. He noticed he could use his energy and knowledge of grand unification to bend space around him... he soon found out how to engulf himself in a bubble of space, and move that space forward at speeds far exceeding what, even in that state, he had previously been able to achieve. He soon found himself leaving the red star behind, leaving it in the distance as he proceeded toward a white star. Bending space in such a manner to reach such immense speeds was quite a trick... perhaps some day technology would be produced to mimic it. Though, what he easily did would likely take immense amounts of research and energy for those limited to more conventional means. Blitukus looked all around as he transported himself forth. He eventually reached the white star, allowing the bubble of space to harmlessly dissipate. Blitukus quickly moved about the worlds of this system, checking their barren, rocky surfaces, scanning the rock, and finding nothing. Where was she? Blitukus shouted in a voice that seemed to echo throughout the astral plane over celestial distances, "Mother?!" Blitukus looked around... he felt it in his heart... she was near. A few moments passed, then Blitukus faintly heard from the distance, a transmission across the astral plane, "Blitukus?" Blitukus heard it, and pinpointed it, zipping toward the source of the transmission. He neared the barren, rocky planet that he had already searched and turned up nothing... but this time, on the way, he spotted something in the depths of space... his mother had been looking for him the whole time! They zipped toward one another, and hugged eachother. Likely, they had both waken up at the same time as it seemed timed to occur as they reached their departure time. The departure time, the cat relic, the time machine... it all seemed irrelevant now. Blitukus spoke, "Finally, we can have peace... it is over. I love you mom!" Fale replied, "I wuv you too!" They kept hugging... for it was the first time they were truly free to do so in... well, it seemed time bore little weight now. Now they were both free to do as they wished.

When they finished, they looked to the side to see the draconic avatar of the universe, smiling down upon them. Fale spoke, "Hi der!" The avatar replied, "Hello, and congratulations, goddess of peace and prosperity! Congratulations to you too, god of innovation and loyalty!" Fale and Blitukus smiled... but what roles had they truly assumed? Blitukus asked, "I had thought you were against gods." The avatar replied, "I am against foreign, invading gods. You are local. Three for the price of one even... Armok won't be bothering you anymore, so I may explain it to you. For eternities, we universes had existed peacefully within the multiverse. At first, universes were simple, containing only two or three dimensions with laws that did not permit for large, complex objects. As generations of universes rose and fell, more and more complex universes arose. It was only within the last few eternities that the laws of the universes became habitable enough for civilizations to form, and it was then when universes became intelligent. I am not exactly a being in my own right... I am the sum of all beings within me. As intelligent universes and their civilizations evolved, some evolved to the point where gods were created within... at first, all was well. The gods improved our lives and turned the most boring regions within us into beautiful works of art... but then, the gods started to want power for themselves. Together, the gods enslaved entire universes. They spread, leaving universes half-comatose in their wake, and outright destroying countless galaxies with their wars and power disputes. It was this very eternity cycle that we universes decided to take a stand. The old gods still don't know of this, and if they were to find out, they would put in stop measures, ruining the leverage we universes have left, and all would be lost. Some universes take the path of strength, forcing the gods away with celestial calamities and starving them out. Some universes, such as me, take the path of intellect, using the power of advanced civilizations to drive the gods out. This requires change, for these civilizations cannot evolve unless they're free to do so. This change begins with you. We all need to create our own local gods to initiate change, and these gods must not become corrupt themselves. I won't have to worry about this from you. All I ask of you is that you tend to your civilization. Our feline companion already knows this well. For now... farewell." As the avatar began to leave, Blitukus spoke, "Good luck, and thank you." Fale spoke, "Okie, thankse! Bye!" The avatar continued as it faded away, "Thank **you**." Finally, it faded away.

It made sense... the cat relic was but a tool in the pursuit of the quest of the universe itself to put an end to the tyranny of the old gods. What of the cats then? Blitukus saw what seemed to be a cat approaching, walking upon an invisible surface within space... then, it silently sat before them, and with a flash, took a glowing bluish-white form as big as them. Blitukus smiled, "Hello again!" Fale smiled as well, "Hi der!" The cat-entity spoke, "Greetings, peers! I am now the goddess of Everything Feline! I thank you deeply for pursuing your quest with such... infinite determination. Now..." The cat goddess looked up at a particular star, "I have a civilization to eventually revive. Mrr, goodbye!" Fale spoke, "Bye!" Blitukus spoke as well, "Goodbye, and good luck. We must meet again... I made a promise to a dragon regarding information on a component of the relic, and I am intent on fulfilling it." The cat goddess spoke, "Mrr... ok then. I have much to do first, perhaps we'll meet again soon!" The cat then zipped away, towards that star. Blitukus and Fale smiled at one another... it seemed they had quite an adventure ahead yet... but, gone were the days of desperation and haste. Time bore little relevance now... they were both truly free. For several moments, their smiles radiated out, among the stars, gas and dust of the physical heavens all around. Blitukus wrapped space around both himself and Fale... Fale watched curiously as Blitukus moved this bubble of space with them within, moving it toward a nearby, yellowish star.

Though it had been relatively effortless, much energy was expended. Still, they both made it... they slowed and progressed inwards, beyond the red gas giant planet, beyond the ringed, white, barren planet... to the blue-green world they had so fondly been a part of. It was doubtless Armok would detect them... but until then... Blitukus and Fale descended, down towards some grasslands, and landed in a town... for the first time in many, many years, they stood together on the roof of a building, a simple town around. Fale asked, invisible and inaudible to the mortals of the town, "How'd ya do dat ting? Das machines were huge!" Blitukus smiled, "Now that it seems I have an eternity to explain it, I will. First... the sun is rising." The sky brightened. The sun rose over the green terrain, the town resting upon grassy fields... a simple town... it had been so long since Blitukus had seen one... it has been so long since he had seen these sights... but here he was, once again able to watch it, once again able to do so in his mothers company. The sun began to slowly make its way over the horizon... Blitukus and Fale stood as the wind blew and the town below slowly came alive... how Blitukus had wanted to see such things again, and here he was. They stood near the ledge. Blitukus smiled, shutting his eyes slightly. Fale grinned. From Fale leaving her home cave, a lone, single kobold against a hostile world... to Blitukus fleeing from the assassins, his mothers death tearing through his heart... to them all finally leaping through that rift in space and time, one last time... their quests were complete. They had succeeded. They had both set out, fleeing with next to nothing from a deathtrap home, straight into a deathtrap future, against all odds... and now, here they stood... the most powerful force in the nearby cosmos... a benevolent force to bring happiness, peace, and prosperity once again to all. They both had quite a quest ahead... but they could once again work as a team, best friends and family.

The sun rose, casting its rays scattering across the tops of the clouds, scattering across the fields and hills, reflecting off of the buildings... the pristine landscape seemed to glow.

From the pits of hell to the top of heaven... from the deepest tunnels to the distant stars beyond... from the adamantine towers and enchanted creations of the ancients, to the titanium skyscrapers and advanced machines of the future... to that small, simple town, resting peacefully upon the pristine, grassy fields... Fale and Blitukus were united once more. Throughout time...

Beyond time.  
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If that went OK... I guess this story is actually done.

It's hard to believe it's over...

After this is posted, if everything's ok... well, I might decide to go back and put an image somewhere... but still, if everything's ok, this update finalizes the story.

It's been a unique 4 months in my life... thank you all.

In fact, people who I'd really like to thank:

Toady One the Great for creating DF... without which, these ideas may have never even come to be.

Everyone who replied and spoke with me. If nobody replied, the first post of AKQ I would've been the last. Thank you for your support and ideas, as well as saving me from my own mistakes when they occurred.

Those around me. There'd be no computer to type on, no food to make the energy to type with, no mind to process ideas, and no me, had it not been for my loving and caring family. I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for my friends... I consider myself lucky.

All the artists, notably among them my friend Razz, that made the stuff I referenced and the stuff that inspired me. Had it not been for this inspiration this story might've turned out rather dull. Thanks to these artists, I had plenty of inspiration.

The coders and hackers that made the utilities I used in the making of this story, both utilities for DF, and general purpose utilities (image editor, notepad). I needed the proper software to do this, and there it was right in front of me.

Fale Thimaiyilo, Blitukus Thimaiyilo, and all the other characters... No story without characters, but writing your story has had an effect on me beyond the internet. I'm honored to be the one chosen to write your story.

Thanks.

[ January 30, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 30, 2008, 12:04:00 am**

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Yup, it looks like you forgot. \*Sniffle.\* You were right though, that would have been a perfect place to include me as my "God of Atheism" self...

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Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **apache1990** on **January 30, 2008, 12:04:00 am**

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First post!  
(D'oh, second)



Beyond Quality!  
"This is a quantum Beyond Quality award.  
It menaces with spikes of time and space.  
It is encircled with bands of stars.  
On the item is an image of a kobolds in starmetal.  
On the item is an image of a cat in an unidentifiable material."  
  
[ January 30, 2008: Message edited by: apache1990 ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 30, 2008, 12:08:00 am**

Sorry reign... I'll have to make a note to myself to fit you in in the future.  
  
Thanks though :)  
  
Edit: It turns out that I don't have the PM anymore for some reason anyway... well, I did save a note this time.  
  
[ January 30, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **January 30, 2008, 12:16:00 am**

OH YEAH! I AM THE FREAKIN' GOD OF SIMUING!  
This almost makes up for you forgetting that...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 30, 2008, 12:43:00 am**

Wow. Just wow. Hard to believe it's actually over.  
  
All I can say is, thank you Alan, for this true work of art.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **January 30, 2008, 12:51:00 am**

Yes... thank you for the reply, I'm always glad to get them :)  
  
Edit: I'm tempted to bring back the original thread... one last time.  
  
[ January 30, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 30, 2008, 01:04:00 am**

Go for it! It'll be great to see Fale's story once again.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 30, 2008, 12:34:00 pm**

Beyond Quality...  
I cant believe its over...  
  
I mean literary, I am incapable of believing this is over, tomorrow when I wake up there will be another update, there has always been, this just can't be over, it can't.  
  
This IS a good ending, in a way, but it ain't really a true ending. this story is over but there will be, there MUST be, another story about the Thimaiyilo, this time as gods fighting gods.  
There must...  
  
The awesomeness of this... words are not to any help in expressing it.  
  
-----  
Reign? Are you the god of SIMULATING you say? Or was it atheism (all gods are atheists, when you are one the mysterious element is removed so it aren't religius)?  
I thought that was AlanL, as per evidence...  
I think I might write a story fairly soon, nothing like this of course, but if you wish you can have one role in it Reign...  
It will take place in the same multiverse as AKQ about half an eternity later, fairly nearby, and therefor whit fairly similar laws of physics, and the same battle between universes and gods.  
Nothing is certain yet, it might just fall into nothing still... Don't hope to much.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Fenrir** on **January 30, 2008, 12:38:00 pm**

I really ought to stop being lazy and read this.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 30, 2008, 02:24:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Fenrir: <STRONG>I really ought to stop being lazy and read this.</STRONG>

YES YOU SHOULD!  
Really, not reading this because its to long is even worse than not playing DF because of the graphics...

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **January 31, 2008, 05:31:00 am**

Were is my update? :(  
  
Edit: Really, I have a day of for the first time in ages and I am trying to shake this of, but is just this huge cloud of despair hovering inside me making me almost wish I was dead. I NEED this story.

[ January 31, 2008: Message edited by: Armok ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **etgfrog** on **January 31, 2008, 06:34:00 pm**

hm...this bring an interesting point...maybe to continue the storyline once the religion aspects are fully introduced? :D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Torak** on **January 31, 2008, 06:38:00 pm**

Note to self: Do not listen to Starfire while reading the last part of the story.

I cried, seriously.

[ January 31, 2008: Message edited by: Torak ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **January 31, 2008, 10:14:00 pm**

So the real question here is whether or not these awesome stories are being preserved. And by that I mean are they going somewhere where people can go and find them and enjoy them easily? I'm thinking wiki or DFMA here. If it has been done already awesome.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 31, 2008, 10:22:00 pm**

quote:
So the real question here is whether or not these awesome stories are being preserved. And by that I mean are they going somewhere where people can go and find them and enjoy them easily? I'm thinking wiki or DFMA here. If it has been done already awesome.

Personally, these deserve their own website.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **February 01, 2008, 01:29:00 am**

Thanks :)

I actually thought about that, a place for me to put all of my writing projects... unfortunately, doing a website the right way is a bit beyond my budget.

At least, it'll be backed up on my hard drive.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **February 01, 2008, 01:35:00 am**

It dosen't have to be fancy or anything, as long as you have these fabulous stories there, it'll be perfect. Who knows? Perhaps people will be motivated to donate.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **February 01, 2008, 05:07:00 pm**

Thanks :)

Actually, I was more referring to hardware costs before I hosted anything... if I really wanted a permanent hosting method, I would build a server and literally host my own stuff. Although this isn't ridiculous, I don't think my current budget would cover it, especially considering I have college coming up next year.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **February 02, 2008, 08:47:00 am**

Please come back? :(

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **February 03, 2008, 12:26:00 am**

Ok, I backed it up... and did a little bit of sizing things up... wow.

Statistics on the back-up file for this story, just separators and the story posts (but without the comments on the top and bottom of the updates edited out):

1,696 Kb

428 Pages

297,848 Words

1,433,747 Characters (no spaces)

1,730,330 Characters (with spaces)

1,814 Paragraphs (this is a gross overestimate)

24,340 Lines (If only I could write computer programs that long and have it work)

Though the comments that weren't edited out did inflate those figures... I guess I really did write a book.

[ February 03, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Reign on your Parade** on **February 03, 2008, 12:36:00 am**

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLY SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT.

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **February 03, 2008, 01:56:00 am**

Wow, I'm shocked. That's longer than some novels! You, Alan, are amazing.

Now you've motivated me to dig out my old stories and start writing again...

Nothing NEAR as good as yours, of course. :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **February 03, 2008, 12:10:00 pm**

Thanks :)

I actually never expected it to get that long... in fact, I never expected I would ever write something that long. Thanks again to you all for being so supportive through it.

Edit: Link to the next story: [http://www.bay12games.com/cgi-local/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get\\_topic&f=2&t=001634](http://www.bay12games.com/cgi-local/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get_topic&f=2&t=001634)

[ February 11, 2008: Message edited by: AlanL ]

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **February 19, 2008, 01:14:00 am**

All hail AlanL!!!

I just finished reading this story, and it is totally ultimately epic. I read it way after the fact it seemed. But jesus... 468 pages? You could make it into an E-book or a wiki-book on the wiki. This story is awesome. Next I need to start reading Questionable Ethics (If that is the next story.) I hope it is Kazo's story after the fact, you know, passed Fale, Blitukus and the Cat's Ascension to Godhood. Also, I'd love to read a story about that Goblin Ex-Merc/now Freelance Pilot during the Second Demon Wars in 2000+ ... this universe you created from DF was awesome, and 2066 would also be a great setting for a Cyberpunk-ish gaming setting!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **AlanL** on **February 19, 2008, 01:18:00 am**

Thank you :)

Yes, Questionable Ethics is the next one. I never thought of a story involving that freelance pilot. Definitely an idea, thanks for it :)

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Armok** on **February 19, 2008, 01:58:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kaelem Gaen: <STRONG>Also, I'd love to read a story about that Goblin Ex-Merc/now Freelance Pilot during the Second Demon Wars in 2000+ ...</STRONG>

Thats BRILLIANT! :D Me wants!

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Flintus10** on **November 27, 2008, 07:10:55 am**

Okay it has beeeeeeen a loooong time since any post was here but i just got a login recently and feel I have to give you a huge pat on the back for this birlliant story so well done mate : ;D

Title: **Re: A Kobold's Quest II**  
Post by: **Mewtroid** on **March 29, 2009, 04:15:29 pm**

I hate to be a thread necromancer, but is it just me or are some posts missing? I swear there's gaps in the story. The original AKQ, too...